

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NIGHT

'It's The End Of The World As We Know It' by R.E.M is playing at top volume inside a 17th floor hotel suite.

EMMA, early twenties, the most beautiful girl in the history of the planet, is in her underwear, dancing ecstatically as a man watches from the sofa (Mark, early thirties, Steve McQueen handsome). He is stock still, paralyzed with longing. The more intensely he focuses on her, the more she focuses in on herself.

She is backlit by the sunset seeping through floor to ceiling panes of glass. She pauses, smiles at him, lets him take in her full majesty.

And then she jumps out of the window.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TATE GALLERY LONDON, AFTERNOON

Emma is on a banquette at the Tate Gallery, which is crowded with school kids, art students in black, and the brightly patterned elderly. She's not beautiful anymore - just run down and passably pretty - but she is alive. Her death leap was a fantasy conjured by the painting in front of her. She adjusts her vision. The painting is 'Ophelia' by Millais. It depicts the spurned girl, lost to madness, singing as she drowns in her heavy robes, beside a riverbank of flowers.

EXT. LONDON, AFTERNOON

Emma hurries home past the Thames as the grey skies begin to drizzle.

INT. FORREST HOME, LONDON, EARLY EVENING

On the outside, it's a semi-detached house entirely without character, as pedestrian as any mentioned in a Kinks song.

Emma walks in, wet, bedraggled. Her DAD is at his laptop, going through a stack of legal papers, ticking off boxes, making notes. Though his accent is very British, with his beard and girth, he looks like the smallest Russian doll inside Francis Ford Coppola. He has that social awkwardness that English men pick up at boarding school, the breeding ground of eccentrics.

EMMA

Is the cat here yet?

He shakes his head, gesturing to an empty playhouse awaiting a cat.

She looks at all the things he's prepared to keep the cat comfortable, myriad pillows and toys.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What's the baggage allowance for American airlines?

Dad taps into Google. He likes being given tasks. She walks into the hallway and hangs up her coat and then into the kitchen where her MUM turns to face her. She's a few years older than her husband, and has a pretty face with a permanently worried expression, even when she's delivering good news. English, her accent is grander than her surroundings. She takes a loaf out of the oven and announces:

MUM

I'm feeling tremendously optimistic about gluten free bread.

DAD

[Calling from the living room] I want to taste it.

MUM

No.

DAD

Let me taste it?

MUM

No.

Sulking:

DAD

Everybody hates me.

Emma walks back into the living room to see what Dad came up with.

EMMA

So what is it?

He looks around, confused.

EMMA (CONT'D)

The baggage allowance?

His face falls. He got distracted.

DAD

I looked up pictures of Red Pandas.

He shows her his google results.

The doorbell rings and Dad segues to manic joy as he races to answer it.

DAD (CONT'D)

He's here! He's here!

He opens the door to find a Portuguese man holding a ginger kitten in a wire cat carrier.

PORTUGUESE MAN

Here he is.

INT.LIVING ROOM

The cat observes the family with deep suspicion. They're on the floor, trying to coax him to play, as Mum slices her bread.

EMMA

What are you going to call him?

DAD

Mark.

MUM

Alan!

Emma's eyes flash with pain. This is something not to be discussed.

MUM (CONT'D)

Pick something else.

He thinks. Racks his brains.

DAD

Mark.

Mum leaves the room in protest.

He pets the cat. Emma now eyes the cat with distrust.

EXT. CAR, MORNING

After tucking her suitcases in the boot, Emma gets in the back with her Mum.

As Dad comes towards the car, Mum has to point to his shirt pocket, reminding him the kitten is asleep inside it. Dad rushes back inside and puts him in his house. Then he locks up and they drive off.

Emma wishes she could be a kitten living in her parents pocket.

EXT. AIRPORT, MORNING

People are saying goodbye around them, the airport ritual writ large. Her mother hugs her.

MUM

Eight hours and you'll be back in  
your lovely apartment, on your  
pretty street.

Emma starts to cry, really cry, so others are glancing at her. It's just past the edge of being normal airport parting sadness.

MUM (CONT'D)

You don't have to go.

She just leans her head on her Mum's shoulder like a baby would.

Watching from the car, Dad is upset. He doesn't know what to do or say. After fumbling in the glove compartment for something, he gets out of the car and hands her a Kit-Kat. She takes it, kisses him and walks into the airport.

INT. AIRPLANE

Emma looks out the window to find they're somewhere across the Atlantic ocean.

She is watching the Obama family on T.V. Mark, the man from her death leap fantasy is on a T.V of the seat across the aisle - in fact several T.V's in these last rows are tuned to him. He's a CNN anchor/reporter. She closes her eyes. Re-opens and re-focuses on the smiling Obama children in front of her. The image transfixes her for a moment. It feels magical and special.

A man across the way is staring at her as she watches the family. He's looking for a way to start a conversation. He would be perfectly good looking if he didn't seem curdled with cynicism. His clothes are too expensive, his voice too loud.

MAN

You think he has a shot?

She opens her eyes. He's pointing at the screen.

EMMA

Yes.

Trying to cut off conversation doesn't work.

MAN

What do you do?

EMMA

I work at a non-profit dedicated to helping women in war torn countries.

He giggles.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Rwanda, Congo, Colombia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Iraq.

MAN

So you've been to all those places?

EMMA

No. [Embarrassed] I haven't been to any of them. I work out of the London office.

MAN

Why aren't you there, then?

Why is she explaining herself to this asshole, she wonders.

EMMA

I've taken a leave of absence to volunteer for the Obama campaign.

MAN

Oh, God, you're not American, so you think he's electable. You're one of those terminal optimists.

EMMA

It isn't terminal.

She rolls her eyes in disgust, and, out of the corners, sees a passenger watching Mark's news report. The annoying man follows her gaze before she looks away.

MAN

He's gay.

EMMA

No he's not.

MAN

You don't think so?

She is silent. The man is the epitome of the "ugly American".

MAN (CONT'D)

You don't want to talk.

He doesn't go away.

MAN (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to ask me what I do?

She doesn't ask. He doesn't leave.

EMMA

What do you do?

MAN

I make money. Lots of it.

EMMA

Then fuck off to first class!

MAN

I'm in first class. I saw you and I came and sat here so I could talk to you. I think you're beautiful. You probably don't hear that a lot but I think...

Affronted by the game he's playing:

EMMA

I do hear that a lot.

MAN

Good.

INT. AIRPLANE BATHROOM

They have sex. His face is buried in her neck, but she sees herself so ugly in the bathroom mirror, her thighs being squashed and the scars on her skin. Many many scars, neat little self inflicted lines. In his eagerness, he doesn't notice them.

INT. PLANE

The man Emma just had sex with returns to first class without looking back. Emma makes her way to her seat again.

People on the plane continue to watch Mark, reporting from Istanbul.

MARK

Thousands rallied in Ankara to protest the government's plan to allow women to wear headscarves in universities.

Emma watches Mark for a long moment. Fishing in her handbag, she takes a pill from a bottle.

She takes another pill.

A flight attendant passes by with drinks.

EMMA

Coca Cola please.

As soon as she passes to the next aisle, Emma uses the Coke to take the whole bottle of pills.

Her row, almost at the back of the plane, is empty, so she stretches out, looks at the view from the window, upside down and hazy. She sees the kitten her Dad adopted crawl up the aisle towards her. It hops up onto her seat. She nuzzles it into her chest as she falls into unconsciousness. The final thing she sees is Mark and Istanbul, the call to prayer echoing behind him, and around her.

Her breath is coming in heavy jags now, longer gaps between them, a greater struggle to draw each one.

INT. AIRPLANE

Emma's point of view as the plane melts away to blackness. We fade up - see people lifting us out of the seat until blackness swims over us once more.

INT. JFK AIRPORT

Bleeding colours meld slowly into people - we are being pulled on a stretcher through JFK - the world is a blurry ocean - figures, luggage, bill boards, EMMA on a stretcher, her eyes, registering it, barely - as it comes and goes.

A scuffed pair of medic's shoes - curious faces looking on at her - the grinning George Bush portrait that welcomes you to JFK - which pulls Emma momentarily back from inky unconsciousness -

INT. SAINT VINCENT'S HOSPITAL, NEW YORK, MORNING

Emma's POV: we now see a male Indian nurse with a face of thunderous judgment as he eyes her scars.

NURSE

You will not be pretty for husband!

We see the clinical tubes of a stomach pump.

Emma turned over to her side.

And Emma's breathing becomes more jagged as she fades away once more.

EXT. NEW YORK, MORNING

But now it is the sound of **DOCTOR R**, a fifty-ish man with an open featured rather than handsome face, jogging through Central Park at dawn. It's like fairy land. Sucking in air from the pink hues of morning, he's like the man who fell to earth.

Then we see at his side a beaming boy child on a bicycle. Mike, aged ten. Then at the other side, another beaming boy child. Robert, seven. These are his sons, bundled up warmly.

Weaving on either side of him, they look like his security detail.

An approaching dog walker eyes DR R with astonishment, as if he's fallen into his dream.

PATIENT

Doctor R!

DR.R

Oh, hey!

His little boys don't like losing their Dad's focus and unite to assume the expression of bouncers. The confused patient can't process this family picture.

PATIENT

What are you *doing*?

It takes him a moment to understand his patient's confusion is about context.

DR.R  
Outside the office? Right?

Mike does a circle around the patient.

MIKE  
He doesn't live there.

Dr.R Pulls the kid back from his circle and holds him in place.

PATIENT  
What?

Sensing the disconnect, that this patient is on the verge of being upset.

DR.R  
I don't want you to see me out of context.

PATIENT  
No!

DR.R  
So instead, I'll see you on Wednesday.

As he picks up his jogging pace again, the boys cycling beside him:

DR.R (CONT'D)  
Have a great weekend!

The patient watches the departing triumvirate until he loses sight of them.

INT. ROSECAN HOME, NEW YORK MORNING

The boys huff their bikes up the stairs of their apartment building.

DR R  
Come on, guys, you're leaving in ten minutes.

They keep dawdling.

DR R (CONT'D)  
Here, let me do that.

Taking a bike in each hand, we see how strong he is. The boys run up the stairs to their Mom: Sophie, mid- fourties, who is soulfully pretty with a no nonsense tenderness.

SOPHIE

Everybody get ready for school.

The boys dawdle.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Last one ready gets taken to see Cirque Du Soleil.

Genuinely perturbed.

MIKE

Not Cirque Du Soleil. Never again. Please.

SOPHIE

Then get ready.

Mike runs to get ready and Dr R is already nearly changed.

There are practically more books than furniture in this place, tons of candid family photos, and one of Robert's art works hangs next to a Kandinsky print, emphasizing the similarities.

Making a great show of getting dressed, Robert waggles his bum at his parents from the top of the duplex staircase.

They watch him for a beat - they have seen this display many times before, and now they flirt with each other:

DR.ROSECAN

That's your son.

SOPHIE

It doesn't add up, somehow.

DR.ROSECAN

I watched you give birth to him, all twenty hours.

SOPHIE

If I gave birth to that kid, it was behind my back.

Mike runs down the stairs and leaps into her arms.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

[Exaggerated] LOVE YOU!!

INT. PSYCH WARD, EMMA'S ROOM, AFTERNOON

Emma opens her eyes and, very close to her, is the face we had seen in her fantasy and on the airplane TV screens. Mark. He is laying in the bed with her, over the covers. He is radiant - with looks, charisma, intellect. She looks like hell, with dry charcoal still flecked around her lips where the doctors tried to induce vomiting.

MARK

Tell me it wasn't to do with me.

She finds her voice. It's scratchy from the tube that was pushed down her throat.

EMMA

No.

MARK

You promise?

She nods.

MARK (CONT'D)

Then why?

With shaky fingers, she unbuttons his shirt, touches a tattoo on his chest, as if checking it was where she left it.

He takes her fingers in his.

MARK (CONT'D)

Why?

EMMA

It was a mistake.

He takes this in, knows it isn't true and swallows his protest.

MARK

Your parents are coming.

She closes her eyes.

MARK (CONT'D)

Do you know where you are?

She opens her eyes and fixes on the PSYCH WARD sign.

EMMA

New York.

He hesitates. She tries again, teasing, flirtatious despite looking like hell.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Old York?

MARK

I don't know what I'm supposed to say. The idea of this planet without you on it is...

He trails off. She wishes he would say more.

He whispers something to her. We don't hear it, but can guess from her answer, as a tear rolls down her eye.

EMMA

I know.

INT. HOSPITAL, AFTERNOON

Dr. R looks in on Emma through the glass. He can see her but she can't see him. He checks the clipboard hanging on her door.

INT. PSYCH WARD, EMMA'S ROOM, LATE AFTERNOON

Emma sits opposite R, in her hospital gown. She is curled tight into her chair. He sits up straight, his whole body open.

He looks at her and smiles.

DR.R

Let's see. Your emergency contact here is.....

He squints his eyes. The suspense is killing her.

EMMA

Teeter.

DR.R

And she is?

EMMA

We share a fire escape.

DR.R

Huh. Have you ever had to use it?

EMMA

Yes, for cupcakes. [Beat] For eating them.

DR.R

Interesting. You lived here long?

EMMA

A few months.

DR.R

So you're in the city because....

Again, interminable silence until she breaks it.

EMMA

Volunteering for Obama.

DR.R

What do you do?

EMMA

I volunteer for Obama.

DR.R

And how does that work manifest itself?

EMMA

I walk his dog.

R looks up.

EMMA (CONT'D)

No, I do voting drives, phone calls, youth outreach through social networking.

DR.R

You have a boyfriend?

EMMA

I don't know.

DR.R

Well, you're not the first person in this room to say that.

Beat.

DR.R (CONT'D)

That's a pretty ring.

EMMA

Thank you.

She can't help herself.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It's from Afghanistan.

Admiring it, she corrects herself.

EMMA (CONT'D)

No. He said it was Afghan metalwork  
but Indian fire opal.

DR.R

Is it an engagement ring from your  
sort of boyfriend?

EMMA

Sort of. In a way.

Beat.

DR.R

In which way?

EMMA

It's for another lifetime.

He can't help internally wincing but he holds her gaze. It  
makes her angry that he won't look away.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm just talking to fill the  
silences here. I know that's what's  
happening here, I know that you're  
trained to let me tell my story in  
my own time.

DR.R

Aha. You've done this before?

She nods.

DR.R (CONT'D)

Did it help?

She raises her scarred arms in answer. He nods and is silent.

EMMA

I don't need this, actually. That's  
a hospital bed you have me in that  
could be used for...

DR R

Yes?

EMMA

For...

DR R

For someone who didn't do it to themselves?

EMMA

Yeah. Someone with stab wounds.

DR R

That's very magnanimous of you, but we keep the stab-ees on a different floor. The bed's all yours.

EMMA

Do you think that's funny?

DR R

Yes, late at night, sometimes, I think these things are funny, otherwise, all they are is real. And I have a family at home that I have to protect from the dark side.

She makes a confession.

EMMA

I thought it was funny.

DR R

Thank you.

EMMA

You seem like a good guy. I don't want to take up your time. I don't need it.

DR R

What is it that you don't need?

EMMA

Your considered medical take on what caused my 'event'.

DR R

What if I didn't give you my take, what if I just gave you my help?

EMMA

*I don't need it.* I'm going to get  
it right next time.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, EVENING

She's back in her hospital bed. We see there is an elderly,  
rather drunk nun in the corner of the hospital room. Suicide  
watch.

Emma closes her eyes and starts falling asleep.

NUN

Jesus loves you!

EMMA

[Dreamily] Thank you.

Emma falls asleep. So does the nun.

INT. DR.R'S HOUSE, EVENING

Sophie - a therapist- makes notes on her own casework as Mike  
and Robert watch television and Dr R takes dinner out of the  
oven.

SOPHIE

Was it a long day?

DR.R

Full day. New patient. Oh man, West  
Wing is on...lemme see that.

He tries to grab the remote from Mike.

MIKE

No.

DR.R

Lemme see that!

He grabs the remote and tunes it to West Wing. Looking up  
from her work, she watches him watching the TV.

SOPHIE

So...anything interesting?

He is engrossed.

DR.R

A repeat, but it's a good one.

SOPHIE  
The patient!

He smiles.

DR.R  
Not a repeat.

He looks at her, flirtatious. They're still in love.

DR.R (CONT'D)  
That's all you get!

She pushes aside her papers.

SOPHIE  
Why can't I tune it all out like  
you can?

He grabs her onto his lap. She is happy to be there.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR

Her parents have arrived at the hospital straight from the plane, a wheely bag of luggage in tow. They share the elevator with a sullen teen, two nicotine stained doctors and a Puerto Rican Mom and her little girl of about five.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, MORNING

Mum and Dad watch over their girl as she opens her clammy eyes. Mum is stroking her hair, loving, gentle.

EMMA  
I'm tired.

MUM  
Yes. We're taking you home.

EMMA  
Which home?

Mum and Dad exchange glances.

EXT. NEW YORK, DAY

The lines of the city are sharp - a pen and ink drawing - as Emma blinks in the sunlight. Dad is striding ahead, trying to instigate a rousing round of songs from 'West Side Story'.

DAD

WHEN you're a JET you're a JET all  
the way from your first cigarette  
to your LAST DYIN' DAY!

MUM

Alan!

He is silent for some time.

DAD

I like the island Manhattan. SMOKE  
ON YOUR PIPE AND PUT THAT IN.

Mum lets Emma get a little ahead of them and then whispers to  
Dad:

MUM

We're not on holiday..

This conversation is not going to happen the way she wants it  
to. Acknowledging her silence he quietly announces...

DAD

It was a horrible accident.

EXT. NEW YORK

They are at Emma's house. It's on avenue B which is  
relatively fine but would look excessively "lively" to an  
outsider. There are still drug deals going on on the corner.

They don't like it for their daughter one bit.

MUM

You said your building was pretty.

EMMA

It is. This is a classic New York  
apartment building.

She points up at a window.

EMMA (CONT'D)

That's my apartment.

On the fire escape a zaftig young woman with hot pink hair is  
lifting Emma's window.

MUM

There's a girl climbing into your  
window.

Teeter points like a sniffer dog as she sees Emma below.  
Calling down:

TEETER

I was just leaving you a note!

She drops it down and Dad catches it. Though it says "Welcome home, call me, call me!" it's in green ink and the weirdest print font, all bendy capital letters.

DAD

Looks like a letter written by a dog.

Hearing this as she reaches the ground floor.

TEETER

Oh my God, thank you!!

Teeter hugs Emma harder than Emma has ever been hugged - except by Teeter, every time she sees her. The girls squishing together and apart - to Mum, it's like watching a David Attenborough doc about sea creatures.

She goes to hug Emma's Mum but she ducks away just in time.

Without asking, Teeter takes all the bags from them and starts walking up the stairwell as they follow, nervously eyeing the graffiti. Spotting an artist's enormous tag...

MUM

Who's 'Neckface'?

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

Her apartment has peeling walls, dishes in the sink and piles of old newspaper and magazines on the floor, with clothes dropped here and there like the outlines of corpses. An Obama 'Hope' poster is coming off the wall. It's what can generously be referred to as a total state. Emma straightens the Obama poster, her best attempt at making sense of the mess.

The phone rings. Teeter answers. Her happy face turns hard.

TEETER

(to Emma) It's him.

She exaggeratedly hands over the phone as if it had vile cooties.

INT. CAR, AFTERNOON.

Mum, Dad and Emma sitting in the back of the car, on their way to Mark's. They are being summoned. No-one's talking. Dad can't handle the tension, surreptitiously draws a moustache on whoever's on the cover of a magazine.

EXT. MARK'S HOME, AFTERNOON

On the Upper West Side, on a beautiful carriage house.

INT. MARK'S HOME, AFTERNOON

Mark shows Emma's parents around his 19th century home. In comparison to Emma's, Mark's neighborhood seems very staid and therefore safe and that makes Mum feel that he might be safe for their daughter.

On each floor is a new world of wonder. You can see that, even knowing his part in Emma's unravelling, Mum is enthralled to him. Dad is stand offish.

MARK

This is a marionette I got in  
Copenhagen during the G8 riots.

MUM

Oh my goodness.

MARK

This is a mask I got in Mogadishu.

Dad makes a face.

MUM

How extraordinary.

MARK

Some Russian Oligarch - one of the  
good guys actually, there are good  
Oligarchs too- sent this to me. I  
didn't take it as bribery, it was  
such a tumultuous time, you  
couldn't pick out who was...

They get to the top floor, where his bedroom is. Emma feels strange being here with her parents. She has sense memory about the bed, waking up together, falling asleep together...

MUM

What's that?

MARK

This is a Tibetan prayer rug from  
the 1920's.

MUM

Unbelievable.

Suddenly Dad, who has been mute, pipes up:

DAD

I've got a rug.

It's his best attempt at competing with Mark.

And no-one quite knows what to say to that.

INT. KITCHEN

There's a floating island in the centre at which they sit.  
Emma carefully serves tea and then cuts into the vanilla and  
raspberry cake. Dad watches closely. It oozes red from the  
filling.

DAD

Cutters cake!

Mum is mortified.

MUM

Ignore him.

MARK

Excuse me?

As if no one could hear:

MUM

Stop it!

Dad's cheeks dot with red, he's embarrassed.

DAD

What?

Desperate to alleviate tension and not liking to see him feel  
bad:

EMMA

My dad does human rights law. He  
just came back from Colombia,  
working with children orphaned in  
the drug wars.

They look at each other, swallowing everything to just move on. Mark is trying.

MARK

That's really interesting. So Emma inherited that from her Pa. How did you get into that?

Dad shrugs his shoulders. It's a dead end. Mum clears her throat.

MUM

I'm sorry we had to meet under these circumstances.

MARK

It's all good.

It isn't all good.

Mark's phone rings.

MUM

We've heard so much about you.

He raises his finger and answers the phone.

Emma feels her cheeks burning.

MARK

Hi? Ah, ah, I can't talk right now, I'm in the middle of something. I can't talk right now, it's not a good time! It can wait 'til I'm in the office.

It seems it can't wait. He turns to Emma and her parents.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. Can you give me five minutes?

He walks into the pantry, standing beside Italian Olive oil, truffles, rare wine and other delicious, expensive things.

Emma watches him get smaller and smaller as his shadow refracts. It pains Emma's Mum as she sees the look on Emma's face.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE, AFTERNOON

He has her alone in the hallway now, as her parents finish their cake.

There is a Kandinsky print, circles on the wall above his head and she focusses on it because she doesn't like his tone. It sounds like he's pulling away again.

MARK

You're going to be okay now?

EMMA

Yes, of course.

MARK

Don't do that again. You really scared us.

She notes the careful use of the word 'us' not 'me', as if he were one of a crowd.

INT. DELI

Mum, Dad and Emma are sitting in the deli window, like goldfish in a bowl. The tv's on in the background: Obama coverage.

MUM

I know they say he's inexperienced but he's very handsome, that must count for something. We don't get teeth like that in England.

EMMA

The votes from the superdelegates are coming in. We're going to know in the next hour if he's the candidate.

Beat.

MUM

I want you to come home with us.

EMMA

I can't. I've got too much work...

MUM

The campaign will still be here. They need you well.

EMMA

I'm well.

MUM

You're not well. And you're not insured.

(MORE)

MUM (CONT'D)

You can't afford to be ill here.  
Come home. We'll get you help on  
the NHS.

EMMA

That could be the next slogan for  
the British Tourist Board.

MUM

What?

EMMA

"England: when it's the only  
option."

On the tv, the votes are coming in. Emma walks towards the tv screen, drawn to the news, as the announcement is made that Obama has, indeed, enough superdelegate votes: he has won the race to be the Democrats' Presidential candidate. It's a moment before they can take it in properly.

Beat.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It's incredible.

INT. WORK, EARLY EVENING

Local headquarters are bustling with people cheering. Her mother's innate Britishness is disturbed by the visible emotion. She smiles nervously. What is going on?

MUM

Tell them. Just tell them, so we  
can leave!

Her Dad LOVES it. He loves strangers, especially happy ones. Right now Emma is not in a place where she can cope with public jubilation.

BOSS

It's amazing!

EMMA

What?

BOSS

He got the votes! He's the  
candidate! Where have you been all  
day?

She smiles, silent to herself. The news makes her feel very happy and like she wants to be alone with it.

A nice looking boy, DAN, early twenties, sees her across the room. He tries to get to her, but the crush of happy people is too much. She ignores him as he shouts:

DAN  
Emma! Hey, Emma!

To her boss:

EMMA  
It's amazing. I have to go back to  
England for a little while.

Listening, but watching the T.V:

BOSS  
But you just came from there.

EMMA  
I'm ill. With something. And I'm  
not insured.

Turns to her.

BOSS  
There are forty four million  
Americans who aren't. We're trying  
to change that.

She is overcome by joy.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
OhmyGod!

She squeezes Emma's arm, her eyes on the screen.

MUM  
I'm her Mother. I'm British. And I  
have to take her back.

She pulls Emma out to the exit, calling behind her:

MUM (CONT'D)  
Well done!

EXT. FORREST HOUSE, ENGLAND, DAY

A grey sky compared to Manhattan's crisp blue. All the houses on the cul-de-sac street follow the same semi-detached mould.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ENGLAND, DAY

Back at her parents house, it's the same news crawl. She's half listening, half flicking through magazines. With the sound of English voices outside the window as school kids walk by. Her Mum calls from the kitchen.

MUM

I've made a pear tart with almonds,  
as a lark. I know that sounds  
eccentric but it's going to be  
delicious. And I'm putting on a pot  
of Earl Grey. Come and have some  
with me. I know you don't want to  
be here but...

Suddenly, Mark is being interviewed for the BBC by satellite, commenting on Obama's chances.

MARK

As barbaric and ridiculous as this  
process of running for President  
is, what I love about it is: at the  
end of the day, you can't hide who  
you truly are.

Emma quietly turns it off. Seeing him, and the deeper implications of his statement sideswipe her.

INT. BATHROOM, DAY

Emma walks into the bathroom and stares at herself in the looking glass. She takes a lipstick from the sink and starts to colour in her mouth. She is alarmed when she goes slightly over her lip line. Instead of trying to fix it, she keeps going. She takes the lipstick out across her cheek and then, as if in a trance, she lets the lipstick continue out across the bathroom wall. She carefully walks the red line across all four walls, until the lipstick is a nub.

Then she plucks an eyeliner and starts writing a nonsensical, obscene poem on the wall. She begins to write faster and faster, words getting larger, and then she needs them to reach higher and her movements become double time. She stands on the bath tub so she can write a verse on the ceiling.

Her writing becomes frantic, jagged, intense - the room itself feels like it is expanding with the words, snapping wider with each scratch and swipe.

EXT. BATHROOM, DAY

Mum stands at the bottom of the staircase and calls up.

MUM

You have to come and taste this. It  
will make your socks go up and  
down.

There is an awful silence. She realizes something is off and slowly climbs the stairs. She has a dread feeling something is wrong, but she doesn't know what.

We see her reach the bathroom door, and look in.

Now we see Emma, in the middle of a riot of manic writing that covers everything, walls ceiling, floor, even herself. She looks briefly to Mum, but is lost in it all. Mum looks on, her child hopelessly out of reach. Emma snaps back to the wall, where she continues the manic scratching.

MUM (CONT'D)

What have you done?

She picks up the phone.

MUM (CONT'D)

You have to come home from work.  
I'm sorry.

She hangs up.

MUM (CONT'D)

He's going to have a melt down.  
He's going to have a melt down.

The sky outside the living room window changes colour as they wait for her Dad to arrive.

EXT. BATHROOM, LATE AFTERNOON

In his business suit and briefcase, he walks up the stairs and into the bathroom. He examines it quietly, as if it were an art installation.

He comes out and puts his arms around her. There are tears pricking them. He isn't angry at all. He is tender, frightened.

After he's held her zombie heaviness to him for several beats, trying to hug her but not quite being able to, he pulls back.

DAD  
How can we help you?

But she's gone: a helium balloon with nobody holding the string.

INT. PRIORY, PSYCHIATRIC WING, EVENING

The room is multi coloured, phosphorant, like the Kandinsky circles on Mark's wall. She reaches out to touch one.

NURSE  
Light checks

It all flips to normal.

EMMA  
I was nearly asleep.

NURSE  
You're high risk. Light checks.

INT. WARD, DAY

Everything is grey and ugly and people around her are catatonic. This continues out to the garden.

But Emma is in a world of her own, glorious, luxurious, grand. The way she sees it, there are peacocks walking the grounds. She watches herself walking away, a tiny figure receding into the distance. Suddenly the little figure turns and smiles at Emma, then flies away.

INT. CAFETERIA, DAY

Back to reality. She's eating alone in the cafeteria, staring at the moonscape of stain rings on the table from mugs of tea.

Members of the juvenile wing comes in, guided by their nurse. One or two obvious anorexics. A much too loud boy, hyper. A kid with facial tattoos. The nurse, thirty, attractive, is staring at Emma as she eats. Eventually she walks over to her.

NURSE  
Emma?

Emma looks up.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Emma! I haven't seen you since Barbara's dance party. Oh my God that was mad! I think you danced for eight hours straight and you were the only one not on E!

Emma nods.

NURSE (CONT'D)

How've you been?

Emma looks around her. They are, after all, in a mental hospital.

EMMA

Not so good.

INT. ART THERAPY ROOM, DAY

The chitter chatter of British voices all around her is setting her teeth on edge.

She draws the New York skyline.

INT. WARD, AFTERNOON

Her mother visits. Emma is so heavily medicated that her eyes are rolling in the back of her head. Her mother cannot get to sit upright properly. The girl is a rag doll of nonsense, Mum works to keep her emotions in check.

INT. PRIORY OFFICE, AFTERNOON

The psychiatric director listens to Mum with barely disguised disinterest.

MUM

Listen: she's lolling. The dose is too high. Or she's having a bad reaction.

DIRECTOR

We've been monitoring Emily very carefully.

MUM

Emma.

Without missing a beat:

DIRECTOR

Emma is Bi-polar 1. It's a serious illness that requires serious medication.

MUM

Fine, serious meds, but the right ones. What you're doing here doesn't seem to be helping. It seems like its making her worse.

DIRECTOR

Unfortunately, when manic-depression gets this rapid cycle, treating it is really trial and error.

She takes a deep breath.

MUM

Trial and error?

There's a long and fairly uncomfortable pause, during which her cell phone starts buzzing. She ignores it until she sees it's a New York number.

DR.R

Hi. This is Doctor R calling from New York. I just wanted to check how Emma is doing.

There is the noise of the city behind him.

MUM

We're in England, as you know. In a facility. But the medicine, lithium...

She looks to the director for confirmation.

DIRECTOR

Lithium.

MUM

...and depacote, is making her much, much worse. In my opinion.

R puts his finger in his ear.

DR.R

Depacote is a very old fashioned drug. And she's a very modern girl.

She listens.

MUM

Really?

DR.R

Yes. I don't think that's the right one.

She holds the phone out to the ward director.

MUM

It's for you.

EXT. PRIORY GROUNDS, DAY

Emma is awake now, alert. She is finally sentient enough to go and check her voice mail from the payphone in the hallway. A few messages from friends. And then a phone message from Mark. She almost jumps at his voice.

MARK

Hope everything's still good with you, darling. I'm calling because...I wanted you to hear this from me. I wanted to let you know that I'm seeing someone. I didn't want you to find out from the papers.

She hangs up before the message finishes.

EXT. PRIORY

She greets her Mum at the end of the garden.

EMMA

I want to go back to New York.

MUM

[Suspicious] Why?

EMMA

I want to go back to my apartment and be part of the campaign again.

MUM

It's too soon to make decisions. But if you absolutely insisted, I would want you to go back to the doctor who checked you out of Saint Vincent's. Doctor R. He has his own practice.

EMMA

I can't afford to. I've gone through my savings. I can barely make rent each month.

MUM

You'll have to find a way.

INT. WARD, EVENING

In the lounge area, whilst others watch T.V or stare at the wall, Emma goes to the phone and listens to the message from Mark again. She hangs up in the same place.

INT. BATHROOM, EVENING

She goes through her wash bag but they've taken her razor away. She finds, scanning the carpeted floor, a nail she is able to wiggle free and use to scratch her thighs with.

Like a heroin addict set free by their fix, she exhales deeply, relieved.

EXT. PRIORY, DAY

Outside the grounds, her bags are loaded into her dad's car. He watches her in the rear view mirror. He looks at her arms.

EMMA

Nothing new.

DAD

*I know.*

He wants her to understand that he is dealing with this more calmly than her mother.

EMMA

All rested up.

DAD

You just needed a bit of a rest.

EMMA

Yup.

As she looks out the window, there are her private peacocks running alongside the car as it speeds off. In the back seat, she runs her hand up and down the cuts on her thigh for comfort.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT, DAY

Smoggy, noisy, a world away from the bucolic grounds of The Priory.

INT. APARTMENT, EARLY EVENING

Emma is on the fire escape with Teeter. They're both in their pajamas.

EMMA

Thank you for getting me.

TEETER

Of course, lady.

EMMA

Thank you for doing my round.

TEETER

I told everyone to vote for McCain. That's what you wanted, right? Oh my God, I misunderstood, this is so awkward.

EMMA

Stop it. Stop trying to be my fat but funny best friend. You're nowhere near fat enough.

They look out at the skyline. Emma breathes in the air and takes in the view, tree tops, sun roofs, water towers, a roof top garden. Teeter climbs into her apartment and comes back with a mug of tea.

EMMA (CONT'D)

A shared fire escape is such a profound thing in this city.

TEETER

Completely. It's more profound than a mutual orgasm.

EMMA

I know you're probably bored of worrying about me.

No answer, as Teeter sips her tea.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I give you permission to stop. He's moved on. I get it and I've moved on. It's all done.

INT. NEW YORK DEMOCRAT CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, DAY

Emma walks in and takes her place, unacknowledged, the room is so busy. She sits down at her phone bank and looks up at the Obama poster and nods to it. As she stares at the poster, two cups of coffee are being brought towards her by an unseen person.

It is the smell of the coffee that brings her back to earth. She blinks as she looks at the bearer: Dan, early twenties, sort of handsome, sort of goofy looking. She looks back at the coffee, as if she neither understands it nor him.

DAN  
Milk or sugar?

She takes two packets of sugar from him, but instead of putting them in the coffee, puts them in her pocket. He is thrown.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Where have you been?

EMMA  
Me?

DAN  
Yes. The pretty, wordy English girl.

She doesn't recognize this description.

EMMA  
I had to go out of town.

DAN  
You went back to your non-profit?

She is silent.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Well, you were missed.

Overhearing, another volunteer asks:

VOLUNTEER  
You were away?

DAN  
I noticed.

She deflects this.

EMMA

Can I have more sugar?

He hands her another packet. She puts it in her pocket. Baffled as he is, he still likes her.

DAN

Could I call you? Um, take you to dinner? To welcome you back. I could bring convenient serving sizes of whatever sweetener you want.

She thinks.

DAN (CONT'D)

Ignore that part. Look, I just wondered if you wanted to get dinner with me?

EMMA

No.

She gives no explanation. She hasn't got it in her to explain anything.

He moves away, humiliated. She watches his cheeks burn red, the little dots of his embarrassment flowering in front of his eyes like valentine roses. She's fascinated by them. Then she watches them wither and die. Scared, she hurriedly makes a rotocall to a potential voter. He glimpses up at her.

INT. R'S OFFICE, AFTERNOON

As he talks to a patient, he watches Emma walk up the street to his office. It's his own office, not affiliated with the hospital. There's a school on the corner and the sounds of kids playing. Emma has no idea she's being watched as she approaches his lobby. He re-focuses on the patient, a beautiful young guy with track marks on his arms.

INT. R'S OFFICE, AFTERNOON

In the waiting room, Emma flicks through New Yorkers, but she can't really make out the words. She feels stoned. She goes to the bathroom and when she comes out, she sees the patient, a handsome, wan young man, leaving.

EMMA

Healed?

The patient smiles, shyly.

INT. OFFICE, AFTERNOON

DR.R

I'm glad you're up for making the weekly journey to east 96th street.

She's discombobulated.

EMMA

Where?

DR.ROSECAN

The east 96th street subway is a straight shot if you walk over to Astor Place from your apartment.

A beat behind him, moving in molasses today.

EMMA

That's what I did.

DR.ROSECAN

Good.

EMMA

What should I have done?

DR.ROSECAN

Exactly what you did.

EMMA

Oh. I guess I need to trust my instincts more.

DR.ROSECAN

No. I'd like to train you trust your instincts less.

EMMA

Why?

DR.ROSECAN

Well, if you were Marlon Brando I'd say "trust your instincts". Because that's what makes a great actor. But being a great human requires a different skill set. I want you to take these very strong instincts you have, and consider whether or not to act on them.

She doesn't like the sound of this one bit.

He settles back, not put off by her closed body language.

DR.R  
Let's talk about what happened on  
the plane.

EMMA  
On the plane...

He waits.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
I was upgraded to premium economy.

She stares at him. He holds her gaze.

DR R  
I'm talking about the suicide  
attempt.

She acts shocked, as if he's just said something extremely  
vulgar out loud.

EMMA  
Oh!

He's not buying it.

DR.ROSECAN  
You knew that was what I meant.

Damn, she thinks, I'm with someone I can't manipulate.

EMMA  
Yes. I did. I'm very tired today.

DR.ROSECAN  
The meds aren't where they should  
be yet. We'll fine tune that.

She yawns. She looks like a little cat.

DR.ROSECAN (CONT'D)  
But - stay with me. We've only got  
forty minutes left to get through.

EMMA  
I can't do that.

DR.ROSECAN  
I think that you can.

He softens this.

DR.ROSECAN (CONT'D)  
I think that you can do anything.

EMMA

I can't drive and I can't ride a bike.

DR.ROSECAN

Interesting.

EMMA

I don't mind the idea of injuring myself but I hate the idea that I might hurt someone if I were to take the wheel. A lot of people are afraid to fly, but I love it because I know if the plane crashes it isn't my fault.

Taking his opportunity:

DR.ROSECAN

Can you walk me through what happened on the plane, because I want to have it straight in my head.

EMMA

You don't want this in your head.

DR.ROSECAN

Well, there's two things. The first is that I want to get it out of your head. These memories and feelings I'm going to ask you about in this room can range from scary and sad to abject horror.

EMMA

Then why are we doing this?

DR.ROSECAN

Because this room is safe. And because the knowing of those feelings can help to understand their genesis. And dissipate the truth of them too. The voices in your head will have less power.

EMMA

You're like a catholic sin eater.

DR.ROSECAN

Tell me.

EMMA

For a fee, they would absorb the sins of others. They'd save the dying from hell, but they'd go to hell themselves.

DR.ROSECAN

I'm Jewish: we don't have hell.

She feels like a bit of an idiot.

EMMA

That must be nice.

DR.ROSECAN

[Deadpan humour] It's a big relief.

The feeling of idiocy has woken her up and she's more alert to his words now.

Tentative:

EMMA

When everything happened on the plane, I felt like a passerby.

DR.ROSECAN

Why did it happen there? Why then?

Very, very halting:

EMMA

I had sex in the toilet with a man.

DR.ROSECAN

[Impassive] Who?

EMMA

I don't know. Another passenger. I I didn't even like him.

He nods.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I don't like myself. And I didn't have a knife on board. So I was sort of using him and the being with him, as a way to cut myself.

He nods again.

DR.ROSECAN

What happened when it was over?

EMMA

I left my body in the bathroom and went back to my seat. I felt so unearthed, and we were in the sky, and I was properly in no man's land. You know when you're in a cab and a song comes on the radio, the right one for the moment and the weather and the scenery?

DR.ROSECAN

I do.

EMMA

It was just like the right song had come on and I had to do it.

DR.ROSECAN

Were you scared?

She examines his face, pausing before going on.

EMMA

I was happy. I was...the hard edges all went soft. I was in warm water, sinking into a hot bath. Right before the water came over me, from above, and it was too much, I just had that one, beautiful moment. And now, every day I wake up unhappy and I think, I can get through today, it's okay, because I could kill myself.

He looks at the Obama pin on her jacket.

DR.ROSECAN

Don't you want to see if Obama gets in?

EMMA

Yeah. I do. That's why I'm waiting.

He makes more notes.

DR.R

You need to do a one month test.

He marks off a piece of paper and hands it to her.

EMMA

What for?

DR.R  
Liver damage.

INT. HOSPITAL, MORNING

We are in an endless hospital corridor. It stretches forever, we see people come and go, like something unstoppable - a river or a wave break. Melding out of the mirage of bodies, we see a figure approaching. It is Dr R. He looks like something bobbing on this unstoppable ocean.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, MORNING.

We are looking through a half open door, the day to day activities of the medical building audible as DR R is having his annual check-up. The doctor does all the standard procedures, checks his ears and eyes, bangs on his knees to check reflexes. Friends of many years, they are bantering throughout.

DOCTOR  
You running still?

DR R  
Not running, jogging. Canterng.

DOCTOR  
You're a thoroughbred.

He shrugs.

DR R  
Halfbreed.

The doctor stops his exam and says, mock outraged:

DOCTOR  
That term is very offensive.

DR.R  
You know what's offensive? Signet rings. I know you're Italian but...

The doctor covers up the glinting gold ring on his little finger.

DOCTOR  
Again with the slurs. Just adds fuel to my campaign to get you disbarred.

DR.R  
That was you!

DOCTOR  
That was me.

He sees the time and snaps out of the joking.

DR R  
Oh, man, I gotta get going. I'm  
sorry.

DOCTOR  
Ten minutes.

DR R  
What are you writing now? Don't  
start at me about the cholesterol.

The Doctor kicks the half open door fully shut. R isn't going  
anywhere.

EXT.CAFE, AFTERNOON

Emma is enjoying one of the upshots of solitude in NY:  
drinking coffee, eating cake, reading a book, alone at a cafe  
with a pretty street view. Between bites of coconut cake,  
she's looking around for her waitress. Eventually a waiter  
appears in front of her on the pavement and she is horrified:  
it takes us a second to clock - he looks like Mark. Or worse,  
someone who is trying to look like Mark.

WAITER  
Can I help?

EMMA  
I was just looking for my waitress.

WAITER  
Her shift finished. What can I do  
for you?

It freaks her out. She leaves. Dumps her money (too much) on  
the table. She walks away as fast as she can, ignoring her  
fellow pedestrians.

WAITER (CONT'D)  
[Calling, as he waves her abandoned  
book] Don't you want to know how it  
ends?

This has a double meaning for her he couldn't have known.  
She's really agitated now.

She keeps her head down and moves through the city at a clip. As she waits at the sidewalk to cross, trying to put a river between herself and the cafe, a bus stops in front of her. It has a poster of Mark's face on the side, advertising his CNN show.

EMMA

Move. MOVE.

Assuming she's just rude or crazy or both, a fellow pedestrian ripostes:

PEDESTRIAN

You move!

At this she just stops still in the road and let's the city swirl around her. Cars honk angrily.

CUT TO:

INT. DR R'S OFFICE, MORNING

EMMA

I forgot, for a minute, that he existed in the world. [She draws a deep breath] I need to talk to him.

DR.R

I don't think that's the right thing to do.

EMMA

Well, you're not me.

DR.ROSECAN

You're not you, either, not just yet. You're coming back to yourself. Let's not make any big decisions right now.

EMMA

But shouldn't I be true to my feelings?

DR.ROSECAN

As counter-intuitive as it sounds, I need you to ignore your feelings. They're going to change every day whilst you're finding your footing.

EMMA

No they're not.

DR.ROSECAN

Yes. Do not call him. Give it time.

His authority soothes her a little.

EMMA

How much time?

DR.R

I want you to have six months in which you have no contact.

EMMA

What if he contacts me?

DR.ROSECAN

Has he?

EMMA

No.

DR.ROSECAN

Do you think that he will?

The answer, of course, is "no" and just thinking about this makes her hold back tears, as if a button has been pressed.

DR.R

No contact is best, Emma - things got pretty dramatic there.

EMMA

He's broken me.

She blows her nose.

DR.ROSECAN

That is robust. That is a robust nose blow. You are not broken.

She looks at her wadded up tissue. The sight of it makes her want to cry again.

EMMA

You know when you look at the sky and see the face of the man in the moon? I see his face in so many shapes and then he's just, he's everywhere.

DR.ROSECAN

It's very challenging. This is not a standard situation.

(MORE)

DR.ROSECAN (CONT'D)  
It's really difficult. But it's  
really important.

EMMA  
He's probably moved on to some  
model whose training to be a yoga  
teacher. Some yogic whore who  
doesn't have anything good to say  
about any fat person except Buddha.  
[She qualifies this] Mark's slept  
with everybody.

She smiles sadly.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
He has. He's probably slept with  
you, behind your back.

DR.R  
Well, he's a very talented man.

Her ears prick up.

EMMA  
You think he's talented?

Tamping down her attempt to derail the direction of the  
conversation:

DR.R  
It doesn't make any difference. I'm  
simply concerned that if you have  
contact with Mark right now, you're  
going to have a relapse.

EXT. STREET, AFTERNOON

Mark is hurrying out of the CNN office when he gets a phone  
call.

ST.VINCENTS  
This is the billing department of  
St Vincent's Hospital. We're trying  
to contact an Emma Forrest.

MARK  
Can I ask how you got this number?

ST.VINCENTS  
You're listed as her guarantor.

MARK

I think that information might be out of date. I'll pay this, that's fine. But you should go ahead and take me off there.

He hangs up. He hates himself.

MARK (CONT'D)

Shit.

A passing taxi driver shouts:

PASSERBY

Mark! You the man!

Immediately, he has his public persona face.

MARK

You're very kind.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

DOCTOR

Those tests we ran...

DR.R

Where did you get this tie? Filene's Basement? It was Filene's Basement wasn't it, you got there before opening.

DOCTOR

Not taking the bait today.

DR.R

Why not? You've taken everything else from me. [Beat] You still owe me \$200 from the Nantucket poker game.

DOCTOR

Can you shut up? For two minutes? For once in your life?

It strikes R this might actually be a serious conversation.

INT. DOCTOR'S BUILDING

He leaves, smiling all the way to the elevator bank, holding the door for a woman, admiring someone's small dog.

DR.R  
Bull terrier?

DOG WALKER  
We think so.

DR.R  
Good looking dog.

His smile fades as he makes it out of the building. He can't keep up the front anymore.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE/INT.SOPHIE'S WORK

Dr. R comes through the busy revolving doors and is hit by the noise of the city. Panicked, he gets out his cell phone and calls Sophie, who is between patients.

He looks back at the hospital. It seems bigger than any other building in New York.

The line is bad. The city is full of noisy life - the cars and tour buses sound like musical notes.

Dr R takes a breath and calls Sophie, needing the comfort of her voice.

DR.ROSECAN  
Hi.

SOPHIE  
Hello? Hello?

DR.ROSECAN  
Hi. It's me.

SOPHIE  
Hi honey, what's up?

DR.ROSECAN  
I just wanted to hear your voice.

SOPHIE  
What? Where are you? I can barely understand you. Is everything okay?

DR.ROSECAN  
Yes. I just wanted to hear your voice.

SOPHIE

Oh. [She doesn't rally have time for this] Honey, I'm doing book group tonight but I'm back at 10, let's talk then.

DR.ROSECAN

Of course.

SOPHIE

Baby?

DR.ROSECAN

[Hopeful] Yes?

SOPHIE

Did you like 'Middlesex'?

He's at a loss.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

The Jeffrey Eugenides book. Did you like it?

Thinking of all the things he's ever loved in his life he answers:

DR.R

I loved it.

SOPHIE

Why?

But he can't elaborate or explain himself.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Oh. Well. Some help you are! I'll see you tonight!

He nods into the phone.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Bye!

He is crushed. He knows it isn't fair to have wanted her to guess how much he needed her. But that's what he wanted.

INT. R HOME, BEDROOM

The kids are in bed. Sophie is doing a crossword whilst R eyes her, gathering the courage to tell her.

DR R  
I have some strange news.

She doesn't look up.

SOPHIE  
Hit me.

DR R  
I'm going to wait for you to look  
up.

DR R (CONT'D)  
When I had my checkup I told him my  
throat had been hoarse. They did a  
radiograph and saw a tumour in my  
right lung. Now they're going to do  
a core biopsy to find out what kind  
of cancer it is.

She stares at her crossword. The word she is working on will  
haunt her forever.

SOPHIE  
You said strange. A skateboarding  
duck is strange.

DR.R  
This is what happens when we get  
past medieval times and live into  
our forties...

SOPHIE  
Are you listening to yourself?

DR.R  
I phrased it badly. Long day at the  
office.

She hugs him and she cries. He comforts her, patting her  
hair.

DR.R (CONT'D)  
Shhhhh.

SOPHIE  
You're sitting there doing a case  
file?

He closes the file, tries a smile.

DR R  
She may be my last new patient.

SOPHIE

Jesus!

DR.R

Joking, joking. Bad joke.

You see as he touches the file, he wasn't joking. This may be his last patient.

INT. DINER, MORNING

The R's are at a Cuban diner on a Saturday morning. A hearty weekend breakfast with the newspaper spread out between them. He's having coffee, french toast and bacon. The kids are having banana pancakes and Sophie - trying to maintain a veneer of normality - is too upset to eat. The kids are blissfully unaware. A little tabby cat walks up and down the tables trying to make friends.

DR.R

This cat has her tail in my coffee.

WAITRESS

[Heavy Cuban accent] She had surgery. In her teeth.

ROBERT

That's why she's putting her tail in the coffee?

SOPHIE

Something got lost in translation there.

DR.R

Or maybe not. That's basic army psychology. You have a point here and here to press between your fingers, if you're shot, to distract from the primary pain.

The boys practise on each other. Then they press Kitty's paw pad.

MIKE

When were you in the army?

DR.R

I wasn't in the army. But just because you haven't done something doesn't mean you can't understand it.

They're not listening.

DR.R (CONT'D)  
Don't practise on the cat.

EXT. STREET, EARLY EVENING

Emma and Teeter are canvassing in Gramercy, clipboards in hand and brightest smiles plastered on.

TEETER  
Hi, can I ask you if...

EMMA  
Sir, can I ask you if you will be voting for Barack Obama in the upcoming election?

The man she asks is super clean cut, athletic body prominent through an elegant business suit.

MCCAIN MAN  
John McCain.

EMMA  
In New York? Really?

MCCAIN MAN  
You're British! Don't look at me like that!

He heads on his way. She calls after him:

EMMA  
Would you consider voting for Barack Obama if...

He comes back.

MCCAIN MAN  
Why are you British?

How to answer that question?

EMMA  
Destiny? Birthright? Punishment?

MCCAIN MAN  
Why should I vote for Barack Obama?

EMMA  
He has the most musical name of any candidate in living memory.

The man considers this.

MCCAIN MAN

The percussiveness of 'Barack' with  
the flow of 'Obama'.

EMMA

Yes.

MCCAIN MAN

It's not enough.

She stops joking.

EMMA

Would you consider voting for  
Barack Obama if...

MCCAIN MAN

You were his choice for Vice  
President.

EMMA

Oh. Well. That's very flattering.

He smiles and walks off.

TEETER

He was asking you out. You should  
have gone.

EMMA

He's like, twenty years older than  
me. And he's voting for McCain!

TEETER

That doesn't make him a bad person.

She trots up the street to catch up with him, and taps him on  
the back.

EMMA

I'll go out with you.

Beat.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You were trying to ask me out?

MCCAIN MAN

Sweetheart. I'm twenty years older  
than you. And I'm voting for John  
McCain.

EMMA

I could change one of those things.

INT. BIKINI WAX SALON, DAY

Emma is on the waxing table of a treatment room, with her legs spread. On the wall are a multitude of framed baby photos. She catches the eye of one of the babies.

EMMA

Don't you think it's funny to have that here?

The waxer is Polish, with green liquid eyeliner.

WAXER

Left leg bend.

Emma points at the baby photos.

EMMA

I feel like they're trying to find their way home.

WAXER

Spread leg further.

EMMA

It must be quite tormenting for them to have to look at this all day.

WAXER

On all fours.

The cuts she made on her thigh are still angry. She feels the woman's eyes on them. She waits in shame - the double shame of her position and her self-injury - but the woman says nothing about them.

WAXER (CONT'D)

You wax arms?

EMMA

No. No thank you.

WAXER

Is not nice for a man to see.

EMMA

I'll be okay.

WAXER

So much hair.

EMMA

It's not *so* much hair.

Finished, she gets up and dressed.

WAXER

Your kitty scratch your legs?

She does the final button on her jeans. Looks the woman directly in the eye.

EMMA

No. I did it myself.

She's never said this out loud to anyone before. The woman silently takes this in. Before walking out of the room.

WAXER

So much hair.

EXT.CENTRAL PARK, EVE

McCain Man and Emma are in a horse and buggy ride around the park. It's such a cheesily romantic thing to do, such a bold romantic display, they both feel uncomfortable. The horse seems very sad and the driver dodgy.

MCCAIN MAN

The horse is okay. You know the horse is okay, right? They've brought in strict regulations.

She is silent.

MCCAIN MAN (CONT'D)

I don't want you to feel weird.

No answer, and (Tourettes style) he adds:

MCCAIN MAN (CONT'D)

You don't have to go to bed with me. I want you to know that. I was just trying to impress you by doing classic New York romance. I thought it would be charming but it's just sort of disturbing. Please don't be scared of me because I'm old and I like John McCain.

EMMA

[Meaning it] I really don't care how old you are. [Beat, after considering] I care how old *he* is. When your President is older than World War II and Keith Richards, that's trouble.

And then, as the buggy rounds a corner, she sees, from her peripheral vision, Dr.R playing soccer with Sophie and the boys.

She is stunned. She didn't imagine him with a family, let alone little kids and fizzy in love with his wife. She's never seen him move beyond the office - he's always still, in his chair.

She laughs out loud. Seeing him all goofy makes her slippery world feel safer.

INT. DR.R'S OFFICE, AFTERNOON

She bursts into the waiting room as he's coming out with the previous patient, a bedraggled 30ish girl called ROBYN.

EMMA

Hey! I saw you playing football in the park on sunday!

He waves Robyn out and lets Emma in. It seems Robyn was draining, not fun. He's actually pleased to see Emma.

DR.R

No! How amazing!

EMMA

Do you play every weekend?

DR.R

What were you doing there?

EMMA

Do *you*? I asked you first! You looked so happy.

DR R

You seem pretty happy yourself.

EMMA

I was there on a date with McCain Man. He wasn't for me. It was pretty bad. I slept with him...

She trails off, embarrassed, upset.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
...I don't even know why.

Remembering what she told him about the sex on the plane:

EMMA (CONT'D)  
It wasn't to self-harm! I think I just did it because it seemed polite. I don't think he really enjoyed it.

DR.R  
Did you?

EMMA  
No. Not really.

DR R  
On the bright side...

EMMA  
There's always a bright side for you. I could show up for session, telling you I'd just stabbed a drifter twenty-six times and you'd say "At least that's less than twenty-seven".

DR.ROSECAN  
Twenty-six would still be too many.

EMMA  
It's just, you're so positive, you're...[she invents a new word] a positivist.

He keeps his despair to himself, but it weighs visibly on him.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
What is it?

He is lost. He just looks at her, past her. In his peripheral vision is the photo of his boys and soon it is his whole vision. When he hears her words, he thinks she asking him about himself. It takes her prompting to realize she's asking about herself.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
What's my bright side?

He snaps himself back.

DR.ROSECAN

You're now one man away from Mark.

She exhales sharply.

EMMA

I thought about him. But I didn't think anything ugly. I thought bad things about him. But not about myself.

DR.ROSECAN

Good.

EMMA

Really?

DR R

Yes. You had a Mark shaped hole in your heart, and it's making the slow but sure transition back to just being...a hole.

EMMA

And then one day it will heal altogether.

DR.ROSECAN

No. But you'll live with it.

He's having a hard time subsuming the voices in *his* head today, all the regrets and sorrows.

DR.ROSECAN (CONT'D)

You learn to walk hand in hand with your shadow, and it won't be able to sneak up on you again.

EMMA

How do you know? Do you promise?

He does consider promising her. But he can't, so he doesn't answer, even though she coaxes him.

EMMA (CONT'D)

If you're saying it's really all going to be okay...I think, perhaps, I might be able to believe you.

DR R

It is going to be...

Before he can even finish (She's ready. Today is a landmark day - she wants to get well)...

EMMA

Then I'm going to believe you one hundred percent.

He raises his brow.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You know I don't have any razors in the house anymore.

DR R

Thank you. I'm very pleased to hear it.

EMMA

I know I should be able to have razors within reach without wanting to hack myself.

DR.ROSECAN

Throwing them out is fine as a stop-gap measure.

EMMA

Look!

She thrusts out hairy legs. They delight her - the sunlight playing on the hairs - and he nods, amused, but heart heavy.

DR.ROSECAN

Very nice, but you can put them away: I trust you.

EMMA

Why?

He shrugs.

DR R

You look trustworthy.

EMMA

I don't think I do. I have this jaw that I clench when I'm afraid, so when I've been crumbling, people have thought I was tough.

She's in such a good place today that she can even tell him the sadnesses with a clarity and lack of self-pity. He picks up on this and digs deeper.

DR R

Tell me about the gap between the perception and the reality.

She stares at her shoes. They're beautiful shoes.

DR R (CONT'D)

I want to know.

EMMA

It's like everything good and soft has always been a pair of earrings turned the wrong way around and people couldn't see what was so beautiful about them. And I couldn't see it either. I could just feel the weight of them, pulling me down.

She looks up at him.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You...You're the opposite. You have that wide open face. It doesn't work in your favour, actually - you're meant to be tabula rosa.

DR R

Rasa. Tabula rasa.

EMMA

Yeah. [She laughs] That. You're supposed to be a blank canvas for your patients. You're not though. That's probably the thing that holds you back. Isn't it?

DR R

I don't feel I've been too held back.

He fidgets. He pours himself water. He looks at his shoes. They are ugly. He's shutting her out somewhat and it begins to alarm her.

EMMA

If I keep coming to see you and I don't get better...

DR R

You will.

And now, in his sickness, he's even prepared to step over a boundary.

DR.ROSECAN

I promise you.

She smiles. Her face looks different than we've ever seen before. She looks open.

And he is beginning his descent, little by little...

INT. R HOME, EVENING

R is on the phone, a crescent moon outside the apartment window, his family sitting down for dinner. He's trying to get off the phone with an electoral volunteer so he can eat while it's still hot.

DR.R

No, I'm undecided. No, I can't tell you for sure. I said I haven't made up my mind. I'm sorry.

He hangs up and sits down with his family.. As soon as he does...

MIKE

Can we eat in front of the T.V.?

SOPHIE

Sure.

This agitates him.

DR R

Really?

SOPHIE

Sure. Why not?

Alone with his wife he picks at his food whilst the blue tv screen light glows beyond them. The little people inside it look like trapped ghosts.

DR R

What if we can't give people a guarantee? That they'll get better?

She stops mid forkful.

SOPHIE

Of course we can't. Mental illness is the same as any other: some people are too ill to recover.

She passes the carrots to him.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Right?

He doesn't serve himself so she serves him.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Who got to you?

DR R

What do you mean?

SOPHIE

Something someone's said has rattled you. Was it the pollsters? Or one of the patients? You're all disorientated.

INT. APARTMENT, EVENING

Emma wakes up after napping longer than she meant to. She feels disorientated. She thinks she sees London out the window. She takes a pill and washes it down with cold tea.

INT. R HOME, EVENING

Dr.R and Sophie are talking to the kids, laying out the truth.

DR.R

It's chemo light. So I won't lose my hair much - as if I had much to lose anyway. Truth is: if I hadn't told you, you might not even notice.

MIKE

We'll notice.

ROBERT

Wait. This doesn't make sense. Lung cancer? You don't smoke.

DR.R

It doesn't make sense.

MIKE

That's how you know it's real.

SOPHIE

[Nodding] That's how you know it's real.

ROBERT  
Can I have some of the chemo too?

DR.R  
Nope. All for me.

He mimes gobbling things down.

MIKE  
It's not funny.

DR.R  
No. It sucks. But I have you guys  
to help me. And you'll help me and  
it will be done and things won't  
suck anymore.

ROBERT  
Might I cry?

SOPHIE  
Maybe.

DR.R  
That's fine. I might cry.

ROBERT  
*Don't.*

DR.R  
Okay. I won't cry. When I want to  
cry I'll say to you "Tell me a joke  
from SNL".

MIKE  
There are no jokes on SNL anymore.

DR.R  
Then you guys will have to make me  
some.

Thinks about it.

ROBERT  
Okay.

Runs and gets a notepad and a pen. He sits down to start  
working on gags.

DR.R  
I don't start the chemo for another  
week.

Robert nods.

The camera pulls in closer and you see that whilst he's working on that there are also tears streaming down his face.

R notices and hugs him, breathes him in.

INT. DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK

There are new volunteers every day, each younger and more enthused than the next, but none more energized in their cold calls than Emma. Dan watches her in awe. She enjoys being admired by him.

DAN  
Jesus, woman, you're fearless.

EMMA  
I fucking am.

She looks at him. He's handsome and seems kind. Could she make herself like him? She tentatively explores low grade flirting.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
You're tall aren't you?

DAN  
Yeah.

(He's proud of this).

EMMA  
I never realized. How tall are you?

Before he has time to reply, their boss approaches her phone bank.

BOSS  
We need you kids to go out to swing states in the next weeks. We've got a bunch doing Ohio. We're covered in Florida. We're sending you and Dan to Nevada. Okay?

EMMA  
Las Vegas?

BOSS  
Las Vegas is in Nevada, yes, but we'll have you a little further out. Dan's volunteered to go with you.

DAN

[Sheepish] I volunteered us. Like,  
an hour ago. You were on the phone.

Okay, she thinks, so maybe this is meant to be something she explores with Dan. She studies his boyish outfit and everyman haircut, decides to try him out.

EMMA

Cool. No problem.

BOSS

I gave Dan the breakdown about travel. You can liaise with him about the flight details.

Dan looks delighted. Emma looks tentatively at him. Then she leans in close (she knows full well her power).

EMMA

Tell me.

DAN

What?

EMMA

How tall you are.

She smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM

R puts the kids to bed. He and Sophie share a bottle of red wine. New York twinkles behind them.

SOPHIE

Who's taking over the practice?

DR.R

Nobody. I'm just going to work as usual. I won't lose too much hair.

She lets this sink in.

SOPHIE

The patients are still going to find out.

DR.R

They don't need to. Its eight treatments over six months. I'll deal with this as quickly as possible and keep it just to us.

SOPHIE  
How can you do that?

DR.R  
You don't tell mentally fragile people that the person holding their life together has cancer. They don't need to know. Would you tell your patients?

SOPHIE  
Yes. *Of course.*

She walks out. He finishes the dregs of the bottle himself.

EXT. NEVADA, NIGHT

A stunning landscape of red tinged desert with endless open sky and a blanket of stars. It's as different from Manhattan as imaginable. They may as well be on the moon.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM

EMMA  
These rooms are huge!

DAN  
They keep the rooms cheap so you'll have more money to spend gambling.

He's pleased to be alone with her.

DAN (CONT'D)  
And no windows, see, anywhere, so you lose track of time. Are you hungry?

EMMA  
Yeah.

DAN  
What are you in the mood for?

EMMA  
I guess just...something normal?

There are deeper implications to this statement than just dinner. What if she could make herself be with a nice, regular guy who adored her?

INT. CHEAP STEAK RESTAURANT, NIGHT

All the old people tarted up, the fluorescent shirts and fluorescent lights amp her up as Dan diligently makes diagrams of which neighborhoods they'll be canvassing at light of day.

She watches the blood ooze as he cuts into his steak.

DAN

I don't know much about you. I  
heard you used to go out with Mark.  
Is that true?

EMMA

Where did you hear that?

He is a little shame faced.

DAN

Google.

He's ruined her fantasy that she could date a normal guy like him.

EMMA

The net is meant to make everything  
instantly up to date. But it just  
takes old news and freezes it  
forever like it's now.

DAN

So it's not true?

She looks at his nice, dull face, tries to will herself into liking him.

EMMA

Not anymore.

DAN

I think he's awesome. I think it's  
awesome that you dated.

She wonders if this is why he fancies her.

EMMA

A lot of men found me more  
interesting for having been with  
him. It's like he had a magic dick.

Dan flinches at the word. He wants her a certain way. He doesn't like hearing her curse.

DAN  
Do you want anything else?

She pushes away her burger.

EMMA  
I can't eat.

DAN  
You were hungry before. I'll wrap  
it up.

She's agitated.

EMMA  
I want to dance. Let's go somewhere  
and dance?

He is unconvinced.

INT. ELEVATOR, NIGHT

Emma is getting more agitated in the lift. A much older woman, a good looking former showgirl type, enters on the arm of an ageing mobster. We are unsure if what happens next is real or Emma's distorted reality. After eyeing her awhile, the woman leans in and kisses her on the mouth. At first Emma is shocked, then after a moment she kisses back passionately.

Dan prises them apart and pulls Emma out of the lift.

INT. DAN'S ROOM, LATE NIGHT

Emma is now having a full on manic swing whilst dancing to Wham. He cannot stop her bouncing around his room.

EMMA  
If you gonna do it to it right  
right do it with me! If you're  
gonna DO it do it right!

Then, without realizing and to his utter horror, she starts to cry.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
If you gonna do it do it right!

DAN  
What's wrong with you?

EMMA  
Do you want to have sex with me?

He flinches. She's taken away his seduction.

DAN

No.

She shrugs and keeps dancing but doesn't stop crying.

DAN (CONT'D)

Why can't you stop crying?

EMMA

I don't know. I'm having a manic swing.

DAN

You can't have a manic swing in a swing state. That's ridiculous.

EMMA

You need to call Dr.R.

DAN

Who?

INT. DAN'S ROOM/R'S BEDROOM, LATE NIGHT

A bleary eyed Doctor R is on the phone, with Sophie worried (about him) in bed, beside him.

DR.R

What's going on?

How does Dan accurately summarize this situation?

DAN

We were just having a burger. Now she's crying. And she won't stop dancing to Wham.

Cut to her weeping whilst dancing.

DR.R

[Sagely] Uh huh. Put her on.

Emma takes the phone.

DR.R (CONT'D)

Emma, you're scaring this young man. You need to come in as soon as you can, and we'll take a look at your medication.

EMMA

YES!

DR.R

Put the kid back on.

She throws the phone at him and keeps dancing, drying her eyes.

DR.R (CONT'D)

She'll tire herself out. Get her to my office the day you get back.

DAN

I'm not that close to her.

He hates this kid.

DR.R

Have someone get her to my office.

When Dan hangs up, she's singing along to 'Blaze of Glory' by Bon Jovi:

EMMA

You ask me if I've known love and  
what it's like to sing songs in the  
rainnnn.

Sitting on floor, head in his hands.

DAN

I didn't.

EMMA

Well I've seen love come, I've seen  
it shot down, I've seen it die in  
vain!

He shakes his head.

She leaps from bed to bed doing flips in the air.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm going out in a blaze of glory!

DAN

[Forlorn] That's not even a good  
song.

Dan turns the music off. Emma turns around and slaps him. He clutches his cheek. This isn't funny. This is the real face of the archetypal "manic, pixie dreamgirl".

DAN (CONT'D)  
Fuck you, Emma!

INT. R HOME

As he hangs up the phone, Sophie is annoyed.

SOPHIE  
They can't do this to you.

DR.R  
I am a psychiatrist and she is my patient. She's sick.

SOPHIE  
You're sicker. You have to stop this. It's enough now.

DR.R  
Everything is going to be fine for us. If I didn't know that, I wouldn't still be working. Please. Trust me. We have a good life.

SOPHIE  
I do, I have a beautiful life: I got the brass ring.

DR.ROSECAN  
What do you mean?

SOPHIE  
At the funfair, when I was a kid - the carousel that goes round and round, and the horses are leaping in place on a three minute journey to nowhere. I'd always take one of the ponies on the outside, so I could stretch my arms out as far as I could manage and try to snatch the brass ring as I flew by. It was always held just within reach. I got the brass ring. It's you.

DR.ROSECAN  
Soph...

SOPHIE  
I want to raise the boys to understand that they can have love like this. But I want them to understand that they can lose it, too.

She starts to cry.

DR.ROSECAN

I'm sorry.

He's devastated by her sorrow.

DR.R

I'll cut back hours.

INT. NEVADA HOTEL, PRE-DAWN

Still high with mania, alone now, she tries to sleep but it's impossible. She concentrates on the ceiling above her, watching a cat's paw prints moving across it. Emma (naked) gets out of bed and puts on her pajamas. She goes down to the strip.

EXT. NEVADA, PRE-DAWN

She wanders up the brightly neon'd and yet deserted dusty road, watching the passing cars as if they were a light show in the darkness. It's trippy. It's freaking her out and yet she is transfixed.

Despite being a pajama'd skinny white girl alone on the street in the middle of the night, she feels safe because this is what mania does. It makes you untouchable.

Later. Emma is walking the strip alone. She is 'rapid cycling' and is now on a downward curve. As she walks along, she sees the neon lights starting to switch off, one by one. The darkness presses in on her.

EXT. NEVADA, MORNING

Dan and Emma are about to start their mission and she's just wrecked, absolute lowest ebb, no energy down. The distance they have to cover is greater than she ever imagined, sprawling, dusty, apocalyptic.

EMMA

What *is* this?

He's really irritated with her by now. Where once he coveted her, he now feels stuck with her.

DAN

This is America. It's not just New York, you know.

They split up to canvas.

EXT. HOME, MORNING

Emma is now very, very down. She rings her first doorbell, looking like a little girl. A man in his 60's answers. He has a deep tan, navy tattoos and a cigarette.

EMMA

Can I ask if we can expect your vote for Barack Obama in the upcoming elections?

He smiles broadly.

NAVY MAN

I wouldn't have voted for the bitch.

Now he drags on his cigarette.

NAVY MAN (CONT'D)

And I ain't gonna vote for the nigger.

He closes the door.

She walks up to the next house, trying not to cry.

INT. DR.ROSECAN'S OFFICE

Her head is still hung in shame. He has a pounding headache. Neither of them are in a good place.

DR.ROSECAN

What do you think happened?

EMMA

I got all fixed on the idea of trying to be with someone normal. But I'm not normal I guess.

DR.ROSECAN

Thank God.

EMMA

We were having dinner - a date - and he started talking about him.

She looks at R.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It was only a quasi-date. A photocopied facsimile of what a date could be.

Usually her word play engages him. But not today. He's not all there.

DR.ROSECAN

Let's add in zoloft.

EMMA

I don't want to take any anti-depressants.

DR.ROSECAN

It's an SSRI. Selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor. It doesn't have the side-effects of old school anti-depressants.

EMMA

But I thought the point was the doses should get lower the more we worked, not higher. I don't want a new pill.

DR.ROSECAN

Well, it hasn't been a good week.

He writes a prescription before she can protest further. He's tired and headachey and he can barely read his own writing.

DR.ROSECAN (CONT'D)

This is a temporary measure. Until you're back on track.

She's devastated.

EMMA

I'm off the track? I'm off the wagon?

He shakes his head, even though it makes his neck ache.

DR.ROSECAN

You didn't fall off the wagon. You had a reminder. That's what I call them. Just a reminder of how much better things have been lately. You're not done, you haven't flunked, you haven't failed.

EMMA

I just had a reminder.

He nods, and shows her out.

When she leaves, he takes his own selection of pills, some big enough for a horse. He really does feel like shit.

But then he notices her as she walks past the window. She stops to pet a cat. She looks like a care free little girl. It makes him smile. She'll be okay.

EXT. NEW YORK

Dr R goes for a run

INT. HOSPITAL

NURSE

You're a little sweaty.

DR.R

Oh, I ran before. To mentally prepare myself.

NURSE

So first the anti-nausea drug. Through an intravenous catheter. So the deacadtron can make you feel hyped.

DR.R

It's freeeezing.

INT. HOSPITAL

Because the chemicals in the chemo are toxic, the doctor who administers it is in head to toe plastic.

INT.R HOME

He falls asleep. He wakes up a few hours later bathed in sweat.

INT. DINER

DR.R

What if, next year, we took a vacation to all the different ski slopes from here through to Vermont, stopping in New England to get maple syrup and...

MIKE

You're babbling, Daddy.

SOPHIE

It's the chemo high. They said it happens the first few days. He'll come down.

Now he knows what it's like to feel like Emma.

DR.R

I feel great!

INT. OFFICE, DAY

There is a firefighter sitting in the waiting room at the same time as Emma.

Dr R opens the door and his face falls.

DR.R

I double booked. Goddamit. I'm sorry.

She turns to the firefighter.

EMMA

Want to do a psychiatric duet? I'll self-harm you have...9/11 survivors guilt.

He looks at R, alarmed. She guessed right.

FIREFIGHTER

I'll go.

EMMA

I don't need it as much as you do.

FIREFIGHTER

How do you know that?

He's exhausted.

DR.R  
I haven't said anything. She's an  
evil genius. So, anyway, this is my  
mistake and...

EMMA  
I'll go work out.

He's interested in her.

FIREFIGHTER  
Where do you work out?

Dr R tries to get him back on track and disengage them from  
conversation with each other.

DR.R  
Do you wanna take the corner chair?

He closes the door.

INT. R'S OFFICE

FIREFIGHTER  
You're not well. Are you?

DR.R  
No.

FIREFIGHTER  
My buddies who were at Ground Zero  
got the same cough. You have  
cancer?

Dr.R nods.

DR.R  
It'll be eight treatments over six  
months. I wasn't going to say  
anything to patients unless I had  
to. Are you angry that I didn't  
tell you?

FIREFIGHTER  
No. Of course not. People have the  
right to die how they want to die.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY, EVENING

Dr R is shell shocked by this statement.

INT. DR.R'S HOUSE

When Sophie and the kids are asleep, he checks his statistics several times over. He measures his probability for survival. It isn't as good as he'd thought.

EXT. NEW YORK, MORNING

Emma wakes up to a beautiful day. The upset of Las Vegas has faded. She takes her zoloft. She climbs out of bed, onto the fire escape and through Teeter's window. She gets into bed with her.

TEETER

Heyyyyyy.

Emma kisses her shoulder.

TEETER (CONT'D)

What's up?

Teeter reaches for her arm. There are no fresh cuts and the scars are fading.

EMMA

These scars are ugly.

Teeter doesn't know quite what to say.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm really glad I stopped whilst I had less rather than more.

That's all she wanted to say. She gets back out of bed, climbs back onto the fire escape, pausing to watch the sun as it comes up. She conducts its climactic rise with her hands on her way back through her window.

EMMA (CONT'D)

And...bam!

The sun is up. And Emma is in control.

EXT. NEW YORK, LATE AFTERNOON

Emma's cell phone rings.

MCCAIN MAN

Hey! Do you know who this is?

EMMA

I believe I do. Wow. Hello again.

MCCAIN MAN

Who were you expecting?

EMMA

No one. Good to hear from you.

MCCAIN MAN

Really?

EMMA

Seriously. I want to talk to you about why your man is selling himself out so completely.

MCCAIN MAN

Do you want to get the answer over dinner at the Sloan-Kettering fundraiser this Friday?

EMMA

Really?

MCCAIN MAN

With me.

EMMA

Yes, I gathered that.

A bashful reminder:

MCCAIN MAN

Although you haven't seen me in several months, I'm still twenty years older than you.

EMMA

Yes: it's not like perspective, age doesn't change depending on where you stand?

MCCAIN MAN

Would that it did. [Immediately] I'm sorry it moved so fast last time. I didn't want it to go like that. I don't really know how that happened. I didn't want you to think I was one of those guys who preys on young...

She can't stand to think about how fast it moved and that, sexy as he was, she wasn't really attracted to him - and so she cuts him off.

EMMA

I'll go to the dinner with you.  
[Beat] I'll prey on you.

Relieved and a bit blown away by her:

MCCAIN MAN

I look forward to it.

EMMA

Me too.

She hangs up the phone, takes her zoloft, and marks her wall calendar. He's so charming and he sounds so damn hopeful. As with Dan, she wants so much to want him and to have moved on from Mark for good.

INT. DR R'S OFFICE

He's noticeably down.

EMMA

So I'm gonna go out with McCain Man again. I want to know how he defends McCain's choice of running mate. Don't you think it makes him look terribly reckless and rash?

He can't help but smile.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What's funny?

DR.ROSECAN

I very much enjoy you judging other people's recklessness and rashness. I really do, I'm not making fun of you. You've come a long way.

EMMA

I know I have.

She smoothes her skirt. She wants him to be excited for her.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I have to get a black tie dress, whatever that means. I don't think it has to be floor length, I look ridiculous in anything past my knee...

He isn't listening properly.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You okay?

DR.R

Yup.

EMMA

You sure?

Dr R is coughing a little.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Do you know something?

DR.R

What?

EMMA

I used to sit up in the middle of the night, worrying about my parents dying and worrying about what I would do if they ever died. I wanted to climb into bed with my Mum and say "Promise me that you'll never ever die, promise me I won't be left alone". I'd climb into the bed with them, but I wouldn't say it. I'd bite my tongue not to - literally bite it until it bled - because I knew what the answer would be.

DR.R

The answer would be that you will not be left alone.

EMMA

That wouldn't have calmed me.

[Beat]

It's silly, but I think I've transferred the childhood fear of my parents dying onto you. [She can't look at him] What do you think that means?

He stares at her. Looks down at his pad.

DR R

It doesn't mean anything.

He sees Sophie outside the window, walking towards the lobby. He looks at the clock.

DR R (CONT'D)

Time's up.

EXT. NEW YORK

Emma is looking at dresses in the window of an east village vintage store. She goes inside. Teeter follows her in.

EMMA

Funny to think of all the other  
lives lived in these clothes.

Teeter doesn't have the same inclination towards romanticism:

TEETER

I know, it's weird right: people  
could have pissed in these pants.

She pulls aside a dress.

TEETER (CONT'D)

They could have died in them.

EMMA

That doesn't scare me. It's life.

INT. HOSPITAL, DAY

Sophie sits with R whilst he has chemo, the IV in his arm,  
the bag by his side. They watch T.V to while away the hours.  
MARK is on.

SOPHIE

Ugh. Look at this guy. So handsome  
and he could have just taken his  
family money and run with it. So  
smart.

DR.R

I don't like him.

SOPHIE

Come on! Everybody likes him.

DR.R

Dead eyes. I don't like his tie.

He really stares.

SOPHIE

You're treating him?

DR.R

No!

But he keeps staring. Sophie changes the channel to news about John Edwards.

DR.R (CONT'D)

Psychopathic tendencies,  
pathological liar, a people pleaser  
who'll say anything to keep people  
liking him.

Now Sarah Palin is on screen.

SOPHIE

Wow. Wow. She's a narcissist as a  
personality disorder with bipolar  
as a mood disorder.

He shakes his head.

DR.R

She thinks she's being victimized  
as she victimizes other people -  
she's a classic borderline.

The camera cuts to McCain.

SOPHIE

His father never liked him and he's  
over compensating with bravado.

R narrows his eyes.

DR.R

Or an overbearing older brother?

She gets on the bed with him as Mark once did with Emma.

He nestles into her.

We cut from McCain to McCain Man:

INT. FUNDRAISER, EVENING

Hor d'oeuvres and champagne are being passed around by waiters and waitresses. The crowd is an uptown/downtown synthesis, new money and old and an 'It Girl' here and there.

Emma looks fantastic in a strapless vintage dress and little 40's hat with netting over one eye. McCain Man is delighted to have her on his arm, and is only sorry it's so crowded so more people can't see her with him.

She is enjoying the weight of his arm. He's more attractive than she remembered and they're far more relaxed with each other than they expected to be. Plus, she has competition:

Even though Emma is on his arm, he is being eyed up by three tall, skinny socialites at the bar. They wave at him.

EMMA

[Outraged] Oh my God, there are prostitutes here!

He laughs as they wade into the crowd.

MCCAIN MAN

They're *models*.

EMMA

Why do you think that?

MCCAIN MAN

Angel, I think the very best thing a young woman can do, if they're tall, thin and beautiful is to not become a model, but trust me, those are models.

He picks up a passing canape and feeds it to her. She lets him. She's enjoying this.

MCCAIN MAN (CONT'D)

My brother was engaged to a model - one of Victoria's Secrets great sages, but now they're...

He fumbles. She searches for the right word for him...

EMMA

Dis-engaged?

He laughs.

MCCAIN MAN

Yeah.

EMMA

Oh, come on. They were definitely prostitutes. Why would they wave at you?

He answers this very patiently and good naturedly, taking no offense.

MCCAIN MAN  
I think...they think I'm  
attractive.

EMMA  
Oh. I mean, you are.

He smiles.

She looks back over her shoulder.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Sluts.

He laughs again.

MCCAIN MAN  
You seem different - lighter - than  
when we went out before.

EMMA  
Thank you: I fluctuate seasonally.

She is serious for a moment.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
I am. I am a lot lighter.

He gazes into her eyes, getting a feel for her depth. And  
then he pulls back.

MCCAIN MAN  
What do you want to drink?

EMMA  
I don't really drink. What would I  
drink, if I did drink?

He stands back and looks at her through the lens of his  
hands, like a director.

MCCAIN MAN  
With your outfit tonight? An Old  
Fashioned. It's the first  
documented cocktail.

EMMA  
Does it taste good?

MCCAIN MAN  
Ah, there's contention about the  
right way to mix it so, possibly,  
no. But you're going to look  
excellent holding it.

He excuses himself to fetch them drinks at the bar. As he leaves, he lightly touches her hand, and there's a little electric jolt. She feels an electricity.

He smiles back at her from his place at the bar. She smiles back at him.

And that's when - through the lens of the net across her eyes - she sees Mark on the other side of the room. He spots her at the same time. He disentangles himself from the woman he's with - the girl from the magazine photo that so upset her - and walks towards her. She nervously eyes McCain Man but his back is turned.

MARK

Hi.

EMMA

Hi.

She turns to leave, walking towards the ladies room. She nearly makes it away from him. Nearly.

MARK

Don't walk away from me.

People turn to look, his voice as strong as he is. McCain Man hears it and looks. To his chagrin, he must now watch the rest of this unfold.

She is rooted to the spot until Mark catches up with her.

MARK (CONT'D)

How have you been?

He touches her arm and she's screwed.

EMMA

Good. I've been really good.

Emma fiddles with the net over her eyes, trying to put up some defence between them. He moves it away so he can see them properly.

MARK

When are you going back to London?

EMMA

Ah, that was another life.

MARK

It was a good life you had going.  
And you were so good at your job.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

I was already in love with you for  
your work before I fell in love  
with you as a person.

She recoils from this expression. It's like someone punched her in the stomach.

MARK (CONT'D)

Do you want a drink?

EMMA

No.

He notices McCain Man, agitated across the room.

MARK

Are you with him?

EMMA

No.

MARK

No? He looks like he thinks you  
are.

She hangs her head.

EMMA

I've been trying to see other  
people.

On cue, McCain Man strides towards them.

MCCAIN MAN

Can I help?

He puts his hand on the small of Emma's back. His touch now sickens her. She can't help shaking him off. Humiliated, but a real proper man, he concedes defeat whilst letting her know what she's missing, leaning in and gently whispering to her:

MCCAIN MAN (CONT'D)

Thank you. I think I might have  
just found a way to stop thinking  
about you.

She walks out of the room. Mark goes after her. Knowing when he's beat, McCain Man hangs back. As the two go out onto the street, McCain Man turns to the women at the bar he said were not hookers.

WOMEN

Hi.

He doesn't look at them as he watches the door she passed through.

EXT. NEW YORK, NIGHT

Mark and Emma have each abandoned their respective dates. Holding a bottle of champagne, Mark hails them a cab.

INT. CAB, NIGHT

Emma and Mark each look out their windows. The chemistry between them is overwhelming. They're too terrified to look at each other. He sees moon. She sees river.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE, LATE, LATE NIGHT

In their black tie and with a duvet around her fabulous mini dress, they watch New York City. There's the champagne he's taken with him and they chill it in a bucket and talk. In the background is 'You've Got The Love' by Florence and the Machine.

EMMA

I saw you on the news, on the plane, talking from Istanbul.

MARK

Best city in the world right now. If they can maintain their reasonableness. If they can maintain their sanity...

The word 'sanity' seeps inside her.

MARK (CONT'D)

We're going to go. For Christmas. Let's do it. Why not?

EMMA

Come on.

MARK

You and I. I'm serious. Are you busy?

EMMA

No.

MARK

Then we're going. There's a hammam from the 15th century and buildings built on top of buildings. The best baklava.

EMMA

I don't need to gain weight.

MARK

You're always going to be beautiful, no matter what. I can't wait to see it.

Dawn starts to break.

MARK (CONT'D)

Look at those colours. That's the pink that spreads across your throat when you come.

She kisses him. He kisses her back. It's like they never left each other as, duvet beneath them, city beyond them, they make love on the fire escape, sun coming up and music pounding in both their heads.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM, DAY

As the last line of the song hits "you've got the love I need to see me through", she wakes up alone. No note. Her heart sinks. It's late in the afternoon. She is very down.

INT. DR'S HOME, DAY

He and Sophie are on the sofa, domestic, reading.

He puts down his book.

DR.R

I think I'm turning a corner.

They kiss.

DR.ROSECAN

Let's go to dinner. Let's go out.

SOPHIE

Where are we going to get reservations?

DR.ROSECAN

We don't do reservations anymore.  
We aren't those sort of people.

SOPHIE

What sort of people are we?

He kisses her passionately by way of answer.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Okay. Yeah. I'll get, I'll get  
Julie over to mind the kids.  
I'll...Let me go get dressed.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM, EVENING

Emma puts on cat make up because she's feeling dark, whiskers and a pink nose. Dressed like that, she takes her new pill. Then she heads to an east village bar.

INT. BAR, NIGHT

She's alone and it's past midnight, but her cat makeup makes her the life and soul of the party. Or so she thinks. Snide girls comment as she leans against the bar:

BAR-GOER

Who does she think she is?

BAR-GOER 2

Attention seeking much?

Mark still hasn't texted her back. She goes to the street and calls him. It goes to ansaphone too fast. She knows he's seen her number and pressed "ignore".

As she hangs up, she sees Dan coming out of the bar.

EMMA

Dan! Hi! How nice to bump into you!

She leans on him. He lets her but doesn't pull her close, staring stoically ahead.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Kiss me.

He doesn't.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You've been trying to get me to go out with you for months. So why don't you kiss me?

DAN

Emma?

EMMA

Why don't you?

DAN

Because I don't want to anymore.

INT. BATHROOM

Emma calls Dr.R from the toilet stall. It's not exactly a direct plea for help, rather she is trying to stop something bad happening.

EMMA

Hi. It's Emma. When you get this message, can you call me? I feel so down and so sped up. I don't feel right. Please call me back. As soon as you get this.

She sits down on the closed toilet, knees hunched up around her. She doesn't let in the women who bang on the door, keen to snort coke. She holds her breath, closes her eyes and pretends she isn't there.

INT. HOME OFFICE/RESTAURANT

Dr R is not home to hear the call because he and Sophie are out having a fine time in an upper west side restaurant.

INT. BAR BATHROOM, NIGHT

Emma comes out of the bathroom to face the pissed off women. They go inside to take their coke. She hears them snort but she doesn't once look away from her reflection in the mirror.

In the same zombie trance as she did in London, Emma pulls apart the razor from her wash kit in her handbag. She cuts three cats whiskers - three razor lines - onto each face paint whisker on her cheek.

When the women come out of the stall, buzzing and high, they can't quite figure out what's happened, just that its something they don't want any part of.

It takes a moment for the blood to come to the surface.

She emerges from the bathroom with blood dripping down her face.

She walks through the crowd of bar patrons as if nothing's wrong. They're too engrossed in each other to notice at first.

A man pulls away from an embrace with his healthy, happy girlfriend and sees her. He nudges his lover in horror.

The woman is as "good" as she looks (one of those people whose face accurately reflects their interior). Without saying a word to her boyfriend, she gets down from the bar and pushes through people to catch Emma at the other side of the door, the night air hitting them both. She catches Emma softly on the back with her hand.

HEALTHY WOMAN

What's wrong?

EMMA

What?

She stares, distressed, at Emma's face. She tries again.

HEALTHY WOMAN

Can I help you? Can I call someone for you?

INT. CAB

A little tipsy, Dr R and Sophie are snuggled up together in the back of the taxi, watching the city whizz by, the radio playing their favourite song (as Emma had described early on, when explaining why she did what she did on the plane - "it felt like the right song coming on in a taxi"). Checking his work phone, he picks up the message from Emma followed by the alarming message from the woman at the bar trying to help her. Oh Fuck.

He moves his arm off Sophie and she'd know something was up even if he didn't whisper to the driver:

DR.ROSECAN

Can we make a detour to 2nd avenue, please?

Sophie hears him of course.

SOPHIE  
What are we doing?

He doesn't look at her when he answers (without meaning to be, Emma is a wedge in his family life):

DR.ROSECAN  
A message from a patient in trouble.

SOPHIE  
Are you going to have her admitted to Bellevue?

DR.ROSECAN  
No. I'm just going to go get her.

SOPHIE  
And do what?

DR.ROSECAN  
Help her.

Sophie is dumbfounded. This is not normal protocol.

DR.ROSECAN (CONT'D)  
Like in a session.

SOPHIE  
But you're not in a session.

DR.ROSECAN  
[To the driver] Can we get off Amsterdam please?

Looking at Sophie...

DR.ROSECAN (CONT'D)  
Okay. Alright. I'll drop you home.

He is really very sad that his romantic, celebratory night has been ruined, but he doesn't know what else to do. She lets him know she isn't pleased but it will pass.

SOPHIE  
Okay. If you decide one thing and you stick to it and you never change your mind about it no matter what - then you're George Bush. So change your rules. Just for tonight.

She gets out near their house. Before she walks up her stairs, she leans back in the cab.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I love you.

He grins. She still makes his heart full. As the cab turns the corner, he is faced by the sight of Emma being propped up outside the bar by the kind woman who called him.

He sees the blood whiskers - Jesus Christ.

INT. DR R'S OFFICE, NIGHT

Dr R helps her clean her cuts.

DR R

Let's clean this out.

She nods.

He finds the antiseptic. Gently wipes the cuts for her.

EMMA

I've never let any of my cuts get infected. Sometimes I think I cut myself just so I can clean myself up.

He puts away the q-tips and ointment and turns back to her.

DR.ROSECAN

That used to be true. But I think that you've rewired yourself. I don't know that the cutting is doing what is used to for you.

Seeing the zolofit in her bag, he takes it out and shuts the bottle away in a drawer. She watches it go like it was an adopted child she hadn't yet learned to love.

The truth hits her slowly.

EMMA

It didn't feel like it worked this time.

He nearly smiles. It's hard to bathe in the victory of the statement when she's bleeding.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I don't want this any more.

INT. HOSPITAL, DAY

Dr.R lays back, having blood drawn as Sophie sits beside him. The lights above him are flickering fluorescents but in his prone position they look celestial.

ONCOLOGIST

The last blood test looks great.  
Your t-cells are responding really well. Everything is going as well as we could possibly hope.

DR.R

Thank you.

EXT. NEW YORK, DAY

Leaving the building, they almost cry with relief.

He grabs Sophie and won't let her go.

DR.ROSECAN

I think when I did that thing that made you so upset that night after dinner, I think I cast a spell. Or broke a spell.

She kisses him.

SOPHIE

How's the kid?

DR.ROSECAN

Emma? She's better. I got her off the...I had her on the wrong meds.

SOPHIE

Oh no, you don't have to tell me her name.

He reiterates it (in case she did have some part in the "magic").

DR.ROSECAN

Emma.

EXT.EMMA'S BUILDING, MORNING

On one side of the street is the line for Magnolia bakery.

On the other is Mark, waiting outside Emma's door on his bike. Passersby keep greeting him.

PASSERBY  
Have a cupcake!

MARK  
No thanks.

Emma sees him out her window. She takes several deep breaths, covers her healing facial scars with concealer and goes outside.

EMMA  
What are you doing here?

MARK  
I was passing. I can't pass your house without coming to see you.

EMMA  
It's been two weeks. You just vanished.

She hates that she's still glad to see him, even after what he's put her through. He goes to kiss her cheek. She turns her face away.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
I'm late.

MARK  
For what?

EMMA  
I'm going to my shrink.

MARK  
I'll take you.

She is hesitant.

MARK (CONT'D)  
The 6 train's messed up today. Come on. So you're not late.

EXT. NEW YORK

She clings to him - she cannot help it - as they ride through New York.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Dr.R opens his door to see Emma shaking. She knows she's going to be in trouble with him.

DR.R

Come in!

He opens the door further and sees Mark.

EMMA

He dropped me here. He wanted to say "hi".

MARK

Hi! Just wanted to say "hello".  
Great work I hear you're doing.  
Really grateful.

R eyes him.

DR.R

Come in for a minute, Mark. If you have time.

INT. OFFICE

Mark walks all over the room, touching stuff.

There's the framed selection of outlawed olden day medicines, things with cocaine in them.

MARK

Cool!

He wanders over to the pictures of Mike and Robert.

MARK (CONT'D)

Oh my God, I remember when I lost my two front teeth.

He nods at R.

MARK (CONT'D)

Cute kids.

They both watch Mark until he plops down. Emma is extremely anxious, which is starting to freak out Mark. He smiles his celebrity watt smile at Dr R, and valiantly maintains it, even when R keeps silent for several beats.

DR.R

As you know, Emma's been very sick.

Like a robot whose had a switch flicked, Mark makes a serious face.

MARK

Yeah, man.

He reaches across and puts his fingertips on Emma's knee.

MARK (CONT'D)

We were scared.

Another beat's silence.

DR.R

Why don't you leave us Emma? We'll  
come and get you when we're done.

Mark looks terrified.

INT. WAITING ROOM

There's already the next patient waiting so Emma can't try  
and listen in.

INT. BATHROOM

Emma sits on the closed lid of the toilet and puts her ear  
against the wall. Nothing.

EMMA

Fuck!

INT. R'S OFFICE

MARK

I've let her down. But I haven't  
abandoned her. She knows what I'm  
like. Who I am and what my  
limitations are. I have issues. I  
mean, that's what we talk about in  
this room, right, because my first  
memory is of my Father sending me  
to get him more whisky, and my  
mother had all these dinner parties  
where she'd dress me up and she  
never even...

He cuts him off, politely.

DR.R

In this room it's Emma's issues.  
Not yours. You don't mind me saying  
that.

MARK

No. Of course not.

He does mind.

DR.R

You met because you spoke at her charity?

MARK

Yes. She's educated herself so thoroughly about these abuses and you just think "God, I wish she didn't have to have these things in her brain", she looks so young.

Pointedly:

DR.R

She is young.

MARK

But you forget it because she's so brave. That's what I loved in her. Courage man, keeping tabs on these things, exposing them, so tough!

DR.R

But she isn't.

MARK

Well, not about her own life, no. Which is weird. I didn't realize that right away. I didn't know she did the cutting thing.

DR.R

Does it bother you? You feel misled?

MARK

You're exposing Female Genital Mutilation and then going back to your room and painstakingly opening up a razor so you can make nicks on your arms? I found it...distasteful. Yeah. Look, shouldn't I let you get on with it? I know these things are expensive.

DR.R

You're very brave in the field. I've seen your reports.

MARK

Thank you.

DR.R

Are you courageous in your private life?

MARK

I don't think about it. I just try and get through each day. My mother used to...

DR.R

Even after the break-up, you still reach out, now and then.

Emphatically:

MARK

Because she *matters* to me.

DR.R

She knows that. That's why she can't ever be indifferent to you.

INT. WAITING ROOM

She looks at him, hopefully. Maybe DR R has 'cured' him?

EMMA

Talk to you later.

MARK

Yeah.

He can't make eye contact with her.

She walks into R's room. She doesn't know Mark watches her as the door closes.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM

She is laying back on her bed, talking happily to herself, not like a crazy person but like a child whose bathed and put herself to bed.

EMMA

Everything is within my power.

She is so taken with the sound of this that she turns to one of the posters on her wall and tells it:

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Everything is within my power.

She goes to the bathroom, to tell her reflection in the mirror:

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Everything is within...

But before she can finish the sentence, she is over taken by a wave of nausea and, as if being answered by a God with a very dark sense of humour, her body is out of her control as she doubles over the toilet and is sick.

INT. DR R'S HOME

R is having a weak day and so Sophie helps him into his pyjamas.

DR.R  
I should check my voice mail.

SOPHIE  
Of course.

There's a message from Emma.

EMMA  
Dr R. What happened in the session with Mark? He won't call me back. What did you say?

CUT TO:

INT. GYNECOLOGISTS

Her doctor is an incredibly glamorous 40ish redhead, with towering heels and a Vivienne Westwood dress under her white coat.

GYNO  
You're faintly pregnant.

EMMA  
Isn't that like being "sort of" a Nazi. Surely I am pregnant or I'm not?

GYNO

You're pregnant. Do you want to proceed?

Emma doesn't answer, but her face says it all: Hell, no.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM

She calls Mark.

EMMA

Can you please call me? It's something I don't want to leave on an ansaphone. It's important. Please call.

INT. MARK'S HOME, AFTERNOON

With a wince, not liking himself, Mark deletes her message.

INT. R'S BEDROOM/INT.EMMA'S KITCHEN

Sophie is brushing her hair in the bathroom. She watches her husband on the phone.

DR.R

Emma. You missed your session today. Any reason I should panic?

INT.FORREST HOME

Mum hangs up the phone.

MUM

Oh, my little girl.

DAD

She doesn't want us there.

MUM

God, I wish she didn't have to go through this.

She holds Dad's hand.

MUM (CONT'D)

Mark's been very good, apparently.

DAD

Yeah?

Dad clings to her, puts his face in her neck. She pats his hair. They have a funny love. But it's real.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

Emma looks at the phone she's just hung up. Teeter is beside her.

TEETER

Why didn't you tell them he hasn't even called you back?

EMMA

"Honesty with a small 'h'". It's something Doctor Rosecan talks about.

TEETER

I don't think he meant right now.

She points at Emma's tummy as if it contains all the "right now" there could be.

EMMA

Why not now? I've caused them enough hurt and worry for a lifetime. They're getting older. I can't let myself frighten them anymore.

Teeter goes out onto the fire escape. Emma follows and sits beside her. She is talking to Teeter but addressing the city:

EMMA (CONT'D)

The thing is...I've been thinking: just because Mark isn't involved, doesn't mean I couldn't have it.

TEETER

What?!

EMMA

I could. People do...

TEETER

Emma. You're way too young.

EMMA

Doesn't this mean I'm a grown-up? Doesn't this mean that I am, at least physically, a functioning grown-up woman?

The city seems to answer as, across the way, kids - teenagers, younger by planets than her - spray their names on the water tower on top of the building across the way (incidentally, their tag is 'Neckface', the graffitti spied in her hallway when her parents returned her to the apartment post-hospital).

INT. LSE

Mark's L.S.E lecture is coming to a conclusion, the hall packed, the students and alumni clapping wildly. When the standing ovation ends, Dad makes his way to the front of the stage just as Mark is being buttonholed by another fan.

DAD

Hi Mark.

MARK

Hi. You're...

DAD

Emma's dad.

MARK

Of course. Did you enjoy it?

DAD

It was wonderful.

Mark is with a pretty, young woman. Dad shakes her hand good naturedly.

DAD (CONT'D)

Hello. I'm Emma's Dad.

He expects her to know who Emma is. Perhaps, he thinks in his head, this is Mark's assistant. She looks blank.

MARK

Well we're heading off.

DAD

I'll walk with you.

They're hustled away by security. He calls back behind him.

MARK

Good to see you, man.

Dad is lost in the crowd.

## INT. BUS

On the bus home dad's really worried for the first time. He sits on the top deck, at the very front. He feels utterly impotent and humiliated for him and for her. Everything he's sublimated and joked around comes to the surface. As the bus rounds into Shepherd's Bush, he starts to cry and once he starts, he can't stop.

## INT.GYNECOLOGISTS

Emma and the gyno are sitting opposite each other across a desk, Emma in a gown that suggests a day of examinations. Emma has her hand protectively over her stomach as she gets ready to tell the doctor of her decision.

EMMA

I've been thinking about it a lot  
and whilst I know I'm younger than  
I'd like to be and my partner isn't  
with me anymore...

The doctor pushes a scan towards her across the desk.

GYNECOLOGIST

It's no longer viable.

It takes a beat for Emma to understand what it is she's being told.

The doctor puts a pencil on the scan.

GYNECOLOGIST (CONT'D)

One in three pregnancies terminate  
themselves in the first twelve  
weeks of conception.

Emma inhales sharply as she processes.

GYNECOLOGIST (CONT'D)

That's what you'd wanted, isn't it?

She nods "yes", but she is absolutely heartbroken.

## INT.EMMA'S BATHROOM

Emma cries and cries. She looks at the razor on the side of the tub. She weighs it in her hand. She puts it down. She balls her hands up into fists. She picks up the razor again.

We wait in despair for her to throw all her work away.

Instead:

She shaves her legs, crying less now, getting her breath back with each stroke.

INT.EMMA'S APARTMENT

She wakes in her bedroom. The ceiling is still above her. The floor is still below her. She looks over. Teeter is beside her, a hand stroking her hair. Life goes on. Emma falls back into sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

Emma sits bolt upright. She nudges Teeter.

EMMA  
There's a fire in the building.

TEETER  
[Murmuring] No there isn't.

Emma leaps out of bed.

EMMA  
Yes there is.

TEETER  
You're having a bad dream.

EMMA  
Get up NOW.

TEETER  
Emma! You're being crazy!

As she finishes her sentence, smoke seeps under their door.

TEETER (CONT'D)  
Holy shit!

Teeter scrambles to change from pajamas into street clothes.

EMMA  
[Taking charge] What are you doing?

Pulling Teeter, she goes to open the window to the fire escape they've used a million times before. Tonight the fucking latch won't budge. Emma tries again. It still won't move.

Grabbing a towel, Emma wraps up her fist to protect it and smashes her scarred arm through the glass. Pushing her hand through, she opens the window from the other side.

She hoists out onto the fire escape, pulling Teeter after her as the room fills with smoke.

In their pajamas, they climb down the stairs to the street. Teeter gasps for breath and as she gets it back...

TEETER

For someone who tried to kill  
themselves six months ago, I'm  
impressed by your will to live.

Emma looks up at her room. It is full of flames. Then she looks down at her arm. It is unscathed.

The fire engines arrive. It says 'Ladder 55' on the side of the truck. Amongst the firefighter's is the one from Doctor R's waiting room. They say the world's most bewildered and awkward and strangely romantic "hi" to each other as he rushes in with his men to fight the fire.

INT. 24 HOUR DINER, PRE-DAWN

Emma and Teeter sit there in their dressing gowns/pajamas and assess what just happened as they eat pancakes.

EMMA

I have cat senses.

TEETER

What makes you a neurotic bitch  
also makes super alert.

EMMA

What do you think the difference is  
between a neurotic and a psychotic?

Teeter shrugs.

TEETER

A neurotic learns from their  
mistakes?

CUT TO:

INT.EMMA'S APARTMENT

She takes in the carnage. Every single thing she had is gone. She doesn't know what to think. She finds it...an odd and freeing relief.

EXT. NEW YORK/INT.TEETER'S APARTMENT

As the city comes awake, she dials R's number from Teeter's house. A strange message picks up.

"This office is closed due to a medical issue. This machine will not take messages".

EXT. FIREHOUSE

Remembering the fire truck said 'Ladder 55', Emma tracks down the station to the West Village. As she approaches the station, she gets wolf whistles, but soon enough she finds her firefighter.

FIREFIGHTER

Hello.

EMMA

Hi.

FIREFIGHTER

I'm sorry we didn't get there sooner. Electricals move fast, man, especially in those old buildings. Where are you staying?

EMMA

[Ignoring his question] There's a message on Dr.R's ansaphone saying the office is closed and I can't seem to find out what's happened.

FIREFIGHTER

He's sick. He's in the hospital. He was having chemo for his cancer...you didn't know?

EMMA

What?

FIREFIGHTER

And whilst he was there, he had some kind of collapse. Apparently it's pretty common.

EMMA

With what? Which hospital is he at?

INT. HOSPITAL

Emma looks at his name on the door, peers through the window at him as he once peered through a hospital window at her.

Sophie comes up to her.

SOPHIE

Hi. Can I help you?

EMMA

Hi. I'm Emma Forrest.

She smiles, but there is no recognition.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Are you his wife?

SOPHIE

Yes.

EMMA

I recognize you from the photo in his office. I'm a patient of his. I've been seeing him for the last nine months. He'd want me to know.

Her name finally rings a bell for Sophie.

SOPHIE

He doesn't want you to know. He has a life outside you. Just as you have a life outside him.

Robert comes up and clings to his Mom's leg.

EMMA

But our lives meet somewhere in the middle, right?

SOPHIE

For one hour a week. In one room.

She catches her hurt look and smiles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

That's why it works.

Beat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
It is working? Isn't it?

EMMA  
Yes.

SOPHIE  
We're just going to keep this to  
the people who know him.

EMMA  
I know him!

Beat. She realizes this isn't true.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
He knows me.

SOPHIE  
Let him get his strength back.  
You'll see him in session soon  
enough. A week or two. You will.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

He's sitting up, awake.

SOPHIE  
Your star patient, Emma.

DR.R  
Oh good. Good! How was she?

SOPHIE  
Concerned about you. She's okay?

DR.R  
That ones going to be fine.

She gets in the bed. They watch election coverage.

INT. HOSPITAL/EXT. HUDSON RIVER PIER

It's the waning days of summer and Emma's walking along the pier when her cell phone rings. Gay Puerto Rican teens are on shy first dates and secretaries have stripped down to their bras to tan.

DR.R  
Emma.

EMMA

Doctor R! Thank you for calling me back. Thank you. Are you okay?

DR.R

Everything's fine. It happens on chemo all the time.

EMMA

You promise me?

DR.R

Yes.

EMMA

Are you in pain?

DR.R

No.

Beat. He's really weak.

DR.R (CONT'D)

How are you?

EMMA

I'm better. I'm good.

DR.R

You sound surprised. You shouldn't be. We're over-programmed by this culture to believe that our future is somehow fixed, removing the possibility that you can transform yourself. I mean, it's a struggle, it's incredibly hard, but you can.

Their conversation continues in audio form over the next images, as he is visited by his family and she continues her walk through the city.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Mike and Robert cuddle him.

DR.R

And whatever the outcome, it's the product of that struggle that gives you the quality of your life and the nature of your soul.

INT. APARTMENT

She gets home and, laying on the sofa, observes her body and what she's made of it. She observes it tenderly, with kindness.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

He observes his body and what's become of it. There are tubes coming out of his tummy...

As soon as Sophie walks in, he smiles.

And he literally closes the book on Emma, tucking away her file.

He falls asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Sophie wakes up from deep sleep in a cot that's been set up, to find that he's shaking beside her, pale and getting grey. His overbub continues.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

We see (but do not hear) Sophie trying to hold it together as the doctor explains that this is the end.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, NIGHT

A beep beep beep as R's machines go off. Sophie is with him. Nurses come running.

INT. PARTY

Emma and Teeter are at a Democrats election watching party. They both look lovely, both softer and older than we've seen them before. They're sharing a glass of wine, glued to the results. Florida goes for Obama! And that's when Emma sees Mark.

She stands stock still as he makes his way across the room towards her. All eyes are on him as he moves.

He's about to say something to her. But he has absolutely nothing. Instead he takes her little hand in his.

They hold hands and are silent as the deciding states come in. They both take deep breaths. She is cool. He is trying not to cry, for what the country has back, for what he has lost in her.

It's almost a meditative state. Until a model with a slender body the colour of fattening truffles comes over.

MODEL

Hey, Mark! Now we have a black President, I'll finally fuck you!

MARK

Ha! Finally!

Because what can he say?

Her hair is expertly coloured and back combed.

Then, seeing their hands intertwined, the model gets on her knees before them and says:

MODEL

I am so mortified about what I said. You two are obviously together.

EMMA

I...

She starts to explain.

The woman puts up a hand.

MODEL

There's obviously something here between you.

Emma sees them, post-coital on the fire escape, watching the sun break across the city.

EMMA V.O

There is another life there, where he had the courage. Where the love letters were not written in disappearing ink. Another life where my doctor has an extra year, another five years, a life where he doesn't die, a life where he just keeps healing and healing others, his family gets to keep him. It's quiet on the fire escape, and I'm gobsmacked by this thing called peace.

(MORE)

EMMA V.O (CONT'D)

I have worked hard to get well and now I have him to show for it, here, in the best city on earth, on the edge of a ledge from which I feel no impulse to jump.

Jeff in the hospital.

EMMA V.O (CONT'D)

One more moment, one more breath.

Segue between them watching the sunrise together and R's dying.

EMMA V.O (CONT'D)

But there aren't any more.

As the party comes back into focus, and with it the sound of breathing replaced by the clink of champagne glasses, stilettos on marble, Emma lets his hand drop and looks the model in the eye.

EMMA

No. Nothing here. There's absolutely nothing.

Dr.R exhales for the last time and closes his eyes.

INT. BEDROOM

Sophie opens her eyes. As soon as she does, she remembers he is gone, and she cries.

EXT. NEW YORK, DAY/ FORREST HOME, EVE

In the street, people are hugging each other.

Dad taps out an email to Emma. It says three words: "Welcome back, America".

EXT. ISTANBUL, DAY

EMMA V.O

In December I spent my birthday in Istanbul, just as Mark had planned. But I go without him. It is a thrill to be somewhere that is full of 'Yes' and 'No' answers.

She's staying in a cheap hotel where each room, instead of being numbered, is named for a Turkish love poem.

The call to prayer blares across the city in the morning. It becomes dance music at night.

The architecture, full of squares, cubes and spheres.

She eats baklava and drinks tiny coffees.

EMMA V.O (CONT'D)

I feel so much more courage in  
Istanbul.

Her bed is single and her room spartan, but she can see the Marmara sea from her window. Silhouettes dance across the moonlight: on top of the horizontal line of the Marmara, there is a continuous horizontal band of city walls and another horizontal effect is Topkapi Palace on top of the walls. Spreading red roofs and Mosques rising up pale between them.

EMMA V.O (CONT'D)

Anything can be achieved.  
Everything is within my power.

Walking the streets, there are stray cats everywhere, sad eyed, seeking shelter from the rain. They look like hopped up Edie Sedgwicks in dishevelled Calico fur. There is no cat food at the nearest deli, so she buys salami, has them chop it up, and feeds the cats.

It is soon snowing mercilessly.

EXT. BLUE MOSQUE

Her hair is very dark and long, now, and as the snow storm whips it in circles around her face, The Mosque lends a faint tint of blue to her skin.

INT.HOTEL LOBBY

On her way out of the breakfast buffet, she steals food for the cats. Salmon, sausages and bacon galore.

Morning just breaking, she walks over to Cemberlitas Hamam. It was built in 1584 and the only light comes from the hundreds of stars cut out of the domed roof.

She can hear the call to prayer from the Blue Mosque as she lays, naked, in the piping hot steam. There is no-one else there.

Each visitor to the Hamam is assigned a woman to scrub and clean them. The women who scrub are, themselves, naked.

Her woman has enormous, pendulous breasts and pale grey eyes. As they try their best to communicate, she lathers Emma's hair, laughing and saying to her:

HAMMAM WOMAN

Baby girl.

We can't tell if she is saying she looks like she's a baby girl, or asking if she has a baby girl.

She grins. She is missing a tooth.

HAMMAM WOMAN (CONT'D)

Baby girl.

She says it again, beaming.

HAMMAM WOMAN (CONT'D)

Baby girl?

Emma has a terrible moment, where she decides she must be asking about the miscarriage. Enveloped in steam, tears prick her eyes. She is glad when soap fills them. She flashbacks to Mark and her in bed:

MARK

Are you mine?

EMMA

Yes.

MARK

Are you mine?

EMMA

Yes.

MARK

Are you mine?

EMMA

No.

MARK

No?

EMMA

No. I wanted to be yours. So much. But now I'm mine, which is all I ever was, in the end.

INT. TOPKAPI PALACE

A complex of four main courtyards and many intricate smaller buildings, there are hundreds of rooms and chambers, containing the most holy relics of the Muslim world. She wanders around.

She finds herself separated from the crowd, in an unexpected side room that she can't find noted in the guide book. Beneath the elaborate gold leaf calligraphy, there is a sofa, a fan and a small coffee table bearing old issues of the New Yorker.

A door opens.

DR.R  
Em-ma For-rest!

EMMA  
Doctor R? So this is where you've been.

He leads her into his office and settles in his chair.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Can you turn off that light?

DR.R  
Right, of course, and that one.

EMMA  
Thank you.

The room is just as it has always been, and the school kids of east 94th street can be heard rattling by on their bikes.

DR.R  
So...

He smiles. Opens his hands towards her.

DR.R (CONT'D)  
Where's your head at?

EMMA  
I've been having a hard time without you.

He nods.

DR.R  
Bereavement is hard. You've been very lucky. You haven't lost anyone before.

(MORE)

DR.R (CONT'D)

Your reaction is not inappropriate.  
All, those years of cutting. Now  
you have a reason to be in pain.  
It's an interesting challenge.

EMMA

Thank you!

DR.R

I have no question that you're up  
to it. You're completely different  
from the girl on the plane.

EMMA

Do you think you could have helped  
him?

He shifts. He knows who she is talking about.

DOCTOR R

Yes.

She drops her head.

DR.R

But this isn't your concern.

She looks at the ground, she look up with wet eyes.

EMMA

I'm afraid of loving again. I'm  
afraid I've lost my faith.

DR.R

You haven't.

EMMA

The trapdoor I have in my mind?  
That can go to those bad places? It  
almost gave way again.

DR.R

You know the ways to keep it nailed  
shut.

He smiles.

DR.R (CONT'D)

The point of psychiatry is that it  
should be terminated. We don't want  
you to be with us forever. I want  
to get you out of here. I want us  
to figure out how you can grieve  
this and let go.

EMMA

I miss you. That's what I meant to tell you. I really just miss you, terribly, terribly, terribly. And goodness doesn't get to stay. It just doesn't get to stay.

Dr. R scratches out a note on his pad.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Losing you both was only the practice pain wasn't it? For my mum and dad..."

He puts his finger on his lips, his elbow at his chest, not wracked with cancer.

DR.R

Yes.

EMMA

And when that happens, this will seem like nothing.

He nods.

DR.R

When it happens, what will get you through?

EMMA

Friends who love me.

DR.R

And if your friends weren't there?

EMMA

Music through headphones.

DR.R

And if the music stopped?

EMMA

New York's numbered streets to keep me walking.

DR.R

And if New York slid into the ocean?

EMMA

Your voice in my head.

INT EMMA'S HOTEL ROOM/ INT. R HOME

The news breaks on television about John Edwards compulsive lies. Emma is watching in her hotel room. Sophie, watching in her apartment, shakes her head and smiles - R had diagnosed him correctly.

INT.HOTEL ROOM/EXT.GARDEN

Emma switches off the report about John Edwards as the reporter says the word "lies". She goes out into the back garden of the hotel and, making sure no-one sees, she buries Mark's fire opal ring in the ground, cats watching her.

INT.HOTEL ROOM

Emma is under the covers, drifting in and out of sleep. From across the city, the dawn call to prayer wakes her. As she opens her eyes, she is overcome by a wonderful feeling - anger, and a desire to pee.

CUT TO:

EXT.HOTEL BACK YARD, EVE

She goes back to the garden where she finds the right place and pisses on Mark's ring she'd buried. Several Istanbul cats keep watch, like bodyguards, as she squats. When she's finished, she puts her pajamas back in place and says primly:

EMMA

Thank you.

She calmly goes back inside to pack.

INT. PLANE

Emma looks around her on a plane heading back to New York. Scene of the crime that set this all in motion. She looks at her fellow travellers. And smiles.

INT.SYNAGOGUE, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK, DAY

The memorial service is overflowing.

All the patients are there and we recognize those we've seen from the waiting room. The 9/11 firefighter with survivors guilt. The cute junkie.

Emma beckons the firefighter over as the music begins.

EMMA

You can sit with me.

FIREFIGHTER

Thanks.

He squeezes in beside her.

EMMA

So what's your problem?

FIREFIGHTER

Nothing. What's your problem?

EMMA

Nothing.

They smile at each other. Sophie takes to the podium for her eulogy. She looks out at the gathered throng, clears her throat.

SOPHIE

The sportswriter Red Smith, asked to speak at a friend's funeral, looked out at the assembled mourners and said, "Dying is no big deal; the least of us will manage it. Living is the trick."

Jeff had the most fun being alive of anyone I have ever known. In the 25 years that we were together, Jeff simply enjoyed life. He liked New York, he liked the Hamptons, he liked Saint Barth, he liked theatre and music, food and art, watching sports and doing sports, he liked going out, and he liked staying home. He did not do all of these things well; no one does. But he was completely un-self-conscious, and willing to try, and willing to laugh at the things that went badly as well as celebrate the things that worked out.

Reading the notes from his patients, I am reminded that there was a serious side to Jeff too, and that, for a living, he helped people get their lives together.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

But for anyone who ever wondered why he was good at that, it was because his own life was together, and he believed that it could get better.

A person like Jeff can get sick, his body can break, and he can leave us bereft. But the light of Jeff's smile and the warmth with which he lived does not die. Those things will sustain us forever

INT. SYNAGOGUE

Mourners line up to shake Sophie's hand.

SOPHIE

Emma.

EMMA

Yes. I'm so sorry for your loss.

SOPHIE

Thank you for coming.

EMMA

Of course.

She moves on and then retraces her steps.

EMMA (CONT'D)

There's something that I wanted to ask you?

Sophie nods.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What school did he come from?

Others mourners are waiting their turn.

SOPHIE

In what way?

EMMA

I mean, so I can look for it again... what sort of psychiatry, what school was he practicing?

Sophie smiles, the first time she's really smiled today.

SOPHIE

He was smart and he was a mensch.  
That's it.

INT. FERRY

On the ferry back to Manhattan from Staten Island, Emma sees stickers of Obama that instead of "Yes We Can" say "Yes We Did". She's freezing and with her scarf over her head, she gazes at the statue of Liberty, resembling nothing so much as one of the huddling mass yearning to be free.

The sky is open and vast, it's crisp but sunny, that NYC blue sky. She puts on her ipod and is listening to The Velvet Underground singing 'Pale Blue Eyes', the sky as her muse.

The ferry rounds the corner and the statue of Liberty fills the frame.

Looking out at the horizon, something catches Emma's attention from the corner of her eye. To the far right of the screen, someone is swimming in the Hudson, on their back. She can't make it out at first. Then she sees that it's Ophelia from the painting at The Tate Gallery. Only now, she isn't drowning. It's a leisurely swim.

Emma looks around to see if anyone else can see her.

Ophelia is looking at the blue sky. It's a sunny day and in she has her own headphones on. She's listening to Mavis Staples sing 'Eyes on the Prize', and Emma re-tunes her ipod so she can hear the same song.

Everywhere Ophelia looks there are prizes to keep her eyes on. The flowers from the portrait are in the frame, the way the sun bounces off the boats, even the people waving.

The water feels good and she turns on her side and starts swimming towards the land. She's getting closer and closer to the statue, green, arm up stretched, and beneath the statue, tiny but unmistakably, a middle aged Jewish man with his pants hiked up too high.

When she gets to land, he isn't there anymore, but she pulls herself up, anyway. She's stronger than anyone knew. Her wet clothes cling to her curves.

Mavis Staples sings "My. God's. Going. To. Trouble. The. Water."

There's no-one around for miles, and that makes Ophelia happy and calm, as she shakes out her hair. She observes Manhattan from her vantage point, drying in the sun.

When we look back at her, it's The Thames, bucolic Chiswick behind her, the London Eye in the far distance.

EMMA V.O

When I come to the end of my life -  
when I come to the real end, at the  
right time, (even if, like Rosecan  
it is an unfair time, it will be  
right) - my mind may flash with  
random images: pencil sharpeners  
and penguins. My friends who dotted  
the highway of despair, not the  
highway itself, my father making up  
a song for a cat, dancing to Gospel  
with my mother, her straight spine  
and soft hands and sweet face.  
Creating a universe out of reading  
in silence with your lover.  
Countries I never thought I'd see.  
Things I never thought I'd see: a  
lunar eclipse, a black President.  
And a man, who though I never  
talked to him outside one small  
room on east 94th street, believed  
that life is vast...

Blackout.

EMMA V.O (CONT'D)

And worth living.

THE END