

DO NO HARM

Written by

Julia Cox

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**EXT. NEW YORK CITY - VARIOUS - NIGHT**

A chalkboard-black sky looms over the city. Not a star in sight, just man-made glimmers in the windows of buildings. The air hums with a sinister kind of electricity -- this is brutal, unforgiving February in NYC, and snow is coming.

A SERIES OF SHOTS, over which we hear an INTERVIEW:

--Waves strike the slushy, nearly frozen edges of the Hudson.

ADRIAN (O.S.)  
The human body is ruled by  
instincts. Hard-wired for survival.

--Gusts of wind bend the Central Park trees, their branches snarled in strings of tiny white lights.

ADRIAN (O.S.)  
Eat. Choose the right partner.  
Sense danger. Fight or flight.

--PEOPLE scurry to escape the cold, all hats and scarves.

--An East Village shop DOOR, decorated in crepe paper hearts from Valentine's Day, slams SHUT, closed for the night.

ADRIAN (O.S.)  
Our bodies have an internal alarm  
system.

--A STOPLIGHT swings on its cable as if pushed by an unseen hand. It creaks as the signal turns from RED to GREEN.

ADRIAN (O.S.)  
But our minds can override it. And  
we do, all the time.

--A third story Morningside Heights brownstone window, above the stoplight, spills light onto the street.

ADRIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Because we're too polite, or too  
comfortable, or too arrogant to  
listen.

We float up to it, this beacon of warmth, as snow falls...

**INT. SOMEWHERE - CLOSE ON A TELEVISION SCREEN - NIGHT**

A slightly pixelated DR. ADRIAN COONS, 39, nerdy-handsome with freckles and glasses, sits on a 60 MINUTES-STYLE SHOW. An INTERVIEWER thumbs through his mass-market hardcover book.

ADRIAN

The brain is definitely my favorite organ. But our modern, evolved human minds can get in our way.

He has an intensity about him, like his mental circuit board is all lit up and he can hardly choose which idea to express. It's a bit geeky but also powerful and captivating.

We PULL BACK to find ourselves in...

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

...a homey, part Crate-n-Barrel, part Etsy living room. Leather sofa, burlap pillows, a fridge covered in ripped-out New Yorker cartoons, a gallery wall of framed photographs.

WILL, 32, effortlessly cool, kind, the prom king with a heart of gold, now all grown up, watches the TV as he works out with a kettlebell. He's hot... shirtless, in basketball shorts, slick with sweat. Legal books are spread around. A scruffy white terrier, EINSTEIN, chews on a loose paper.

INTERVIEWER

Dr. Adrian Coons is known for his bestselling books and his pioneering work abroad which he often broadcasts in snippets via his Vine, "Six Second MD."

Beautiful, Annie-Leibowitz-meets-Instagram IMAGES OF ADRIAN TREATING PATIENTS: He talks with KIDS with CLEFT PALATES. He DELIVERS A BABY in a remote village. In Appalachia, he administers a shot to a GIRL-- a banner says, "What is HPV?"

Now a frenetic VINE VIDEO PLAYS: *Quick, cutty shots of bottles of MEDICINE. Horse-sized pills. Needles.*

ADRIAN (V.O.)

*Kahlil's been on experimental HIV meds for ten weeks. We're trying to get those T-Cells over 500.*

*We find the kind face of KAHLIL, an African man of 35. CUT TO a baggie filling up with BLOOD as Kahlil's sample is taken.*

ADRIAN (V.O.)

*Now we're gonna find out--*

*The BLOOD IS TESTED with a CRUDE PAPER litmus test. A LOUD PRINTER expels a page of paper. On KAHLIL'S EYES as he reads. Adrian pops into frame. Kahlil looks to him for reassurance.*

*KAHLIL*  
*I am 563! I am 563!*

The video ENDS. The Interviewer is clearly moved by this...

INTERVIEWER  
 They call you "The Viral Doctor."

Adrian smiles, shakes his head, comfortable in this fame.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Will stands before the TV, watching, rapt. Until he notices the dog tearing apart a page of his notes.

WILL  
 Hey, you, no eating paper. That's  
 Torts. It's not good for you.

Einstein pauses to wag his tail, then resumes eating paper.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

A freestanding glass shower, fogged with steam.

Hot water pours over CHARLOTTE, 35, porcelain skin and piercing eyes. Behind those eyes, her mind is always humming. She's bright and alert, easily bored, and loves a challenge.

We move to HER HANDS as she stretches them, knuckles cracking. They're the hands of a hard worker: calloused, tough, nails bitten. Her art deco wedding ring glints.

She reaches up to a ledge for soap and then -- SMASH! She CRIES OUT! -- something falls and SHATTERS against the tile. She scoops up what has fallen... petals of broken glass...

CHARLOTTE  
 Jesus.

As she pulls the pieces together, one shard SLICES her hand.

She winces. She watches her blood drip into the drain.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Sopping-wet Charlotte walks in. In a towel, her body milky and soft, she's not hot like Will, but she's beautiful.

WILL  
 Hey.

She shoots him a look and holds up the glass, wrung with bourbon and her blood.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Will stretches a Bert and Ernie Band-Aid over her hand.

CHARLOTTE

How many times, though-- with the glasses in the shower?

WILL

Bourbon tastes so much better in the shower.

(then, meaning it)

I'm sorry, honey.

He struggles with the static-y paper that clings to the glue.

CHARLOTTE

I can do it.

WILL

Nope. Sorry. You may be the medical professional but I think I'm more qualified for this sort of thing.

He covers the wound with a bunch of raspberry kisses.

CHARLOTTE

Bert and Ernie?

WILL

It's us.

CHARLOTTE

What do you-- oh, no, which one am I? I'm Bert, aren't I? I'm so Bert.

WILL

What's wrong with that?

CHARLOTTE

(laughing)

Bert is boring!

WILL

No, Bert's great. Bert has a perspective. Quilted socks. Saddle shoes. Appreciates a sense of order. Very cool.

CHARLOTTE  
Bert is not cool.

He plays with the edge of her towel, tucked in under her arm.

WILL  
Bert is... sexy.

CHARLOTTE  
Bert is not sexy.

He tugs at the towel and she lets it fall. They kiss.

WILL  
How much time before you leave?

CHARLOTTE  
Ten minutes.

WILL  
Perfect.

She turns to lean on the sink, anticipating his every move as they proceed to have patented, solid B+, ten-minute sex.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Charlotte coils a wool scarf around her neck. She takes stock of the chaotic room -- blaring TV, Will's books everywhere. A game controller on top of his notecards.

He comes in, notices her looking around. She covers.

WILL  
What?

CHARLOTTE  
Nothing. I'm just proud of you.

She gathers up her stuff, some books, a thermos of coffee.

CHARLOTTE  
And I can't wait to celebrate when you're done! Everyone else will be there around 8, I probably won't get there til 9 or so... I confirmed the reservation.

WILL  
See you in 24 hours.

He gives her a sweet, dry, kiss goodbye. She hangs onto him.

CHARLOTTE  
You've got this.

WILL  
I know.

CHARLOTTE  
I love you. Get some good sleep.

Over his shoulder she sees the dog tearing up those notes.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
Oh, no-- Einstein! Drop it.

WILL  
Hey, hey, check this out for a sec.  
He's been studying with me.  
Einstein, do Johnny Cochran.

The little dog cocks his head, bewildered.

CHARLOTTE  
I better go.

WILL  
Don't put pressure on him, he'll do  
it. Einstein, we believe in you,  
man. Johnny Cochran.

Einstein patters to a basket by the door... Charlotte watches  
him nose through... and return with... a GLOVE! He presents  
it to Will, tail wagging. Charlotte bursts into laughter.

CHARLOTTE  
Oh my god! That is extremely cute.

WILL  
Who's cute, me or him?

CHARLOTTE  
Both of you.

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S BROWNSTONE - LOBBY - NIGHT**

Charlotte approaches the revolving door. It whips like a  
propeller. Inches away, she stops and CLOSES HER EYES.

Swish... swish... swish... ON HER FACE as the door clips  
around. She takes a breath. Her mouth twitches.

Completely blind, SHE STEPS INSIDE THE REVOLVING DOOR. We  
stay on her face -- eyes closed -- as she moves through.  
Until... a PUFF of air... and she reaches the exterior.

She emerges and BREATHES, exhilarated, and looks back--  
From inside, SLY, 40s, the doorman, shakes his head at her.

SLY

You're gonna give me a heart  
attack!

She smirks at Sly, and waves as she walks away.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

A SURGICAL WARD at a respected midtown hospital. It's bustling -- DOCTORS on the move, NURSES manning stations, PATIENTS in all states, the thick din of humanity...

Late, Charlotte hustles to join a group of RESIDENTS. They're mostly MEN, many of them older than she is. A serious bunch.

CHARLOTTE

Okay, guys.

They turn to her. She is the boss, their attending surgeon.

A red-headed nurse, KARA, 20s, passes Charlotte an iPad.

CHARLOTTE

Fun Friday night -- full recovery ward, two stab wounds en route, some stitches, a treasure chest of swallowed foreign objects and an ulcer. Mitesh, get the hell off-- I love you, but if I see you on your phone again I'm gonna throw it in the biohazard bin in the OR, okay? I'm gonna really bury it in there. Your attention is here. You give me less than 100% and we're in trouble. Okay? Let's go. Maybe we'll even have some fun.

She's serious but warm, and the RESIDENTS nod, intent on pleasing her. MITESH places his phone at the nurses' station.

**INT. PATIENT ROOM 1 - NIGHT**

Charlotte checks up on an older WOMAN recovering from knee surgery. She moans and rocks, clearly in a lot of pain.

WOMAN

It's terrible! It itches!

CHARLOTTE

Okay. I need you to count every mole and freckle on your right arm.

The woman half-scoffs at her. Charlotte waits, serious.

WOMAN

Are you crazy?

CHARLOTTE

Let's find out. Come on.

The woman looks down at her arm...

WOMAN

One. Two. Three. Four, five, six.

The woman considers her weird doctor and laughs. Charlotte motions-- continue. It works; she's distracted from her pain.

#### **INT. PATIENT ROOM 2 - NIGHT**

Charlotte argues with a feeble but angry MAN, 70s, lying agitated on a bed. A MALE RESIDENT stitches his wound. A skinny BOY, 8, in the corner, watches, curious and scared.

MAN

How do you know what I need?!

CHARLOTTE

Because you're fully numbed, and no one needs Oxy after stitches.

MAN

(screaming)

Fucking bitch!!! Fucking CUNT!!!

All the air seems to leave the room. The scared resident looks up at Charlotte. She nods: it's okay, keep going.

CHARLOTTE

Mr. Reichert, please don't speak to me that way.

Her calmness seems to bewilder and diffuse the man. The boy takes this in. Charlotte offers him a comforting smile.

#### **INT. PATIENT ROOM 3 - NIGHT**

Charlotte and a FEMALE RESIDENT examine a 15-year-old GIRL.

CHARLOTTE

Hey. Unrelated question. Are you on birth control?

(then...)

If it's not a total yes it's a no, and if it's a no, I'm going to load you up with free samples, so...

The girl is silent.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(to the resident)

Samples it is. Go raid OBGYN. If they get pissy, send them to me.

(to the patient, playful)

I'm like Santa Claus when it comes to the pill.

The girl gives Charlotte the tiniest of appreciative nods.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - CAFETERIA - NIGHT**

Charlotte eats with the lords of the hospital -- the heads of surgery -- a pack of OLDER MEN including CARLSON, erudite asshole, and one WOMAN, SONIA, 50s, Indian, poised and kind.

CHARLOTTE

I actually find that--

CARLSON

But is it an ethical issue or a practical one? We need options.

Speaking-while-female can be a challenge sometimes...

CHARLOTTE

As long as--

CARLSON

As long as we don't become serial minimizers or under-prescribers.

CHARLOTTE

Hey, Carlson. Are you aware that you're like a serial interrupter?

Carlson balks. She holds his gaze, terrified, unsure if that was a stupid impulse... until everyone LAUGHS.

**HALLWAY**

The skinny boy runs up to Charlotte and gives her a note.

**INT. CHARLOTTE'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Charlotte tacks the NOTE to a bulletin board in her office. It's a colored-pencil drawing of a cat dressed as a DOCTOR.

It reads: *THANKS! From: Noah (and my Grandpa).*

PULL BACK to reveal: the board is full of thank-yous, letters, wedding invitations, photos of former patients.

**INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY**

GERMAN HOUSE MUSIC BLASTS. Charlotte is hunched over an operating table, midway through a grueling surgery. A MOUSY MALE RESIDENT dabs the sweat from her brow as she works.

CHARLOTTE'S POV: her tweezers grasp at A BULLET stuck in throbbing flesh. She squints with intensity. Relentless. Finally... a metallic PING as she drops the bullet in a tray.

MITESH

Making it look easy, Dr. G.

CHARLOTTE

What would I do without Mitesh to kiss my ass? I think I'd wither away or something...

MITESH

You want me to stop?

CHARLOTTE

Hell no. Keep it coming.

The residents laugh.

**EXT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - ROOF - DAY**

Charlotte drinks a huge coffee as she watches the sun rise. She's shivering, but happy, high on this job she loves.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - DAY**

By the nurses' station, Charlotte scours the giant whiteboard where surgeries are scheduled. She talks to Kara, behind her.

CHARLOTTE

Grab me the lab results for 19?  
(noticing something)  
Dr. Coons is coming in?

KARA

Already is. He was looking for you.

DAN, 20s, a cute gay nurse, gapes excitedly at Kara.

DAN

Right now? He's here?

Kara nods, sharing in the enthusiasm. Charlotte notices.

CHARLOTTE

Oh my god, not you guys, too.  
Everyone around here acts like he's  
the goddamn messiah. Have we all  
forgotten the Sanuma measles thing--

ALEX

What do you mean, what thing?

KARA

There was an epidemic in Venezuela.

CHARLOTTE

And his experimental anti-viral  
drug wiped out like 90% of a tribe--

ALEX

It was the drug or the virus?

KARA

Come on, they never proved that--

CHARLOTTE

Because if they did it'd basically  
be genocide.

KARA

Or maybe you're a little jealous.

Charlotte's about to react, when ADRIAN COONS and an entourage pass by. We saw him on TV, but he's different in person. Tall, with muscular shoulders and a gravity to his presence. He stops his conversation when he sees Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

Wow, our very own celebrity. Is a  
documentary being filmed, or Adrian  
-- I'm sorry, are you lost? Because  
this is an actual hospital, not a  
TV set.

ADRIAN

That's why the scalpels are so sharp. They're really, really sharp.

Familiarity here... every bit her equal, Adrian likes testing Charlotte. And for all her bluster, she enjoys it.

ADRIAN

Hey, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

What brings you in?

ADRIAN

I have a trip to coordinate, meetings, a couple high profile surgeries, believe it or not--

CHARLOTTE

Now-- "The Viral Doctor." Tell me, do your patients find that branding problematic?

ADRIAN

It's touching that you've saved up all this venom just for me.

(to Kara)

You know in medical school she was just as mean--

CHARLOTTE

Stop.

ADRIAN

Always picking on all the boys.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you, that's enough.

ADRIAN

You look great by the way.

She thinks he's being sarcastic; he's not.

CHARLOTTE

I haven't slept.

ADRIAN

What else is new.

They grow quiet, and Kara clocks the energy between them. Borderline flirtatious, but harmless.

ADRIAN

Swing by my office later. I want to talk to you in private.

CHARLOTTE

I'm busy for the next few hours--

ADRIAN

Whenever.

Adrian smiles and moves off. Charlotte abruptly heads down the hall in the opposite direction.

KARA

Dr. Gordon?

She's still holding the lab results Charlotte wanted.

**INT. ADRIAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Charlotte's knee bounces. A nervous tick. She catches it.

Charlotte sits across Adrian's white granite desk, which is like an avant-garde piece of art, in his giant office.

ADRIAN

Laos is next. We're fully funded. But I need to get a team together--

CHARLOTTE

(taking in the city view)  
I can't believe this place. You're here less than a third of the year.

ADRIAN

The trip is dedicated to surgeries.

CHARLOTTE

It's bigger than my apartment.

ADRIAN

I want you to run it with me.

She snaps to. Hugely flattered, but hiding it.

ADRIAN

Co-chair the trip. Help me choose the doctors to bring, the cases, figure out the approach--

CHARLOTTE

Laos?

ADRIAN

Two small villages. We go for six weeks in June.

CHARLOTTE

And you film this, for your--

ADRIAN

We get a lot of press. They're talking about a TV pilot...

CHARLOTTE

That part of it just seems slippery. Your whole...

She motions with her hand like she's erasing over his face.

CHARLOTTE

Fame. Whatever.

ADRIAN

You want recognition for your work, right?

CHARLOTTE

Of course.

ADRIAN

And you want to build a legacy. Probably a pretty profound one.

CHARLOTTE

Yes.

ADRIAN

Then you should consider it.

CHARLOTTE

Okay, I will. And thank you.

ADRIAN

You're the best. Always have been.

She doesn't move at first, enjoying this shop-talk, not wanting it to end. But she lurches up.

ADRIAN

Oh, and, how's Matt?

CHARLOTTE

You mean Will.

ADRIAN

I mean Will. Right.

CHARLOTTE

He's great. Actually, he's finishing the bar exam as we speak. We're having a big party for him down at Luca's, this spot in our neighborhood tonight.

(unsure)

If you wanted to--

ADRIAN

I have plans.

CHARLOTTE

Of course.

As she's heading out the door--

ADRIAN

The bar exam. Really.

CHARLOTTE

Really.

ADRIAN

Good for you.

CHARLOTTE

Good for him.

Charlotte feels Adrian's eyes follow her out, and it gives her a charge to know that he's watching her.

ADRIAN

Have fun at your party.

**EXT. LUCCA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Charlotte hops out of a cab, carrying a pink cake box tied with white string. Snow falls -- dense, sharp flakes.

**INT. LUCCA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

A cool, young, down-home-chic spot. Will's party has its own section. Cocktail in hand, Will holds court. In his element.

WILL

And I looked around me at all these hunched-over-people scribbling.

Charlotte squeezes through with the cake, pausing for a 'hi' here and there, eager to get to Will. She's actually shy in big social groups, where Will is at his best.

WILL

The guy next to me, he's pressing so hard his pencil literally cracks. His whole body is like contorted in anxiety. And I realize we all look like this. Rows and rows of us. Freakin' robots except we're sweating like pigs. This is the life we're fighting for. This?! I look down at my essay, I'm about to start in. I pick up my pencil.

He lowers his voice, smiles his dimpled smirk.

WILL

And then I set it down and I stand up. Everyone's looking at me. My desk kind of squeaks when I stand up and I swear to god every single head in this beige fucking gymnasium snaps up. And it feels good. And I realize, I can't do it. I don't want to. I don't want to be a lawyer. And I won't.

Charlotte approaches, smiling. Will's back is to her, and she sees the awed faces of the crowd of friends before she hears--

WILL

So I walk the fuck out of the bar exam.

His BUDDIES react -- cheering, laughing, mashing their glasses together. They all find this very cool and inspiring.

WILL

Right? Fuck that!

Charlotte looks stricken. Now, she doesn't know exactly how to make her presence known. Or what to do with the cake... LIZ, 30s, locks eyes with Charlotte, reading Charlotte's face, realizing that Charlotte is just learning this now.

CHARLOTTE

(soft)

Hi.

Will turns to her, shielding her, a little marital side-bar.

WILL

Hey, oh, hey, baby.

CHARLOTTE

Wait, so-- I-- why did you do that?

WILL  
First, calm down.

CHARLOTTE  
Don't tell me-- I am calm. Why  
didn't you talk to me before?

WILL  
I decided in the moment.

She lets out a horrified little laugh.

CHARLOTTE  
That's great. I mean before *now*.

WILL  
Listen, we'll talk later. Let's  
just have fun, okay? Our friends  
are all here. Don't be weird.

Charlotte looks like she's been punched in the stomach.

#### **INT. LUCCA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

The cake, decorated with the scales of justice and frosting that reads, "CONGRATULATIONS, WILL!" is half-eaten.

Liz and Charlotte, off to the side, share a slice. Liz is a sweet, hip, tomboy-ish academic, a Midwestern transplant, completely assimilated but for a tinge of an Ohio accent.

CHARLOTTE  
I had no idea.

LIZ  
Fuck.

CHARLOTTE  
It's okay. I just... Sometimes I  
wonder how this all happened.

LIZ  
You mean these men in our lives, or  
their arbitrary-ass decisions?

CHARLOTTE  
Yes.

Liz laughs, forking herself a bite of cake.

LIZ  
Jonathan got a tattoo last weekend.  
Totally spontaneous. Poor guy.

Across the party ANGLE ON Liz's web-developer husband, JONATHAN, ex-MIT, wearing khakis and a Google watch.

LIZ

I was like, honey, you don't have to... who are you trying to be? I felt bad for him. But also, like, what the fuck? I have to look at that thing for the rest of my life.

CHARLOTTE

Are they crazy, or are we, for signing up for this?

LIZ

Yes.

CHARLOTTE

I'm getting us some booze.

When she gets up, something strikes her: she sees ADRIAN'S FACE in the crowd. She smiles... but then looks again, and it's gone. She shakes her head, brushing off the fantasy.

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The door swings open. Einstein springs up and dances around Charlotte and Will's feet as they enter wordlessly.

Charlotte dumps her keys on the kitchen counter.

She's hungry to get into this discussion, but she resists. She pours herself a whisky. And then one for Will. She slides the glass to him. They're both already a little drunk.

CHARLOTTE

So.

WILL

Here we go.

CHARLOTTE

See, I haven't even said a word and already I'm in trouble with you. I feel like I have to walk this tightrope. If I call you on your shit, suddenly I'm the nag. I'm a villain for asking questions.

WILL

Go ahead. Ask questions.

CHARLOTTE

Okay. Why?

WILL

I didn't want to be a lawyer.

CHARLOTTE

The bar exam is grueling. It's the most stressful, miserable part of the process, it's designed to make you feel that way.

WILL

Apparently it worked on me, then.

Charlotte takes a long sip and pours more whisky.

CHARLOTTE

It's so much to throw away.

WILL

You're talking about the money.

CHARLOTTE

I'm talking about resources. Time. Money.

WILL

Your money.

CHARLOTTE

Did I say that?

WILL

You didn't have to.

CHARLOTTE

Our money. That we chose to invest in you. That was a decision made by the two of us, and now you've made a decision completely without me--

WILL

I don't know what you want me to say.

CHARLOTTE

Really? Because it feels pretty obvious what I want you to say... my god, it feels so obvious it's like painted across my face.

(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I want you to say, "Charlotte, I had a crazy epiphany and I know it sounds on the surface irresponsible and, frankly, idiotic, and I apologize that I didn't share it with you, and that you had to find out about it in front of all of our friends, but I have a new plan for what I want to do, and here it is."

WILL

Don't condescend me, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

I'm not.

She knocks back another shot of whisky. Closes her eyes.

CHARLOTTE

Okay. Sorry. Let me genuinely ask you-- what do you want? What do you want to do?

WILL

I don't know yet. I'm going to think about it.

There's something so vulnerable about Will but also so infuriating. She stares at him, about to respond, when...

...a loud, mechanical BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP startles them both. She looks down at her pager's display. Her face falls.

CHARLOTTE

Fuck.

WILL

What?

CHARLOTTE

I have to go. They think... I'm on call. Shit. Shit, I'm not supposed to be on call tonight.

WILL

You're going to go? Why don't you call someone.

CHARLOTTE

There's an emergency. That's not how it works.

WILL

You're seriously going to go, like this?

Maybe he means mid-fight. Maybe he means a few drinks deep.

CHARLOTTE

Yep, you know what, it's not ideal. To go to work right now. It'll be hard, and stressful, and waaahh I don't wanna. But guess what, Will? This is what people do. To some people, their commitments matter.

WILL

And when is something besides work going to matter to you?

CHARLOTTE

Maybe when something else is as important or as challenging or as consistent or as exciting or as fucking good to me. Maybe then?

She barrels out the door, leaving him seared by this.

**EXT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Sirens BLARE as an ambulance tears through traffic and up over the curb. HOSPITAL WORKERS swarm and the doors fly open.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Charlotte rushes into the surgical ward.

She crosses with Adrian, nearly slamming into him as she hurtles down the corridor. He walks with her--

ADRIAN

Hey.

CHARLOTTE

You're still here?

ADRIAN

Yeah, I-- are you okay?

CHARLOTTE

Got a Code Trauma, two minutes.

His looks at her. Clocks that she's a little bit 'off'...

ADRIAN

Page me if you need anything. I'm  
in OR 4 but I can peel away.

CHARLOTTE

(thanks, but screw you)  
Thanks but I've got it.

**AT THE DOUBLE DOORS**

Charlotte CLOSES her eyes for a second. Swallows. Touches her  
head. Then, FUCK IT, she's doing this. She shoves through--

A RUSH DOWN THE HALL -- EMTs push a wheeling stretcher and  
Kara, Mitesh, and a couple RESIDENTS hustle along. Charlotte  
joins them and sees the patient, JAY HAMILTON, 18, 250  
pounds, motionless on the plastic spinal board. Skin sallow.  
Eyes closed. Blood dripping from his nose.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

What's the story?

EMT

Eighteen-year-old male identified  
as Jay Hamilton, unrestrained  
driver in an SUV rollover. Ejected  
from the vehicle. Unresponsive to  
pain. Pulse a hundred, BP 110 over  
70, breathing at 30 on his own...  
Blood Alcohol is .24.

KARA

Trauma Bay 1.

**TRAUMA BAY**

A tiled room full of monitors and surgical equipment. A  
frenzied dance of activity begins: RESIDENTS lift Jay onto  
the bed. NURSES cut off clothes, take vital signs, pierce an  
IV line into his arm, clip sensors to fingertips.

NURSE

Catheter is set. Can I get O-2?

CHARLOTTE

Turn it up full blast.

An oxygen mask is placed over his nose and mouth.

Charlotte's eyes go to a OXIMETER: a screen shows the oxygen  
saturation of Jay's blood. His breath is shallow, fast.

CHARLOTTE

He's not oxygenating well. We want him up to at least 95.

ON THE MONITOR: the O-2 sat hovers around 89.

Charlotte dips her fingers into his mouth and feels. Nothing. With her stethoscope she listens to his lungs, eyes darting back to that oximeter every few seconds... it dips to 85.

CHARLOTTE

No obstruction, no lung collapse. Okay, let's tube him.

Charlotte removes Jay's oxygen mask.

A RESIDENT hands her an L-shaped metal tool. Harsh and primitive looking. With one fluid motion Charlotte slips it DEEP DOWN JAY'S THROAT and cocks the handle up with a YANK.

Jay is still unconscious. His tongue is depressed, out of the way, his mouth open. And now Charlotte can see...

BLOOD down his larynx, spurting everywhere! This is bad.

CHARLOTTE

Suction! I need suction, I can't see a goddamn thing.

A RESIDENT suctions the blood away, as Kara palms Charlotte a rubber tube, as thick as an index finger, about a foot long.

Struggling to see through the flowing blood, Charlotte SNAKES THE TUBE down JAY'S THROAT. But she hits resistance.

She forces the tube, but it is BANGING against something...

CHARLOTTE

His vocal cords are swelling, the airway is shutting down--

KARA

O-2 down to 70.

MITESH

Yeah, his BAC isn't helping us.

CHARLOTTE

Exactly.

Jay's lips are turning blue. Charlotte's beginning to PANIC.

KARA

Down to 65.

CHARLOTTE

We're losing the airway. Get me anesthesia, get me a trache kit.

Everyone scurries to work, CHAOS as orders are shouted--

Charlotte's POV: she's sweating, the room is cacophonous, a blur of moving shapes, the pressure suffocating. ALL EYES are on her, and the nurses and doctors can see that their captain is losing it... she's shaky, not quite herself...

The OXIMETER starts BEEPING LOUDLY. It's at 60... Charlotte presses the 0-2 bag over Jay's face and pumps the balloon.

Kara unwraps a sterilized bundle of instruments, sets up surgeon's knives and what looks like a plumber's elbow joint.

MITESH

Should we call Dr. Wu or Dr. Coons?

CHARLOTTE

No. Just get me better light.

She palpates Jay's throat, smeared with brown bactericide. She presses the scalpel to his NECK. Breathes. And SLICES.

Mitesh braces the wound with retractors as she cuts DEEPER.

She could kill Jay if she screws this up.

She sticks the TUBE into the wound, but again-- a blunt WALL.

CHARLOTTE

There's too much blood. I'm working blind here, can I get some suction and some fucking LIGHT, please?!

(breathless)

His vocal cords are swollen from the blood and the alcohol. I can't get the tube past them-- it won't--

LIGHT shines in Charlotte's face. Too bright. She winces.

CHARLOTTE

Jesus Christ!

KARA

Let me get you help. Call Dr. Wu.

CHARLOTTE

No. There's no time! Let me think.

She clenches her eyes closed. Jay's 0-2 has dipped so low that the Oximeter can no longer detect it. And his heart...

KARA  
Heart rate falling.

Charlotte's eyes spring open, lit up with an idea--

CHARLOTTE  
Mitesh, get me a pediatric trache  
tube.

MITESH  
What? That's not--

CHARLOTTE  
My hands are small enough.  
Pediatric endotrache-- NOW!

Everyone rushes in search of what Charlotte wants. Drawers and cabinets SLAM. Mitesh produces a much smaller, thinner, clear plastic tube. Charlotte takes it. Determined, reaches one of her tiny hands RIGHT INSIDE JAY'S SLASHED NECK.

Blood GUSHES all over her.

CHARLOTTE  
I can thread this through the  
cords. Get him breathing for us,  
then we can do a proper trache...

ON CHARLOTTE'S FACE as her fingers struggle to hook the tube through. She can't see into Jay's throat, but she can feel.

It's taking longer... longer... his heart rate is dropping... Mitesh and Kara share a worried look...

She bites back her panic. Her chest heaves. She stares ahead, determined. Grinding her teeth. This will not defeat her.

Time is ticking. Every second that Jay is without oxygen his heartbeat slows, as the MONITOR shows. Beep... beep...

ADRIAN appears in the doorway and takes in the chaotic scene.

ADRIAN  
What the hell is going on in here?

Kara is about to explain--

CHARLOTTE  
Everyone, SHUT UP!

Silence. The room is rapt, held hostage by this brutal moment. Charlotte focuses. Blood is spilling everywhere. She whispers, maybe to herself, maybe to Jay, maybe to God--

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Come on. Come on. You can do this.

And SUDDENLY... THE OXIMETER and the HEART RATE MONITOR chime to life. The tube is through... Jay's oxygen climbs...

KARA

Heart rate is back! 0-2 climbing.

Holy shit. She did it. A communal moment of relief before the room ERUPTS INTO CHEERS. Charlotte, drenched in blood and sweat, drinks it in. Stunned that she pulled it off at all.

Her eyes lock with Adrian's. He applauds her, GRINNING.

She shimmers in the success of this moment. It's a rush.

**INT. TRAUMA BAY - VESTIBULE - NIGHT**

Charlotte washes her hands and catches her reflection in the mirror. She looks like shit, but she can't help but smile. Buzzing that she succeeded, despite everything.

**INT. WAITING AREA - NIGHT**

Charlotte speaks with Jay's mother, MARCY, 40s, and uncle DON, 50s, both careworn but genuine people. Don has an Irish-Catholic-tough-guy energy but he is in tears.

CHARLOTTE

He's alive.

Marcy's fingers clutch a rosary in her sweater pocket.

CHARLOTTE

The challenge was getting his oxygen levels up. He was without oxygen for almost three minutes, so we don't know exactly what the effect will be.

MARCY

Thank you. Thank god. Thank god he made it.

DON

We're just grateful he's with us.

CHARLOTTE

So are we.

**EXT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - ROOF - NIGHT**

Adrian finds Charlotte on the roof, freezing, still riding on the adrenaline of her success.

ADRIAN (O.S.)  
You saved that kid's life.

His voice jars her out of her own head.

ADRIAN  
Say it out loud.

CHARLOTTE  
What?

ADRIAN  
Say, "I saved a life today."

His arm brushes against hers. She doesn't pull away.

CHARLOTTE  
No.

ADRIAN  
Why not? You did.

CHARLOTTE  
Because that's vain, and dangerous.

ADRIAN  
We live through so much fucked up stuff in this job. The pain, the disappointment, the lack of control. I hate that. It drives me crazy. You've got to celebrate the times it goes right. You have to, or else you'll disappear. You need that for your ego, or else you'll just... die.

CHARLOTTE  
You're a narcissist.

ADRIAN  
A damn successful one.  
(leaning in, a whisper)  
I dare you.

His breath plumes out of his mouth, cutting through the cold air. She looks up at him, her eyes glinting.

CHARLOTTE  
I saved his life.

ADRIAN

What? I'm sorry. That got swept up  
in the wind.

CHARLOTTE

You heard me.

She laughs. He presses his hand to the small of her back. She  
flinches... surprised by this... strangely awoken by it.

ADRIAN

You were amazing.

Her eyes scan him. His muscular arms, his chest. His  
intelligent, serious face, scruffy now after the all-nighter.

She traces him with her eyes. There's this burning intensity  
to him that makes her feel so fallible and bendable...

...and the thing is, that feels *good*...

He leans closer to her. He's going to kiss her. And she  
becomes acutely aware in this moment that she could have this  
man if she wanted him. It's a sexy, powerful rush--

But also TERRIFYING. She abruptly PULLS AWAY. He steps back.

CHARLOTTE

(warning)

Adrian.

ADRIAN

Right.

(recovering)

You should go. Get some sleep.

There's a flicker of pain on his face, but it's fleeting. He  
reaches out to hold the door for her as if nothing happened.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - NAP ROOM - DAY**

On the top bunk, Charlotte tries to sleep. She tosses and  
turns. She flips her pillow. She can't get comfortable.

Something is gnawing at her.

She rolls onto her side, indulging herself. Her lips curl  
into a smile. A daydream plays across her eyes.

She lets them close, somewhere between sleep and dreaming...

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Charlotte pulls ingredients from a Dean & DeLuca bag on the counter. Will comes home, sweats and fleece jacket.

CHARLOTTE

Hi.

WILL

Hey.

CHARLOTTE

Will, I'm so sorry. I feel terrible about what I said.

WILL

It's okay. And I'm sorry, too.

He smiles. She expects them to launch into a discussion -- kind of hoping to get to the bottom of things -- but instead he picks up an onion and tosses it to her. She catches it.

WILL

Do you want to do Iron Chef?

CHARLOTTE

You want to? Or you want to eat something good?

WILL

Mine *will* be good. Yours remains in question. The secret ingredient is...

(perusing the groceries)

This fine artisinal pickled asparagus that probably cost more than our mortgage.

She smiles, relieved that he's so upbeat.

**LATER**

Charlotte twirls her fork through fettucine in a skillet.

CHARLOTTE

Somehow this is amazing despite that dumb asparagus.

WILL

What do you mean, somehow?

CHARLOTTE

I mean you're a little bit magic.

He looks at her, gathering some courage in this calm moment.

WILL  
I'm gonna venture into dangerous territory here.

CHARLOTTE  
Okay.

WILL  
Because I actually have an idea.

CHARLOTTE  
Oh? That's great.

WILL  
It's a photography thing but it's not a photography business. It's an app that helps you take better pictures with your smartphone. Like, the rule of threes for example. Composition, focus, it's all about toggling variables and math. So what if an app could do that for you. Jonathan could help me build it. It'll be no big deal, I feel like building it is the easy part. Two years from now we sell it to Instagram for ten million dollars.

CHARLOTTE  
That's cool. I mean, Jonathan has a full time job, but...

She looks at Will, wanting desperately to encourage him.

CHARLOTTE  
I think it's a great idea.

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

They watch LOUIE in bed. Will eats ice cream from the carton. Light from the TV shifts across Charlotte's preoccupied face.

**LATER**

The end credits scroll. Will cuddles up to Charlotte.

WILL  
(half asleep)  
How was work? I never asked. Your day...

She takes a moment, thinks about what to say. Like they're kids at a sleepover, she rolls over, whispers--

CHARLOTTE  
I saved someone's life.

But Will is out cold. Charlotte touches his face.

She gets up to put away the ice cream carton.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - DAY**

Charlotte moves through the recovery ward. She stops outside a room and reaches for the file in the plastic holder at the door. It's not there. A NURSE, JEROME, 30s, at the station, notices Charlotte's confusion as she moves inside.

**RECOVERY ROOM**

Slightly deflated GET WELL SOON! balloons, blankets, take-out containers litter the room. But the hospital bed is empty.

The sheets have been stripped. Charlotte looks around.

CHARLOTTE  
Did this patient, Hamilton--

JEROME  
He didn't make it.

Charlotte is gobsmacked, but she hides her shock.

JEROME  
Went overnight. Lost too much oxygen.

Charlotte nods, fighting to stay professional.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - HALLWAY - DAY**

Charlotte moves down the hall, in a daze.

An elevator door opens and Marcy and Don spill into the hall. Flanked by ANNA, 12, Jay's sister, and handsome, shell-shocked BRIAN, 18, built, tall, a friend, or maybe boyfriend, of Jay's. They look rough, tired, chewed up by sadness.

Charlotte reaches a feeble hand up to wave hello to them, and she begins to head over, ready to offer comfort, but--

Marcy unleashes a TERRIBLE, PRIMAL SCREAM, full of hate and grief and fury. Don pulls her against his shoulder. She hides her face. Brian's eyes stay trained on Charlotte.

Charlotte continues down the hall towards her office. With each step, willing herself not to crumble.

**INT. CHARLOTTE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Charlotte collapses into shaky, silent tears.

**INT. CHARLOTTE'S OFFICE - LATER**

Adrian barges into her office without knocking.

ADRIAN

Get your coat, I'm taking you out.

Charlotte tries to hide the fact that she's been crying.

CHARLOTTE

What? Where?

ADRIAN

Where I go when things get really fucked up at the hospital.

CHARLOTTE

I'm in the middle of something.

ADRIAN

It's not a question.

He takes her coat from the hook at the back of the door.

**INT. RUBIROSA - DAY**

A dark, old-school Nolita Italian joint. The sound of sizzling mozzarella from a brick oven. Adrian and Charlotte are tucked into a booth in the corner.

CHARLOTTE

I've lost patients before obviously, but never because I... shit. I should have worked faster. I should have been thinking faster.

ADRIAN

You're right. You should've. You're a terrible doctor. The worst.

CHARLOTTE

Okay, okay.

(then, serious)

Do you think I'll get sued?

ADRIAN

Probably not. If you do, that's why we have insurance. And you have a lot of allies at the hospital. Plus, it's not like they'll be able to prove any negligence.

She considers this, the complex truth churning inside her.

CHARLOTTE

Fuck. He was so young.

ADRIAN

That's enough. You can't do this to yourself.

CHARLOTTE

I know.

ADRIAN

It's the worst part of our business. We have to play god, and therefore we're not allowed to acknowledge when mistakes happen. Fucks with your sense of reality.

CHARLOTTE

You're right.

ADRIAN

We gotta move on.

He makes a little plate for her from a dish of meatballs.

ADRIAN

Here. Best meatballs in the city.

She takes a bite. It's heaven.

ADRIAN

Hey-- for the record, I didn't come up with that Viral Doctor thing. I hate it.

Charlotte chuckles. He's happy to see her smile.

ADRIAN

It's so embarrassing.

CHARLOTTE  
It really is.

But he's also stung by the way she agrees.

CHARLOTTE  
But, really, it's nothing. Your name means so much more than that.

ADRIAN  
You think I'm a fame monger. But I'm not. It's the price of wanting to do the type of big-scale things I do. You get to a certain level--

CHARLOTTE  
I know, I know. And I respect your ambition. I relate to that. I do.

Charlotte tries to pry herself away from this intimacy.

CHARLOTTE  
Well. This was good.

ADRIAN  
Rubirosa's is a cure-all.  
(a beat)  
I like talking with you.

CHARLOTTE  
It feels good to talk about work with someone who gets it.

ADRIAN  
I'll talk about whatever you want.

A spark of exhilaration shoots through her. But she tries to steer the conversation back to work. A weird impulse--

CHARLOTTE  
What happened to the Sanumas in Venezuela?

ADRIAN  
How long have you been waiting to ask me that?

CHARLOTTE  
I don't know.

ADRIAN  
I scare you.

CHARLOTTE

No. I just need to know.

ADRIAN'S

I saved 156 lives with my anti-measles medication.

CHARLOTTE

How many people died?

ADRIAN

Sometimes things get fucked up.

CHARLOTTE

Did they die because they were going to die, or did they die because of you?

ADRIAN

Oh, you don't want to do that.

CHARLOTTE

What?

ADRIAN

You don't want to start keeping score with me. Especially after last night.

She balks, and he holds her gaze with charged intensity. Kind of unsettling and yet fascinating, this serious, unflinching confidence.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - CHARLOTTE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Charlotte's curled up in her desk chair, shoes kicked onto the floor, her face buried in her computer -- on FACEBOOK.

She clicks on her own profile picture, a candid of CHARLOTTE AND WILL cuddled on someone's velvet couch at a party.

She clicks through more old profile pics, looking at her life like it belongs to someone else: CHARLOTTE AND WILL eat ice cream on a park bench. Then, dressed up at Liz's wedding. CHARLOTTE in skis and WILL on a snowboard; she grins, he sits on the mountain rolling his eyes. Finally, CHARLOTTE in her gauzy dress, gazing at WILL, at their rustic outdoor wedding.

Her cursor blinks in the search box. She takes a moment. Then types: "Jay Hamilton." Nothing. She closes Facebook, looks around like she might get caught, then types it into GOOGLE.

A YouTube channel loads. She CLICKS on the first video.

It's a CLAYMATION VIDEO. A face pops into frame. It's Jay. Charlotte's heart skips a beat. He's so alive, so happy.

JAY (O.S.)

All right, followers, here's a new sketch, Mr. Rogers meets Timothy Leary kinda vibe, hope you enjoy--

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The apartment is a mess. Charlotte sits with her laptop, frayed and exhausted. Will clicks through movies on TV.

WILL

Where are we ordering dinner?

CHARLOTTE

Why do I have to decide?

WILL

Because I'm picking the movie.

CHARLOTTE

Babe, I truly don't care.

WILL

Well what do you feel like?

CHARLOTTE

I feel like you deciding. I'm not that hungry.

WILL

How are you not that hungry? Just pick whatever you want.

CHARLOTTE

Oh my god. Honey, I've been making decisions all day. I'm exhausted. You can handle this one, okay?

WILL

What's that supposed to mean?

Charlotte sighs deeply.

CHARLOTTE

I'm sorry.

WILL

Clearly you're not done with this. So just go for it.

CHARLOTTE

We're not done with it! We barely had one conversation about it.

WILL

Go ahead then. Cry it out.

She wants to not take the bait. She knows she should be the bigger person. But can't not say what she's thinking.

CHARLOTTE

Was it self-preservation?

WILL

What do you mean?

CHARLOTTE

I mean: you don't walk out of the bar exam if you think you're going to pass.

WILL

Wow.

CHARLOTTE

I get it if you don't want to be a lawyer. It's totally fine. I even get it if you realize that during the test. But why quit? Why would anyone who thinks they have even a modest chance of passing the test throw away all that effort and time and pain? It's such a waste. At least, like, press on. Get through it. Finish what you started.

WILL

I'm not gonna keep suffering for something I don't even want!

Charlotte rolls her eyes and gestures like, 'that's life.'

WILL

But maybe I'm just lazy.

CHARLOTTE

No! Don't say that. You're brilliant. You're creative and funny and quick but you sell yourself short, that's the truth.

WILL

Yep. And you're perfect. You do everything perfectly.

CHARLOTTE

No. Not at all. In fact, today I--

Will rises, raises his arms and SHOUTS, loud and animated:

WILL

Doesn't everyone know?! Does the world know? Charlotte is perfect. Charlotte is the best doctor in the world! She's the perfect doctor. She can fix anyone. In fact, Charlotte is GOD! Do you hear that, everyone?! CHARLOTTE IS GOD!

CHARLOTTE

I never said that. I...

She can't speak. Tears burn behind her eyes.

CHARLOTTE

I'm going for a walk.

She scoops her keys off the counter and heads to the door.

**EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREET - NIGHT**

Charlotte walks fast, awash in thought. A stoplight changes as she approaches the street -- DON'T WALK. She sees a CAB careening towards the intersection, but she's confident it'll stop for her, so she STEPS off the curb...

SCREECH!!! The cab SLAMS its breaks, nearly hitting her. The DRIVER SCREAMS out his window at Charlotte.

She takes out her phone as she makes it to the sidewalk.

CHARLOTTE

(into phone)

Hey. I'm sorry. Can we talk?

**INT. PEGU CLUB - NIGHT**

A dark SoHo bar. Two empty glasses, a bottle of Tequila between them. Charlotte sits next to Adrian.

CHARLOTTE

I did something fucked up.

(then)

I Googled the kid. He went to a magnet performing arts high school He had an Instagram and a bunch of funny YouTube videos...

ADRIAN  
...with the claymation.

CHARLOTTE  
Shit. You too.

ADRIAN  
That doesn't count as fucked up.

Charlotte absorbs this.

ADRIAN  
Look. The sum of who you are as a person is not your mistakes. Or else all the interesting people in the world are screwed.

CHARLOTTE  
Sounds like a convenient philosophy for bad people.

ADRIAN  
We're all bad people just trying not to be.

CHARLOTTE  
Says the guy who gets treated like God walking among us--

ADRIAN  
Who says God isn't a bad person?

She laughs.

CHARLOTTE  
You're drunk.

He fills her glass with Tequila. A challenge. And she becomes aware that he's very close to her. Here she is, in this dark bar across town, with this man who's not her husband.

CHARLOTTE  
I should probably go.

ADRIAN  
Do you really want to leave?

She doesn't answer. Her face is hot.

ADRIAN  
I'm going to say something.  
(a drawn out beat)  
Something was going to happen on the roof last night.

CHARLOTTE

Did you... want something to happen?

ADRIAN

Yeah. And so did you.

He puts his hand on her thigh. She doesn't move a centimeter.

ADRIAN

How does that make you feel, to hear me say that?

CHARLOTTE

Flattered.

ADRIAN

Flattered. Okay. But anything else?

He moves his hand further up her leg. Slowly. Her eyes close. It actually feels painful for her to say the words--

CHARLOTTE

I should go.

ADRIAN

Okay. Let's get you a cab.

He gets up, nonchalant. Charlotte's head is spinning.

#### **INT. PEGU CLUB - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Charlotte stumbles down a long, dark, claustrophobic corridor that leads to the door. Music from some club nearby POUNDS, distorted, all around them. Adrian walks ahead of her...

Charlotte's bursting out of her own skin. In one motion... she GRABS ADRIAN BY THE ARM and pulls him to her, hard.

She shoves into him and kisses him, giving over to it, this feeling that's so much bigger than she is. Adrian kisses her back hungrily... his hands on her arms... her face... her body... every inch of her electrified... she bites his lip... he pushes her against the wall... she GASPS...

CUT TO:

#### **INT. ADRIAN'S SOHO LOFT - NIGHT**

Adrian's gorgeous midcentury apartment. Darkness shrouds the living room, the black-and-white kitchen, a collection of antique toys, a sleek Scandinavian desk, stacked with work--

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)  
Shit. This is bad.

We find Charlotte and Adrian in the entryway -- on the floor. He kisses her chest. They tear off clothes. Frantic. His hands all over her body... his eyes bright, locked on hers...

ADRIAN  
This is the opposite of bad.

She tugs him closer to her, but he sinks down, below her waist. Her eyes roll back, the torment dissolving. She surrenders, in insane, never-felt-so-alive, shivering bliss.

ADRIAN  
I think I'm obsessed with you.

She laughs as he focuses his attention on her. Determined, but not rushing, stretching out every second of this...

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Charlotte opens the door as gingerly as possible. Her keys jingle... she cringes... Einstein jumps up, paws tapping the hardwood. She steps in. Looks around. It's... sobering.

She sees that Will is sprawled on the couch, asleep. A couple bottles of beer on the coffee table. A MOVIE plays too loudly; shoot-em-up, lots of EXPLOSIONS.

Charlotte watches Will for a moment, lost in thought.

Einstein WHIMPERS and snaps her out of it.

CHARLOTTE  
Okay, okay.

**EXT. MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS STREET - NIGHT**

Charlotte walks the dog down the street. She waits as Einstein sniffs around a frail, frozen tree.

A strange smile creeps across her face. She brings her hand to her mouth and lets out a weird little cry. Halfway between a laugh and a scream, a sound of SHOCK.

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

When Charlotte comes back inside with the dog, the TV is off and Will is gone. She looks around, alarmed.

CHARLOTTE

Will?

BEDROOM

She finds him under the covers. She leans against the bed.

WILL

Thanks for walking the dog.

She almost begins to cry, more out of fear and surprise and confusion than anything else...

WILL

Where'd you go?

CHARLOTTE

Just for a drink.

WILL

Where?

CHARLOTTE

Oh, that place-- the Cricket Club.

WILL

By yourself?

CHARLOTTE

No.

(then, fuck)

With Liz.

She lets Will coax her into bed.

WILL

Hey, baby, it's okay. We're going through a thing, but we'll get through it. We always do. Love you.

CHARLOTTE

I love you too.

Charlotte stares at the wall, her heart clenched like a fist.

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY**

Charlotte lets the water flow over her as she leans her body against the cool glass. QUICK FLASHES haunt her, relentless:

--Her fingertips on Adrian's bare chest.

--Adrian's neck, his muscular shoulders, his freckly skin.

--Adrian's lips on her stomach. His lips on her hipbone.

--He squeezes her shoulders, massaging her neck, hard.

She lets her eyes close. She reaches down, out of frame.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY**

Charlotte and Liz trudge the icy path, past the Alice in Wonderland statue, mittened hands clutching coffee cups.

CHARLOTTE

Sometimes you see someone and you think, 'Huh. You're interesting.' If things had gone another way, I could see that... happening...

LIZ

And all these TED talks about how marriage is a relic of a time when we lived til 30. But I guess I want to believe, so I do believe.

CHARLOTTE

How good do you think married sex is supposed to be?

LIZ

We have our moments, but it's a lot of... maintenance. I guess I'd rather have less sex and make it count.

CHARLOTTE

Do you remember-- first time, crazy, can't-get-past-the-foyer sex. Do you remember that?

LIZ

Yeah but-- that kind of excitement? It's the mystery. Fear. Anticipation. Not knowing entirely who the other person is, or what they think of you-- they could surprise you or change their mind at any second. It's not even really about the sex. It's intimacy with way more at stake.

Charlotte feels this in her bones.

LIZ  
I think we'll always wonder about  
what other people would be like...

CHARLOTTE  
You don't think it's something you  
can get out of your system.

LIZ  
Actually, I don't know. Maybe.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - HALLWAY - DAY**

Adrian rounds a corner. Charlotte watches from down the hall,  
then intercepts him. Nervous, but resolved to clear the air--

CHARLOTTE  
Hi.

ADRIAN  
Hey, Charlotte.

He doesn't suppress a smile. She swallows, worried.

CHARLOTTE  
Can we talk? We need to talk.

ADRIAN  
We'll be late for the M&M.

CHARLOTTE  
I want to be direct with you. I  
think you can probably imagine that  
I need to say and I just want to--

ADRIAN  
Find me afterwards.

He keeps moving, and she's stunned by his nonchalance.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - AMPITHEATRE - DAY**

Polished wood, plush seating, oil paintings of the hospital's  
best doctors. The mood is tense and serious as doctors  
gather. A projection reads: Morbidity and Mortality.

A weekly meeting where deaths and mistakes are discussed.

In the front row, the big shots -- Sonia, Carlson, Wu.

FIND Charlotte, a few rows back, wringing her hands.

**LATER**

From the podium, a non-surgical CHIEF TRAUMA RESIDENT we recognize from the Hamilton case, LOPEZ, wraps up his report.

LOPEZ

...after several traches were attempted unsuccessfully, the pediatric E.T. tube was placed, and the patient recovered stable vitals. A tracheostomy was completed later in the OR. Having lost a significant amount of oxygen, the patient went into fatal cardiac arrest during the night.

Awkward, prickling silence. Carlson jumps in.

CARLSON

What do you mean? How many traches and why 'unsuccessfully?' What the hell happened?

Charlotte sits up straight, gathering courage--

CHARLOTTE

This was my case. And I'd love the opportunity to elucidate some complicating factors, like the patient's BAC three times the legal limit, his extremely large neck, and the poor lighting due to--

CARLSON

Why didn't you get more suction, more light? Another attending?

Two hundred judgemental faces peer down on her.

CHARLOTTE

He was GCS 7 when he arrived. We had no time to spare, and--

CARLSON

It's either a problem of skill or a problem of support.

CHARLOTTE

I've done dozens of tracheotomies.

CARLSON

Then you were in over your head in this case.

CHARLOTTE

No.

CARLSON

Someone screwed up here.

CHARLOTTE

I found a creative solution when we were out of options.

CARLSON

Why didn't you call for help?

It feels futile, but Charlotte's about to respond, when--

ADRIAN (O.S.)

She did.

Charlotte turns to see Adrian stand up, across the room.

ADRIAN

Gordon called me for help. I came down and watched as she had the ingenious idea to apply the pediatric tube, which by the way, because of the amount of swelling and blood, required her particular stature and precision. That patient would've died on the table.

She can't believe what she hears... it's not true... but in a way, it feels part of a higher truth... and she's grateful.

Carlson considers this, deflected if not satisfied.

**INT. ADRIAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Charlotte enters and shuts the door behind her.

Adrian, behind his desk, searches for a book. She watches him. He ignores her. The bridge of his glasses slips down his freckled nose. He stubs it with his thumb, clumsy, masculine.

At the window to the hallway, she flicks the blinds CLOSED.

She moves closer to him, testing the waters. Unsure of how far she'll go... He smirks. They're magnetic.

He GRABS her, assertive. Her legs wrap around him. She's on his desk... He's ripping off her pants... She pulls his shirt, intense and decisive. And they have sex right there.

**LATER**

Charlotte pulls on her scrubs. She rambles, nervous, guilty.

CHARLOTTE

I didn't think that was going to happen. The M&M. You think a male doctor would have gotten their ass handed to them like that? It's funny, the kind of low-grade sexism we deal with... Always there, insidious and just subtle enough. If sexism was radioactive, I'd have like six toes on each foot, but I wouldn't notice for years, and--

ADRIAN

You know what's funny?

CHARLOTTE

What?

ADRIAN

In school, you rejected me.

CHARLOTTE

What? I didn't reject you--

ADRIAN

Now here you are. Talking. I want to watch you talk for hours. What were you even saying, I don't know.

He kneels down before her and tries to kiss her bare stomach.

CHARLOTTE

I was saying thank you. For what you said. But listen, Adrian--

ADRIAN

It's true, wasn't it?

Charlotte hesitates, unsure how to respond.

ADRIAN

By the way, these are for you. Surgeries to choose from.

He reaches to his desk and hands her a thick folder of DOCUMENTS and PHOTOS. Applications for surgeries in Laos.

CHARLOTTE

Wow.

(parsing through, then...)

This can never happen again. It *will* never happen again. I mean it.

ADRIAN

Then why don't you get back to work. Don't you have patients?

Charlotte, a little surprised, turns to leave.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - DAY**

A serious-looking ADMIN pokes her head in Charlotte's door.

ADMIN

Dr. G? Risk Management needs to see you.

Charlotte's head snaps up. She tries to sound upbeat.

CHARLOTTE

Sure, thanks.

ADMIN

ASAP.

Charlotte's terrified.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - HALLWAY - DAY**

Charlotte walks by Adrian's office, just to check...

He's not inside.

Fuck. Could this possibly be about them, their relationship?

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - BASEMENT - DAY**

The bowels of the hospital, a low-ceilinged network of hallways. The hum of florescent lights. There never seems to be another person down here.

She hurries, her sneakers squeaking on the tile.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - BASEMENT - TINY OFFICE - DAY**

Charlotte sits in a small, cluttered office across from a no-nonsense but compassionate HR worker, LILIAN, 40s.

CHARLOTTE

So they're suing me.

LILLIAN

These cases almost always settle.  
Proving negligence in an ER trauma  
situation is nearly impossible.

Charlotte wonders about this, guilt swirling in her chest...

CHARLOTTE

This has never happened to me  
before. Am I allowed to go back and  
look at the patient's file?

LILLIAN

We advise against it. You'd have to  
sign out the old files, and that  
would be reported to opposing  
counsel. That can sometimes seem--

CHARLOTTE

Suspicious.

LILLIAN

Like you're covering your tracks.

Charlotte processes this, freaked.

LILLIAN

One last thing. And this is  
important. Don't discuss the  
details of what happened with  
anyone. Not even with your spouse.

Lillian looks at Charlotte's wedding ring. Charlotte  
instinctually fidgets with it, twisting it around.

LILLIAN

They can depose anyone they want so  
it'll make everything easier if the  
lawsuit goes forward if you just--  
(making a zip-lip motion)  
Okay?

CHARLOTTE

Okay.

**EXT. MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS - NIGHT**

Will and Charlotte walk the dog. He clocks her far-off gaze,  
her troubled expression.

WILL

I can tell something's up.

She straightens. Will taps her temple with his fingertips.

WILL

The little hamster in there is running on its wheel. What's going on? Work. It's work.

CHARLOTTE

I dealt with a trauma that, um... it was a tough loss.

(Finally)

I'm getting sued for malpractice.

WILL

Shit. Babe. I'm so sorry. Holy shit. Tell me-- what happened? What was the case? When was this? What was the deal, why'd the patient...

Charlotte immediately feels uncomfortable rehashing it.

CHARLOTTE

I can't. I'm not supposed to, legally.

WILL

But it's bothering you. You should let it out-- you can trust me.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, I know I can, honey.

He takes her hand and squeezes it.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - CHARLOTTE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Charlotte's head is in her hands. Adrian, in jeans and a cashmere sweater, looking smart and sexy, paces.

ADRIAN

Rubin & Rudman's their firm-- they're sharks. And expensive. Must be deferred payment, the lawyers think they have something.

(then)

I'll take care of it.

CHARLOTTE

What do you mean?

ADRIAN

Trust me. Do you want to save your career? I'll figure something out.

Charlotte's trepidatious about what he has in mind.

CHARLOTTE  
If you're trying to gain some  
currency with me...

ADRIAN  
(wry)  
Of course I'm not.

CHARLOTTE  
It wouldn't work...

He moves closer, playful, a step beyond office-appropriate.

ADRIAN  
I know.

She tries not to look at him... but she also doesn't move  
away as he rests his elbows down on her desk and leans  
there... His breath, the warmth of his body, so palpable.

ADRIAN  
What are you thinking about?

She doesn't answer. She clenches her eyes closed.

ADRIAN  
You're smiling.

CHARLOTTE  
(smiling)  
No, I'm not.

ADRIAN  
Say it. It can't be that bad.

CHARLOTTE  
You fucking smell good. That's what  
I'm thinking.

ADRIAN  
I smell good. Thank you.  
(then, sincere)  
You want to know what I'm thinking?

CHARLOTTE  
No.

ADRIAN  
I'm gonna have to tell you--

CHARLOTTE  
Adrian, don't--

ADRIAN  
Your clavicle.

Charlotte snorts, stifling a laugh.

ADRIAN  
Specifically this one freckle on  
your clavicle. I can picture it. I  
wake up thinking about it.

CHARLOTTE  
Okay, okay. That's enough.

Adrian pulls away from her, back to business. He withdraws  
and shifts gears with no problem.

ADRIAN  
I'm serious about the lawsuit. I do  
want to help. There are ways that  
we could address this--

CHARLOTTE  
No, I'll handle it.

He shakes his head gravely, like 'it's your funeral.'

CHARLOTTE  
Thanks, anyway. I should go...

She doesn't finish. Very slowly, she gets up to leave--

ADRIAN  
You know about absolute thresholds.

CHARLOTTE  
The smallest amount of stimuli the  
brain can detect...

ADRIAN  
A ticking watch 20 feet away. In  
the darkness-- a candle flame, 30  
miles off. A fly flapping its wings  
three inches from your cheek. But  
scent-- lucky for you-- you can  
smell a single drop of fragrance  
like three or four rooms away.  
So, all I'm saying is... enjoy!

CHARLOTTE  
Wow, you're a poet. And a dork.

ADRIAN  
I'll be here when you decide you  
change your mind.

(MORE)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

About the lawsuit.

Charlotte almost speaks, but instead she leaves...

**HALLWAY**

She fights herself, fights the urge to pivot back to him. She leans against the wall. After a beat, she peels herself away.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - FILING OFFICE - DAY**

Charlotte signs her name to a sheet. An ADMIN slides her a file with JAY HAMILTON marked across the top.

**AT A TABLE**

Charlotte draws in air and opens the file. She has brought along a notebook and a pencil. She's about to turn to a fresh page in the notebook when she sees-- the JUXTAPOSITION:

Her neat, controlled handwriting in the notebook. Next to her notes in the medical file -- MESSY. SCRAWLED.

CHARLOTTE

Fuck.

She closes the file.

**EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Charlotte and Adrian get out of his car and walk up to a building. Adrian's messenger bag slung over a shoulder.

CHARLOTTE

Tell me exactly what you agreed on.

ADRIAN

Look, you're in this now, okay?  
Don't worry. It'll be fine.

**INT. MODEST HELL'S KITCHEN APARTMENT - NIGHT**

At a Formica table, in a cheap linoleum kitchen, Adrian counts CASH. Charlotte sits in a chair with her eyes on her hands. Don sits at the table watching Adrian stack the money.

Brian looms over them in the doorway. Arms crossed. He's built like a linebacker, but he's just a kid. Weak, shaky.

Don, gin-blossomed, hoarse cough, seems more menacing than before. Charlotte feels his eyes move to her. She looks down.

A TV plays somewhere off screen, a cartoon. It's unclear what other people might be in this apartment.

ADRIAN

That's 500k.

DON

On the phone you said one million.

ADRIAN

This is good faith. You get the other half tomorrow by Western Union when you drop the lawsuit.

DON

I don't like it. Feels like you switched the deal.

ADRIAN

Take it or leave it.

Adrian gathers up the money, ready to leave.

BRIAN

(quiet)

He's worth more.

ADRIAN

What?

BRIAN

He's... his life... is worth more than... a million dollars.

Brian's voice is low and unsteady.

ADRIAN

It isn't 'worth' anything. Human life. There's no market value on a dead person. It's nothing. Okay? All that's real is what I want you to do and what I'm willing to pay for it. It's up to you. You can have a million dollars, or you can have nothing. Which is it?

Charlotte can't look at him. Don nods, accepting. Yes, okay.

Brian's eyes are on Charlotte as she fights to hold in tears.

**INT. ADRIAN'S CAR - NIGHT**

Adrian's comfortable driving fast, changing lanes, whipping around other cars. He turns to Charlotte.

ADRIAN  
You want to get a drink?

CHARLOTTE  
No, thanks.

ADRIAN  
You're saying no to a drink?

Charlotte looks at him, curious and a bit offended.

ADRIAN  
Even in school you never said no to a drink. I used to see you teetering down to the Red Line and worry that one day something bad was gonna happen.

Charlotte stares out the window. The city rushes by-- a blur.

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Charlotte showers. The water is scorching, steaming up the glass, but she shivers. She drinks a glass of bourbon. Gulps.

She sets it up on the ledge where the soap usually goes.

**INT. SMOKE JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT**

A five-piece band jams on the stage. A saxophone TRILLS.

Charlotte, Will, Liz, Jonathan, a flannel-clad guy named NED, and a third married couple, KATIE AND NOELLE, dressed up from their office jobs, all 30s, tucked into a booth. Charlotte, frayed, jittery. To her horror they're reliving an old story--

LIZ  
I forced her. I wrote her whole OkCupid profile one night while we watched Intervention. Remember his pictures? You had a real casual shirtless one in the mix, Will.

CHARLOTTE  
He was so cute. And I did not think he would buy what I was selling.  
(summoning enthusiasm)  
(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Then he wanted to meet at Dave 'n  
Buster's at the Chestnut Hill Mall?

NOELLE

Dave and Busters, for real?

CHARLOTTE

I wasn't sure if it was supposed to  
be ironic... or earnest...

WILL

Anyone who says they don't enjoy  
Dave n' Buster's is full of shit.  
Same goes for the Cheesecake  
Factory, and U2. People are just  
afraid to like what they like.

NED

I fuckin' hate the Cheesecake  
factory.

WILL

No you don't, though, you know?

KATIE

Anyway, it wasn't ironic.

CHARLOTTE

We played skee ball. We challenged  
some drunk teenagers to air hockey.

WILL

She was so competitive! After being  
quiet the whole night--

CHARLOTTE

I was just trying to figure you  
out! The oozing charm, it's hard to  
tell if it's sincere at first--

WILL

These kids come out of the woodwork  
and suddenly she's so intense.  
She'd never even played air hockey,  
and she wanted to beat them so bad.

CHARLOTTE

You were gonna let them win.

WILL

And I thought, this girl is  
confusing and adorable and weird  
and way smarter than me and it's  
fucking great.

She rests her head on his shoulder. A knot in her chest. The BAND'S riff builds to a crescendo. The symbols clang...

LIZ

We were thinking of checking out the Cricket Club later.

WILL

Oh, weren't you two just there?

LIZ

I've actually never--

Charlotte interrupts this with lightning speed.

CHARLOTTE

Will, you never told anyone about the app.

KATIE

What app?

NED

Shit, you're gonna do that thing?

WILL

Yeah, yeah, I am. As soon as we raise some startup cash, Jon's company is going to code it...

Will launches into pitch mode. Off Charlotte, a close call...

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - HALLWAY - DAY**

Charlotte, coming from surgery, pauses when she sees Adrian down the hallway. She doubles back...

He's chatting, animated, laughing, with a YOUNG FEMALE DOCTOR. He gesticulates, leaning closer to her...

Charlotte lets herself watch for a moment, uncomfortable.

She turns and walks in the other direction.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - CAFETERIA - DAY**

Charlotte plops down a tray of food next to Sonia, who's half-focused on some paperwork alongside her lunch.

CHARLOTTE

Hey, so-- That family dropped their suit.

SONIA

Oh, good for you. That's a relief.

Charlotte nods, relaxed, and is on her way out.

SONIA

Heard you're doing the Laos trip with Coons.

CHARLOTTE

I'm co-chairing it. Actually, I want to talk to you about supplies.

SONIA

You knew him at HMS, right? Coons?

CHARLOTTE

Not really. We had like a section or two together. I don't think I had a full conversation with him til he came here. I remember he graduated first in our class, though, did you know that?

SONIA

You think he lets anyone forget it?

CHARLOTTE

I know he's arrogant. I know. But he's... effective.

SONIA

There's a fine line between genius and... whatever else.

CHARLOTTE

You really think he's a genius?

Sonia says this like it's kind of a shame.

SONIA

Oh, absolutely.

#### **INT. ADRIAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Stacks of surgery applications. Lists of supplies and projects fill the board. Adrian is popping a 25-year-old bottle of champagne when Charlotte walks in, a bit cold...

ADRIAN

We're celebrating. The rest of our Laos financing came through.

CHARLOTTE

I thought we were already funded.

ADRIAN

Just the last little bit. Here,  
take a glass. I got sushi, too--  
but first, cheers--

He hands her a glass. She takes it. Clinks, halfheartedly.

CHARLOTTE

So this is how you work, huh?

ADRIAN

Oh, yeah. Stick with me.

**LATER**

Charlotte and Adrian pore over applications. She stretches out on his couch. She slips a document into the 'no' pile. She takes a sip from her champagne coupe.

ADRIAN

What was that?

CHARLOTTE

A spinal reconstruction. Fused  
vertebrae. Super risky. I don't  
think we'll have the resources.

ADRIAN

Underachiever.

He takes it and puts it in the 'yes' pile.

CHARLOTTE

It's not essential. The mortality  
risk is high and no guarantee her  
quality of life would improve--

ADRIAN

We can pull it off.

CHARLOTTE

What if we don't?

ADRIAN

It's gonna be intense. That's the  
deal.

(then)

I was thinking-- maybe we can sneak  
off for a couple days over there.  
Hop over to the Thai islands.

CHARLOTTE

You've got to be kidding me.

ADRIAN

What are we gonna do that's worse  
than what we've already done?

She smirks, mischievous, relishing this attention, despite herself.

CHARLOTTE

Hey. Back to work.

**INT. JOE'S SHANGHAI - DAY**

Liz and Charlotte eat soup dumplings from straw baskets. Outside, snow pelts the windows of the bustling restaurant.

CHARLOTTE

Do you remember when we were  
talking about... infidelity?

Liz sees Charlotte's stricken face. She sets down her spoon.

CHARLOTTE

I wasn't totally transparent about  
the context of that conversation.

Charlotte holds Liz's gaze, and something dawns on Liz.

LIZ

Oh my god. No. You're kidding me.  
That asshole. He... cheated?

CHARLOTTE

No. I did. I slept with someone.

LIZ

Shit, no, I thought it would be...

CHARLOTTE

The other way around?

LIZ

No. I didn't mean that.

CHARLOTTE

It's okay. That's what anyone  
would've predicted.

LIZ

Jesus. Back up. Who is it? How did  
it happen?

Charlotte fiddles with her chopsticks.

CHARLOTTE

This guy... made it clear he wanted to... and saying no felt so wrong, like I was clipping my own wings. So I just gave into it. You know how they say we only use 10% of our brain? Which is completely scientifically wrong, by the way, but imagine it's true. I felt like I was using 100% of my brain and 100% of my body with this guy. I was just so awake. Fuck.

ON Liz as she absorbs this.

LIZ

How many times?

CHARLOTTE

Just once.

(then, surrendering)

Twice.

LIZ

I'm going go ahead and be hard on you now.

Charlotte braces herself.

LIZ

If this is about your marriage, fix your marriage or get out of it like a real person. If this is about something else, then fucking figure it out. Don't let it happen again. Make sure this your mis-- Jesus, there's no male word for mistress.

(back on track)

Make sure he knows it's over. And do not tell Will.

CHARLOTTE

How terrible do you think I am?

LIZ

I don't think you're terrible. This happens. Fuck, this happens like all the time, to almost everyone, I think. It could happen to anyone. But -- it's a grenade. If it was Jonathan? I wouldn't want to know.

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)  
 What's terrible is blowing up  
 everything over a stupid mistake.

Charlotte, nods, deeply agreeing.

LIZ  
 Go home. Get a huge oxytocin hug  
 from your husband. Remind yourself  
 all the reasons you want to protect  
 that. And keep your mouth shut.

Off Charlotte...

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - CHARLOTTE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Charlotte sorts through mail. A couple trade magazines,  
 bills, and then a small brown envelope. No return address.

She tears open the envelope with her thumbnail and pulls out  
 a thin stationary THANK YOU card. She smiles as she opens it.

Written inside in red ball-point pen is one word:

*killer*

Charlotte sets it down on her desk. She checks the back. The  
 envelope. Nothing. Disturbed, she throws it in the trash.

**INT. ALOGONQUIN HOTEL - NIGHT**

Charlotte and Adrian have a working dinner at a couple of low  
 leather chairs with library lamps. She reads a proposal -- a  
 photo of a LITTLE BOY on the cover. Adrian peers up at her.

ADRIAN  
 Do you ever want to have kids?

CHARLOTTE  
 Oh man. The dog's enough. For now.

ADRIAN  
 Ugh-- I didn't mean. Ugh.

Disgusted, he looks away, down at his iPad, hurt.

ADRIAN  
 I didn't mean with that guy.

CHARLOTTE  
 My husband? Well what did you  
 think...

She isn't sure how to navigate this. He cleans his glasses.

ADRIAN

You know... I *could* kill him if you want me to.

CHARLOTTE

That's not funny.

ADRIAN

(cracking himself up)  
Real peaceful. He'll go out on a cloud of morphine.

CHARLOTTE

Jesus. You're an asshole.

ADRIAN

Our kids would be so smart.

Adrian types an email. Charlotte considers him.

CHARLOTTE

Did you send me that note? As some kind of joke?

ADRIAN

What note?

He's so nonplussed, not even looking up, he seems sincere.

CHARLOTTE

Nothing.

#### **EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT**

Adrian walks Charlotte to the subway, through the electronic glitz and flashing-light-chaos that is Times Square.

ADRIAN

I have to tell you something I haven't told you before.

Charlotte tenses, unsure where this is going--

ADRIAN

I love Times Square.

CHARLOTTE

(laughing)  
You do not. You're way too much of a snob to love Times Square.

ADRIAN

No, see, snobs love Times Square.  
It's a new subversive thing.

CHARLOTTE

All these people.

ADRIAN

But we're inside a kaleidoscope. Or  
one of those electric peg-boards, I  
loved those things as a kid--

CHARLOTTE

A Lite-Brite.

ADRIAN

Exactly. You had one too?

She nods. They've reached the entrance to the train.

ADRIAN

Let's go get dessert. Come on.

CHARLOTTE

No, I can't...

ADRIAN

It's just one more hour.

CHARLOTTE

No, sorry. I have to go.

He just stands there, forcing her to leave first. It's oddly  
difficult. Finally she descends.

CLOSE on her face as she leaves him, tantalized.

**EXT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S BUILDING - DAY**

Lots of foot-traffic. Charlotte pauses in front of the  
rapidly revolving door, closes her eyes... steps in.

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Charlotte and Will cuddle on the couch. He shows her a sketch  
of a prototype of his app's design. It's actually quite good.

Her phone rests next to her, on the edge of the couch.

WILL

See, the idea is if I try to frame up a shot, this little icon will nudge me one way or the other until I get the best composition I want. Or I can set it on the timer, say I was gonna put it here and take a picture of us, and the app will automatically focus and offer me three different compositions.

CHARLOTTE

Wow. You're really doing this.

WILL

You sound surprised.

CHARLOTTE

No. Not at all. I'm just excited.

WILL

Don't get excited yet. Jon helped me out over a few beers, but now I gotta raise some capital so he can pay his guys to code it. Thinking about a Kickstarter.

CHARLOTTE

Oh yeah? How much do you need?

Charlotte's phone PINGS and she scoops it up.

WILL

Um, Jon said like fifteen grand.

Charlotte looks at the screen. It's a TEXT from ADRIAN COONS.

She sets it down without opening it. SILENCES the phone.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, wow.

The screen faces up, and THREE MORE TEXTS come in, rapidly.

She glances down at the phone to get a peek. Will notices... she flips the phone face-down back on the couch.

WILL

You have to take it?

CHARLOTTE

What?

WILL  
Your phone.

CHARLOTTE  
No, no. Hey, you know what, I think  
I-- we should invest.

WILL  
Really? You don't have to--

CHARLOTTE  
I want to. Seriously.

Will is touched.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Charlotte shuts -- and locks -- the bathroom door behind her. She takes a breath, checks her phone.

Texts from Adrian: "*Where are you?*" "*Let's work today.*" "*Come over.*" She ignores them.

**INT. LUCCA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Charlotte and Will enter arm in arm. The HOSTESS greets them with a couple of menus, brings them to their usual table.

CHARLOTTE  
I am starving. How about halvsies  
on the steak and the smoked trout.

Will is distracted. Charlotte's eyes are on the menu.

CHARLOTTE  
Or do you want the pesto? I'm open  
to negotiation.

WILL  
Isn't that...

Charlotte looks over her shoulder to see Adrian, sitting at the bar and drinking a glass of wine, reading a book.

WILL  
Doctors-without-borders.

CHARLOTTE  
Um, yeah. Yeah, it is.

And at this moment Adrian looks up and catches her glance.

She freezes for a moment, spooked by this.

But Will smiles his thousand-watt smile and waves.

WILL

Hey, man, how's it going?

Adrian sets down his book and turns to them with a shy smile. Charlotte's eyes don't move from his face.

**LATER**

Adrian sits with Will and Charlotte as Will digs into a mound of burrata. He spoons some onto Charlotte's plate, but she is suddenly not hungry at all. Adrian commands the conversation.

ADRIAN

But that's the Catch-22 of off-labeling Serotonin-specific re-uptake inhibitors.

(to Will)

You following here? Sorry...

Will couldn't be more gracious.

WILL

Doing my best. But please, don't slow down for me.

CHARLOTTE

We don't need to have this conversation now. Work talk. It's the weekend.

Will puts his arm around her.

ADRIAN

We can talk Monday. I just thought it might be good for the trip.

WILL

Trip?

ADRIAN

Charlotte didn't tell you?

WILL

No.

ADRIAN

You didn't tell him? We're going to Laos in June for six weeks.

Will shoots Charlotte a look, good natured but enjoying this bit of ammo--

WILL

That wasn't a plan she decided to tell me, I guess.

CHARLOTTE

Well, it's all very early-stage...

ADRIAN

We've chosen almost all the surgeries. And we'll have a clinic open while we're there too. Do you know how many lives she's going to save? Okay, okay, how many lives we're going to save, together?

WILL

That sounds really incredible.

Will clearly feels left out that he didn't know about this. But as he always does, he lets it roll off his back.

The waitress comes over and looks to Adrian.

WAITRESS

Sir, did you want to transfer your check over here, or--

ADRIAN

I'll have another, thanks.

Charlotte looks ill. Adrian is tipsy and very talkative--

ADRIAN

So, Will. How is the law treating you?

WILL

Hasn't caught up with me yet. I'm always two steps ahead of my parole officer.

ADRIAN

I mean your work. Charlotte said you're a lawyer.

Charlotte touches Will's leg under the table.

CHARLOTTE

Actually, I said Will went to law school, which he did. Fordham--

WILL  
I've decided to kind of change  
directions.

ADRIAN  
Is that right? Cool. What's your  
new direction?

He leans in, picks up his glass, swirling his wine.

WILL  
I've always been interested in  
photography. At one point after  
college I was a wedding  
photographer, parties, you know...

ADRIAN  
Fascinating.

Adrian eyes Will like a shark. Charlotte stews.

CHARLOTTE  
How'd you find this place, anyway?  
(piercing)  
Don't you live downtown?

As soon as she says it, she realizes it was a risky move.

ADRIAN  
You.

CHARLOTTE  
What?

ADRIAN  
You recommended it. You don't  
remember? The other afternoon, when  
we were up on the roof, talking--

CHARLOTTE  
Right. I remember now.

ADRIAN  
I was going to get together with  
this woman I'm seeing, but then I  
got stood up, can you believe that?

WILL  
No, that sucks.

Adrian looks at Charlotte. His gaze is searing. After a beat,  
Adrian turns his attention back to Will.

ADRIAN

Anyway, Will, you were saying,  
about your photography...

Charlotte endures this, agonized...

**INT. USED BOOKSTORE - NIGHT**

Charlotte and Will meander through the dusty aisles of their neighborhood bookshop. They have the place to themselves.

CHARLOTTE

So the thing is I wasn't sure if  
I'd want to go--

WILL

But you do want to go--

CHARLOTTE

Yeah, I think so... but I'm sorry I  
didn't mention it before.

WILL

It's okay.  
(then)  
You know, on TV he's such a mousey  
guy. Nerdy. I always forget how  
kind of aggressive he is.

Charlotte plucks a book off the shelf, considering this.

WILL

You realize he has a thing for you,  
though, right?

She bristles.

CHARLOTTE

I don't think so.

WILL

Something ever happens to me, he's  
the first guy in line. He's  
refilling your chardonnay glass at  
my freakin' wake. I promise you.

CHARLOTTE

No...

WILL

I've met that guy what, a dozen  
times in the past however many  
years, and I always get that vibe.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)  
He's just taking you in, with this  
kinda... thirst.

Charlotte's mouth twitches into a messed-up little smile.

WILL  
It's okay, you can be complimented  
by that.

Charlotte puts the book back and moves off. Will laughs.

WILL  
It's flattering. He's a good  
looking guy.

CHARLOTTE  
What-- what does that have to do  
with anything?

WILL  
Raises the stock of the compliment.

She shakes her head, overwhelmed.

WILL  
Come on. You're human, you can  
admit that it feels good to be  
attractive to other people. Not  
just my ass, who's stuck with you!

Charlotte feigns a laugh.

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

In the middle of the night, Will stirs. Charlotte's eyes  
shoot open. He kisses her neck, warm and sweet. He hooks his  
fingers in the waistband of her shorts and tugs them down.

CHARLOTTE  
My retainer.

WILL  
I don't care.

CHARLOTTE  
Let me go take it out.

She moves to get up and go to the bathroom.

WILL  
Don't worry about it.

He's so sweet, but it's so crushingly lackluster to her. She massages her own shoulder. She closes her eyes. She lets her mind take her someplace else...

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

ON Adrian's face as he silently reads over a speech he has written. His lips find their way around each word. He pauses for emotion, for faux-humility, to "search" for a phrase...

The room is set up for a presentation on the trip to Laos.

Charlotte bursts in. She closes the door behind her.

ADRIAN

Oh, good. Thanks for coming early.

CHARLOTTE

What the hell was that? Showing up at the restaurant. Tormenting Will. You knew it was my day off--

ADRIAN

Tormenting him?

CHARLOTTE

Yes!

ADRIAN

What are you, his mother? Protecting him from big, bad adult conversation.

CHARLOTTE

For the record, he's wonderful, and very bright--

ADRIAN

Yes. Keep telling yourself that.

CHARLOTTE

Fuck you. Fuck all of this.

She pulls on the door and Adrian stands to slow her.

ADRIAN

Charlotte, okay. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I was out of line. I probably had too much to drink.

(a pointed beat)

It happens to the best of us.

He sizes her up.

ADRIAN  
Doesn't it?

She tries to discern his meaning, not saying a fucking word.

ADRIAN  
I want you to know, I'm not just  
infatuated with your brain... your  
body... but I think I'm in--

CHARLOTTE  
Adrian. Stop. Don't do that. You  
don't want to do that.

This is a knife in Adrian's heart.

CHARLOTTE  
We made a mistake. And I don't want  
to leave this project. But I need  
to be sure that you're going to...  
respect my situation.

ADRIAN  
Respect your situation? Wow.

Charlotte STARTLES as the door opens from the outside.

It's Sonia and Carlson, ready for the meeting.

SONIA  
Are you guys ready for us?

Charlotte looks to Adrian, worried that he may snap, but the  
anger on his face melts away.

CHARLOTTE  
Yes, come on in.

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Will struggles with a tie in front of the mirror, while  
Charlotte hunts for a missing shoe.

WILL  
The truth is sometimes the sucky  
things do get you thinking... about  
life, and what I've set out to do  
for myself, what makes me happy,  
and what I want. Not just the  
immediate things, but long term.

Intrigued, she looks at his reflection.

CHARLOTTE

And?

WILL

And...

He makes a playful face. A familiar kind of pleading look.

CHARLOTTE

No. Not now. This is the worst time.

WILL

Maybe not right now, but soon.

CHARLOTTE

I can't handle this conversation.

WILL

Let me just say. There's never going to be a perfect time, to talk about it or to do it. We always said we'd have kids. And you act like we're so young, but we're not, not really. And when we do have kids, one of us will need to be home more, need to be around them, and that's obviously not going to be you, but now, I could--

A RAP-RAP-RAP at the apartment door. Charlotte freezes, fearing for the worst like a sick reflex.

CHARLOTTE

I'll get it.

WILL

Saved by the bell.

She hobbles over to the door with her one shoe. Opens it to find a DELIVERY MAN, holding burlap-wrapped mason jar FULL OF FLOWERS, a burst of color against the bleak hallway.

DELIVERY GUY

Charlotte Gordon?

She takes the flowers, her eyes landing on a RED ENVELOPE nestled amongst the lilies.

*Fuck.* She practically slams the door in the guy's face.

She looks over her shoulder. The coast is clear-- she plucks the card from its plastic stem and tears it open.

Inside is a typed-out card, "I LOVE YOU." Her hand trembles, holding the card. Around the corner, she can hear Will, O.S.

WILL (O.S.)

We should bring a bottle. Did we ever open that Balvenie from a couple weeks ago?

She stuffs the card in the sink and pushes it down the garbage disposal. She turns on the faucet. The wet paper bleeds RED DYE onto her fingers.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, I'm not sure... let me check.

She finds a plastic bag and throws it over the flowers.

CHARLOTTE

Where is it?

WILL (O.S.)

Up in the cupboard, I think.

CHARLOTTE

Okay, give me a second...

WILL (O.S.)

That's okay, I'll...

Will walks in, looking like a million bucks, catching Charlotte in the middle of what she's doing.

WILL

I'll find it.

She stiffens. She rests her hands on the bundle, protective.

WILL

What are you doing?

He smiles, those dimples like quotation marks around his good-natured smirk. He registers the mason jar.

WILL

Flowers.

CHARLOTTE

I think they must be from a patient, but I have no clue how they got the home address, and lately I'm feeling so allergic...

Charlotte's heart is banging in her chest. Like a bird slamming around in its cage.

WILL

Since when are you allergic?

CHARLOTTE

I didn't know I was 'til like two weeks ago when there was this huge thank-you bouquet in the surgery lounge, and I had to pop a Benadryl to get through my shift. Allergies like that can develop later in adulthood. It's really common. Anyway, so weird...

WILL

No, no. They're from me.

Charlotte's face falls.

WILL

Didn't you look at the card?

He crosses over to her side of the sink.

CHARLOTTE

There wasn't a card.

WILL

Really? They screwed up.

CHARLOTTE

But thank you, baby, that's sweet.

Will snorts, looking at the nearly-disposed-of gesture.

WILL

You've been kind of down. Understandably. So... Thought that counts, right?

CHARLOTTE

Thank you.

WILL

You better go get ready.

She's reluctant to leave the kitchen, not yet convinced that this is all okay, but she finally retreats to the bedroom.

## **BEDROOM**

Charlotte opens the closet, looking at all of her nice things. Her head falls to her hands. She rubs her temples.

Willing herself to pull it the fuck together.

**KITCHEN**

Will reaches up into the cupboard and the unopened bottle of Scotch is there, right in front, still has the bow on it.

As he sets it down he notices red handprints on the dishrag.

And a couple of red drops in the sink. Odd.

A nagging sort of instinct-- he reaches down into the garbage disposal and pulls out the sopping note and envelope. He stares at the note. He squeezes it in his fist and watches red-stained water drip into the sink.

He dips his head, haunted by this mundane strangeness...

**EXT. HOBOKEN STREET - NIGHT**

Will parallel parks his rattling old Saab. Will and Charlotte climb out, navigating the tall ledge of snow on the curb.

**INT. MARIN & LUKE'S HOBOKEN BROWNSTONE - NIGHT**

A farmtable is cluttered with plates. Ned, Katie, Noelle, Charlotte, Will, Liz, Jonathan, and cool new parents MARIN and LUKE are sprawled about the den. A grainy record plays softly. People drink. Ned smokes a cigarette out the window.

Marin and Charlotte sit on a loveseat. Marin nurses her four-month-old BABY, a cashmere blanket draped over her shoulder.

NED

The ultimate relationship dealbreaker is the other person getting fat.

Everyone reacts, booing -- Marin glares at him.

NED

That's the truth! Marin, I don't mean pregnancy fat, I mean Shake Shack fat. You all feel the same way you're just too PC to admit it.

He takes a drag on his cigarette.

NED

But I'm still single, so whatever.

JONATHAN

And probably having more sex than anyone here.

KATIE

Dealbreakers from someone's past--  
is that fair?

NOELLE

Depends. We talking like, heroin  
addict? Or are we talking incest?

LIZ

Just some casual life experiences.

JONATHAN

All that matters is who they are  
right now. Whatever they got over  
in the past, good for them.

Charlotte watches Marin and her baby, so tender.

MARIN

Did you want to hold her?

Before Charlotte can think of a reason why not, Marin passes  
over the baby. Charlotte holds her awkwardly, but Marin  
helps. The baby raises her eyebrows at Charlotte, and  
Charlotte laughs, disarmed. Charlotte settles in.

CHARLOTTE

(to the baby)

Skeptical? I would be, too.

NOELLE

For me, cheating is the only true  
dealbreaker.

Charlotte's skin gets hot, but she keeps her eyes on the  
little baby. She doesn't dare look up at Will.

NED

Is it really, though? I mean  
everyone says it is, but I think  
when it happens to you...

NOELLE

Oh, it totally is for me. Once  
you're married? Forget it. No one  
can get past it, it's impossible.  
For the cheater, the paranoia will  
kill you. For the cheat-ee, the  
insecurity. You're fucked.

For Charlotte's sake, Liz tries to steer the conversation...

LIZ

My big dealbreaker would be a value shift. You know Addie's husband? Started going to church a lot, decided he wanted to be *baptized*--

MARIN

People who are happy don't cheat. If you're fulfilled, it shouldn't cross your mind.

KATIE

*Shouldn't*. See that? I think it totally crosses your mind, but if you're happy you just don't do it.

NED

Happy people cheat all the time. There was a thing on NPR. It's biological.

Will, who's been silent and detached the whole time, speaks.

WILL

Cheating wouldn't be a dealbreaker for me.

It takes all of Charlotte's strength to act casual. The baby squirms in her arms.

WILL

But lying would be. It's not the cheating itself. I think people can get past that, if you get to the bottom of it. If the person came to me and said shit, I fucked up... I could probably find a way. But it's the deceit. The feeling someone's manipulating you, fucking with your sense of reality. The idea they're creating some moving mirrors, some architecture so I won't know what's going on? That's really what we're all afraid of. Not the sex, not even the emotion, that sucks but that's not the worst thing. It's being separated from all of that...

His eyes are on Charlotte, who does her very best not to unravel. She tightens her grip on the baby.

WILL

As long as the person came to me, I think I could make it be okay.

NED

Nah, dude, I think you'd fucking flip out.

WILL

Yeah. On the other hand, I might go crazy and kill the guy.

Everyone laughs, even Will. Charlotte smiles along, chilled.

**INT. WILL'S CAR - NIGHT**

Will drives. Charlotte watches him, something on the tip of her tongue. She's about to speak, but then he looks at her and she turns away.

She notices a sign on the highway, over their heads.

CHARLOTTE

Honey. Can you pull off here?

**EXT. WEST MANHATTAN MAGNET ARTS - NIGHT**

A shrine to Jay Hamilton runs alongside a chain link fence.

A few battery-powered candles flicker their fake flames over soggy soft animals, little trinkets, notes stuck in the wire, and a poster of Jay in a school production of THE CRUCIBLE.

Charlotte peers out from the window of the car.

WILL

Why are you doing this?

CHARLOTTE

I don't know.

WILL

You're torturing yourself.

She dissolves into tears. Surprised, he holds her.

CHARLOTTE

I can't do it.

WILL

What, baby? What can't you do?

CHARLOTTE

I want to put it back together.

WILL  
Maybe I can help you.

She looks at him. He's so sweet, and so kind... She wipes the tears with the back of her hand, takes his, and kisses it.

CHARLOTTE  
Will, I... I made a mistake.

His face falls, and his expression grows hard.

WILL  
I fucking knew it.

He puts the car in park. His voice is guttural, frightening.

WILL  
Talk. Everything. Now.

She keeps her eyes on her lap and draws in air to speak.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

The HAZARDS of the Saab FLASH as other cars whip around it.

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

They've been at this for hours, and they're both battleworn, past the point of making sense, tired and raw. Charlotte's curled on the couch in a blanket. Will paces, aggressive.

CHARLOTTE  
We can go over it as many times as you want. All your questions. But maybe we should sleep...

WILL  
He's such a fucking loser.

It's a weak affront, and heartbroken, Charlotte agrees.

CHARLOTTE  
He's a jerk.

WILL  
And you're worse.

She hangs her head. Will can't look at her.

CHARLOTTE  
I know.

WILL

You're going to therapy, and you're going to get to the bottom of this bullshit--

CHARLOTTE

Absolutely. I'll get a referral tomorrow. And maybe... the two of us can see someone, also.

WILL

Because I'm a part of this, right?

CHARLOTTE

No, I just... Well, yes. Look, this is going to sound harsh but...

She wrestles with whether to finish her thought. Then--

CHARLOTTE

The only way it works -- marriage -- is if somehow we can say all the ways that we're not good enough. That you're not good enough for me, and that I'm not good enough for you. We have to keep trying to be good enough. And we have to be honest. It has to be our life's work. That's what I fucked up.

WILL

Honest? Okay, I'll go first. Charlotte, you're a selfish, greedy, arrogant BITCH! You think you're hot shit and that you're untouchable and that your work is more important than other people.

Charlotte takes this in, nodding deeply.

WILL

You know, you haven't fucking cured cancer. You're not as smart as you think you are. And if you don't have that, what do you have? You think you 'push' me and I 'ground' you. Without me, you'd be miserable and lonely. You'd be *alone*.

CHARLOTTE

You're right.

Her face twists; she holds back tears.

WILL

Your turn.

CHARLOTTE

I don't think that you challenge yourself enough. You don't challenge *me* enough. I feel like I can't talk to you about serious things. The default is me pulling the weight. And I resent that. I want the best. I want to be surprised and compelled and thrilled. I want to see you *try*.

Will absorbs this for a moment.

WILL

Did you want to kill us? Is that what this is?

CHARLOTTE

What?

WILL

Sabotaging a situation you don't know how to get out of.

CHARLOTTE

No. Not at all. I love you. This is what I want. I'll do anything.

WILL

I don't know if I can.

CHARLOTTE

What you said, at the party--

WILL

Yeah, well--

CHARLOTTE

(desperate)

Please! Please, just don't say no yet. Just... please, Will. I'll do anything for you.

She gets up and forces him to look at her. He fights it, but then collapses onto her shoulders. She holds him.

WILL

You're not going to Laos.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - SONIA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Sonia sits across from Charlotte, delivering terrible news. Charlotte is so exhausted that she's edgy and wired.

SONIA

We need you to take a four-day leave of absence while we conduct an internal review.

CHARLOTTE

Risk Management didn't say anything about this.

SONIA

It has nothing to do with the outside lawsuit.

CHARLOTTE

I'm confused.

SONIA

There are some other areas that need to be explored.

CHARLOTTE

Sonia.

SONIA

There have been disconcerting rumblings. Of behavior that, if not negligent, certainly qualifies as professional misconduct.

Charlotte's heart sinks to her stomach.

CHARLOTTE

Well that's ridiculous.

SONIA

I'm sorry we have to do this. But I'm sure everything will come out fine. We just have to look into it.

Charlotte opens her mouth to object--

SONIA

I can't say anything more. Take a few days. Try to relax. You look... stressed, Charlotte. We'll have a meeting at the end of the week.

Furious, Charlotte gets up and leaves.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - HALLWAY - DAY**

Charlotte storms towards her office. She sees Adrian around the corner and she rushes by without acknowledging him.

**INT. CHARLOTTE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Charlotte pulls papers from her drawer and shoves them into her bag. A desk photo of Charlotte and Will stares up at her.

Adrian doesn't knock, he just opens the door--

CHARLOTTE

Don't fucking open my door like that.

ADRIAN

Jesus, what's going on?

CHARLOTTE

Did you say anything? About us?

ADRIAN

Why would you accuse me of that?

CHARLOTTE

Institutional review. "Professional misconduct." That's all Sonia would say.

ADRIAN

No! And anyway Sonia can't tell you who to sleep with and who not to.

She stops. She leans against her desk. Cowered over, breaking. He moves closer, wanting to touch her...

CHARLOTTE

No, no... I can't.

ADRIAN

Are you angry because we fought the other day?

CHARLOTTE

What? Oh god. No. Adrian. I'm trying to save my marriage. Whatever game we've been playing, it's over. I can't go to Laos.

Adrian nods, but he is clearly shaken by this.

CHARLOTTE

Let's stay away from each other.

She grabs her stuff and pushes past him, out the door.

**INT. HUNGARIAN PASTRY SHOP - DAY**

Charlotte breaks off pieces of a jam cookie, hardly eating it, just crushing it to crumbs. Liz stares into her coffee.

LIZ

Why?

CHARLOTTE

I don't know. I thought it would be better. It's worse. I'm an idiot.

LIZ

No. You're brave. Maybe too brave.

Liz rubs Charlotte's back.

CHARLOTTE

I convinced him to go away for a few days, get out of the city. We can talk more. See where we stand.

LIZ

That's good-- and that you took the time off work. That's a nice gesture.

Charlotte smiles meekly.

ADRIAN (PRELAP)

Thank you for having me. It really is such an honor to be here. Always a thrill. I've listened to you guys since I was in med school.

**A SERIES OF SHOTS** over which Adrian's NPR Interview plays...

--The Saab parked outside Charlotte and Will's brownstone. They load their bags into the trunk.

ADRIAN (O.S.)

I'm excited to announce we'll be headed to Laos in June, with an amazing group of surgeons from all over the world.

--Charlotte gets into the driver's seat.

ADRIAN (O.S.)  
 (through the car radio)  
 Some of my favorite people from St.  
 Christopher's in New York will be  
 joining me...

--Charlotte and Will drive through snowy Vermont.

--They approach a stunning boutique hotel, built into the mountain. It looks beautiful. And expensive. Charlotte looks to him for a reaction, but Will doesn't respond.

ADRIAN (O.S.)  
 And actually this is all  
 spearheaded by one of my oldest  
 friends and an esteemed colleague  
 Charlotte Gordon, who's quite  
 simply brilliant, and a badass  
 trauma surgeon. Am I allowed to say  
 badass on NPR?

--They drop their stuff in their lush, lovely room, not really sure what to do now. Will looks window at the slopes.

--Charlotte on skis, Will on a snowboard, they snake down a slope as wide a football field. Charlotte forces a smile, trying so hard. Will is in his own world.

ADRIAN (O.S.)  
 We'll have a clinic and perform  
 surgeries from bone grafts to  
 corrective spinal surgery.

--Will and Charlotte drink hot chocolate in the lodge. Adorable 5-year-old TWIN GIRLS at the table beside them make designs out of sugar packets, chattering. Watching them, Will smiles for the first time that day. Charlotte returns it.

ADRIAN (O.S.)  
 Like anything, it'll be intense and  
 grueling. But also life-changing  
 for all of us.

#### **EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT**

Icicles -- sharp, crystal-clear stalactites -- hang from the awning. Beyond, the stars are bright... almost overwhelming.

Charlotte and Will, bundled up, share a pizza and some wine. She's tiptoeing around him, but, after a long silence--

CHARLOTTE  
 We've barely talked today.

WILL  
I've been thinking.

CHARLOTTE  
That's good.  
(well...)  
I hope.

WILL  
The... mistake... it is what it is.  
You fucked up. If it's the two of  
us forever, we're going to go  
through worse. Maybe I'll even fuck  
up. And we'll have to survive.

CHARLOTTE  
Are you saying--

WILL  
Let me get this out. I think I can  
get past it. But the way I can get  
past it is to know that we're on  
the same page-- that it really is  
you and me, no questions, for good--

CHARLOTTE  
It is! It is, Will--

WILL  
Charlotte. Listen.

CHARLOTTE  
Sorry.

WILL  
I'm talking about a family.

She watches the icicles drip and crackle... Her eyes close...

CHARLOTTE  
Right now, there's a lot of shit  
going on at work. I'm not even sure  
I'm supposed to be a doctor... I  
don't know what's gonna happen...

WILL  
That's a lame excuse.

CHARLOTTE  
It's not, you have no idea. We  
could lose the apartment--

WILL

Of course you're meant to be a doctor. It's who you are-- whatever. That's not the point. That has nothing to do with it.

CHARLOTTE

Children can't be collateral.

WILL

What? Of course not. I'm not trying to lock you in. It's the opposite. If I'm going to deal with the hell you've put me through, if I'm going to endure this *nightmare*, Charlotte, I want to know you're in. And if you can't picture it... If where you land on the kid thing is 'I don't know,' then there's just too much fucking 'I don't know' in this relationship.

CHARLOTTE

It's not that simple.

WILL

Yeah, you know what-- it really is. I'm pretty simple.  
(painfully)  
Do you want to have kids with me?  
Not 'maybe.' Yes, or no.

She tries to summon the right response, but she just cannot.

And he has his answer. He rises with resolve.

WILL

I'm... going to go.

CHARLOTTE

No, Will...

WILL

It's okay.

Charlotte's stunned -- paralyzed -- as Will leaves.

#### **INT. SUITE - NIGHT**

Darkness. Charlotte, alone, lies on the bed. In this light, the rich hotel room looks cold, lonely, generic.

**INT. HOTEL - RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Charlotte eats dinner at the bar, alone.

Her phone buzzes and she looks at it: ADRIAN COONS calling. She DECLINES the call and silences her phone.

**EXT. HOTEL - FROZEN GARDEN PATH - NIGHT**

The mountain peaks glisten in the moonlight. Charlotte walks the perimeter, her breath dense and visible in the cold.

**INT. SUITE - NIGHT**

Wine bottle on the nightstand. Charlotte pours the last of it, watching a black-and-white DOCUMENTARY program on TV.

Her iPhone LIGHTS UP, silently ringing, and she glances at it. ADRIAN COONS CALLING. She hits decline.

She sees she has THREE MISSED CALLS from Adrian.

With a couple taps and a swipe, she puts her phone on AIRPLANE MODE.

**INT. SUITE - NIGHT**

The TV plays, but Charlotte's laptop illuminates her face. She wears her earbuds. She watches something, heavy-hearted... it's soundless...

ON HER SCREEN: Jay Hamilton's CLAYMATION YOUTUBE VIDEO.

She refreshes it, tortured. In another window of her browser, an EMAIL NOTIFICATION pops up. She clicks on it...

ON THE EMAIL: From Adrian, just a subject line. "question about laos call me."

Charlotte considers... then, picks up her phone...

ADRIAN (O.S.)  
Hey-- got two minutes to talk about work?

In this moment, there is no distraction she would enjoy more.

CHARLOTTE  
(into phone)  
Absolutely.

**LATER**

Charlotte is curled up on the bed, work long forgotten.

CHARLOTTE

You mean your grandmother, the one who raised you?

**INT. ADRIAN'S SOHO LOFT - NIGHT**

Adrian paces, in a t-shirt and boxers. He fiddles with a wooden 3D jigsaw puzzle, a retro toy, on his shelf.

ADRIAN

She had a DNR more complicated than, like, the constitution of most small countries. They still managed to keep her hanging on by a thread. She was in a nursing home for nine years. She was a walking vegetable. It was pathetic.

INTERCUT Charlotte and Adrian.

CHARLOTTE

Jesus.

ADRIAN

What do you think about euthanasia?

CHARLOTTE

When I think about how I want to die? I think, yes, when there's illness, or lack of function, we should be in control of our own destiny. With the right safeguards, we deserve to have that control.

ADRIAN

You've thought about this.

CHARLOTTE

I was one of those worrier kids, always thinking about mortality...

ADRIAN

Staring up at the ceiling at night?

CHARLOTTE

Imagining my parents' demise, and what I'd say at their funeral...

ADRIAN

That's so interesting. I was the opposite. I think everyone makes too big of deal about death. They're so afraid of it. They're so afraid of nothingness. What matters is the people who are here, who are really here.

Charlotte thinks about this, and is about to object when--

ADRIAN

So... are you alone?

CHARLOTTE

Yeah.  
(almost to herself)  
Profoundly so, I guess...

ADRIAN

Maybe I should...

CHARLOTTE

Adrian--

ADRIAN

Maybe I should come over? What if--  
listen, what if I just came over--

CHARLOTTE

NO. Adrian, do not go over there,  
I'm not even home, I'm in Vermont--

ADRIAN

You're on vacation.

CHARLOTTE

Something like that.

ADRIAN

The St. Regis or the Mansfield?

CHARLOTTE

Neither, this boutique-y spot.

ADRIAN

The Stowe Peak.

CHARLOTTE

(yes)  
No--

ADRIAN

Why don't I come.

CHARLOTTE  
 Okay, that's it, I have to go. If you have another work question--

ADRIAN  
 I want to see you.

CHARLOTTE  
 I'm going to hang up now.

ADRIAN  
 Wait. Close your eyes, okay?  
 (quiet, fast)  
 Think about this for a second. You really don't want me there... touching you... looking at you... If I walked in right now, I wouldn't let you get past the doorway, you know that? You don't want that?

On a crazy carnal level, she completely does...

CHARLOTTE  
 Goodbye.

She hangs up the phone.

#### **INT. SUITE - LATER**

Hot water POURS from the faucet, loud. Charlotte sinks into the big jacuzzi tub. Her face disappears under the water.

A POUND-POUND-POUND at the door startles her. Charlotte perks up, alarmed-- could it be Will? Again, POUND POUND POUND--

#### **AT THE DOOR**

Clutching a towel around her, Charlotte pulls the door open.

A BELLHOP greets her, holding a bottle of wine and two glasses. Both he and Charlotte are a little thrown off.

BELLHOP  
 Oh, hi, sorry. Er... we got a call... here you go. Compliments of your friend Doctor Coons.

Charlotte takes the bottle, shaking her head, a wry smile.

#### **INT. SUITE - LATER**

Charlotte's sprawled on the bed, a glass and a half later. She plucks her phone off the nightstand, smirking to herself.

ON CHARLOTTE'S PHONE: She TEXTS Adrian: "Thanks."

The ELLIPSES appear... He's writing back. She sits up, eager, despite herself.

ADRIAN: "I'm upstairs."

On Charlotte's face: utter confusion.

Then, Adrian: "Did you know this place has a penthouse?"  
Then, Adrian: "But please don't bother me, I'm working."

Charlotte balks, SHOCKED. She cannot believe it. And it's... oddly exciting. She writes back: "You fucking asshole."

Adrian's ellipses... Adrian: "You're cute when you're mad."

This gets an incredulous half-laugh out of Charlotte.

#### INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charlotte knocks on the door of the penthouse, holding the half-drunk bottle of wine by the neck. Adrian answers.

CHARLOTTE

You're insane.

ADRIAN

I know you. You just need the wheels greased a little bit.

(then)

Get over here.

He grabs her by the belt loop and tugs her, hard, bringing her hips to him. There's this charged, almost bitter energy between them, but it's fucking intoxicating.

ADRIAN

Is this what winning feels like?

She pushes him, kind of hard-- letting off steam.

ADRIAN

Do you want to hurt me?

CHARLOTTE

No.

But she grips him and pulls him down onto the bed. An electric beat and he RIPS HER CLOTHES OFF.

Her head lolls back... and she laughs...

**EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY**

Charlotte's skis slice through two inches of powder. She hops over moguls, shooting down a narrow slope. Adrian cuts her off, but she stops with a parallel kick on the cusp of the trail, spraying powder over a steep drop-off.

They work their way down in this way -- fast, competitive. Criss-crossing, challenging each other at every turn. Every move is a contest, a race. Charlotte's a more advanced, a more in-control, skilled skier. But Adrian doesn't know that: he's reckless, bold, and fast.

He's ahead of her and so she surprises him with a sneaky move. She spots a break in the woods marked by a **FALLEN TREE**.

And she zips off the demarcated trail and **INTO THE GLADES!**

When Adrian looks up, Charlotte's gone.

**CHARLOTTE'S POV:** The woods unfurls before her faster than she can keep up. She bends and dips, turning with precision. She dodges trees, skids over exposed rockface and ducks under branches. It's **CRAZY** and **DANGEROUS** but god, what a rush. Self-destructive and semi-suicidal and exhilarating and joyful.

**ON CHARLOTTE'S FACE:** for the first time in a long time, as the crisp air cuts across her skin, she looks free. Until...

**HER SKIS CLANG** across a jagged patch of ice and she nearly careens into a thick, hulking tree trunk.

But **JUST IN TIME** she crouches, leans into her edges and **URNS SHARPLY**, an expert move that saves her from smashing her head against that tree. She lets out a **HOWLING, TERRIFIED SCREAM!**

**INT. SUITE - DAY**

Adrian naps. Charlotte opens her computer and Googles: *CASES of MMR in Venezuela*. A **MAP** fills the screen. She reads.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY**

Charlotte skis, in the zone. Her trail converges with another at the base of a steep run. Skiers shoot down.

A **SNOWBOARDER** speeds towards her. Moving at her pace. She sees him but she doesn't slow. Her eyes trained on him... her lips curl into a smile... he sees her, too, and expects her to stop or slow or change course... but she doesn't...

It's a game of chicken, and she refuses to give in.

FASTER and FASTER they approach... he SHOUTS something inaudible, BARRELING TOWARDS her now, too late to turn...

She SLAMS into him, knocking them both down. Charlotte's legs buckle beneath her. She struggles to get up with her poles.

CHARLOTTE

What the fuck is wrong with you?

SNOWBOARDER

Wrong with me? I have the right of way! Who do you think you are?

He stands with some pain, and adjusts his board.

SNOWBOARDER

You're crazy, lady! You're gonna get killed!

**EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY**

Charlotte and Adrian, at a plateau where the trails diverge. Two French PARENTS comfort a crying tiny 10-year-old-BOY. He cradles his arm to his chest; the father tries to touch it.

FATHER

(in French)

It's his shoulder, I think it's dislocated.

Charlotte hears this, and she's ready to head over to help.

ADRIAN

Leave it alone. You almost got sued once already.

CHARLOTTE

Excuse me?

ADRIAN

And you're being investigated.

CHARLOTTE

Not a believer in the Hippocratic Oath?

ADRIAN

Not a believer in you being an idiot.

She throws him a disgusted look and moves over to the family.

CHARLOTTE  
Can I help? I'm a doctor.

Off Adrian, angry at being defied, and helpless...

**EXT. MOUNTAIN - CHAIRLIFT DROP-OFF - DAY**

At the top of a mountain, Charlotte waits as Adrian adjusts his ski boots and helmet, making everything perfect.

She watches an older couple. The HUSBAND, white haired and a little heavy, helps his WIFE with one mitten. He tugs it down and adjusts the velcro of her parka sleeve, then covers her hand with a million raspberry kisses. The wife's lilting laugh floats through the air as they head down the intermediate BLUE SQUARE trail. It breaks Charlotte's heart.

ADRIAN (O.S.)  
Okay. See if you can keep up.

She's jarred back to her own bizarre reality.

CHARLOTTE  
Oh, come on. We both know I'm kicking your ass out here!

ADRIAN  
That's not true.

CHARLOTTE  
That really bothers you?

ADRIAN  
It's not true.

CHARLOTTE  
You can't admit that I'm a better skier than you.

Adrian's face flinches in anger.

ADRIAN  
You're not.

She squints at the horizon... finding this unsettling...

**INT. HOTEL - RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Charlotte finds Adrian at the cozy bar, talking with a young WOMAN who has clearly recognized him and come to say hi.

ADRIAN  
Thanks, I'm very flattered.

Charlotte appears beside him. The girl's eyes widen a bit.

GIRL  
Oh, is this your wife?

ADRIAN  
This is--

CHARLOTTE  
I'm his ski instructor.

ADRIAN  
She's my future wife.

GIRL  
So how'd you guys meet?

Charlotte looks at him, unsure how to answer. But Adrian launches in as if they've told this story a thousand times...

ADRIAN  
We met in medical school in Boston. I was a nerdy guy who didn't know who I was yet, and she was this intense, focused, gorgeous girl. The kind of girl I always pictured myself with. And yet even better. Because she was real. I would sit behind her in organic chemistry -- remember, with Berenstein? I would lean forward and try to smell her hair. Her shampoo smelled like coconut. I tried to buy some at CVS but it wasn't the same. Finally by second year we sort of had social groups in the same orbit... I'd see her at the bagel place on the way to one of her discussion sections, and I used to wait there even though it was on the opposite side of campus, just hoping that she'd say hi to me. Or that I'd have an opportunity to ask her out. Sometimes she'd wave or something but we didn't really talk. Wasn't until a year later that I finally got the courage. I told her how I felt. We were just... magnetic.

ON CHARLOTTE'S FACE: she does *not* remember this night.

GIRL  
What happened?

ADRIAN  
She rejected me! I told her how I felt and she completely rejected me. She ended up with someone else. But I didn't give up. And we moved away... and we'd cross paths professionally a few times a year, and I knew I had to wait until the right time. But I somehow knew that I would get what I wanted, some day. I would get her. That's me. I'm ruthless. I don't see the obstacles between me and what I want. And it took some maneuvering, a bit of fate, a bit of design -- a lot of design -- and patience. But we found our way back together.

He turns to Charlotte and looks at her, eyes full of intensity -- his own perverse brand of love.

ADRIAN  
And now I'm never letting her go again.

GIRL  
Aw. That's so romantic.

Charlotte tries not to betray how uncomfortable she is with this bizarre story, but she is chilled to her core.

**RESTAURANT - LATER**

A HOST deposits Charlotte and Adrian at their table.

HOST  
Enjoy your meal, Dr. Coons.

An oil candle flickers between them.

CHARLOTTE  
Why'd you want me to take the harder cases in Laos?

ADRIAN  
Because the harder cases are the better cases.

CHARLOTTE  
Even if the patient dies?

ADRIAN

No.

CHARLOTTE

But it's worth the risk.

ADRIAN

Sometimes.

CHARLOTTE

Like in Venezuela. The Sanuma.

ADRIAN

Say what you want to say.

CHARLOTTE

An anti-viral medication doesn't kill thousands of people. There's a researcher who found no other tribes in that area had been exposed to measles. None but yours.

ADRIAN

Yeah, I know that publication. Guess what happened to that hack? Two of his other papers were discredited. He lost his tenure-track. Wife divorced him. Had to sell his four-bedroom house in Princeton and now he lives alone in an apartment in Jersey City.

Adrian places his napkin on top of the glass hurricane. The flame struggles, growing dimmer, as the oxygen burns up.

ADRIAN

Career totally imploded. You're kind of in the same position. With the internal review. Teetering on the edge of obscurity.

The flame dims to near-darkness. He pulls the napkin away at the last possible moment, and it flares back to life.

ADRIAN

Let's order some wine. You'll feel better after a couple drinks. You always do.

There's a fire in Adrian's eyes as she says this.

**EXT. GONDOLA - NIGHT**

A GONDOLA glides up its cable, shaking as it rises to the top of the mountain. Light from the moon reveals an icy, windy night on the trails. Some runs are illuminated; others black.

Charlotte and Adrian are dressed for a night ski. They wait in line, speaking softly as they inch forward.

CHARLOTTE

In Boston-- I didn't reject you. I don't even remember what night you're talking about. We didn't really know each other that well...

ADRIAN

Sure we did.

Adrian shrugs. He blows onto his goggles.

CHARLOTTE

We went to a few of the same parties. There was one study group. I don't even remember having a full conversation with you til you came to St. Chris's. You know you don't own our story, you can't own my story that way...

Adrian ignores her, moving up in line, smiling.

CHARLOTTE

Are you listening to me?

An ATTENDANT ushers people into the cable cars, two by two.

ADRIAN

Of course I own your story.

CHARLOTTE

What?

ADRIAN

You hand it over to me every chance you get.

He climbs into the cable car. The attendant looks to Charlotte, motioning for her to go ahead. She's about to turn away, but she's so unnerved... and raw... eager to continue this fight...

**INSIDE**

Charlotte gets in. The cable car JERKS to life, rocking as it climbs over the mountain. The higher they go, the more it sways. She sits down-hill, across from Adrian.

ADRIAN

You know an animal would never get into an enclosed space with a perceived threat. Only humans do that kind of shit.

CHARLOTTE

I hate you, Adrian.

He turns to her with fascination.

CHARLOTTE

You're a sick imperialist. You killed those people in Venezuela. I think you shot them up with MMR to 'cure' them so you could tout yourself as a savior. But it didn't work because your anti-viral drug wasn't strong enough. You'll never admit it, but I know--

ADRIAN

I'll admit it.

His lips twist into a smile. Charlotte shudders.

ADRIAN

You know what the life expectancy of those people is? 38. If they don't kill each other before then.

CHARLOTTE

You're disgusting.

ADRIAN

You've known it all along. That's the boring part. Everyone *knows*. What's interesting is that it didn't stop you from sleeping with me. Falling in love with me. Which proves that it doesn't matter.

CHARLOTTE

Please. I don't love you. You're a distraction.

ADRIAN

And you're a mouse in a maze.

CHARLOTTE

You started the internal review.

ADRIAN

I just told them you were drinking.  
Which you were.

She's stone-faced, refusing to give him any reaction--

ADRIAN

I put you on call that night, you know? And you came running. I saw you at your stupid party getting loaded with your stupid husband.

Charlotte balks, in horror... he was there that night.

ADRIAN

I paged you to see if you'd come in. And you did! And you faltered. You know, this is what happens to women who think they're invincible. They destroy themselves.

CHARLOTTE

You know what happens to men who think they're God? They go to fucking hell.

The wind HOWLS.

CHARLOTTE

And I knew you sent me that note.

ADRIAN

What note?

He seems earnest. Charlotte is thrown off...

ADRIAN

The thing is, I can make all this go away.

He tries to touch her face and she SWATS his hand away. He grabs her wrist. Hard.

She grimaces. After a moment, he releases it.

CHARLOTTE

You think if you ruin me you own me. But I won't let you.

ADRIAN

You won't?

CHARLOTTE

I'm leaving when we get down.

The gondola creaks to a stop. It SWAYS. The wind is whipping. And he moves toward her, too close, scaring her-- Charlotte presses her back against the glass window of the cable car. He stays there, violently near to her, inches from her face.

ADRIAN

No, you're not.

His spit lands on her face. She clenches every muscle.

After an excruciatingly long moment, the car rolls to life, approaching the drop-off. The mechanical door opens.

ADRIAN

Race you down.

Charlotte shudders, petrified...

**EXT. MOUNTAIN - NIGHT**

A dozen skiers disperse, their lights bobbing in the night. The trails up here are marked with black diamonds -- *EXPERT*.

Further down the mountain, eerie silence. A SLICING sound pierces the quiet, reverberating off the frozen trail as shadows approach...

Two parallel sets of skis FLY down the mountain. Charlotte and Adrian -- side by side -- SHOOT DOWN, fast...

Charlotte keeps her eyes on the trail, desperate to get ahead of him, but he's locked onto her. He LOOKS OVER with a wry grin... He inches closer... she fights to create distance... she hops over a mogul... the blades of her skis scraping the icy rim of the trail... terrified that he'll push her off...

He edges CLOSER... reaches out his ski pole, and STABS at her. She dodges him, but just barely, and he LAUGHS.

CHARLOTTE

Stop! Stop it!

He turns, FAST, and cuts her off... his SKIS CROSS HERS and it throws her off balance! She tumbles, rolls, down-slope, skidding on her blades until she SLAMS to a stop against a mogul. Her skis tangled, she pulls herself up, struggling to steady herself... Adrian watches from down the trail...

When she rises, she looks for him... but she can't see where he is in the darkness.

She draws in a breath. And, shaky, points her skis downhill. She slips over the snow, then ACCELERATES...

Crouched low, she PLUNGES down the mountain, hoping to avoid Adrian, but he appears... and is RIGHT BACK ON HER TAIL.

Up ahead, she sees... THE FALLEN TREE at the edge of the woods... her shortcut from earlier... a chance to get away.

She slices across the mountain and Adrian watches her disappear into the glades. He can't resist going after her.

THE GLADES at night: a blur of craggy branches and brush and the STEEP rockface barely covered in snow.

Charlotte turns constantly, leaning into her hips...

Adrian, behind her, is aggressive and overconfident. A branch TEARS his jacket. He dips but regains balance, on her tail. He gets so close to her that his skis almost cross hers...

BUT SHE LEADS HIM RIGHT OVER THE THICK PATCH OF ICE.

She skids across on her edges... just as she did earlier.

He loses control... slams into a tree, and falls backwards... His head hits the ICE with a painful CRACK. Snow tumbles from branches above from the impact.

CHARLOTTE

Adrian?

Nothing.

Charlotte unclips from her skis and doubles back. She stands over Adrian. From behind his head, seeping blood pools, staining the snow red. His eyes are wide open but MOTIONLESS.

She squats down, her heart in her chest... he's breathing, a meager puff of air billows from his lips....

She leans her cheek close to his lips. She hears a GURGLING inside his throat. He's alive, but barely.

Charlotte is stunned.

She looks around. There's no one in sight.

LIGHT... distant, then, growing stronger... filters through the trees. CHARLOTTE FREEZES. Soft orbs bounce on the slope beyond the woods, headlamp reflections.

Skiers are coming -- the rhythmic SWISH of their skis on the snow -- their distorted voices far away.

After a moment, they're gone.

A breeze rustles the powder, and snowflakes catch in her eyelashes. The tree's branches CREAK under the weight of snow. Charlotte waits until it's safe.

She waits for the return of the deathly quiet.

She steadies her breathing.

She looks at Adrian, pondering the opportunity here...

Then, faster than she can think, Charlotte rises and clips into her skis. She sets off down the mountain.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN - NIGHT**

Charlotte skis down. Buzzing. She sees a first Aid Station. The RED CROSS taunts her. She slows down, considers...

But she keeps moving, propelling herself with her poles.

**INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT**

Charlotte's POV: she moves through the lobby, her heart POUNDS, her body pulses in fear. Her eyes on the hall... the faceless shapes moving around her. The elevator doors open.

MAN (O.S.)

Hey! Hey! Hey you, there!

Charlotte steps into the elevator. The doors are about to close when... A HAND STOPS THEM. They peel open, revealing...

The French father from earlier, with the injured son.

MAN

I just wanted to say, thank you again, doctor. He's feeling much better. We'd love to buy you a drink to say thanks...

Charlotte nods frantically and punches the BUTTONS. The doors thrust together, startling the man, who stares at her oddly.

She unzips her jacket. She's drenched in sweat.

**INT. HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT**

She barges into the room, and hands shaking, grabs her stuff, pushes everything into her duffle bag.

She tears open a dresser drawer -- and pauses when she sees it's full of Adrian's things. Neatly folded sweaters, balled-up socks.

She stares at it. She closes the drawer gently.

She moves into the bathroom, collects her toiletries, makeup, toothpaste, toothbrush. She breathes deeply. Looks up...

ON HER REFLECTION in the mirror, she recoils.

Charlotte's POV: there's a RED SMUDGE ON HER TEMPLE. Adrian's blood. On the glove hooked to her jacket, there's more...

She wets some toilet paper and rubs her face, hard.

She then buckles and PUKES VIOLENTLY into the toilet.

She looks at her reflection in the mirror, wilted and sweaty and guilty. The spot above her temple rubbed raw.

She gets the fuck out of here.

#### **INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT**

Charlotte moves to the door, duffle bag on her shoulder. Her instinct is to run, but she fights the urge and walks slowly.

Some of the other NIGHT SKIERS, in their headlamps and parkas, slick with snow, move toward her intently.

She's sure they're coming for her. She instinctually closes her eyes, and their conversation washes over her like a wave.

SKIER 1

I was worried.

SKIER 2

I told you not to wait! I took Devil's Cross instead. Too icy.

SKIER 3

I think we were the last ones in. Fucking freezing out there.

When she opens her eyes, one of the skiers smiles at her. Normal, polite. And then they're gone, chatting away...

Charlotte beelines to the main door. A BELLMAN holds it open for her, and she continues out into the night...

**INT. BUS - NIGHT**

Charlotte sits at a window seat, gripping her duffle bag on her lap. Her eyes are glued on the landscape outside, the tree-dense country road finally surrendering to highway. The old bus's engine RATTLES as they accelerate.

Charlotte looks around, on alert, at the other passengers.

A TEENAGER passed out over two seats, MEN talking in baritone rumbles, and a WOMAN across the aisle, her head dipped over her lap, muttering inaudibly. Talking to herself, or praying. Her head snaps up and they make brief eye contact. The woman's eyes are murky, far-off. Charlotte looks away.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAWN**

The sun rises over the frigid city. A fiery bubble, it looks like it's ready to burst...

**INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY**

Charlotte moves in a trance-like state through the station.

In a small group of people waiting for the train, she sees a MAN -- tall, lean, in a sweater under a wool coat, auburn hair, and in profile, that jaw, that turned-up nose...

It's ADRIAN. She freezes, her stomach lurches...

But the man turns, and she relaxes -- it's someone else.

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Peaceful stillness in the living room. Everything is neat. The JINGLE of KEYS. The CREAK of the DOOR. Charlotte enters. She looks like she's been through hell. Her hair is filthy, she's frail. The QUIET in the house is eerie...

CHARLOTTE

Hello?

No response.

She sees the dog's sheepskin bed and a mangled bone atop it. She collapses to her knees. She looks at the bed like it's a precious object in a museum. Reaching out, her hand shakes...

**INT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY**

Charlotte stands in the shower, shoulders hunched, haunted...

She discovers, on the soap dish, a forgotten glass of booze. She picks it up delicately. Considers it. And she HURLS IT AGAINST THE WALL. It SHATTERS into pieces.

She sinks to the floor and dissolves into tormented tears.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - MEETING ROOM - DAY**

Charlotte sits at a conference table amongst the leaders of the hospital, Sonia, Carlson, and Wu. She has cleaned herself up but she still looks contorted, anxious... unwell.

QUICK CUTS of the hospital chiefs SPEAKING, MOS. It's like Charlotte is under water. Finally, all eyes are on her.

SONIA

We know you're eager to make a statement. The floor is yours.

CHARLOTTE

I have nothing to say. Besides that it's been an honor. I admire and trust you. You're all good doctors. More importantly, you're all good people. I respect whatever you decide about my future here.

(quiet, small)

I do believe I'm meant to be a doctor..

Off Sonia, curious about this strange, humbled response.

**INT. SUBWAY - 1 TRAIN - NIGHT**

A desolate subway car bound for the Upper West Side. Charlotte stands next to a YOUNG WOMAN, chewing gum, leaning against the pole as she watches a NEWS VIDEO on her iPhone.

Charlotte eyes what the woman is viewing, and she leans over:

ON THE NEWS VIDEO:

Photos of ADRIAN COONS: smiling in JAPAN; accepting an AWARD in DC; outside Harvard Medical School as a young man, ALONE.

Then, a REPORTER explains. Tinny, through the girl's earbuds--

## REPORTER

Celebrity doctor and humanitarian  
found dead at a secluded hotel in  
Vermont after a skiing accident.

Charlotte draws in air and looks away. She moves a little deeper into the car. Something snags her attention... she feels EYES ON HER... and she peers back to see...

Staring directly at her, seated further down, is BRIAN.

Her head snaps down. Her gaze on the ground. The train rocks, jerking as it approaches the next stop.

Brian, brow furrowed, watches her, curious and emotional.

Charlotte forces herself to breathe. When the train doors open with a mechanical sigh, she abruptly gets off.

She doesn't see Brian rise and follow her.

**I/E. SUBWAY PLATFORM - 110TH STREET - NIGHT**

There's construction-- interior scaffolding means Charlotte finds herself hurrying along a narrow strip of platform to reach the exit. Hands in her pockets, she hustles. Alone.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Sorry about your friend.

Charlotte looks over her shoulder to see Brian behind her.

She makes the decision to keep walking, quickly, silently.

BRIAN

You're not even gonna answer me?

He quickens his pace, catching up to her.

BRIAN

Killer.

Now Charlotte's scared, and he's at her heels. Across the tracks, on the opposite platform, a few people are speckled about, but they're not paying attention, and they're so far away... Charlotte moves faster, but suddenly HITS a DEAD END.

A wooden partition blocks the exit. *Fuck.*

BRIAN

You scared of me? I should be scared of you.

She turns to face him. He spits at the ground. She cringes.

CHARLOTTE  
I'm sorry.

BRIAN  
What?

CHARLOTTE  
I'm sorry.

She tries to get around him, but he blocks her path. There's only about a foot of space, then the yellow rubber edge.

CHARLOTTE  
He deserved a better doctor.

BRIAN  
Fucking right he did.

CHARLOTTE  
Sue me for everything I've got.

Brian shakes his head with a cynical smile, like this bitch is crazy to give him some kind of peace offering...

CHARLOTTE  
I mean it. You should.

Charlotte is panicking, eyes watering, scared, desperate. She looks down at the gap over the tracks...

CHARLOTTE  
He seemed really smart and talented. Timothy Leary meets Sesame Street...

BRIAN  
What?

She suddenly BURSTS forward to bolt around Brian, but surprised, he reacts, lurches towards her to block her path. She LOSES HER FOOTING... she SLIPS...

Charlotte falls onto the tracks. Brian SCREAMS.

FADE TO BLACK.

**INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT**

A coffee table covered in beer bottles. Will and his BROTHER are watching TV. CLOSE on Will's face as the NEWS comes on...

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

...found yesterday but responders believe Coons may have been in the unmarked glade since as early as Tuesday. In a freak accident, he apparently went off-trail and hit a tree. Conditions were icy, and Coons was not wearing a helmet.

WILL

Holy shit.

ON WILL, eyes wide, as he processes this... the wheels in his head turning... an uncanny, satisfied smile creeps across his face. Some sense of relief, some sense of order restored.

**INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT**

A SHOCK OF BRIGHTNESS. A pen light in one eye. The other. The distorted FACE of a female PARAMEDIC comes into view. A second PARAMEDIC secures Charlotte's leg to a splint.

PARAMEDIC 1

Ma'am, are you with me? Ma'am, you passed out at the 110th street train station, okay? We've treated you for an external head wound. Your left leg is broken. We're en route to St. Chris's. Do you have any allergies?

Charlotte, on a stretcher, looks down at her body. The chaos around her, the sounds and shapes and energy, oddly familiar.

CHARLOTTE

I was on the train tracks.

PARAMEDIC 1

You were on the side of the platform.

CHARLOTTE

No, I'm telling you-- I fell--

The Paramedics shares a look.

PARAMEDIC 1

We found you on the platform.

Charlotte absorbs this. She lets her eyes close.

PARAMEDIC 1

Do you have an emergency contact?

The comforting BEEP... BEEP... BEEP of a heart monitor.

CHARLOTTE  
No. No emergency contact.

**INT. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S - NIGHT**

Charlotte lies in a hospital bed, a bandage on her head. Sonia sits nearby, checking in, trying to comfort her.

CHARLOTTE  
Just listen, fire me if you want to. But don't cancel the trip. I planned a good trip. We did.

Sonia's concerned. She touches Charlotte's arm.

SONIA  
Don't worry about any of that. With everything... You need to rest.

CHARLOTTE  
Yeah. Yeah, I know.

A male COP, GOMEZ, 60s, appears in the doorway by Sonia.

SONIA  
(taking the cue)  
Okay. I'll be back a little later.

She leaves, and Charlotte turns to the COP.

CHARLOTTE  
Officer. I can make this easy for you. I'm a doctor, I know how this works. I'm not interested in security footage, I wouldn't press charges anyway, it was an accident-- I'm not concussed--

GOMEZ  
I'm not here about you Dr. Gordon. I'm here to talk to you about Adrian Coons.  
(sitting down, bedside)  
You two were having an affair, weren't you?

Charlotte's lips tremble. She takes her time.

CHARLOTTE  
What do you want to know?

From a folder, he takes glossy PHOTOS of Adrian's blue, frozen CORPSE in the thawing snow. One by one, he places them on her bed. Charlotte cringes, but she doesn't look away.

GOMEZ

You were with him that night, yes?  
You were checked in...

She nods.

GOMEZ

I'm following up. Trying to piece everything together. There could be a liability issue here. Hopefully nothing more extreme than that.

He holds her gaze. She flinches, a facial tick.

GOMEZ

You know if he was drinking?

CHARLOTTE

Yes.

GOMEZ

Drugs?

CHARLOTTE

No. I don't think so.

GOMEZ

Tell me more about him.

CHARLOTTE

You know... I don't know Adrian very well at all. He was an enigma.

GOMEZ

Despite all the time you spent together?

There's a judgemental edge to his voice. She fidgets with her wedding ring. Tears filling her eyes.

CHARLOTTE

Yeah.  
(then, breaking)  
Don't ever have an affair.

The cop is taken aback by her emotion.

CHARLOTTE

Oh my god. Sorry, uh...

He passes her a tissue. She regroups.

CHARLOTTE

The one thing I can say about Adrian is he didn't value human life. His own, or others'. He liked to play God. That much I know.

ADRIAN

What was he doing skiing through those icy glades, alone?

CHARLOTTE

He was a pretty arrogant guy.

GOMEZ

That's what we keep hearing.

Charlotte watches as Gomez writes down a few notes.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

Charlotte waits outside the hospital, leaning on crutches, one leg in a cast. Her head is bandaged. She brightens...

...as Will pulls up, in his car. He gets out and helps her in the passenger's side.

**INT. WILL'S CAR - DAY**

Will drive. Charlotte smiles a bittersweet smile, warmed by his presence... but deeply burdened by everything else.

WILL

Hey.

CHARLOTTE

Hi.

He looks at her, frail and broken, mysterious and powerful.

They ride in silence.

**EXT. CHARLOTTE & WILL'S BUILDING - LATER**

Will pulls over in front of the brownstone. He turns the car off, unbuckles his seatbelt and faces her. He stares at her, brow furrowed, about to ask her something...

Her hand, resting on her knee, QUAKES. He notices.

CHARLOTTE  
It's from the pain medicine.

A lie they both choose to accept.

CHARLOTTE  
Do you want to come up?

WILL  
No. Unless you need me to--

CHARLOTTE  
No, I can make it.

WILL  
I do have something for you.

He pulls out a stapled bundle of pages. Hands it to her.

WILL  
I drew up a little joint custody agreement, for the dog. He misses you.

She looks at it, sort of touched and grateful. She laughs.

CHARLOTTE  
Got a pen?

**EXT. VILLAGE IN LAOS - TWO MONTHS LATER - DAY**

A connected string of MEDICAL TENTS service dozens of local people. Behind the dusty village, LUSH GREEN MOUNTAINS.

**SURGICAL TENT**

Charlotte's deep in a surgery. It's hot. She sweats, grits her teeth, as she EXCISES a piece of flesh with a scalpel.

CHARLOTTE  
David, give me a hand here? Go ahead and press. Exactly, thanks.

**EXT. VILLAGE IN LAOS - DUSK**

Charlotte takes off her mask and exits the tent. She passes a pair of young, fresh-faced DOCTORS who smile and greet her--

DOCTOR 1  
Great work, Doctor Gordon.

She thanks them, appreciative, and continues on.

She rests, alone, against a limestone wall. She pulls out her iPhone to check her messages. An email pops up from WILL GORDON. She considers. Then takes a deep breath and OPENS IT.

THE EMAIL: It's a form letter. "We've officially launched! Welcome to the PhotoArt family. Click for a free download."

She smiles as she reads this.

She turns back to face the medical camp, and holds up her phone. She frames a shot with Will's app.

The chaos, the messiness, the unfinished work, the candid DOCTORS, PATIENTS lingering... she captures it with a CLICK.

YOUNG DOCTOR (O.S.)  
Hey, Doctor Gordon! Doctor Gordon,  
get over here!

Jarred back to reality, Charlotte rushes over to the area outside the tents where a dozen DOCTORS are corralled. A VOLUNTEER passes out Dixie cups from a tin tray.

CHARLOTTE  
Is this...?

VOLUNTEER  
Mango juice.

She takes one. She notices someone with a CAMERA, filming.

YOUNG DOCTOR  
It's our first night, and I just wanted to take a minute to acknowledge why we're here. This trip wouldn't have been possible without one person. They're the reason we're able to do this work.

She wets her lips, tucks her hair behind her ears.

YOUNG DOCTOR  
And we all know who that is. It only felt right to toast...

Everyone raises their cups. ON CHARLOTTE...

YOUNG DOCTOR  
Doctor Adrian Coons.

Charlotte looks ill, peering around at the smiling faces... as she forces a smile of her own.

CUT TO BLACK.