

THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN

By

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Adapted from the novel

by

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FRIDAY: 7:30 A.M. COMMUTER TRAIN

INT. TRAIN, DOBBS FERRY, NEW YORK - MORNING

We hear a train's mournful clatter as the warm glow of houses rushes by.

A woman's face - enigmatic and fascinating - leans against the train window looking out.

- This is **CHARLOTTE**, and she is **The Girl on the Train**.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

...There was always something comforting to me about the sight of strangers, safe and in their homes...

Charlotte has a strange flash of hope as her wide eyes await something:

CHARLOTTE'S POV: Out the train's window, Charlotte sees into a house where a gorgeous brunette - **MEGAN** - wearing only white underwear and bra - stretches her back like a cat. Her curved silhouette is mesmerizing as she turns - pulling on a light robe - looking out at the train slowly passing.

CONDUCTOR

(pre-lap)

Grand Central Station! New York City, New York!

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - MORNING

A mass of human faces vomit from the train. Charlotte is one of them.

OVERHEAD SHOT: Charlotte - with her red satchel - crosses the large and stunning station. She looks like a lost child in a grown-up world.

Off-screen we hear the escalating sounds of a Man and Woman breathing hard. Is it sex? Is it exercise? Or is it a struggle?

EXT. WEST VILLAGE BUILDING - DAY

Charlotte enters an office building as we continue to hear the struggle off-screen.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - EVENING

Dusk glows red through the windows as Charlotte runs down the large staircase and across the station, towards the evening train. The off-screen breathing crescendoes.

EXT. DOBBS FERRY - EVENING

We now see that the breathing comes from **MEGAN** - the woman Charlotte was watching from the train - jogging with her equally gorgeous husband - **SCOTT** - along the Hudson River.

MOMENTS LATER: Megan and Scott blast through their back fence and fall onto the green grass, touching each other everywhere. Their dog barks in the background from behind the screen door.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Charlotte - mesmerized - watches Megan and Scott from the train window.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

...How many times have you been on a train and wondered about the secret lives of the people who live near the tracks?

The train pushes forward and Charlotte's gaze saddens as she passes another backyard - this one filled with roses.

EXT. POUGHKEEPSIE TRAIN STATION - LATER SAME NIGHT

Charlotte exits the train - her wide eyes sighing as they take in the bleak Poughkeepsie landscape.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

...Twice a day I used to see into my favorite house, number 15...

WIDE SHOT: It starts to lightly rain as the other commuters find their cars in the open parking lot. A distant roll of summer thunder roars as the sky lights up.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)
...It was a lot like the other
houses, but I knew this house by
heart...

Charlotte walks purposefully and diagonally through the parked vehicles, towards a red neon sign that says **LIQUOR** - with two of its neon letters broken.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charlotte sits on her single mattress in a dingy apartment. She opens a little black Barneys shopping bag and pulls out a silk fuchsia scarf from the tissue paper.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)
...I knew every brick. I knew the
color of the curtains in the
upstairs bedroom. White with the
dark blue print...

INT. CHARLOTTE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

CLOSE ON: A syringe pierces the modeled skin of an orange. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Charlotte injecting the orange with vodka.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)
...I knew that paint was peeling
off the bathroom window frame and
that there were four tiles missing
from the roof...

MONDAY: 7:30 A.M. COMMUTER TRAIN

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Charlotte sits on the train. Her eyes expectant. She places a section of a vodka-infused orange onto her tongue. The train slows to a stop.

Charlotte spots Megan and Scott on their back porch.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)
 ...And I knew the occupants of
 this house were golden. That they
 knew love...

CLOSE ON: Charlotte's pupils dilate.

CHARLOTTE'S POV: Megan, wearing the same fuchsia scarf
 that Charlotte has, brings two cups of coffee onto the
 porch. She caresses Scott's cheek and gives him his cup.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)
 ...I imagined her as a painter or
 stylist. I imagined him as a
 doctor. It depended on the day. It
 depended on the holes that needed
 to be filled in with invention.
 Because I didn't really know what
 they did or who they were.
 Afterall, they moved in after I
 had already left...

Charlotte looks down at the empty orange peels in her
 lap.

WOMAN

(os)
 Are you alone?

Charlotte looks up to see a Woman holding a one year old
 child.

And now the moment of truth for Charlotte:

CHARLOTTE

(polite)
 Yes.
 (re: to the seat next
 to her)
 It's yours. Take it.

Charlotte eyes the Woman's child who watches an animated
 and brightly colored Choo Choo Train scream with laughter
 on her mother's iPhone.

CLOSE ON: Charlotte's eyes - bleary - blink in slow
 motion.

CHARLOTTE'S POV: The Conductor punches several tickets,
 and the paper punches fall to the floor in slow motion as
 we hear the sound of rain.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain falls as we look up the stoop of a blue house with yellow roses vomiting from every corner. A stroller sits cockeyed on the front porch.

INT. SAME HOUSE - NIGHT

In the dim light, we see Megan gently singing with a musical mobile of circling little puffy sheep; she carefully places a sleeping baby into a crib.

Suddenly, the musical mobile stops, and the baby stirs.

MEGAN

Shhhh. Shhhh. Shhhh.

Megan precariously reaches across the crib and cranks the mobile up again, but this only serves to wake the baby up more.

MEGAN

(under her breath)

Come on.

The mobile's music begins again, and the baby rests back to sleep. Megan - relieved - backs up, knocks over a framed photograph of another couple, but catches it before it hits the rug.

She gently places the framed photo back on the shelf. Just as she does so, the phone RINGS from the hallway!

Megan darts her eyes over at the baby who is - thankfully - still asleep. Megan makes a dash for the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Megan grabs the hall phone at the same time that she sees **ANNA** at the end of the hall holding a phone.

ANNA

(whisper/speak)

It's ok, Megan, I got it.

The Camera races down the hall and stops on Anna's face - pure and sweet - with dimples for days. She wears a buttoned-up cashmere sweater.

ANNA

(into the phone)

Hello...? Hello?

It's a hang-up. Anna pushes the END button on the phone, trying not to get upset.

She then catches Megan staring at her from down the hall.

MEGAN
(approaching)
You ok...?

ANNA
(avoiding the
subject)
Let me get you something.

Megan follows Anna into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Anna finds a signed check for Anna on the kitchen "desk," and gives it to Megan.

ANNA
Sorry, it's a little late.

MEGAN
I get it. Don't worry.

Sensing something's wrong, Anna explains:

ANNA
Tom's getting a raise soon. This won't be an issue again.

MEGAN
It's not the money...

ANNA
It's the alimony he owes. But the raise will take care of that. I want you to be happy. I'm so grateful...

MEGAN
(referring to the
baby)
You know, Evie will never get used to her own crib if you keep letting her sleep with you guys. She needs to learn to self-soothe. Then you won't be so exhausted...

ANNA
(trying to make a
joke)
Self-soothe? If she self-soothed
you wouldn't have a job...

Strange moment between them.

ANNA
(taking it back)
That sounded wrong.

MEGAN
No. It didn't.
(hesitant)
It's what I meant. It's what you
meant.

A moment. Anna was not expecting this at this moment.

MEGAN
(nervous)
Yeah...I got another job.

ANNA
...What?

MEGAN
It's in the city...

ANNA
I thought you were happy here. You
seemed happy here.

MEGAN
(interrupting)
I am. I am. But this isn't what I
"do."

ANNA
...Take care of children...

MEGAN
This helped me out for the moment.

ANNA
(trying to process)
..."For the moment..."

MEGAN
...But another gallery head-hunted
me.

ANNA
(trying to be
positive)
...That's amazing. That's amazing.

MEGAN
The thing is, it starts right
away. It starts tomorrow.

ANNA
(trying to process)
I've got the Helping Hands Auction
next week...

MEGAN
I hate to leave you in the lurch,
with no childcare, but, you don't
have a job...

Anna's face goes completely blank.

MEGAN
Wow. Ok, now THAT sounded all
wrong. I mean, I know you're busy
volunteering.

ANNA
It's not the volunteering. It's
the shopping, it's the sweet
potatoes, pureeing, getting her
diet right. Pesticides. It's
keeping the house functioning.
It's keeping myself together so I
can love her fully.

Megan looks at Anna carefully. Anna is exhausted.

MEGAN
You really need to work again,
Anna. Mothers need to work, it's
actually better for the kid...

ANNA
How would you know?

That was a low blow.

MEGAN
Right.

The front door opens off screen. Megan gently puts her
set of keys down on the counter.

MEGAN

These are yours.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - SAME MOMENT

Tom - handsome and pure - walks through the front door, drenched from the rain, carrying take-out dinner.

TOM

(calling out to his
wife)

....Anna!

He takes off his raincoat and hangs it in the closet.

TOM

(calling out to her)
I'm drenched! It's crazy out
there!

Tom's phone vibrates in his pocket. He pulls it out and looks at it. He immediately hits DECLINE.

Anna shows up at the door, catches Tom on his phone.

ANNA

How many times has she texted you
today?

TOM

The usual.

ANNA

She called the landline twice.

TOM

She'll eventually give up. Until
then, let's go away for a long
weekend - our little village on
the Côte d'Azur.

ANNA

And leave Evie with who? Your
parents? You don't even speak to
them. And my mother's so out of it
she can barely take care of
herself.

Tom looks closely at Anna, touching her face. She is clearly disturbed by something.

TOM

What happened tonight?

ANNA
(breaking into tears)
I knew it wouldn't last forever.

TOM
What?

ANNA
She got another job.

TOM
Megan? But I thought you two were
sort of perfect as a team...

ANNA
I know.

He holds her.

ANNA
(looking out onto the
night)
...I liked her.

On Anna's sweet face.

EXT. MEGAN'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Megan walks just four houses down the street from Anna's house to her own home. She opens the door to her dog licking her face and Scott looking up from his newspaper. Megan smiles.

The train passes by the windows - a steady and gentle rhythm, as we see in montage:

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

The camera hovers outside the plate glass windows, looking in at Anna who knits a baby sweater in bed next to Tom. They watch TV. The baby is between them - sleeping peacefully. Anna and Tom pass a glass of wine back and forth without looking at one another: They are a synchronized duo.

INT. MEGAN'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Megan stands at the plate glass windows, looking out at the passing train - the moonlight casts itself across the Hudson River.

The camera floats behind Megan as Scott comes up behind her and kisses the back of her neck. He gently and firmly places her palms on the window pane as he continues kissing her.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S POUGHKEEPSIE APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

The Camera rolls over a glistening naked couple in a fervent 69 position - like two animals devouring their prey. They are in a low rent apartment, on a mattress on the floor with a large plastic fan running. We have not yet met this couple, but they are **VAL** and her Boyfriend. The Camera plunges their sweating curves, then penetrates the wall, moving into Charlotte's bedroom.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Charlotte sits at her desk looking at the wall, listening to her roommates having sex. She brings her hand to her face and we see that her fingers are covered in dried...blood?

We quickly realize it is not blood, but ink, as Charlotte grabs one of her colored pens and continues drawing sketches of the couple she sees from the train - Megan and Scott - in love.

Charlotte takes a drink from a bottle of single malt scotch and picks up her phone. Without even looking, she hits SPEAKER, then REDIAL. It's a routine that she barely even pays attention to anymore.

EXT. DOBBS FERRY STREET - SAME NIGHT

A coyote runs down the town's slick street, trotting with a kind of joy as he runs through the underpass next to the train station and leaps across the tracks.

INT. MEGAN'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

Scott orgasms, his mouth devouring Megan's neck. Megan's eyes look almost dead, detached - staring out at the Hudson River.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

OVERHEAD WIDE SHOT: In the blue television light, Anna, Tom and their baby are now asleep.

On the bedside table, Tom's phone lights up with an INCOMING CALL and a buzz, but nobody wakes up.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - SAME NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Charlotte's cellphone sits on the counter, dialing on speaker again.

The camera pans to Charlotte who holds a piece of uncooked steak and maneuvers a knife into it. The knife slips, and it *slices* into Charlotte's finger.

Charlotte has had enough to drink that she doesn't even feel it. She watches the blood seep from her wound.

Val, half-naked and post-coitus - walks into the living room - on her way to the bathroom to pee.

She spots Charlotte. She hears a man's outgoing message pick up on Charlotte's speakerphone.

TOM
(outgoing message)
Hi, it's Tom. Leave your message.

VAL
Shit.

Val hangs up Charlotte's phone.

VAL
...Charlotte...

CHARLOTTE
Hey.

VAL
Let's get you to your room.

Val helps Charlotte to her room.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Charlotte crawls into her bed - still fully dressed. She grabs her phone and checks it.

INSERT: Charlotte's outgoing call log screen reads: **TOM (6)**.

Charlotte lets out a *fuck me* sigh.

PRE-LAP: A train screams out.

TUESDAY: 8:10 A.M. COMMUTER TRAIN

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Charlotte sits on the train, looking down at her phone.

CHARLOTTE'S POV: A Neighborhood Alert on her phone reads: "Dobbs Ferry Neighborhood Alert: Coyote seen on Maple and Hyde streets. Keep small dogs on tight leashes." And then a grainy photograph of a coyote running down the suburban street.

The train slows and Charlotte looks out the window.

CHARLOTTE'S POV: Anna is in her backyard holding her baby. She waters her rose garden with a hose. The water flies through the air in nauseating arcs.

The sight upsets Charlotte. She bites her lip hard. The train creeps forward.

Out the window, four doors down, Charlotte sees Scott in his backyard, throwing a red ball for his dog.

A Pasty Business Man - **ROB** - takes a seat next to Charlotte. Charlotte recognizes him as one of the usual commuters. She wipes the blood from her lip.

Rob removes a small flask from his jacket. He takes a swig. Charlotte observes him - the wedding band on his finger.

ROB
(noticing Charlotte's
stare)
Want some?

CHARLOTTE
...It's 8:53 A.M.

ROB
So the answer is no?

Charlotte is taken aback by how forward he is.

CHARLOTTE
Yes.

ROB
Yes? The answer is yes?

CHARLOTTE
No. The answer is no.

Rob gives Charlotte the flask.

ROB

Go on.

Charlotte relents, wiping the mouth of the flask with her sleeve and taking a sip. Then, with Rob's encouraging look, she takes a longer pull.

LATER: Charlotte feels nice and toasty, sharing the flask with Rob as he concludes his story.

ROB

...I'm telling you, it was the most embarrassing moment of my life. What about you? Any shitty work stories?

Charlotte pauses, thinks a beat.

CHARLOTTE

Actually, no. I realize it's weird, but I really love my job.

ROB

What do you do?

CHARLOTTE

I work at a PR firm in the West Village. It's small, but we're growing. Clients can be a little demanding, and the commute's killing me, but I like what I do.

ROB

What does your husband do?

Charlotte is thrown off-guard. The energy between them shifts. Rob glances down at Charlotte's wedding ring.

CHARLOTTE

Ex-husband.

ROB

I'm sorry.

Charlotte pushes down a deep pain.

CHARLOTTE

Don't be. All's well...

Charlotte knocks back the rest of the flask. She can feel Rob's gaze searing into her, and it makes her both excited and shy. Rob eyes Charlotte's inner thigh.

ROB

I like you.

CHARLOTTE

You don't know me.

ROB

That's why I like you.

A moment.

CHARLOTTE

Is that a compliment?

Charlotte looks back into Rob's eyes. He laughs. Then she laughs.

ROB

I'm Rob.

CHARLOTTE

Charlotte.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Charlotte and Rob drunkenly make out in the tight space - the water in the toilet sloshes around in the most unromantic of ways. The two grope at one another like idiots as the train's urgent sounds increase.

INT. OFFICE OF DR. KAMAL ABDIC - SAME MORNING

We're close on Megan. She sits in a therapy session, eyes closed. We hear the train rushing.

Megan opens her eyes.

MEGAN

(gently)

It's become a soothing sound really. Kinda like the way people talk about waves.

Megan speaks to **DR. KAMAL ABDIC**. He watches her every move.

DR. ABDIC

What is it about the sound that you find soothing?

MEGAN

Listening to it on my porch, I
feel like I could be anywhere.
France. Italy...

(a small laugh)

...Nebraska. Somewhere. Anywhere.
Else. But here.

Megan stops, something is coming back to her.

MEGAN

But sometimes it's hard to drift.
There're other noises that draw me
back. Neighbors with loud stereos.
Or...

DR. ABDIC

...Or?

MEGAN

Arguments.

The train's sound returns, as we:

CUT TO MEGAN'S
MEMORY:

EXT. MEGAN AND SCOTT'S BACK PORCH - **MEGAN'S MEMORY**

From her front porch, Megan watches a train pass. As the
train sound ends, another sound replaces it: It is
yelling.

FEMALE VOICE

(os)

What are you doing with her?! Give
her to me! Give her to me!

Megan turns towards the yelling. Four doors down, Anna
storms into her house, carrying her baby, away from
ANOTHER WOMAN.

The Other Woman wanders around the rose garden in
circles. Her clothing seems tattered.

CLOSE ON: The Other Woman tears a rose from a vine and
crushes it in her fist, dropping the petals to the
ground.

Megan keeps watching, and then the Woman looks up at her, making direct eye contact from afar. **It is Charlotte**, and her eyes are wild.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. OFFICE OF DR. KAMAL ABDIC - AFTERNOON

Megan swallows, shaking the memory. She looks straight into Dr. Abdic's eyes.

DR. ABDIC

Do you and Scott fight a lot?

MEGAN

Probably not as much as we should.

DR. ABDIC

What do you mean?

MEGAN

I mean, I'm not exactly a model wife.

DR. ABDIC

And what do you think makes a model wife?

Megan is afraid to say.

DR. ABDIC

What makes you think you're not a good wife, Megan?

MEGAN

When I try to be the wife Scott wants me to be, I don't feel like myself. I think I only really feel like myself when I'm running.

Dr. Abdic takes this in.

DR. ABDIC

So are your arguments with your husband about this perceived failure?

MEGAN

He gets jealous. He knows my passwords. He's hooked into my iCloud.

He scours our phone bill every month to see who I've texted. We had a fight about it last week.

DR. ABDIC

What happened?

MEGAN

I was Googling Paul Sweeney, my ex.

DR. ABDIC

Scott found the history?

Megan nods.

MEGAN

He wanted to know why I was obsessively image-googling Paul. Which I wasn't. I just wanted to see his face, you know? Be reminded of what I still loved and what I still couldn't stand about him. Look at the scar next to his lips. It's a sort of private game. Everybody does it.

DR. ABDIC

Are you ever afraid of Scott?

Megan looks at Dr. Abdic as if he has just asked the absurd.

MEGAN

(offended)

He's my husband. Of course I'm not afraid of him.

DR. ABDIC

It could be viewed as a form of emotional abuse.

MEGAN

It's not abuse. Not if you don't mind...

DR. ABDIC

Maybe it's become such a normal state for you that you don't know what it is anymore.

MEGAN

Is it normal that I think about you all the time?

A moment. Kamal - though attracted to Megan - realizes that he needs to nip this in the bud.

DR. ABDIC

It's normal that you think about what we talk about. It's normal that you see me in a fashion, as a person that can help you.

Megan looks down at her shoes. She feels like a school girl being reprimanded. The gentle chimes on Kamal's iPad Timer ring. Kamal moves forward in his seat.

MEGAN

I guess that's the "Move forward in your seat, it's time for Megan to leave gesture."

DR. ABDIC

(creepy smile)
...Yes.

MEGAN

Can I ask you a question?

DR. ABDIC

Of course.

MEGAN

Do you think it's strange that I don't want a baby?

DR. ABDIC

Do you?

This hits a deep cord in Megan, but she covers with jargon.

MEGAN

Am I damaged because I don't want the very thing that everyone else so desperately wants?

DR. ABDIC

And yet, you work with children.

MEGAN

Did.

DR. ABDIC

You got another job...?

MEGAN

I lied to Anna.

DR. ABDIC

Why did you feel you had to lie?

MEGAN

I lie to you too actually.

DR. ABDIC

Why?

MEGAN

It's like taking a trip. It's like having a constant secret. It's like touching myself, but nobody but me knows I'm doing it.

Megan puts her hand on her own thigh and crosses her leg. Kamal glances at the open blinds, then back to her. Her eyes smile.

INT. TRAIN BATHROOM - SAME MORNING

Charlotte - now alone - flushes the toilet with her foot. Rob's condom spins around and away, just as the color and spirit drain from Charlotte's face.

CHARLOTTE REMEMBERS ---

Rob fucks Charlotte from behind in the train bathroom. She is shoved over the sink and forced to look at her own face in the yellowish mirror.

LATER: Rob drops the used condom into the toilet.

MOMENTS LATER: Rob leaves the bathroom without a word.

MOMENTS LATER: Charlotte, trying to pull her underwear back up, sees another man watching her from the other side of the half-open bathroom door. Her face reddens with shame.

CONDUCTOR

(os)

Grand Central Station!

CHARLOTTE IS SHAKEN OUT OF HER MEMORY. She straightens her clothes and reapplies her lipstick.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE STREET - SAME DAY

We follow from behind as Charlotte walks down a busy street, against a flood of other professionals - phones pressed to ears, rushing to work.

She is walking in a gentle zigzag. At times, she comes close to losing her balance, but doesn't. She is accustomed to covering her inebriation.

Charlotte stops, noticing a display in a store window:

A beautiful model train travels across a miniature countryside. Charlotte steals a sip from a small whiskey bottle, getting lost in the train's dizzying circles. She steps off the sidewalk, when -

- She is almost hit by a cab!

CABBIE

Watch it, Lady!

But Charlotte just keeps walking.

CUT TO:

TUESDAY: 5:40 P.M. COMMUTER TRAIN

INT. TRAIN - EVENING

Charlotte rides the train as it barrels past homes and buildings. She searches out the windows as the train comes to its familiar pause outside Dobbs Ferry.

CHARLOTTE'S POV: Charlotte's vision is drunk, but she sees that Megan is on her porch, looking out at the train. Charlotte gives the strangest little smile. A moment of reprieve from her troubled mind.

Then -

- a DARK-HAIRED MAN (not Scott) steps up from the lower porch, walking towards Megan -

CLOSE ON: Charlotte blinks.

CHARLOTTE'S POV: We cannot see the Mysterious Man's face in the shadows, BUT HE PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND MEGAN.

Charlotte's heart races.

CHARLOTTE

(under her breath)

What the fuck...

The train crawls forward as the view of Megan and the Mysterious Man shifts away from her view -

- Charlotte jumps to her feet -
- She pushes her way up the aisle -
- With every few steps she takes, she sees another sliver of the view of Megan and the Mysterious Man.

CLOSE ON: The Mysterious Man's hand slides down Megan's back...

CLOSE ON: Charlotte's lips gasp.

CLOSE ON: Megan's fingers race through the Man's raven hair.

CLOSE ON: Charlotte's eyes well with tears.

CLOSE ON: Megan and the Mysterious Man's lips touch.

SMACK!

Charlotte runs straight into Rob!

ROB

Hey.

Charlotte barrels right past Rob, desperately looking out the windows -

- But Megan and the Man are gone from view!

Charlotte spots the exit doors, just a few feet in front of her.

MOMENTS LATER: Charlotte jumps off the slow moving train.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte HITS the greasy gravel and stumbles forward. She quickly picks herself up and runs down the side of the train as the engine screams past her.

CLOSE ON: Charlotte's face is pale.

CHARLOTTE'S POV: The sky arcs above her, seemingly falling down onto her as she begins to black out -

- **A RED-HEADED MAN** smiles at Charlotte from across the platform -

- Charlotte's vision sways -

- The man's features blend -

- The station, the sky, the distant train's song -
- All bleed together -
- As we:

MELT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. CHARLOTTE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

STILL LIFE: Charlotte's open purse lies in the hallway with its contents strewn on the shag rug.

STILL-LIFE: Blood droplets stain the shag rug.

STILL LIFE: Charlotte's jeans and underwear are abandoned in the hallway.

OVERHEAD SHOT: Charlotte stirs on the couch, her head throbbing.

CLOSE ON: Charlotte's fingers run across her scalp - her hair matted together with dried blood. She tries to separate some strands.

CLOSE ON: Charlotte's tongue runs over a bloody cut on her lower lip.

Charlotte groans as she turns over and spots her phone.

INSERT: (8) MISSED CALLS.

Charlotte closes the bubble. A new one appears with a BING, and a photo of **Tom**.

INSERT: (1) NEW VOICE-MAIL.

Charlotte - in pain - manages to press LISTEN, then SPEAKER.

A MAN'S VOICE

(on speaker phone)

Jesus Christ, Charlotte. What the hell is wrong with you? I've spent the past hour driving around looking for you! You scared the shit out of Anna. Leave us alone or next time I'll call the police!

Charlotte hits END on her cell. Behind her, the door opens. Val steps inside, takes in the mess. She is too exhausted to even yell. She feels like crying.

VAL

I can't live like this.

CHARLOTTE

...Let me explain.

VAL

Yeah, what's the explanation?

Charlotte's face is molested with the realization that she has no idea what happened.

VAL

I thought so. You never remember.
You've got four weeks. I need you
OUT.

Charlotte's phone BINGS again.

INSERT: (1) NEW VOICE-MAIL

Charlotte hits PLAY and holds it to her ear. It's Tom again, but this time, his voice is much gentler. He is genuinely concerned.

TOM

(on the phone)

Charlotte, will you please call me
back? I want to make sure you got
home all right. I'm sorry I
yelled. I want you to get help. I
need you to get better. I care
what happens to you.

Charlotte holds onto every word of Tom's like each one is a lifeboat.

MEMORY INSERT: Charlotte and Tom - still married - sit in their breakfast nook in the morning sun, eating breakfast. Each reads a separate page of the newspaper. Under the table, Charlotte's bare feet rest on top of Tom's.

Charlotte snaps out of her memory. She raises her hand to wipe her eyes. Then, in the reflection in the mirror, she notices something on her arm...

...There are drawings and sketches she must have drawn on herself the night before.

Charlotte examines them. It's a woman running away under a train underpass. She wears a blue dress.

Charlotte stares at the drawing a beat, thinking it over.

PRE-LAP: Running water.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Charlotte sits naked - holding herself - on the edge of the bathtub, as it fills with water. She's bloodied, bruised, and shaking.

OVERHEAD SHOT: Charlotte slowly lowers herself into the tub. As she submerges, a mixture of blood and ink cloud the water.

LATER: Charlotte has finished her bath and stands in a robe in the middle of her bathroom. She looks at her reflection in the full-length mirror. She makes a hard decision.

CUT TO:

FRIDAY: 8:10 A.M. COMMUTER TRAIN

INT. TRAIN - MORNING

Charlotte sits with a pack of commuters as the train barrels towards the city.

There's a different energy to her. She sips a coffee to-go.

EXT. SHERIDAN SQUARE SUBWAY STATION - MORNING

Charlotte emerges from the subway and walks west on Christopher Street.

INT. CHURCH OF ST. LUKE'S, ROOM - MORNING

In the center of the room a group sits in a circle clapping. Among them is Charlotte, looking out of her element. **DAVID** runs the group.

DAVID

...Do any of our newcomers want to share?

David looks around the room. A Young Man averts his eyes. Another Older Woman just giggles. David stops on Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

...Me?

DAVID

Sure.

CHARLOTTE

What do I share?

DAVID

It's up to you. Most people start with their name, and why they're here.

CHARLOTTE

My name is Charlotte, and I'm here because...

(there's no easy way
to put this)

I drink. A lot. And whenever I drink, I do the same thing: I call my ex-husband. Sometimes, I actually call her, his new wife. I want to tell her that I don't care if their daughter sleeps through the night. I want to ask her how it feels to feed her baby at the same kitchen table he used to fuck me on.

Charlotte laughs, realizing she has said too much, but nobody seems phased.

CHARLOTTE

I believe that if I continue, I'll be dead. So I'm here.

A Woman next to Charlotte places her hand on Charlotte's shoulder for support. This is **LOUISE**.

LATER: The meeting has ended, but a few of the members remain. David packs up the chairs.

Charlotte pours herself a cup of coffee as Louise looks over what's left of the donuts.

LOUISE

Do yourself a favor, don't replace alcohol with sugary foods. They're just as hard to quit.

And I know I'm not the poster child for good nutrition and exercise, but I hear from my pals at the gym that endorphins are as good as fine wine.

Charlotte smiles at her. Louise picks up a glazed donut.

LOUISE

You're doing the right thing coming here.

CHARLOTTE

I think so too.

LOUISE

I won't lie. The next step's the worst. It's rough. I remember feeling like my body and mind weren't mine anymore. The weird thing is that as crazy as being drunk is - it's somehow predictable. Sobriety, on the other hand, is not. Sobriety is what is truly crazy.

CHARLOTTE

What do you mean about your mind wasn't yours?

LOUISE

Hallucinations. Not everyone gets them, so don't worry. But also, don't panic if you do. They'll pass, just like everything else.

Louise takes a bite of her donut, then fishes something out of her purse. A business card.

LOUISE

Give me a call if you need to. And I'm not Thirteenth Stepping you, if that's what you're thinking.

CHARLOTTE

Thirteenth stepping me?

LOUISE

That's AA for picking you up.

CHARLOTTE

...Oh. I didn't think...

LOUISE

Hey, watch it. Some people think
I'm hot.

Louise walks off. Charlotte watches Louise open the
Church doors into the light.

EXT. STREETS NEAR GRAND CENTRAL STATION - EVENING

It's a light summer rain as Charlotte walks the streets
with a sense of hope. This is not the same woman we've
been following. She's put together, even happy.

FRIDAY: 5:40 P.M. COMMUTER TRAIN

EXT. STREETS NEAR POUGHKEEPSIE - SAME EVENING

Charlotte gets off at Poughkeepsie and walks in the
opposite direction of the liquor store - home.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME EVENING

Charlotte - drenched from the rain - steps into her
apartment.

VAL

Charlotte, there you are.

Val appears from the kitchen with two mugs. In the living
room sit a Middle-Age Man and a Younger Woman - both
staring back at Charlotte.

The Man stands up. This is **DETECTIVE GASKILL**. His
partner, **DETECTIVE RILEY**, remains seated.

GASKILL

You must be Mrs. Watson.

Charlotte nods, unsure of what she's just walked into.

GASKILL

I'm Detective Gaskill, with the
Dobbs Ferry Police Department, and
this is my partner, Detective
Riley.

VAL

They want to ask you some
questions.

CHARLOTTE

...Okay.

Charlotte realizes she hasn't moved from the door.

She puts her purse down and walks towards the Detectives. As Val hands Riley and Gaskill mugs of tea, Charlotte takes a seat on the couch.

VAL

(nervous)

Sorry, we only have Green Tea at the moment.

GASKILL

That's fine, thank you very much.

Gaskill takes a sip from the mug, then puts it down on the coffee table. He looks to Charlotte. Her heart is racing.

GASKILL

Mrs. Watson, where were you on Tuesday night?

A beat. Charlotte searches for an answer.

FLASH INSERTS: Charlotte, dizzy from drinking, sees the sky of Grand Central's ceiling reeling towards her. Charlotte's train ticket drops in a puddle.

CHARLOTTE

I was visiting my husband.

GASKILL

You mean your ex-husband?

CHARLOTTE

(trying to keep her head together)

...Yes. I wanted to see Tom, so I got off the train.

FLASH INSERT, OVERHEAD SHOT: Charlotte stands in the middle of the train tracks looking up at the sky.

CHARLOTTE

But then I decided it was a bad idea.

GASKILL

Around what time did you reach that conclusion?

CHARLOTTE

I was back in Poughkeepsie at
11:00.

GASKILL

On your way home, did you stop
anywhere?

FLASH INSERT, LONG SHOT: Charlotte is crouched on the ground of the train's underpass, against the wall. She is bloodied.

Trying to shake herself out of her flashback, Charlotte hesitates.

GASKILL

Mrs. Watson?

CHARLOTTE

No. I didn't stop anywhere.

GASKILL

And what time did you catch the
train to Dobbs Ferry from New York
City?

CHARLOTTE

It would've been 6:00 probably.

GASKILL

So, you caught the train at 5:40
from Grand Central - The Hudson
Line, on the Metro-North, correct?

Charlotte nods, trying to keep up.

GASKILL

That would mean you'd get to the
Dobbs Ferry Station around...Let's
say, 7:20. To be back here at
11:00, you'd have taken the 9:30.
Does that time-line sound correct
to you?

CHARLOTTE

...Yes.

Gaskill scribbles in his notes. Charlotte begins to sweat, turns and notices Detective Riley staring directly at her.

CHARLOTTE

Look, what is this all about?

GASKILL

A woman who worked for your ex-husband has been missing since Tuesday night.

Detective Riley hands Charlotte a photo of **MEGAN**.

RILEY

Do you recall seeing this woman that night?

Charlotte is dumb-struck by seeing the photo of Megan.

CHARLOTTE

What do you mean?

GASKILL

Her husband said she never came home that night. Do you know Megan Hipwell?

CHARLOTTE

...No.

GASKILL

But did you see her?

CHARLOTTE

She's missing?

GASKILL

Did you see her?

CHARLOTTE

I don't think so.

GASKILL

Is that because you were inebriated?

Charlotte looks away from Val's gaze, narrowing in on Detective Gaskill.

CHARLOTTE

I had a few drinks in the afternoon, but I was not drunk.

Detective Gaskill closes his notebook, rises from the chair.

GASKILL

That about does it then. Thank you for talking with us Mrs. Watson.

(to Val)
And thank you for the tea.

Val follows Riley and Gaskill to the door. Charlotte remains on the couch, her mind racing.

GASKILL
Oh, Mrs. Watson? You work in
Public Relations, right?

CHARLOTTE
(weakly)
Right.

Gaskill nods, then steps out the door.

Charlotte looks sick. Val takes a seat next to her on the couch.

VAL
What happened?

Charlotte is silent.

VAL
You don't even remember, do you?

FLASH INSERT: A woman in a blue dress walks away through the train's underpass.

Charlotte turns to face Val.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAINY POUGHKEEPSIE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Charlotte runs through the rain, catching up with Detective Gaskill who is just getting into the car.

CHARLOTTE
Detective Gaskill!

RILEY
(os)
Mrs. Watson?

Charlotte turns to see Detective Riley approaching with an umbrella that she holds over them. Charlotte is out of breath.

GASKILL
What is it?

CHARLOTTE

I lied.

A moment. Charlotte takes a breath of courage.

CHARLOTTE

I don't work in P.R. I don't work anywhere.

GASKILL

...Why did you tell us you did?

CHARLOTTE

I didn't want to say anything in front of Val.

RILEY

Your roommate?

CHARLOTTE

I didn't want her to worry about me not being able to pay the rent.

RILEY

When did you stop working at Hale & Associates?

CHARLOTTE

About two months ago.

RILEY

And your roommate hasn't noticed that you don't go to work everyday?

CHARLOTTE

I do go. I mean, I don't go to the office, but I catch the train. I go into the city and then come home at night.

Riley and Gaskill exchange a glance.

GASKILL

Your alimony pays for tickets to nowhere?

CHARLOTTE

I'm sorry, but how is this relevant to your case?

GASKILL

The other Mrs. Watson - Anna - has reported that you go to their house uninvited...

Charlotte braces herself for the accusation.

GASKILL

That on one occasion...

RILEY

...You broke into Mr. and Mrs. Watson's home and took their newborn.

FLASH INSERT: Charlotte runs through the rose garden with the baby.

RILEY

(insistent)

Why were you taking the baby towards the train tracks?

CHARLOTTE

I wasn't taking her anywhere. I was trying to calm her down.

RILEY

By taking her towards a train?!

CHARLOTTE

I came to help you. What exactly are you accusing me of?!

RILEY

You keep your husband's name. Why? If a man left me for another woman, I wouldn't be able to get rid of his name fast enough.

GASKILL

Neighbors saw a drunk woman in the vicinity of Megan Hipwell's residence on Tuesday night.

RILEY

And Mrs. Hipwell does bear a resemblance to Mrs. Watson - to Anna Watson.

Charlotte is shocked at the thinly-veiled accusation.

CHARLOTTE

What are you saying?!

GASKILL

Do you really know what happened
on Tuesday night?

FLASH INSERT: Out the train window, Charlotte sees the
Mysterious Man kissing Megan.

GASKILL

Mrs. Watson?

Charlotte is about to say something when -

- There's an inaudible transmission from the car's radio.

ANOTHER OFFICER

(approaching them)

We've got a 187. North Cranell.

GASKILL

(to Charlotte)

If you remember anything that
could be of use to us, Mrs.
Watson, you know where to find us.

ON CHARLOTTE'S FACE: Her mind is racing.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. POUGHKEEPSIE ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A beautiful drawing of Megan bursts into
flames.

ANGLE ON CHARLOTTE: She throws all her drawings of Megan
and Scott into a firey trash bin. The fire reflects in
her eyes as the memory of the incident in the garden
resurfaces for Charlotte:

EXT. TOM AND ANNA'S BACKYARD - **FLASHBACK**

A train roars in the near distance. Wearing a beautiful
summer dress, Charlotte stands near the tracks - holding
the crying baby.

She turns to find Anna - terrified - storming towards
her.

ANNA

What are you doing with her?!

Charlotte freezes, she doesn't know what to do.

ANNA

Give her to me!

Charlotte immediately hands the baby back to Anna.

Anna storms into the house with the baby.

Charlotte touches one of the roses on the vine.

Out of the corner of her eye, she sees someone watching her. **She turns, making direct eye contact with Megan who stands a few porches over. Megan smiles at Charlotte.** Then Megan turns and walks back into her house.

Charlotte looks back towards Anna's house where Tom and Anna argue behind the plate glass doors.

INT. TOM'S CAR - SAME AFTERNOON - **FLASHBACK**

Charlotte sits in the passenger seat as Tom drives her home. Charlotte steals a glance at Tom. He refuses to look at her.

Tom pulls up to her apartment.

He reaches over and takes Charlotte's hand. But Tom begins to squeeze Charlotte's hand - softly at first - then his face turns red, his grip grows stronger and stronger...

...Charlotte's hand begins to hurt, and she stares into Tom's eyes, struggling to pull her hand from Tom's grip. A small CRY escapes her.

TOM

(crying)

I swear to God, Charlotte, don't you dare get near my daughter again. You're scaring Anna. You're scaring me.

Tom releases his grip and Charlotte yanks her hand away. She gets out of the car and SLAMS the door closed.

PRE-LAP: Doorbell.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. MEGAN AND SCOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlotte stands at Scott's front door, rattled and nervous. Her heart pounds.

The door opens, revealing Scott. He is the type of person who - despite his overwhelming distress - seems even sexier when disheveled.

SCOTT

You're Megan's friend?

CHARLOTTE

Charlotte.

SCOTT

Come in.

Scott turns brusksly and enters the house. Charlotte's eyes drink in every detail of Megan's home. The coat rack with Megan's blue coat and a dog leash. An assortment of women's shoes lined up against the wall.

Charlotte sits at the kitchen table as Scott searches the cabinets for a clean mug.

SCOTT

(shaking)

Sorry it's a mess in here. I'm hunting for her social, her birth certificate...The cops need a lot.

Charlotte looks out the plate glass windows at the deck and the Hudson River. It is the inverse image of how she normally sees it from the train.

INSERT, CHARLOTTE'S POV FROM TRAIN: It's morning. We see into the back of Megan and Scott's house. Through the kitchen window, Megan sips coffee. Scott walks up behind her and kisses her on the top of her head.

Scott places a cup of coffee in front of Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

Thanks.

SCOTT

You said in your message, you wanted to talk...

Charlotte hesitates.

SCOTT

What was it you wanted to tell me?

Charlotte takes a deep breath.

SCOTT

(pushing)
What was it?

CHARLOTTE

I saw her with someone.

SCOTT

Who?

CHARLOTTE

On Tuesday.

SCOTT

(his mind racing)
You saw Megan with...Who?

CHARLOTTE

She was out on your deck. I saw her from the train.

A moment as Scott takes this in.

CHARLOTTE

They were kissing.

Scott's jaw tightens.

SCOTT

What are you talking about?

CHARLOTTE

I thought you should know.

Scott looks out the window. He watches the river, searching for an answer. Then turns to Charlotte.

SCOTT

It's pretty coincidental, isn't it? I mean, you just happen to be on a train, looking out a window at the exact same moment that a woman you know - *a woman you recognize*, is cheating on her husband? I mean, that timing's kinda crazy.

CHARLOTTE

Well I know Megan lives here. So when I catch the train, sometimes I look out to try and see her.

SCOTT

How do you know her?

There's a pause.

CHARLOTTE

From work.

SCOTT

The gallery?

CHARLOTTE

...Yes.

SCOTT

So you know her well? She never talks about you...

CHARLOTTE

I don't know her well.

SCOTT

(skeptical)

But obviously well enough to know exactly where she lives?

Charlotte gets up to leave.

CHARLOTTE

Look, you don't need to believe me. I just came here to tell you what I saw.

SCOTT

(under his breath)

Fuck.

(to Charlotte)

What did the man look like?

(laughing at the absurdity)

I'm assuming it was a man.

CHARLOTTE

Yeah, he was dark-haired. Possibly Asian.

Scott stiffens.

SCOTT

There was a man Megan used to work with at the gallery. His name was Rajesh. She used to talk about him a lot. Did you know him?

CHARLOTTE

Do you have a photo of him?

Scott thinks about it a moment.

MOMENTS LATER, INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN: Scott types: "Rajesh Sarin." He pushes ENTER and dozens of images appear.

Scott angles the screen towards Charlotte. She examines the photo. Her face drops.

CHARLOTTE

No...That's not him.

Scott breathes out - a strange, but unsettled, relief.

He turns towards the fridge.

He sees a note kept up by a magnet. The note - scribbled in Megan's handwriting - reads: "7/01 Dr. Abdic 8:30 A.M."

He thinks of something, turning back to Charlotte.

SCOTT

Megan's therapist is Indian.

Scott goes back to the laptop, types a different name into the search engine.

A second later, Scott pushes the laptop screen back in front of Charlotte. On its screen is a picture of **Dr. Kamal Abdic**.

Charlotte stares at the image. She turns to Scott.

CHARLOTTE

That's him.

OFF: The image of Dr. Kamal Abdic as we hear a woman's quickening breath in PRE-LAP.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER SIDE - AFTERNOON

Charlotte runs fast along the riverside track. Behind her, a familiar engine sound grows closer and closer. She picks up speed, actually trying to race the train. And for a few moments, she and the train are together in speed, but Charlotte can't keep up.

Charlotte stumbles to a stop and catches her breath. She is filled with an exhilaration as the train jets past her.

INT. POUGHKEEPSIE CAFE - SAME EVENING

Charlotte - in her sweatpants and sweatshirt - steps inside. She catches eyes with Val who is the barista.

CHARLOTTE

(to Val)

Hey. I thought I'd stop by for one of your coffees.

VAL

(pissed)

What are you doing here?

CHARLOTTE

Nothing...I...

VAL

Meet me in the back.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPPLY ROOM, CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Val confronts Charlotte.

VAL

So Damon ran into Martin today. You remember Martin Miles, from Hale & Associates? And you won't believe how surprised Damon was when Martin told him that you didn't work there anymore. That you were fired, *months ago*, for - *shocker* - drinking at work.

Charlotte's stomach drops. Val has had it with her.

CHARLOTTE

I didn't want you to worry about--

VAL

Enough. Honestly Charlotte, I've had enough. I've tried helping you, I've tried giving you the benefit of the doubt. But you know what? All of that means nothing because you don't even want to help yourself.

Before Charlotte can respond, her phone BINGS. There's a new text from Scott.

INSERT PHONE DISPLAY: **"Abdic's been arrested."**

Val notices that Charlotte is distracted.

VAL
You're unbelievable.

CHARLOTTE
(looking up from the
phone)
I'm sorry...I...

VAL
I gotta get back to work...

Val leaves. Charlotte notices bottles of booze on a nearby shelf. She lingers on them a beat.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out the business card Louise gave her at AA.

EXT. HUDSON STREET, WEST VILLAGE, NYC - NIGHT

Charlotte walks down the street, holding Louise's business card and examining the logo - an upside-down triangle with a woman's face.

Charlotte looks up from the card, spots the same logo glowing in neon from a window up ahead. A swarm of sexy women pour out of the establishment.

INT. HENRIETTA HUDSON BAR - NIGHT

Charlotte walks into a sea of women. She spots a Bouncer.

CHARLOTTE
(shouting over the
music)
Do you know where I can find
Louise?

The Bouncer points to the bar.

Dressed in overalls and an apron, Louise stands behind the bar, making a cocktail.

CHARLOTTE
(to Louise)
I didn't expect to find you in a
bar.

LOUISE

I gave up on booze, but I didn't
give up on my nightlife.

(beat)

It's too loud - I know a place.

EXT. MORTON/BARROW APARTMENT COMPLEX COURTYARD - MOMENTS
LATER

Charlotte and Louise sit in a beautiful courtyard, lit up
with fairy lights. A few other people are scattered
about.

CHARLOTTE

When you used to drink, did you
ever black out?

LOUISE

Yeah. You know, there's a theory
that when you enter the black
hole, you've gotten to a state
where your brain no longer makes
short term memories. And once
you're in that state, you don't
act normal cause you're just
reacting to the very last thing
that happened to you. Or the very
last thing you *think* happened.
Because since you aren't making
memories, you don't really know.
Make sense?

CHARLOTTE

Is there any way to retrieve the
actual memories?

LOUISE

They're still there. The booze is
just used as an excuse to repress
them. Sort of like a screen
memory. I've heard hypnotherapy
sometimes works. Or seeing a
shrink.

Charlotte nods, mulling the information over.

LOUISE

What's wrong?

CHARLOTTE

I used to watch this perfect
couple. I mean, they were like the
embodiment of real love.

The type of love I've always wanted. And then, one of them betrayed the other. And it sparked something in me.

Louise tries to follow.

LOUISE

Sparked what?

Charlotte opens her mouth, but can't bring herself to voice what she is thinking.

LOUISE

Honey, whatever it is, it's okay. You can't help what you feel.

CHARLOTTE

I'm afraid of myself. Of what I could do. Of what I maybe did.

LOUISE

Those feelings are pretty standard amongst alcoholics.

CHARLOTTE

This isn't like that. It's...

LOUISE

This program is built on anonymity. You can trust me.

Charlotte looks at Louise. She is about to make a CONFESSION --

-- When her phone BINGS. She breaks Louise's gaze and pulls out her cell.

INSERT PHONE DISPLAY: **Scott: "We need to talk ASAP."**

Charlotte looks up from the phone, her heart racing.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. MEGAN AND SCOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Scott's door opens, revealing an expressionless Scott. He grabs Charlotte and pulls her inside. He's cold and rough.

Scott slams the door. Charlotte watches him, confused.

CHARLOTTE

What's wrong?

SCOTT

Abdic's been released.

CHARLOTTE

What? Why?

SCOTT

Why? Because apparently the sole person connecting him to my wife's disappearance is an unreliable witness. The detectives used other words too: Alcoholic. Maybe even mentally unstable?

His words sting.

CHARLOTTE

(stammering)

Scott, I'm sorry, I--

SCOTT

Oh, fuck you!

Scott throws a chair against the wall, one of its legs smashes off.

Charlotte is terrified. She eyes the front door.

CHARLOTTE

(trying to process)

I was just trying to help...

SCOTT

All you did was create a shit storm for me - leading the police to Abdic gave him the chance to point the finger right back at me. He told them that I was controlling, potentially abusive. So the cops checked her phone. And guess what my last text to her said?!

Scott takes a few steps closer to Charlotte...

...He's almost close enough to kiss her.

SCOTT

You wanna guess? I'll tell you what it said, "Go to hell you lying bitch!!"

Charlotte flinches. Scott grabs her, pulls her towards the front door and shoves her outside.

Charlotte stumbles out the door, finding Tom and Anna on a walk with their stroller; they stare directly at her!

Anna looks completely broken. She can't take this anymore.

ANNA
 (pulling out her
 phone)
 I'm going to have to do this.

TOM
 Hold on.

ANNA
 (trying to be strong)
 I'm calling the police.

Charlotte watches as Anna puts the phone to her ear. She remembers something:

FLASH INSERT, CHARLOTTE'S POV: Anna, wearing a blue dress, walks away from the underpass towards Tom's car.

FLASH INSERT: Charlotte's hand touches the back of her head. She pulls her hand back and examines it. It is covered in blood.

Charlotte, snapping out of her memory, walks quickly away towards the train station.

TOM
 Shit.

Tom follows Charlotte.

EXT. DOBBS FERRY TRAIN STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Charlotte walks onto the platform.

TOM
 (os)
 Charlotte!

Charlotte turns to see Tom, catching up to her. He is furious.

TOM
 What was that about? Why were you
 at the Hipwell's?

CHARLOTTE

Did you know your wife hit me on Tuesday night?

TOM

That's ridiculous. On Tuesday? Charlotte, on Tuesday you yelled at her. Anna ran into you on the street, said you were abusive. When she came home and told me, I went out and found you - you were wasted as usual. I tried to give you a ride home, but by the time I got the car and drove it back to you, you were gone.

Charlotte's mind races - trying to piece this all together.

TOM

So now that we've covered Tuesday night, what were you doing with Scott Hipwell?

CHARLOTTE

I needed to tell him that Megan was having an affair with her therapist.

A beat.

TOM

I didn't even think you knew Megan?

CHARLOTTE

I know her.

TOM

But they already arrested the guy.

CHARLOTTE

They let him go.

TOM

Why?

CHARLOTTE

Because of me. Because I'm an unreliable witness.

A train pulls into the station.

TOM

You did the right thing. Them
letting him go isn't your fault.

CONDUCTOR

(o.s.)

On platform two, Northbound Hudson
Line.

CHARLOTTE

I should go.

Charlotte walks away from Tom and onto the train.

INT. TRAIN - LATER

Charlotte furiously writes: "Underpass?" "Ran into Anna?"
"Tom found, then lost me." Frustrated, Charlotte cannot
retrieve the memories.

She draws the shape of a dress. She stops, looks at the
image.

FLASH INSERT, CHARLOTTE'S POV: Anna, in the blue dress,
walks away from Charlotte towards Tom's car.

Charlotte closes her eyes.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - **CHARLOTTE'S DREAM**

Charlotte races the train - running and pushing as hard
as she can. She runs off the tracks, into the forest.

A tree branch SNAPS behind her, but she keeps running.
Then a SLOSHING as water begins to pour in from every
direction. It begins to flood the woods.

Charlotte forges ahead, each step growing more difficult
with the rising water. The water laps at her knees.

Charlotte spots some muddied pink material bobbing in the
water up ahead. She wades towards it, perplexed.

As she grows nearer, she realizes it is a sweater, stuck
on something...

...Charlotte grabs the material and pulls it towards her.
Suddenly, Megan's bloated and discolored corpse - still
attached to the sweater - emerges from the water, her
head snaps back to face Charlotte!

CONDUCTOR

(os)
Attention, Passengers...

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Charlotte jolts awake, catching her breath. The train has stopped at its final station - Poughkeepsie. The doors open.

CONDUCTOR

(os)
Poughkeepsie! This is the end of
the Hudson line. Please disembark.

Charlotte exits the train into the dark and empty parking lot.

In the near distance is the neon Liquor sign. And to its left, is the blue neon sign for the Police Station. She feels caught between the two.

BING! Charlotte gets another Neighborhood Alert on her phone. There's a photo of **Scott** and a photo of **Dr. Kamal Abdic**. Charlotte makes a decision.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. KAMAL ABDIC'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Charlotte sits across from Dr. Kamal Abdic. They're in session. Charlotte is studying his face, his reactions.

CHARLOTTE

...The problem is I black out. And if someone tells me something I've done, it doesn't even feel like I did it. It feels so removed that I...I can't feel bad enough.

DR. ABDIC

So you want to take personal responsibility for what you've done, but you find it difficult to feel fully accountable if you can't remember it?

CHARLOTTE

Yes.

DR. ABDIC

You know, even if you can't remember doing some of the things you've done, that doesn't make an apology any less sincere.

CHARLOTTE

I want to feel worse though. I want to feel awful about doing whatever it was that I did.

Kamal is quiet a beat. He doesn't pity her, he understands her. Charlotte looks at him, feeling uncomfortably bare.

DR. ABDIC

You don't think you've been punished enough for your mistakes? You told me on the phone that you lost your job, your marriage. And now, a living situation. I think you're being a little too hard on yourself.

CHARLOTTE

It's been like this ever since Tom and I couldn't get pregnant.

DR. ABDIC

Did you two try any alternatives to IVF?

Charlotte nods, smiles a little as she remembers it.

CHARLOTTE

We did, but it wasn't really orthodox. We started a rose garden. Tom and I would plant a flower each day, as sort-of a fertility prayer.

(beat)

The garden's not mine anymore though. It's hers.

Charlotte stops, gutted.

DR. ABDIC

Was she the trigger for your drinking?

CHARLOTTE

No. I'd already started. It's why he stopped loving me.

Kamal looks right at her with genuine empathy. Charlotte feels - oddly - understood for the first time.

PRE-LAP: A shower runs, water shoots from a spout and hits a tiled floor.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S BATHROOM - SAME AFTERNOON

Charlotte takes a shower - eyes closed - as she feels the water hit her face.

A familiar jingle begins. Charlotte leans out and grabs her phone off the sink. Caller ID: "Scott."

Charlotte answers her phone.

SCOTT
(on the phone)
Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE
Yes.

SCOTT
It's Scott. I'm sorry. There're cameras and reporters everywhere - camped outside my house...

CHARLOTTE
(interrupting)
You should come over here.

SCOTT
(on the phone)
I don't mean to intrude--

CHARLOTTE
I'll text you the address.

Charlotte hangs up. She takes a breath. What is she doing?

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLOTTE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Charlotte and Scott stand at the window - face to face - holding steaming coffee mugs. A child plays with a red ball outside the window behind them.

SCOTT

Detective Riley told me her shrink knew something I've been dying to hear from Megan for years. I imagined she would make me dinner, talk to me over candlelight with this shit-eating grin and make me guess...

CHARLOTTE

Guess what?

SCOTT

That she was pregnant.

Charlotte takes a pained breath.

SCOTT

I always wanted a baby, but she fought me every step of the way.

CHARLOTTE

Do you know why?

SCOTT

...She said she wasn't meant to be a mom. That this whole "cult" of parenthood was crap.

CHARLOTTE

Was that what you fought about that night?

SCOTT

No.

An awkward moment.

CHARLOTTE

...I used to buy children's books. I have the full collection of Winnie the Pooh. Of all the classics, really. I think the thing I most looked forward to was reading my child to sleep. Jesus, I bought toys before I was even pregnant. Who does that?

SCOTT

I do that.

Keys JINGLE. Charlotte turns to her front door, then back to Scott.

CHARLOTTE

We should move to the bedroom.
That's my roommate, and if she
sees you, she'll ask questions...

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLOTTE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Charlotte and Scott are seated on Charlotte's bed. There is an energy between them, and Charlotte can't even bring herself to look at Scott.

SCOTT

Sorry for unloading all this on
you.

CHARLOTTE

(self-deprecating
humor)

No, it's fine. For the first time
in a long time, I'm involved in
something other than my own
misery.

SCOTT

(scared to ask)
...Did Megan ever say anything
about me to you?

Charlotte pauses.

CHARLOTTE

We didn't talk all that often...

SCOTT

...But you came to our house?
Megan didn't invite a lot of
people to our place...

CHARLOTTE

She loved you. She loved you in
the way that people only dream of
loving.

This pains Scott to hear.

SCOTT

...The fight we had that night
wasn't normal. It was bad. I feel
like I can't even tell anyone
because then I'll look guilty.

Scott looks at Charlotte, haunted.

SCOTT

When she grabbed her bag, I assumed she was going to her friend's for the night to talk about what an asshole I was over some Beaujolais or some shit, you know?

(realizing something)

72

I didn't even go after her. I just let her go...

72

Charlotte reaches her hand out and dares to touch Scott's cheek. He is terribly moved by her caress, but takes her hand from his face and gently returns it to her lap.

CHARLOTTE

(quietly)

I'm sorry.

SCOTT

No. Don't be.

CHARLOTTE

What can I do? How can I fix this?

SCOTT

If it's not the press outside or the police constantly calling, it's her. She's everywhere in the house. Every corner, every shadow. The smell of her clothing kills me. I can't sleep in our bed anymore.

A moment.

CHARLOTTE

Stay here.

LATER: Charlotte watches as Scott - fully dressed on top on her bedspread - drifts asleep. She observes his chest moving up and down, hears his soft exhaling and inhaling.

She slowly leans back, laying beside him. Her focus turns to his lips. She moves towards them, then pauses. She retreats and turns to the ceiling.

Then she feels Scott move, and before she knows what's happening, his lips are hovering above hers. There's a moment's hesitation and even surprise - but very quickly - Charlotte pulls Scott into her and they kiss deeply.

Like two beings who have been deprived of intimacy, they devour one another in lust, grief, and hunger.

The camera slowly pans away from their naked bodies to the window to reveal that a PATROL CAR is parked across the street, watching.

MORNING: Scott and Charlotte sleep naked in one another's arms as Scott's iPhone alarm gently rings. Charlotte wakes, but Scott does not. She turns off the alarm and gently wakes Scott.

CHARLOTTE

I think you have to get up.

SCOTT

(half asleep, pulling
her into him)

...Come with me. Please come with
me.

CHARLOTTE

Where?

SCOTT

To Juhring.

CHARLOTTE

...Juhring?

SCOTT

...She used to go there sometimes,
to think. Something about the
trees seemed to give her
clarity...

PRE-LAP: The sound of wind through the trees.

EXT. JUHRING FOREST - 6:00 AM

The peaceful crest of a golden hill overlooking the forest. We hold on this a beat until very slowly - a line of Police Officers rises from the other side of the hill to the top.

ANGLE ON: In a nearby parking lot, a Police Officer hands out plastic whistles to a group of volunteers.

ANGLE ON: Throngs of volunteers sift through the forest, carefully eyeing every inch of the ground - every dead leaf, every fallen log.

Among the people sifting are Charlotte and Scott - both wearing rubber gloves.

They walk in silence for a few beats. Then they dig some more. Charlotte's fingers plunge into the moist earth. She feels like she's going to be sick. Scott gently puts his hand on her back.

CHARLOTTE

Do we really hope to find something? What are we looking for? An earring? A clue? How do you search for something you don't want to find?!

In the distance, they hear a series of WHISTLES...

...Scott looks up, his eyes filled with doom.

EXT. FIELD - SAME TIME

Detectives Riley and Gaskill walk over to a group of Officers and a Forensics Team gathered near a farmhouse.

RILEY

What do we have?

The Officers part as Scott and Charlotte - out of breath - appear near Riley and Gaskill.

SCOTT AND CHARLOTTE'S POV: A black cloth lies on the ground displaying a mess of small dug-up bones and dirt.

FORENSIC ANTHROPOLOGIST

It's a femur, a skull, some phalanges. Neonate.

A moment.

FORENSIC ANTHROPOLOGIST

An infant.

Charlotte turns to Scott as he processes the discovery.

TUESDAY: 4:35 P.M. COMMUTER TRAIN

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS, DOBBS FERRY

A train reaches the signal-crossing.

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON: A local newspaper with a photo of Megan underneath a headline: **"Missing Woman, a Child Killer?"**

Anna sits at the kitchen counter. She hovers over the paper - holding it in one hand - and a mug of tea in the other.

Despite the mug's presence, it never rises to Anna's mouth. The article is her primary focus.

A hand falls on Anna's shoulder. She jumps. The erratic movement causes tea to spill onto the paper.

TOM

Wow. Settle down.

Anna shoots Tom a WTF-look.

ANNA

Listen to this: "Sources say missing Dobbs Ferry woman - Megan Hipwell - may have been involved in the unlawful killing of her own child seven years ago. Detectives are operating under the belief that this may have been the motive for Hipwell's disappearance."

(directly to Tom)

This is the woman we let care for our child! This is the woman we gave spare keys to. Jesus Christ.

TOM

Give that to me.

Tom takes the paper from Anna and tosses it in the trash. It's an empty gesture for Anna.

ANNA

We need to leave this house. This street.

TOM

Can we not do this?

ANNA

You might be able to pretend this is still our little haven, but I can't. I can't stay in this house, on this road, knowing what's happened.

TOM

You know, if it was up to me, we'd move. And you also know that it's not financially--

ANNA

I can't believe you give that woman alimony. For what?

TOM

Well I guess it kind of comes with the territory.

ANNA

(trying to process)

How could I have let Megan near our baby!

TOM

You couldn't have known. You just can't tell what goes on with these people. They have secrets we'll never know.

Something strange flashes in Anna's eyes.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

LONG SHOT: Charlotte and Scott, under a large umbrella, walk together along the tracks. We hear their conversation in VOICE-OVER.

SCOTT

(v.o.)

Did you see the papers?

CHARLOTTE

(v.o.)

It's ridiculous. I don't think anybody actually believes them.

ANGLE ON: Charlotte and Scott have taken shelter under an awning.

SCOTT

...It's true though.

CHARLOTTE

What?

SCOTT

Not the way they say it happened.
But that Megan had a baby, years
before we even met. She was
overwhelmed with exhaustion from
staying up all night - the endless
crying. She fell asleep in the
bathtub.

CHARLOTTE

Jesus.

SCOTT

After she told me about her baby
drowning, I always felt guilty for
pushing when I knew how fucked up
it would've been for her to try
again...

Hearing this gives Charlotte goosebumps. They look at one
another. Scott kisses Charlotte.

SCOTT

Is this weird?

Charlotte walks away. As she walks, she trails her hand
behind her, grabbing Scott's finger with hers. She pulls
him into her and they kiss in the rain on the open train
tracks.

ANNA

(pre-lap)
July 5th: 1:37 PM, 2:15 PM, 11:00
PM. July 6th...

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME RAINY DAY

Anna stands with Riley in the hallway. Anna reads from a
stapled phone bill covered in red underlines.

ANNA

You get the point. She won't stop
calling.

Anna hands the phone bill to Riley.

RILEY

These are all from an Unknown
number.

ANNA

Unknown is Charlotte Watson. I'm
not out to get her.

I even hesitated coming here. But we don't feel safe.

RILEY

Are you absolutely sure that your husband doesn't want these calls and texts?

ANNA

She's harassing us!

RILEY

You have the log of the calls. But you don't know what she says to him...

ANNA

(thrown off)

Believe me, he wouldn't get near her.

RILEY

Well, you might have a case for harassment in the second degree, but I'll tell you right now, it's not a cut-and-dry case. They're phone calls, not threats. However, if you can bring us something more solid...

ANNA

Like what?

RILEY

Evidence.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUHRING FOREST - DAY

The storm continues. It's day-time, but the woods are empty and dark. Thunder BOOMS. The rain POURS.

Some of the lower parts of the forest have started to flood.

A puddle of water brushes aside some soil as it spreads, revealing something that was just underneath the soil: an open palm in the dirt - as if rising. It's a human hand.
IT'S MEGAN'S HAND.

EXT./INT. TOM AND ANNA'S HOME - DAY - **MEMORY**

STILL-LIFE, CLOSE-UP: A lush rose with rain drops perfectly placed on its petals.

STILL-LIFE: A front door, open just a crack.

STILL-LIFE: A brightly-lit hallway with a landscape painting hanging on one side of the wall.

STILL-LIFE: A bedroom, with beams of sun from the window falling across the sisal rug.

CHARLOTTE

(pre-lap)

In the fleeting moments that I didn't miss Tom, I missed our home.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH OF ST. LUKE'S, ROOM - DAY

A group of people sit in a circle in the center of the room. Everyone's eyes are on Charlotte. Louise sits beside her.

CHARLOTTE

So one day - spurred on by a deadly assortment of liquors - I decided to go home.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S BEDROOM - DAY - **MEMORY**

We're back in the last still-life.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

The front door had been open. I didn't break in.

Now though, we see the scene from a different angle: Charlotte stands in the doorway, lost in thought.

From a different room, a baby starts to cry. Charlotte snaps back to reality and walks down the hall, towards the crying.

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S NURSERY - MOMENTS LATER - **MEMORY**

Evie cries softly in her crib. Charlotte appears overhead. Charlotte watches as Evie wiggles about.

Charlotte picks Evie up...

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER - **MEMORY**

Anna sits at the kitchen table. In front of her is a baby monitor, a label-maker and a dozen different antiques: vases, photo frames, and small sculptures. Classical music plays from the computer.

Anna carefully and very precisely cuts labels.

She glances up at the baby monitor, notices the POWER light is OFF. She reaches over and turns it ON.

As Anna does so, Charlotte scurries past behind her through the hall, unnoticed.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOM AND ANNA'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER - **MEMORY**

Charlotte steps out through the sliding doors, cradling Evie.

CHARLOTTE

(vo)

I sound crazy, but I was honestly just trying to calm her down. I wasn't...

Charlotte nears the rose garden. Evie starts crying again. A train is heard in the distance.

INT. CHURCH OF ST. LUKE'S, ROOM - DAY

Charlotte glances up, back at her audience.

CHARLOTTE

I wasn't going to hurt her.

Looking back at Charlotte are many surprisingly supportive faces.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Charlotte walks into her apartment, soaking wet. She tosses her umbrella in a can by the door.

Val sits on the couch, watching TV. Val turns to Charlotte.

VAL

They found that girl.

Charlotte looks from Val to the TV screen.

A Reporter appears in the field near the forest. Around him are a slew of other news vans, Reporters, and Police Officers.

REPORTER

(on the TV)

That is correct, police have confirmed the body of a young woman found partially-submerged in Juhring Forest as that of missing Dobbs Ferry woman - Megan Hipwell. This is certainly a tragic turn for the case, which is still an open investigation.

Charlotte is in a state of shock as water drips down from her rain coat. She doubles over - about to vomit.

EXT. SCOTT AND MEGAN'S HOUSE - SAME EVENING

Charlotte rushes to Scott's front door and RINGS the doorbell. She waits for a response. There is none.

Charlotte RINGS the doorbell over and over again, but still nothing.

She begins to POUND on the door.

CHARLOTTE

Scott! Scott! Open up!

Charlotte gives up. She turns and begins to walk back down the driveway.

Charlotte sees Anna walking towards her. Anna stops dead in her tracks. The two women hold one another's gaze for a moment: A stand off.

Then Anna briskly walks four doors down to her home. As Charlotte watches Anna, the sight causes something to dawn on her...

EXT. DOBBS FERRY STREETS - NIGHT, **FLASHBACK**

That Tuesday night.

Charlotte is on the ground of the underpass. She looks up at a woman running away from her. The woman stops running and slowly begins to turn around...But it's not Anna...It's someone else. **Is it Megan?**

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A pair of boxers ride up a man's leg.

CLOSE ON: A shirt slides over a back.

CLOSE ON: A pant devours a leg.

Anna - wearing a satin nightie - lies in bed. She watches as Tom gets dressed.

Tom sits at the end of the bed, buttoning up a dress shirt for work. He catches Anna staring.

TOM
What?

ANNA
I'm jealous.

TOM
You're kidding.

ANNA
No, I am.

A moment.

ANNA
I miss going to work, having a job.

TOM
You can have mine.

ANNA

You know, I don't know if I'll ever be able to have a job again.

TOM

Real Estate is skyrocketing, of course you will.

ANNA

Because I'll never be able to trust a nanny again. I don't care how qualified she is.

Tom adjusts his tie. Anna focuses on the sight of her husband - partially dressed - and her energy shifts.

ANNA

Do you remember that display home with the ivy all over it on Rowen Street? When I used to watch you get ready to go back to her?

TOM

That was always hard.

ANNA

I miss it.

TOM

Being a real estate agent?

ANNA

Being your mistress. All the secrets, the lies...

Tom turns to her. He leans his head in and pauses - their lips just an inch apart.

ANNA

I was irresistible. You couldn't help betray your wife for me.

They look into each other's eyes.

ANNA

Do you remember what you used to say to me when I would tell you this whole thing was insane?

Tom smiles as he French kisses Anna and speaks to her at the same time.

TOM

Don't expect me to be sane for
you.

Anna remembers something. Her mood shifts.

ANNA

She was around here yesterday.

TOM

(off her look)
I'm booking us a flight to France.
We'll take Evie for a week. I'll
tell work your mother's dying...

Anna leans forward and rests her head on Tom's shoulder.
They look at each other in the mirror in front of them.

ANNA

You're a good a liar.

Something darker flashes in Anna's eyes.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY

Charlotte finishes running. She bends over, trying to
catch her breath. She sees a New York Post on the ground.
The headline reads: "INVESTIGATION CONTINUES AS FAMILY
MOURNS." There is a photo of a well-attended, candle-lit
vigil for Megan in the park.

Charlotte's phone RINGS. She's so focused on reading, she
doesn't even look at the Caller I.D. She just puts it to
her ear.

TOM

(on the phone)
Hey.

Charlotte is surprised to hear her ex-husband's voice.

CHARLOTTE

(warmed)
Hey...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT NEXT TO LAKE - AFTERNOON

Tom and Charlotte sit in Tom's parked car, looking out
over the lake.

Charlotte looks down at Tom's hand on the arm rest. You could cut the air with a knife. The chemistry between them is palpable.

TOM

Anna used to talk about Megan being afraid of that guy. They'd fight a lot...

CHARLOTTE

Afraid of Scott? You don't need to worry about me.

TOM

But I do.

CHARLOTTE

I'm getting things back on track. I'm sober, I'm running...And Val's talking about getting me a job interview.

TOM

You look great...Pretty.

A moment of frisson.

TOM

And things are all right financially?

CHARLOTTE

I'm fine. Thank-you for the checks.

Tom shifts. He pulls his wallet out of his back pocket and opens it. He takes out a few hundred dollar bills and extends them to Charlotte.

TOM

Here.

CHARLOTTE

Really, I'm okay.

TOM

Please, just take it.

Charlotte still doesn't take it. So Tom reaches over and stuffs the bills into her jacket pocket. It's sweet and awkward. They laugh.

CHARLOTTE

I still miss you.

TOM
 Promise me you'll stay away from
 Scott.

ON CHARLOTTE: Looking into Tom's eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Anna sits at a table with a glass of red wine. She takes a sip - pensive for a beat.

She opens a laptop. The log-in screen appears with TOM'S USER-NAME already filled out, a photo of him in the bubble above it. Anna stares at the blank space next to the PASSWORD header. She lets out a deep breath, thinks for a second--

--She types "EVIE" and then ENTER. A message POPS UP: "PASSWORD INCORRECT."

Anna tries again: "ANNA," and presses ENTER. The same "PASSWORD INCORRECT" message pops up.

Anna takes another sip of her wine, thinks about it a second. She types in "SCARLETTJOHANSSON," but it's met with the same result.

Her password spree continues:

--"RANGERS"...PASSWORD INCORRECT

--"PATRIOTS"...PASSWORD INCORRECT

--"85967"...PASSWORD INCORRECT

--"28335"...PASSWORD INCORRECT

Stumped, Anna takes another sip of her wine. She thinks of something. She picks up her glass, downs the remaining wine.

She types "CHARLOTTE," but she hesitates a beat. She sighs, then hits ENTER. This time, she's relieved when she is met with the "PASSWORD INCORRECT" message.

Tom's keys RATTLE outside. *Shit.*

Anna slams the laptop shut and quickly races across the room, knocking over a chair in the process. Evie starts to CRY from her crib.

Anna shoves the laptop back into Tom's bag and composes herself just as the front door opens.

In the doorway, Tom smiles at her. He glances at the fallen chair, then back at Anna.

CUT TO:

INT. MEGAN AND SCOTT'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Charlotte steps into Scott's dark house.

CHARLOTTE

Scott?

Charlotte peers into the living room, where a looped video of Megan's upside down face - trying to do a headstand - plays. Megan's beautiful eyes look into the camera, laughing. It's eerie.

Charlotte turns and sees Scott's iPad lying discarded on the couch. It too is playing a looped video of Megan.

CHARLOTTE

...Scott?

Charlotte peers through a cracked door into Scott's study. She pushes the door open further, revealing Scott in a high-back chair - his back to Charlotte, staring out the window as a train jolts past.

Charlotte puts her purse down and walks towards him.

SCOTT

(from behind the
chair)

Detectives got the DNA results
back from the baby. Not the one in
the field, the new one.

(turning in the chair
towards Charlotte)

Turns out, it's not mine. Or Dr.
Abdic's.

Scott gives Charlotte a horrible smile. He chuckles.

SCOTT

My whore of a wife confide in you
about a third man?

Charlotte goes to pick up her purse, but Scott jumps up and grabs it first. He tosses the purse across the room.

SCOTT

Sit down.

Charlotte hesitates a moment, then takes a seat.

CHARLOTTE

I don't know what's going on but--

SCOTT

All that's going on is me asking you - Megan's good friend - about her other lovers.

Charlotte's stomach sinks. She's been found out. He knows.

SCOTT

Admit it!

CHARLOTTE

Admit what?

SCOTT

That you never even fucking met my wife! That everything you've said to me is a lie!

Tears start to run down Charlotte's face.

SCOTT

What's wrong with you?? Who does this??

CHARLOTTE

In some weird way, I was honestly trying to help. I needed--

Scott's had enough. He throws his beer bottle at the wall. It SHATTERS. Charlotte jumps.

CHARLOTTE

I needed to tell you about Dr. Abdic, and you wouldn't have believed me if I was just some girl on a train.

SCOTT

So this was all just you being a good samaritan? Well thanks, you know, for all the help! Getting Dr. Abdic to point the finger at me! Getting the cops to think you and I are having an affair!

Charlotte's phone - from inside her purse - BINGS. Scott grabs her purse. It looks like he might be handing it back to Charlotte, but instead, he empties it onto the table.

SCOTT

Let's see what else you're lying about.

Scott sifts through the contents: Charlotte's lipstick, keys, tampax, credit card receipts...**Her phone.**

INSERT PHONE DISPLAY: "This is to confirm your appointment with Dr. Abdic on Monday, 18th, August at 4:30 PM."

Charlotte tries to read Scott's expression. He looks up at her, his face red.

Scott grabs Charlotte by the arm. She YELPS. He violently pulls her out of the study, back into the hallway.

Scott swings a door open and shoves Charlotte inside. Charlotte hits the floor as Scott SLAMS the door shut.

INT. SCOTT'S SPARE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte runs back to the door.

CHARLOTTE

Scott! I'm sorry...

She struggles with the door knob, but the door doesn't budge. **It's locked.**

She looks around the room. There's no other doors, no windows, no easy escape route. There's no furniture either - just boxes scattered and piled about - like a large storage closet.

Charlotte sees an open box, full of old photos. She searches through it - glossy images of Megan and Scott. She flicks through a few more, when suddenly something **cuts** her finger. She pulls her finger back - and upon inspection - sees a bubble of blood forming at the wound.

She looks back into the box and carefully pulls back another picture, revealing the culprit: a framed wedding photo, previously smashed, with a piece of glass missing from its top. **Megan's face has been slashed out with a red marker!**

We hear FOOTSTEPS as Scott approaches the locked door.

Scott opens the door and stands in the doorway, holding Charlotte's purse. He looks at the blood now running down her hand to the floor.

SCOTT

You trying to do my job for me?
I should break your fucking
neck...

Scott takes a step towards her.

Behind her back, Charlotte holds the shard of broken glass. Her grip on it tightens. It slices into her hand. Sweat pours down her face. Scott's energy shifts.

SCOTT

Get out of my house. Get the hell
out of my house!

Charlotte slowly walks towards him, worried that it's a trick.

Once she gets close enough to Scott, she rips her purse from him and runs for the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOBBS FERRY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Charlotte rushes away down the street. She's shaken.

She pulls her phone out from her bag - along with Detective Gaskill's business card. Her hands shake as she dials the number listed on the card.

She presses CALL and puts the phone up to her ear.

CHARLOTTE

(takes a deep breath)
This is Charlotte Watson.

RILEY

(cold)
What can I do for you?

CHARLOTTE

It's about Scott Hipwell. He
threatened me.

RILEY

What were you doing with him?

CHARLOTTE

(thrown off)

I'm just trying to tell you that he's dangerous. I'm trying to help you.

RILEY

Excuse me, Mrs. Watson, for taking this with a grain of salt but you've lied to us every step of the way. You're not helping this investigation. You're jeopardizing it!

Charlotte tries not to give into her emotions.

CHARLOTTE

You're not going to do anything about this?!

RILEY

If you want, you can come into the station tomorrow morning and fill out a statement. But I--

Charlotte hangs up the phone, determined.

CUT TO:

INT. DOBBS FERRY POLICE STATION - LATER SAME NIGHT

Charlotte sits in an interrogation room. Her bloody hand is wrapped. Riley steps into the room and takes a seat across from Charlotte.

RILEY

All right. Let's start with your relationship to your "attacker" - Mr. Hipwell. Could you describe the nature of that relationship for me?

CHARLOTTE

We're friends.

RILEY

The kind of friends that sleep-over?

(off Charlotte's non-response)

Mrs. Watson, has Scott Hipwell stayed overnight at your apartment before?

CHARLOTTE

You need the context--

RILEY

Then please, give me context. See, right now, I'm trying to determine when this close "friendship" between you and Mr. Hipwell started - before or after his pregnant wife was murdered? I mean, you were neighbors at one point, right?

CHARLOTTE

I met him after...

RILEY

After being questioned by police? That doesn't sound suspicious to you? That after being questioned by detectives, you befriend another, even more obvious suspect - the grieving spouse of the victim - and then at your prompting, manage to get him to incriminate himself time and time again.

CHARLOTTE

I want a lawyer.

RILEY

But isn't that why you're here? To convince us that Scott's our man? That he's capable of killing his wife?

Charlotte gets up and Riley slams her hands onto the table, startling Charlotte.

RILEY

(fuming)

Stop lying to me and tell me what happened on that Tuesday night! Tell me how you murdered Megan Hipwell!

Charlotte is terrified. The door swings open and Detective Gaskill walks in.

GASKILL

Riley, that's enough.
(to Charlotte)

I'll see your statement is filed
Mrs. Watson. You're free to go.

Charlotte exits hastily. Riley shoots Gaskill a furious look.

EXT. DOBBS FERRY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Charlotte - trying to repress a total meltdown - steps outside into the misty night air.

She eyes a glowing neon sign in the distance: "BAR."

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL BAR - LATER

Charlotte is off the wagon. She downs an entire beer and clanks the glass down onto the counter, beside another - now empty - glass.

Charlotte opens up her CONTACTS on her phone. She scrolls down to Tom. A photo of Tom appears. Charlotte stares at it. She hesitates a beat, then hits DIAL. Tom's outgoing message plays.

Charlotte eyes a bottle of Vodka behind the counter. Her eyes search for the Bartender and finds him taking an order from the **Red-Headed Man**.

Charlotte cannot believe it. She immediately hangs up her phone, and approaches the Red-Headed Man.

CHARLOTTE

You're real.

RED-HEADED MAN

I think so?

The Red-Headed Man laughs a beat, then realizes Charlotte isn't laughing back. He catches onto how serious she is.

LATER: Charlotte sits with the Red-Headed Man. There's another beer in front of her.

CHARLOTTE

What happened?

RED-HEADED MAN

We met in the station. You slipped on the stairs and I helped you up.

We hung out, I invited you here
for a drink, but you said you had
to meet with your husband...

CHARLOTTE

...And that was it?

The Red-Headed Man steals a sip of his beer.

RED-HEADED MAN

About half an hour later, I was
heading to the underpass, back
towards the station, and I found
you on the ground. You must've
fallen over or something. And it
looked like you had cut yourself.

Charlotte runs her fingers over the bump on her head.

FLASH INSERT: Charlotte's skull crushes against the
concrete wall of the underpass.

Charlotte looks at the Red-Headed Man - Did he crush her
skull...?!

INSERT, MEMORY: It's night. The Red-Headed Man is
spotting Charlotte as she balances on a train track -
like a balance beam. She falls into the Red-Headed Man's
arms. They laugh. He kisses her. Charlotte gently pushes
him off her, and stumbles away, back towards the station.

INSERT, MEMORY: The Red-Headed Man kneels beside
Charlotte in the underpass, trying to calm her down as
she cries.

RED-HEADED MAN

I offered to take you home, but
you were crying. You were pretty
upset about something. I think it
was about your husband because I
saw a man walk off down the
street, and a woman getting into a
car with him.

Charlotte takes this in, trying to place the memory.

The Red-Headed Man picks up his beer and finishes it.
Charlotte slides her beer - barely touched - over to him.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Charlotte is fast asleep, leaning against the window. Through the window, we see a blur of homes, then some woods.

Charlotte stirs in her sleep as the train rocks her slightly back-and-forth.

Charlotte **DREAMS:**

EXT. TRAIN UNDERPASS - **DREAM**

Charlotte stands in the underpass, drunkenly swaying.

Tom marches towards her and SLAPS Charlotte across the mouth.

Then, gripping his keys in his fist, he raises his fist, and SMASHES the serrated metal into Charlotte's skull.

A flash of searing pain...

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Charlotte's eyes shoot open...

She wakes, choking. She finally sees the memory, very clearly. Her heart is in her throat.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Anna sits on her bed with Tom's laptop. On screen is the same log-in screen as before. Beside Anna is a notebook covered in potential passwords. All of them are crossed-out except one: "BBruins." She's trying to crack it again.

In the password entry-field, Anna types in "BBRUINS," then presses ENTER. The "PASSWORD INCORRECT" message pops up.

Anna stares at the screen for a moment, racking her mind for other potential password combinations...

...She turns to her bedside table and looks at the stack of magazines it has accumulated.

She notices a white sticker on the top magazine, curled up at the edges, with Anna's name and address stamped on it: "Anna Watson, 23 Briary Road, Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522."

She types "BRIARY" into the password entry-field and hits ENTER...

...The same "PASSWORD INCORRECT" message pops back up. She tries again, this time with "23 BRIARY." She hits ENTER...

...It's successful.

Anna pulls up Tom's e-mails on-screen. She scrolls down the inbox and then the Sent folder. There is a bunch of spam, a few e-mails from work, but nothing suspicious.

Anna sighs, relieved.

She closes the laptop and crawls off the bed. She places the laptop back into Tom's messenger bag.

She begins to pull the sheets off the bed. As she does so, her foot hits something poking out from under - it is Tom's gym bag.

Anna gets onto her knees and unzips the bag. She rummages through it, unsure of what she is even looking for. There's his gym towel, his iPod, his running shoes, and an old cellphone. The phone gives her pause.

She inspects it a second, then holds down its POWER button. It doesn't turn on.

She thinks of something.

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Anna opens a drawer. Inside is a tangled web of cords and chargers.

She takes the web over to a nearby wall outlet in the corner of the room. She gets onto her knees, untangles one of the chargers and tries to connect it to the old cellphone. It doesn't fit.

She tries another. This one is a perfect fit for the phone. She plugs the charger into the wall, and a second later, the phone powers ON.

Anna scrolls through its text history. There's nothing major, just dozens of texts from the same unidentified number. They say:

"Not today. Monday at 3?"

"Can't tomorrow."

"Wednesday could work."

"Friday, 4:30?"

Anna scrolls down through more messages. To the right of each message there are time stamps counting down to almost a year ago.

Anna hears the JANGLING of keys from outside.

She quickly stands, leaving the phone and charger in the wall.

Tom steps inside, slightly drunk. He looks at Anna who returns his gaze.

TOM

Well you look guilty.

ANNA

Doing auction stuff...

Tom slips his arms around her waist and pulls her into him. In the background, the cell phone buzzes and lights up with old missed texts.

TOM

(whispers)

Have you been up to no good?

His arm glides down her back. Anna tries to pull back.

ANNA

Yes...I have...

Tom kisses her. It's sloppy, but passionate. He unbuttons her pants.

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Anna stares at Tom, watching his sleepy chest rise and fall. When she is satisfied that he is completely asleep, Anna quietly slips out of bed.

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Anna - wearing a white nightgown - stands in the kitchen with the cell phone. She turns the phone over and over in her hand, debating what to do.

Finally, she hits the CONTACTS icon, but the only contacts are EMERGENCY and VOICE-MAIL. She hits the VOICE-MAIL entry, then places the phone to her ear.

VOICE

(from the phone)

No new messages. No saved messages. To change your voice-mail greeting, please press ONE now. To hear your current voice-mail greeting, please press TWO.

Anna walks over to the sliding glass doors at the back of the kitchen. She unlocks the door, slides it back, and steps out into the rose garden. Her white nightgown is in stark contrast against the black night.

EXT. TOM AND ANNA'S BACK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Anna hits the number TWO, then returns it to her ear.

There's a BEEP, then:

MEGAN

(on the phone)

Hi, it's Megan. Leave a message.

Anna stops in her tracks. She recognizes the voice immediately. The wind's been hit out of her.

VOICE

(from the phone)

To replay the greeting, press TWO.
To record a new greeting, press--

Anna hits the number TWO again, presses the phone against her ear, even harder this time.

MEGAN

(on the phone)

Hi, it's Megan. Leave a message.

Above Anna, the upstairs bedroom light turns on. Anna looks up at the lit-up window. **Shit.**

INT. TRAIN - SAME TIME

Charlotte is still fixed to her seat - shaking - as more memories flood back to her:

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN UNDERPASS - **FLASHBACK**

Anna - in a blue dress - walks away from the underpass, towards Tom's car.

FLASH.

It's not a blue dress, it's now jeans and a red top as Anna walks away towards the car again.

And it's not Anna getting into Tom's car, **it's Megan.**

CUT TO:

EXT. TOM AND ANNA'S BACK YARD - SAME NIGHT

Panicked, Anna runs over to the fence and hurls the cell phone over it.

The phone lands near the embankment, not far from the tracks.

Behind Anna, the glass doors slide open and Tom steps outside.

TOM

You okay?

There's a moment of silence between them. Anna's unsure how to respond.

ANNA

I thought I heard someone outside.

Neither makes the attempt to bridge the distance between them.

TOM

You should've woken me up if you heard something.

ANNA

I just--

TOM
Come back to bed.

Anna doesn't move for a moment. She's unsure of what this all means, what she's walking into. In the house, Evie starts to cry. Anna's maternal instinct kicks in. She takes a breath of courage and walks across the distance to Tom.

CUT TO: WHITE.

FADE IN:

EXT. TOM AND ANNA'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Birds chirp. Charlotte stands at Anna's front door. She rings the doorbell. There is no answer.

Charlotte walks around the side of the house.

EXT. TOM AND ANNA'S BACKYARD - SAME MOMENT

Anna waters the roses with Evie in her arms. She looks like hell. Her face is pale and make up-less, her eyes blood-shot red.

Charlotte appears from the side of the house. Anna glances over at her, then turns back to her gardening. She's remarkably calm about Charlotte's presence.

CHARLOTTE
Where's Tom?

ANNA
Out.

Charlotte takes a few steps towards Anna.

CHARLOTTE
Have you ever met any of Tom's friends? Have you ever even met his parents?

ANNA
I know he's a good liar. He did manage to keep you clueless for a few months while we fucked our brains out.

Anna's words sting Charlotte. Charlotte takes a beat, then continues.

CHARLOTTE

Megan...

ANNA

I know about the affair...

CHARLOTTE

That he killed her?

ANNA

(furious)

Don't you dare say that.

A train rattles by in the background. Charlotte turns to look at it.

ANNA

You like them, don't you? The trains?

(beat)

I hate them.

Anna gives Charlotte a half-smile, then tries to return to her gardening. Charlotte recalls something.

CHARLOTTE

Tom told me you loved the house, everything about it. Even the trains.

ANNA

Well that's complete bullshit. I've been trying to get Tom to sell this house forever.

Anna stops gardening a moment, realizes something.

ANNA

So all those phone calls...

(beat)

They weren't from you? I mean, I know some of them were, but some--

CHARLOTTE

...Were from Megan? Yeah, I guess so.

Evie lets out a HAPPY SQUEAL. Anna smiles at her, then turns to Charlotte.

ANNA

I suppose the baby, her baby, was his.

Charlotte looks sick entertaining this thought. Anna turns back to Evie, a sadness rising within her.

Anna starts to CRY. Charlotte puts her arm around her.

CHARLOTTE

I think we should go.

Anna tries to calm herself down, wiping the tears from her eyes.

ANNA

I'm not leaving him. I mean, it's hardly the first time Tom's had an affair.

CHARLOTTE

You know this isn't about the affair, Anna. I know that deep down, you know that.

ANNA

(in a whisper)
We don't know anything.

Anna swallows.

ANNA

You love him. You do. And you know, *you know* this isn't possible. He just couldn't have done this. You couldn't love a man who would do that, could you?

CHARLOTTE

But I did.
(beat)
We did.

Anna looks at Charlotte as Charlotte wipes a tear away from Anna's cheek. Then, Charlotte's expression shifts. She's caught sight of something behind Anna. Something that's draining her face of all its color.

Anna turns over her shoulder, trying to see what it is. It's **Tom**, through the kitchen window, watching them.

Anna begins to race towards the house. Charlotte jumps up and chases after her.

CHARLOTTE

Anna, wait!

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Anna and Tom embrace, with Evie between them. Tom's mouth is pressed against Anna's head, but he's looking at Charlotte, entering the kitchen through the sliding doors.

Tom steps away from Anna, with Evie in his arms, towards Charlotte. Anna turns to Charlotte.

ANNA

Charlotte--

CHARLOTTE

(to Tom)

I saw you. You think I don't remember anything, but I do. *I saw you.*

Tom shoots a glance at Anna, but she looks away from him.

CHARLOTTE

I saw you, after you hit me. You left me there, in the underpass...

TOM

Bullshit.

(to Anna)

I've never laid a finger on her in my life. Not like that anyway.

CHARLOTTE

You got into the car with her. I watched you go.

Tom turns back to Charlotte, furious.

TOM

With who?!

CHARLOTTE

Megan.

TOM

(laughs)

Last time we talked, you told me it was Anna who you saw get into the car with me. Now it's Megan?

Anna looks to Charlotte.

ANNA

You're not sure?

TOM

Of course she's not sure! She's making this up.

Anna is unsure who to believe at this point.

ANNA

I found the phone, Tom. So please, don't lie.

Tom realizes he is caught.

TOM

(to Anna)

...You were just so fucking tired all the time. Everything was about Evie.

Tom looks down at Evie, cradled in his arms.

TOM

(to Evie)

Isn't that right? It was all about you, wasn't it?

He tickles Evie. In response, she GIGGLES. Tom looks back to Anna.

TOM

And Megan was game.

ANNA

Jesus Christ.

INSERT, MEMORY: Charlotte now sees, clearly out the train window, that it is Tom kissing Megan!

TOM

It was...

(beat)

Well, you remember what it was like, don't you? In the beginning, when we used to go to that house on Rowen?

Anna can't bring herself to look at him.

TOM

(to Charlotte)

You have no idea how exhausting it is, coping with women like you. And fuck, I tried so hard to help you. Both of you. But you both can be so incredibly weak.

Do you have any idea how boring you became, Charlotte? Too sad to get out of bed in the morning, too tired to take a shower? I mean, Jesus, it's no wonder.

ANNA

Were you sleeping with her while she was here, working? While she was looking after our daughter?

TOM

I thought it might be fun to have her around. To have you and her in the same house. Now, I realize though, kind of a bad idea. I didn't know about what she was. I would never ever have let her look after Evie if I'd known what she did to her own baby.

Anna's had enough.

She jumps to her feet, her chair CLATTERS onto the kitchen floor. The noise wakes Evie who starts to CRY.

ANNA

Give her to me!!

Tom backs away from Anna and tries rocking Evie back into slumber. He takes a few steps into the living room.

TOM

(whisper)

Shhh.

With Tom distracted, Charlotte grabs Anna and drags her back outside, through the sliding doors.

EXT. TOM AND ANNA'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Charlotte looks into Anna's eyes.

CHARLOTTE

You have to calm down.

Anna begins shaking her head in disbelief at everything that is going down.

CHARLOTTE

Anna!

Anna looks into Charlotte's eyes and nods. Anna slips back inside.

Charlotte pulls out her phone and steals a glance over her shoulder. She sees Tom and Anna, talking inside.

Charlotte walks a few steps away from the house - out of the view of the kitchen window.

Her hands trembling, she begins to dial the police - 9-1--

Suddenly, Tom KICKS Charlotte hard in the back. The phone flies from her grasp...

...Charlotte hits the ground and rolls onto her back, the wind's been knocked out of her...

...Tom picks up the phone. He walks back to Charlotte, towering over her.

TOM

Now, Chuck, let's not do anything stupid.

Charlotte starts to get back up to her feet. She's disoriented. Tom grabs her by the arm and forcefully drags her back towards the house.

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Cradling Evie with one arm and dragging Charlotte with the other, Tom pushes Charlotte away from him and she stumbles, falling to the ground. She collects herself, looks up at the doorway, but Tom is blocking it.

He is standing above her - as he was in the underpass, as he was that night with the wine bottle.

TOM

Megan was like you. She wouldn't listen...

Charlotte stares at him, terrified and disgusted at the same time.

CUT TO **FLASHBACK:**

EXT. STREET NEAR UNDERPASS - NIGHT, **FLASHBACK**

It's that night.

Megan - carrying her overnight bag - passes the train station, staring at her phone. She is waiting for a text or a call, but nothing comes.

The underpass looms in the distance in front of her. Suddenly, Tom emerges from the dark. He's striding, his fists clenched.

Megan looks up from her phone, sees him.

MEGAN

Tom!

Tom stops. His face is full of rage. He walks towards her.

MEGAN

What's--

TOM

We can't talk here.

MEGAN

But I just needed to---

Tom grabs Megan's arm and tugs at her to follow him.

TOM

The car's over here, we'll drive somewhere quiet and we can talk there.

Tom gently pulls Megan towards his parked car.

As Megan approaches the car, she turns around, peers back into the dark underpass. She can almost make out something in the darkness, *someone* watching them...

EXT. JUHRING FOREST - SAME NIGHT, **FLASHBACK**

Tom's car drives through the woods.

INT. TOM'S CAR - SAME MOMENT, **FLASHBACK**

The car drives deeper and deeper into the woods. Megan stares out the window at the trees. There's a sadness to her.

She turns to Tom who is fixated on the road. She notices blood on his hand.

MEGAN

You've cut yourself.

Tom ignores her. He's pissed about something. His knuckles are white on the steering wheel.

MEGAN

I'm sorry, but you cut me off on the phone and I needed to talk to you...

TOM

(softly)

It's okay. I'm not...I'm mad about something else, it's not you.

(beat)

Problems with the ex.

MEGAN

What happened to your hand?

TOM

(with a nasty edge)

Problems with the ex.

The car rolls to a stop in a wooded clearing, overlooking the same lake that Tom brought Charlotte. The area's deserted.

Tom shuts off the engine and turns to Megan.

TOM

What was it you wanted to talk about?

Megan takes a deep breath, struggling with how to start this.

MEGAN

Can we go for a walk?

Tom sighs, frustrated. Nevertheless, he swings open the car door.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUHRING FOREST - MOMENTS LATER, **FLASHBACK**

Tom and Megan walk down a path through the trees. Megan leads. She's struggling with how to articulate something.

Finally, she stops and turns to face Tom. They're standing close together. Tom puts his hands around her waist - but it's more mechanical than passionate.

TOM

There. Is that what you want?

Megan pulls away.

MEGAN

No.

TOM

What then?

MEGAN

I'm pregnant.

Tom's face is blank. There's no reaction.

After a delay --

TOM

Congratulations.

MEGAN

I'm telling you because there's a chance...There's a chance it could be yours.

Tom stares at her a beat.

TOM

Oh? So what? We're going to run away? The three of us? You, me, and the baby?

Megan's silent a beat.

MEGAN

I just thought you should know.

TOM

Seriously, let's not be stupid about this. I don't need another kid, and - I'm sorry - but I don't think you're really motherhood material.

MEGAN

You can be as involved as you'd like--

TOM

Did you hear what I said? You'd be a terrible mother.

Tom turns and walks back to the car. Megan slowly starts to walk after him, then breaks into a run.

She reaches him and SHOVES HIM in the back. Tom turns to her.

Megan starts hitting him, trying to scratch his smug face, but he's laughing, fending her off with ease.

MEGAN

You asshole! Don't blame me because you're stuck in your god damn awful life, married to a boring wife and father to an ugly fucking brat! You know that you're failing them. And you know that I'm the best your pencil dick's ever gonna get. I'm not going away.

Tom stops laughing, picks up a rock. He comes towards her, the rock in-hand.

Megan looks at him, unafraid.

MEGAN

What? You're gonna hit me now?

Tom smashes the rock into Megan's skull. Megan falls backwards, hits the forest ground. Dead leaves CRUNCH beneath her.

She's dizzy and disoriented. Her mouth fills with blood.

Megan CRIES OUT. It's a horrible noise, heavy with the blood collecting in her throat.

She starts trying to crawl away, crunching on branches and dead leaves as she moves...

...Above her, Tom watches as she tries to escape, listening to her horrible noises. A resolve settles on his face.

He has to finish this. His hand grips the rock tightly once more...

CUT OUT OF
FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S GARAGE - DAY

Charlotte is on the floor, leaning against the car. Tom is still standing over her, cradling Evie.

TOM

I was almost sure the police would go for Scott, even without any prompting. Megan told me how paranoid he was about her screwing around.

(beat)

I was planning, at some point, to put her phone back in his house. I thought I might just stop by for a beer or something, some friendly neighbor sorta thing. I hadn't really thought it all through. I mean this obviously wasn't pre-meditated, it was just an accident. A terrible accident.

Tom walks over to an old fridge in the garage. He opens the door, revealing an assortment of beers.

TOM

Want a beer?

Charlotte doesn't react.

TOM

Probably for the best.

Tom bends down and grabs a beer for himself. As he does so, Charlotte jumps up and makes a break for it.

Charlotte races to the doorway, she's almost there when...

...Tom SMASHES the beer bottle into the back of her head...

...Charlotte falls to the ground, shards of brown-tinted glass sprinkle onto the cement floor around her.

Charlotte **passes out**.

Tom stands over her, still cradling Evie.

He looks at Charlotte who is unconscious. Then he turns and looks at the trunk of his car...

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tom steps inside with Evie. He runs into Anna.

A SOUND comes from the garage. Tom hands Evie to her.

TOM

Go upstairs, put Evie to bed.

Tom heads back to the garage.

Anna presses Evie against her and walks over to the stairs.

But instead of walking up them, Anna sits on the bottom stair and waits, staring at the entrance to the garage.

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S GARAGE - SAME MOMENT

With great difficulty, Charlotte lifts her head from the ground.

Charlotte raises herself onto one elbow.

Tom walks around her, to his car. He POPS open the trunk.

TOM

You have to admit, you brought this on yourself. Think about it: if you had just left us alone, you'd never be in this situation. None of us would. If you hadn't been there that night, if Anna hadn't come running back after she saw you, then I'd probably have been able to sort things out with Megan. I wouldn't have lost my temper, and I wouldn't have hurt her. I wouldn't have had to do this...

Tom bends down to pick Charlotte up. Charlotte **knees him** in the face.

Tom stumbles back in pain. Blood pours from his nose.

Charlotte gets back onto her feet and makes a run for it.

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte bursts out of the garage, races through the living room and into the kitchen.

SHE GRABS SOMETHING FROM THE KITCHEN COUNTER, before running out the sliding doors into the backyard.

EXT. TOM AND ANNA'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte runs through the rose garden, towards the back fence and the train tracks.

Behind her, Tom bolts out of the house, chasing after her.

Charlotte reaches the fence and jumps onto it. Tom grabs her! Yanks her off the fence...

...Charlotte SCREAMS as she falls backwards onto the ground.

Tom drags Charlotte backwards, back to the house. She's struggling and screaming as he's pulling her hair.

Blood is trickling down from Tom's nose into his mouth.

TOM
(through the blood)
You fucking bitch!

Charlotte manages to escape Tom's grasp. But realizes there's nowhere to go.

She turns her back to the fence, facing Tom.

A train approaches in the distance.

Tom uses the back of his hand to wipe the blood from his face. He spits some of it out onto the ground.

He opens his mouth, says something to Charlotte - but it's INAUDIBLE under the ROAR of the incoming train.

CLOSE ON: In her fist, Charlotte clenches something...the item from the kitchen...

...A corkscrew.

Tom LUNGES at Charlotte...

...Charlotte swings at Tom, **jams the corkscrew into his neck.**

The train barrels past.

Tom raises his hands to his throat, his eyes staring straight at Charlotte. Blood spurts from his wound.

He falls to the ground, squirms in the dirt.

Charlotte turns to the train and watches it as it races past. Inside the lighted train windows, she sees faces - heads bent over books and phones. Commuters on their way home.

As the train vanishes, a silence re-fills the air. The only sounds are the WIND through the leaves and an occasional CHILD heard in the distance.

Anna walks out of the house towards a squirming Tom and a shell-shocked Charlotte.

As she reaches Tom, she falls to her knees beside him. She puts her hands on his bloody throat and begins to CRY.

CHARLOTTE

(gently)

You can't help him now.

Anna pays no attention to Charlotte. She just keeps tending to the wound...

...Then, as Charlotte approaches and looks more closely, she sees that Anna is not trying to stop the bleeding at all...

...Instead Anna is twisting the corkscrew deeper and deeper into Tom's neck!

INT. TOM AND ANNA'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Anna and Charlotte sit on the couch, side-by-side - drenched in Tom's blood, waiting for the police.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER SAME DAY

Two Police Officers lead Charlotte and Anna down a hallway, past a desk where Detective Riley sits.

Riley looks up and sees Charlotte. Charlotte turns back to Anna.

The Officers shepherd Anna and Charlotte into separate rooms for questioning. Just before they part, Anna gently touches Charlotte's arm.

EXT. TOM AND ANNA'S ROSE GARDEN - EARLIER SAME DAY,
FLASHBACK

Charlotte and Anna stand inside the tall forest of roses.

We HEAR the gentle sound of leaves and the distant sound of sirens.

Much softer - under these sounds - the women whisper to one another. While we hear their whispers in voice-overs, we see them wading through the flowers in slow motion.

ANNA

(v.o.)

I saw the whole thing. It was self-defense.

CHARLOTTE

(v.o.)

I had no choice.

ANNA

(v.o.)

You had to defend yourself.

CHARLOTTE

(v.o.)

You tried to save him...

The women fall into one another's arms, holding on for salvation - blood from their hands streaks their faces.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

We return to Anna and Charlotte being separated by the Police Officers.

As they are led into different rooms, Charlotte and Anna share one final glance.

They are now tied together - forever bound - by the stories they tell.

SIX MONTHS LATER

MONDAY: 5:45 P.M. COMMUTER TRAIN

EXT. TRAIN TRACK, DOBBS FERRY - MORNING

It lightly snows as a train slowly crawls by. We can see the windows with faces of the commuters looking out at us.

CHARLOTTE

(v.o.)

You can feel it, it's like the hum of electric lights, the change in the atmosphere as the train pulls up to the red signal. I'm not the only one who looks now...

A Woman in the train window points something out to another Woman.

CHARLOTTE

(v.o.)

...I don't suppose I ever was. Everyone does it - looks out at the houses they pass and imagines the life they've never lived...

STILL LIFE: Tom and Anna's now-empty garage. The shelves are barren. The fridge is open and hollow.

CHARLOTTE

(v.o.)

...Sometimes you hear people talk about it. "There! It's that one. No, no, the other one. On the left there, that house. With the roses! That's where it happened."

STILL LIFE: Megan and Scott's empty kitchen. The plate glass window reveals the wide view of the Hudson River - expansive and empty.

CHARLOTTE

(v.o.)

...The houses themselves are empty: Number 15 and number 23.

STILL LIFE: Tom and Anna's living room. The furniture is gone. A lone painting remains askew on the wall.

CHARLOTTE

(v.o.)

They're both on the market now...

INSERT: Charlotte walks briskly down the West Village street in the light snow - an art satchel over her shoulder. She seems, finally, self-possessed and grounded.

CHARLOTTE

(v.o.)

...I imagine the real estate agent shows mostly to a certain type of Buyer. A Buyer who is desperate to see it up close - the place where he fell and his blood soaked the earth. The place where his two wives sat, waiting for the police.

STILL LIFE: The rose garden in winter - unrecognizable and void of life. The branches and vines are barren.

CHARLOTTE

(v.o.)

...It's strange to think of them walking through the house. My house. Where I once lived a life. I try not to think about what came after...

INSERT: Charlotte sits on the crowded subway, watching the many beautiful, pained and human faces that fill the car.

CHARLOTTE

(v.o.)

...I try not to think about that night. I try, but I fail...

FLASH INSERT, DRAWING: Megan - wearing a blue dress - walks away from the train underpass, towards Tom's car.

FLASH INSERT, DRAWING: Tom, covered in dirt and blood, buries Megan's body near his car in the woods. The trunk is open.

EXT./INT. COLLECTIVE ART SPACE, DUMBO - DAY

ESTABLISH: A red-stone building - the Brooklyn Bridge towers in the near distance.

Inside, it's a busy coop studio space with dozens of stalls. In each, an artist slaves away.

CLOSE ON: A pencil carefully writes and shades words.

We PULL BACK to reveal it's part of a graphic novel. On the page is a familiar scene - a train full of commuters.

CHARLOTTE

(v.o.)

Still, I always look up whenever a train passes, because I love the sound...

Charlotte - with dried ink on her fingers - stands over her illustration -- pen in hand -- as she continues to delicately sketch the words onto the page: The same words we hear via voice-over...

CHARLOTTE

(v.o.)

...I watch the train speed or crawl by. But either way...

Behind Charlotte, several other graphic novel pages hang - each depicting a different scene from her life.

CHARLOTTE

(v.o.)

...I look at the passengers. I study their faces. The women. The men. Looking out at me...The life they imagine might be mine...

CLOSE ON: The title page of Charlotte's graphic novel reads, "The Girl on the Train," with a gorgeous and idiosyncratic self-portrait of Charlotte.

Charlotte looks out the window of her artist's stall. Through the light snow, she watches an elevated subway train pass - its windows full of women looking out, each with her own secret, her own story.

FADE OUT. *