

TEASER

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

The night is illuminated by numerous park lights as multiple feet hit the ground, each walking to their own destination.

On one bench sit CHARLEY AVES (27) and BEN BEEKMAN (26). Charley is a short, buxom woman with dark hair, and Ben has glasses and a short beard.

The two are dressed nicely, she in a long dress with a deep V neck and he wearing a button down with dark jeans. Ben is playing with his PHONE while Charley drinks a SLUSHY.

Charley's eyes are wide and alert, scanning the people walking by them in the park.

CHARLEY
(points at one)
What about that one?

BEN
(not looking up)
Eh.

CHARLEY
(points again)
All right, what about that one?

Ben shrugs.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
(points again)
Well then how about -

BEN
(puts his phone away)
Look, Charley, can't you just pick one?

CHARLEY
Apparently not.

Charley starts hitting Ben across the chest and pointing at someone.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
Ooo! Ooo! Him! Over there!

She points at OTTO (35), a handsome, older man, jogging slowly. He comes to a light pole to catch his breath.

Ben grabs her arm and lowers it.

BEN

Don't point.
(looks at the guy)
And he looks like an asshole.

CHARLEY

Aw, I thought you liked it when we
did assholes. So much more
satisfying.

Charley starts looking him up and down and tries to make eye
contact with him.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Just make eye contact... just try
to get...

Otto looks up at Charley.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Contact.

Otto smiles at Charley, and she smiles playfully back.

BEN

I'm shocked every time I watch
this. How is this so easy for you?

CHARLEY

(maintaining eye contact)
Because he's a man. Walk up to a
woman in the dark and she tends to
assume you're a rapist. That isn't
a concern for men. So, if someone
says, "Hey. Here is some sex. Would
you like it?", they don't usually
ask questions.

Charley stands up and tosses her slushy out.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Be right back.

Charley has a skip to her step, her breasts bouncing slightly
as she makes her way to Otto. She gets up next to him and
smiles. When he smiles back, she turns her face away a bit,
pretending to blush. She's a pro at this.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Hi there.

OTTO
Hey. What's your name?

CHARLEY
Mmm, Cindy. You're pretty cute.

OTTO
You're not bad yourself.

CHARLEY
Do you wanna... I dunno, get out of here?

OTTO
(looking at Ben)
Isn't that your boyfriend you're with there?

CHARLEY
Don't worry about him. He likes to watch.

OTTO
Are you serious?

Charley waves to Ben, and then so does Otto. Ben waves back, grinning broadly.

BEN
(under his breath)
The things I do for you.

Charley laces her fingers behind her back and stretches, pushing out her cleavage.

CHARLEY
(back to Otto)
So what do you say, stud?

OTTO
My place is right around the corner. What did you have in mind?

CHARLEY
(wicked)
Something... satisfying.

INT. OTTO'S APARTMENT - LATER

In a dark apartment, groans and long moans can be heard. Entwined silhouettes move and thrust back and forth, and we hear whimpers and heavy gulps of breath over and over again.

CRASH! A LAMP is thrown to the floor by a flailing leg. As more flesh is revealed, we see that these people are fully clothed... and there's a PIANO WIRE around someone's neck!

Otto grabs at his neck, his eyes bulging. He's running out of air. He makes a final thrash and then falls to the ground, limp. Dead.

Ben and Charley stand over what once was Otto, sweaty, their clothing ruffled, and out of breath. They both look extremely pleased.

Charley looks at Ben's BATMAN GLOVES and holds his hands up.

CHARLEY

Are those really the only gloves
you own?

BEN

I'm murdering on a budget. They're
from a Halloween costume.

CHARLEY

You know, those probably have your
DNA all over them.

BEN

What do you think I do with these
gloves?

CHARLEY

Oh, Ben...
(nudges)
Why so serious?

BEN

(laughs)
Well, you were right. That was
satisfying.

Ben smiles at Charley sweetly and she smiles back. He kisses her cheek and she giggles.

CHARLEY

So. Clean up and then food? I am
huuuuuuungry.

BEN

Sounds killer.

CUT TO: BLACK

END TEASER:

ACT ONE

EXT. CITY BENCH - NIGHT - LATER

Ben and Charley sit on a park bench, outfits still disheveled and their hair a mess. It looks like they just finished having sex.

They both have ICE CREAM in their hands, Charley a cup of vanilla, and Ben chocolate in a cone. They are illuminated by a faint flashing of red and blue lights, but we can't see the source of it.

As Charley eats her ice cream, Ben studies his for a moment.

BEN

Is it wrong that we haven't killed any black people yet?

CHARLEY

Excuse me?

BEN

I mean, shouldn't we be equal opportunity... killers.

CHARLEY

Ben, are you really trying to be PC about murder?

BEN

Four months ago, I found out I'm a killer. I don't think I can handle being a racist too.

CHARLEY

I think there are enough things killing black people already. Like the government.

BEN

The government?

CHARLEY

Yes. Indirectly.

BEN

... I don't even know what that means.

CHARLEY

A white guy commits a crime, a small misdemeanor, and he gets a slap on the hand. Maybe has to pick up trash on the side of the road. A black man commits the same crime, he's not picking up trash. He gets jail time. After that, he's unemployable, and even if he never does anything bad again, he will never have the resources to care for himself, and will die young of something preventable.

Ben stares at her, and then back at his ice cream.

BEN

... I'm gonna say black people have a hard enough time without us trying to kill them.

CHARLEY

Mmmm.

They go back to eating and look at the source of the lights.

Not two blocks down are two police cars and an ambulance in front of an apartment building. The same building where Otto lies, deceased.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Have you ever thought about us getting caught?

Ben pauses for a beat.

BEN

... No.

CHARLEY

No? What was that pause?

BEN

That was the first time I ever thought of it.

CHARLEY

Why don't you think about it?

BEN

I... I dunno. It's depressing, I guess? We aren't trained assassins, we aren't super geniuses.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

There is nothing that implies we are above getting caught, so I kinda figure it's only a matter of time.

Charley studies Ben. He's holding something back. Before she can ask -

BEN (CONT'D)

And, really... don't we deserve to get caught?

Charley leans her head on Ben's shoulder.

CHARLEY

I don't care.

TITLE CARD: "FOUR MONTHS AGO..."

INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

CHARLEY

I feel like he doesn't care anymore.

The sun shines through the window, lighting the messy apartment room. Charley sits on the couch, her CELLPHONE to her ear, talking quietly to her friend, a male voice, on the other line.

A shower can be heard running in the background, and Charley keeps eyeing the door to the bathroom.

Charley's hair is tied tight, and she's dressed more professionally, but it's more than that. She seems less loose than in the previous scenes.

PHONE VOICE

About you?

CHARLEY

It's more than that... it's the whole relationship. It's like everything's become so routine and, just... taken for granted.

PHONE VOICE

When was the last time you guys went out?

CHARLEY

I don't even remember. He usually works late, and when he doesn't, he's too tired or stressed, so we stay in. But he's usually on the computer or playing a game so we don't hang out and even when we fuck -

PHONE VOICE

Whoa. Don't really -

CHARLEY

(ignoring him)
- it's like he's not even there. I just miss the passion. I miss being excited.

Shower turns off.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

(whispers)
... I just miss loving him.

The bathroom door opens and a naked wet man steps out, covering his privates with a damp towel. But this man is NOT Ben. It is NATHANIEL MEYER (28). Nathaniel has a handsome face, olive complexion, but his body is putting on weight, showing more flab than tone.

NATHANIEL

(not really caring)
Who you talking to?

CHARLEY

Just Ben.

CUT TO:

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ben is in his apartment, brushing his teeth, holding the phone to his ear. As opposed to before, his face is clean shaven.

BEN

Oh, JUST Ben?

CHARLEY

(over phone)
You know what I mean.

BEN
Right. Tell Nathaniel I say "hi".

CHARLEY
I will. See you at work.

BEN
Ayup. Bye bye.

Ben hangs up the phone. He looks at it, lingering just a second too long, before continuing to brush his teeth.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Charley hangs up and looks to her right. Nathaniel is already on the couch playing video games. Hasn't even bothered to get dressed.

CHARLEY
Ben says hi. No work today?

NATHANIEL
(eyes not leaving the
game)
Power's out there. Getting a nice
relaxing day.

CHARLEY
Hey, if you're home today, maybe we
can get lunch together? We never
get to do that.

NATHANIEL
(eyes still on the game)
Uh, yeah. Maybe? I dunno. We'll
see.

Not the answer Charley wanted. She frowns a bit and tries to give Nathaniel a kiss, but only hits his cheek. He smiles politely, not lovingly.

Less like a lover and more like a buddy, Charley pats Nathaniel's knee and then uses it to pick herself off.

CHARLEY
Have a nice day.

NATHANIEL
Yep. I will.

Charley picks up her purse and is almost out the door. Nathaniel does not look away from his game once.

CHARLEY
Love you, Nathaniel.

Pause for a beat. Finally Nathaniel looks back, for a fleeting second, smiling politely again.

NATHANIEL
Yeah. You too.

He turns away and a dejected Charley leaves.

EXT. CITY STREET - LONG ISLAND CITY

Charley walks down the street, as she takes out her phone. She is unaware of her surroundings, and as she walks, some flashing lights and orange cones can be seen around her.

CHARLEY
Shit. Groceries.

Charley dials her phone, no ringtone greeting her. Only an obnoxious message. As it plays, she rolls her eyes, annoyed.

NATHANIEL
(phone message)
Hi, this is Nathaniel. I'm sorry I can't come to the phone, as I am most likely very pre-occupied.

CHARLEY
Probably masturbating...

NATHANIEL
(phone message)
Please leave your name and message after the beep.

BEEP.

CHARLEY
Nathaniel, it's me. If you're going to be home all day, can you at least put in a load of laundry and stop at the store for -

A dark figure shoots down in front of Charley, landing with a THWUMP! She stops mid sentence and looks at what fell. Her pupils dilate and her complexion turns pale.

Charley screams and drops her phone as she looks at the body of a very OLD MAN that just fell in front of her. His pale dying eyes look directly at Charley, his mouth agape revealing a dark void which no sound is escaping from.

The police and medics surround the body as blood pools on the ground, covering Charley's phone.

END ACT ONE:

ACT TWO

INT. CUBICLES - CUSAMANO AND WEEDFALD OFFICES - DAY

The office is a maze of cubicles, people sitting at their desks. Everyone is a zombie before their computer screen except for an antsy Ben, who plays with his pencils.

He holds his PENCIL like he's going to stab someone, and wields it like a ninja would a kunai. He tries to look cool, swinging it around as if no one's watching. Finally, he drops his pencil and looks over his cubicle to the one next to him.

The cubicle is empty. A PHOTO of Charley with Nathaniel can be seen in the corner.

Ben sits back down and thinks. A co-worker, MARGE (40), walks by.

BEN

Hey, Marge, have you heard from Charley?

Marge shrugs and walks away.

Ben thinks for a moment and takes out his phone. He thumbs Charley's number and is about to call. He then quickly shuts it and puts it back on his desk.

Ben crosses his arm and swirls in his seat. He's horrible at playing it cool. He then violently snatches his phone and calls Charley.

Straight to voice mail.

CHARLEY

(phone message)

Hi, this is Charley Aves!

Ben hangs up.

He puts his phone down, but then it suddenly rings. It's a number he doesn't recognize.

Ben answers it and smiles. It's Charley.

BEN

Hey, you! I was just calling you. You plan on ever showing up to work today? Why aren't you answering your - ?

Ben smiles as he listens over the phone. His broad smile slowly fades into an expression of horror.

BEN (CONT'D)

Oh God. Are you... where are you?

Ben grabs a piece of paper and starts scrawling something as fast as he can.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'll be right... no, I'm coming.
I'll figure out a way to... yeah.
Yeah. Very soon, yeah.

Ben hangs up the phone and puts it down. The wind has been knocked out of him.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CUSAMANO AND WEEDFALD OFFICES

Ben's hand slams down his large COFFEE MUG. His hand then grabs at anything he can find in the kitchen and throws it in the cup.

Coffee.

Tea.

Sugar.

Salt.

Sweetener.

Oatmeal mix.

Cough drops.

And a diet coke.

Ben mixes all these ingredients into a horrifying amalgam mash. Marge watches him from the corner of the kitchen, looking disturbed.

BEN

Slow Tuesday, am I right?

Without even blinking, Ben downs the entire glass in one motion. He slams his mug on the counter and wipes his mouth. Not bad at all.

CUT TO:

INT. CUBICLES - CUSAMANO AND WEEDFALD OFFICES

Ben is violently vomiting into the RECYCLING BIN at work. A few people walk by as Ben uncontrollably heaves as loud as he can.

MR. LEONHARDT (42), a more officious looking employee with a note pad, walks by and stares. Ben looks up at him.

BEN

Mr. Leonhardt, I'm not feeling so hot. I think I better -

Ben can't finish. He sticks his head back in the bin and continues to throw up.

Mr. Leonhardt nods, uncomfortably, and walks away.

INT. DROP-OFF SERVICE BAR - DAY

In the homey setting of dark wood and damp tables, Ben sits on the stools with Charley, elbowing up to the bar.

Charley's eye makeup is running from crying. She's still extremely frayed. She has a HALF-FULL GLASS OF BEER in front of her, as well as an EMPTY GLASS OF BEER and an EMPTY SHOT GLASS.

The bartender walks in front of Ben as he tries to console Charley. He doesn't touch her, but he leans in close, trying to be supportive. Charley starts gulping down her beer as Ben talks.

BEN

Have you called Nathaniel yet?

BARTENDER

(to Ben)

Want what she's having?

Ben is still reeling from vomiting at work, and makes a motion to express it.

BEN

(to the bartender)

Ooo, just water, please.

Charley puts down her glass. There is now only a quarter left.

CHARLEY

I've been trying. Stupid jerk has his phone off.

BEN

Why didn't you just go home?

CHARLEY

(really upset)

Because I didn't want to deal with his stupid jerk face right now, okay?!

Ben backs off. He doesn't want to talk about Nathaniel anyway.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

He just looked so... sad. Old and sad and scared. His eyes were wide open... his mouth - it was like he was about to apologize. And then someone started just banging on his chest and yelled out he still had a pulse. But just like that... no more pulse. He was alive when I saw him, and then I saw him die. I was the last person he ever made eye contact with.

(pause)

And I was screaming.

Long pause. Charley plays with the rim of her glass while Ben stares at her, not sure what to do.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Have you ever seen a dead body?

BEN

... Once. My, uh... Zaidy. My grandfather.

Charley starts drinking more of her beer, but is listening to Ben.

BEN (CONT'D)

I remember... We knew Zaidy's time was running out and we were all down in Florida to say our goodbyes. And, one morning, we got the call. The "We're sorry, but..." call. So me, my mother and my grandma went to the hospital... I don't even know why I went. I mean, I loved him, but I don't know what I was expecting going there. And I... I walked in the room and he was just...

Ben laughs, uncomfortably.

BEN (CONT'D)
(not upset, confused)
I... I can't.

CHARLEY
(supportive)
We don't have to talk about it...

BEN
It's not that I don't want to it's more... I remember that I saw him. I remember how I felt. I remember how it was horrifying and that he looked nothing like the artist I grew up loving but...

Ben adjust in his seat to face Charley. He's having trouble explaining.

BEN (CONT'D)
It's like I have this memory, but I can only see it through a tiny little keyhole. The second I left the hospital, I simply could not remember what I saw. My brain just... it wouldn't let me make it real, no matter how hard I tried.

Charley finishes her drink.

CHARLEY
All I remember is the panic and... this is gonna sound weird, but I just want to... see it one more time. Make it real.

Ben pauses and signals the bartender.

BEN
(to the bartender)
I think I'll have that beer now.

BARTENDER
What can I get you?

BEN
The strongest one.

The bartender goes to pour the beer and Ben turns to Charley.

BEN (CONT'D)
Do you really want that?

CHARLEY

What does it matter? It's not like we can go back in time and check it out.

BEN

I... what if I could set it up?

Charley gives him a look. What is he talking about?

BEN (CONT'D)

Let me give my friend a call.

CHARLEY

Why would you call your friend?

BEN

Because he works at the hospital you're the closest to.

INT. HALLWAYS - HOSPITAL - DAY

In a sterile white facility, doctors move in and out of patients rooms, trying to keep death from knocking on their door.

Three people in WHITE MEDICAL COATS with STETHOSCOPES walk down the hall with purpose, but only one of them is supposed to be there. The two non-doctors are Charley, her eye makeup cleaned and her hair tied back, and Ben. Charley keeps looking over her shoulder, nervous. Ben is less so.

Walking next to them is RYAN WEISS (27), a Med student with tired eyes and dry delivery that makes anything he says sound like it's coming from Ben Stein.

BEN

Thanks again, Ryan.

RYAN

(passive)

Mmm.

CHARLEY

So is this... legal?

RYAN

Oh, good God, no. But if you walk around with a lab coat, stethoscope, and confidence, no one'll stop you.

They turn a corner and stop in front of an elevator. Ryan hits the DOWN button.

RYAN (CONT'D)
If anyone asks, just say you're in oncology or something.

BEN
What if they're actually in oncology?

RYAN
Pff. No one here's in Oncology.

A DOCTOR walks by, waving to Ryan as he passes.

DOCTOR
Dr. Weiss.

RYAN
Hey.

Ben just nods.

CHARLEY
Oncology!

The doctor pauses and looks at Charley, puzzled. Ben's eyes widen, but Ryan just rolls his.

The elevator door opens and all three step in. The doors close leaving the doctor puzzled and confused.

INT. ELEVATOR - HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The three stand next to one another in the steel box, looking straight in front of them.

CHARLEY
Sorry, I -

RYAN
'S fine. Just avoid talking to... anyone, I guess.

Ben gives him a look "Be nice to her!" Ryan lets out a sigh and then turns back to Charley.

RYAN (CONT'D)
So, Ben says you're doing this for closure or something?

Charley doesn't respond.

RYAN (CONT'D)

A doctor made me pull the plug on a patient once. It was the most humane thing we could do for him. And while there was closure it was also... agonizing.

Charley still doesn't respond.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Is that what you're hoping for?

CHARLEY

... You told me not to talk.

The elevator doors open.

RYAN

(realizing his mistake)
And so I did.

INT. MORGUE - HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The three enter a cold steel room, icy vapors just barely visible and obscuring the eye. Sticking out of the walls are GIANT CABINETS, but they do not house files. They house the dead.

In the center of the room is an elevated floor with three STEEL TABLES on it. On one table is a GIANT BLACK BODY BAG with a zipper running down the center.

Ryan walks forward towards the body bag. Ben starts to follow, but sees that Charley hasn't moved from the entrance. She's just staring.

BEN

We can still turn back.

Charley looks at him. There's no going back anymore.

Ben nods. He starts to move forward and Charley grabs his hand. A surprised Ben holds her hand and they walk to the body bags together.

Ben and Charley step up to one side of the table with the bag; Ryan stands on the other side.

RYAN

Since we shouldn't be here, we can only stay for a few minutes. Get your closure and get out.

Charley takes a deep breath. She squeezes Ben's hand and he looks at her, but she doesn't break eye contact with the bag.

CHARLEY

Let's do it.

Ryan unzips the bag. Inside we see the ghastly pale and bruised body of ERIC ANDERSON (70).

The body is white, with bruises on his chest and face where he landed. His eyes are filled with blood. His whole body looks broken, like a bag of skin with a jumble of rocks inside.

Charley lets go of Ben's hand and begins to walk around Eric. She doesn't look horrified or disturbed anymore. She's just looking. Not fascinated, intrigued, happy, or sad. Just looking.

Ryan picks up a chart and begins reading as Charley takes it all in.

RYAN

Eric Anderson. Committed suicide by jumping off his building. However, the fall isn't what killed him. There's a band of connective tissue at the top of the aorta which tore when he decelerated. When that ripped, he bled into the sac that contains his heart -

BEN

(interrupting)

Dude!

Ryan realizes that Charley might not want to hear this.

RYAN

Right. Sorry.

CHARLEY

No.

Charley looks up at Ben and Ryan. They're surprised.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Keep going.

Ryan gulps and continues.

RYAN

It's called pericardial tamponade. It's when fluid - in this case, blood - fills the area around your heart and squishes it. All that pressure keeps it from beating right and there was literally nothing to save him.

CHARLEY

Was he in pain?

RYAN

... A great deal of it. Fortunately for him, he would lose consciousness very quickly.

Charley finishes walking around the table. She turns to Ben.

CHARLEY

How're you doing?

BEN

(surprised)

Me? I'm - I don't know - I'm not as freaked out as I thought I would be but this is still... heavy.

CHARLEY

He looks less sad now.

Charley looks up at Ryan.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm good.

RYAN

Fantastic.

The three look down at the body one final time as the bag is zipped up, leaving it in darkness.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

As night rolls in, Charley and Ben have bundled up in their coats. They walk side by side, not touching, not saying a word.

They walk through a mostly abandoned street. Cars drive by, but no store lights or lamps brighten the area. Not the best neighborhood, but Charley and Ben aren't worried. They walk alongside a fence, protecting intruders from entering a demolished piece of land.

Ben tries to break the silence.

BEN

So. Did you get any closure?

CHARLEY

No. Not really. More like the opposite.

Silence falls on them again.

Out of nervousness, Ben starts playing with his keys. Charley hears this and sees his hand moving around his coat. Instead of asking, she grabs his hand and keys out of his pocket and starts looking, like a curious child.

BEN

What are you -

CHARLEY

(pointing to part of the key chain)

What's this?

Ben looks at it for a second and smiles. It's a bottle opener with a picture at the end. It's a black and white photo of a handsome young man in front of a canvas, posing with his paint brush like a martial arts master.

BEN

That's my grandfather.

CHARLEY

He seems as funny as you.

BEN

He was.

Ben puts the keys away and smiles at Charley.

BEN (CONT'D)

So what now?

CHARLEY

Now I go home. Don't be surprised if I take a personal day from work tomorrow.

BEN

I might tell him my stomach is acting up again, so maybe we can play hooky together.

CHARLEY
 (laughs)
 I'd like that.

The two look away from each other, smiling, and then back at each other again.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
 Thank you. For... I dunno.
 Everything today.

BEN
 Heh, don't mention it.

CHARLEY
 I've been such a mess. I'm a
 disaster and we went to see a dead
 body and you even threw up for me.
 I don't even -

BEN
 Hey, no, it's fine. Really. I've
 had even worse first dates.

They both stop talking. Freudian slip.

BEN (CONT'D)
 I - I mean this wasn't a date. I'm
 just - you know - I'm just
 comparing it to, like...

Charley blushes and looks away from Ben. He speaks softly,
 not sure if he wants her to hear what he has to say.

BEN (CONT'D)
 (mumble to himself)
 ... Like you didn't know...

Charley keeps her face away from Ben, hiding her smile.

Suddenly, a DRUNK (30) bumps into Charley. He was carrying a
 PLASTIC BAG but upon walking into Charley, drops it on the
 floor, making a wet shattering sound.

Charley and Ben keep walking, but the Drunk calls to them.

The Drunk slurs his words, his beard dirty and his hair wet.

DRUNK
 Hey! HEY!

The two look back, realizing he was yelling at them. He
 carries the plastic bag he dropped, liquid pouring out of
 tiny holes in the side.

He gets right in Charley's face.

DRUNK (CONT'D)
You bumped into me!

CHARLEY
Excuse me?

DRUNK
You made me drop my wine!

CHARLEY
I didn't bump into you. You -

Before Charley can finish her next sentence, the Drunk reaches into the wet bag and takes out part of a BROKEN BOTTLE of fortified wine. The intent is to show the label, but he is holding it by the top, the bottoms of which are jagged with broken glass.

He waves the broken bottle up and down in a stabbing motion, only inches from Charley's face.

DRUNK
YOU BUMPED INTO ME! That was a new bottle!

Ben tries to interject, but the man is belligerent. He keeps waving the bottle in Charley's face.

BEN
Look, I can buy you a new -

The drunk keeps swinging the broken glass. Ben has had enough and grabs the man's shoulder.

BEN (CONT'D)
- just stop shoving that glass in her face!

DRUNK
DON'T TOUCH ME!

The drunk shoves the broken bottle in Ben's shoulder. He screams out as he falls to the floor, his arm gushing blood.

CHARLEY
Omigod! BEN!

DRUNK
(to Ben)
I told you not to touch me! I told you! Now look what you made me do!

Charley tries to rush to Ben's side, but the drunk thrusts the now bloody glass at Charley's face again. He gets closer and closer to her.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

This is your fault. I only wanted to drink my drink. You didn't have to bump into me. It's your - !

Before Charley or the drunk can say anything, Ben tackles him to the ground from behind. The drunk turns as they wrestle on the floor.

Ben grabs the drunks hand that holds the bottle and tries to slam it into the ground. The drunk holds on tight and Ben can't get the weapon loose.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

S'MINE! GET OFF OF ME! Let go of my

-

While wrestling, the two roll over twice, the drunk bringing the broken bottle closer to Ben's face and Ben trying to free the bottle from his hand.

Ben jabs his arm at the bottle and suddenly, the Drunk starts coughing. The drunk drops the bottle and falls off of Ben, unable to stop coughing.

Before Ben can see what happened, he looks at the bottle. The sharp end is covered in blood.

The drunk clasps his throat as best he can. Blood is pouring out of his neck as he coughs violently, like something is lodged in his throat. He falls to the floor, choking. Dying.

Ben tries to get up, but then falls onto the fence. Charley tries to catch him but he's too heavy and falls to his side against her.

The only sound that can be heard is Ben's panting as he grabs his shoulder and the Drunk's violent coughing.

Charley looks around for someone. Anyone.

CHARLEY

(weakly)

Help.

(as loud as she can)

SOMEBODY HELP!

END ACT TWO:

ACT THREE

INT. CHARLEY'S APARTMENT

Nathaniel snorts, waking up on the couch of the apartment. There is a bong next to him and the TV is on, his video game paused for who knows how long.

He scratches himself, bringing himself to consciousness again. He looks around and realizes he's all alone.

NATHANIEL

Charley?

No one answers him.

INT. WAITING ROOM - HOSPITAL

Charley's knees bounce up and down, juggling her resting hands as she awaits something. Anything. The waiting room is filled with chairs and people, but she's removed from all of them.

Charley's phone buzzes. She looks at who's calling and it reads 'NATHANIEL'. She stares at it for a moment before cancelling the call. She's about to put it back in her pocket when she looks at the other side.

Her phone is now covered in dry blood. She stares at it for a moment before placing it back in her pocket.

A doctor sits down next to her. It's Ryan.

RYAN

We have to stop meeting like this.

CHARLEY

How is he?

RYAN

Better than you and me. I made sure he got the best drugs. He doesn't feel a thing.

Charley smiles, relieved.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Once they stitch him up, he can go. I'd recommend you help him though. He's gonna be a bit loopy.

CHARLEY
 (happy)
 Great...

Charley pauses. She looks over Ryan's shoulder and sees a POLICE OFFICER, keeping an eye on her in the corner. She looks back at Ryan.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
 What about...

RYAN
 Ah. Jordan Lester. Your wino. Well, Ben got a lucky shot on him. Nicked his carotid artery, causing him to bleed into his trachea, hence the coughing you described.

Ryan stops talking. Charley is waiting with bated breath.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 ... Jordan died on the way to the hospital. Choked to death. Police are talking to Ben now. They'll probably want a word with you, but it's a pretty clear case of self defense.

Charley falls back in her seat. Nothing is keeping her upright anymore, as she's been blown away.

CHARLEY
 Ben... killed a man.

RYAN
 Just to watch him die.
 (laughs)
 Sorry. Horrible joke.

Ryan sees more cops entering the waiting room, heading towards Charley. He stands up.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 That's my cue to exit.

Ryan puts his hand on Charley's shoulder.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Take care of him.

Ryan walks away. The police pass him by and stop in front of Charley.

COP
Ms. Aves. May we have a word?

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An electronic clock on the coffee counter reads 1:29 AM. As it turns 1:30 AM, the jingle of keys can be heard. The door opens and Ben and Charley enter.

Ben is leaning on Charley for support. He has a slightly goofy smile on his face.

Charley dumps Ben onto the couch.

BEN
Heh. You think I can call in
"stabbed" for work?

Something has changed in Charley. She doesn't look scared or frazzled. Her smile at Ben is confident. She is enticed. She laughs and falls onto the couch next to him.

BEN (CONT'D)
I think you got more than you
bargained for.

CHARLEY
What do you mean?

BEN
You said you missed the excitement.
I think you got a big dose of that
today.

Charley laughs. He's right.

She turns to him, her eyes not leaving Ben. She seems hungry for something, but Ben is oblivious of the intensity of her stare.

CHARLEY
How did it feel?

BEN
It hurt like a motherfucker. Did
you see how many stitches I got?

CHARLEY
No, no. I mean... you killed
someone.
(more excited)
(MORE)

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

This thing we've been thinking about, obsessing over, fearing all day and you... you just took it into your own hands. How did it feel?

Charley puts her hand near Ben's bandages on his shoulder. As she moves her hand, he pauses, unable to find his words.

When she reaches the wound itself, Ben winces in pain. Charley gets up.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Let me get you some Tylenol.

BEN

Oh, God. Please. No more drugs. Just water.

CHARLEY

Okay. I remember where your kitchen is.

Charley moves to the kitchen in the next room.

BEN

I didn't really have time to think about it when it happened. It was automatic, like I wasn't the one doing it.

The sound of glasses shuffling and the faucet can be heard in the background.

BEN (CONT'D)

But when Ryan explained what happened, at first I felt... detached, almost? Like it wasn't real. I kinda blame the drugs Ryan gave me but it was more than that.

No more glasses or faucets. Instead, it just sounds like Charley is shuffling.

BEN (CONT'D)

It felt like I was looking down at myself from a higher plateau. I was so far up, nothing could touch me. And I had this new perspective that was so... disorientingly liberating. And I just knew that everything would be -

Ben looks at the entrance to the kitchen and sees Charley standing there holding a glass of water.

Charley is now wearing only a pair of skimpy underwear.

BEN (CONT'D)
... Different.

Charley puts the water on the counter and walks over to Ben, as if in a trance.

She leans down and kisses him deeply.

CHARLEY
(inches from his face)
Like I didn't know.

She jumps onto the couch and straddles Ben, kissing him, harder this time. Their kisses grow more passionate.

Charley starts chewing on Ben's lip and pressing herself against him. She bites so hard that a small trickle of blood runs down her lip and his.

Charley digs her nails into Ben's shoulder where he was stabbed. At first, Ben recoils from the sensation, but after a moment, he responds in kind, roughly pinioning Charley with his good arm.

Charley begins ripping Ben's shirt off, the two of them acting like animals in heat. Their evening has only just begun.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - LATER

The clock reads 4:00 AM. Charley's eyes open.

She finds herself on top of Ben, on the couch, sleeping soundly. A blanket has been laid on top of them.

Charley heads to the kitchen and grabs the water she got for Ben earlier. As she takes a sip, she looks down and sees her pants have a glowing square inside the pocket.

She searches the pants and takes out her cell phone. The phone has 17 missed calls, all from Nathaniel.

Charley looks at the phone, and then at Ben, sleeping on the couch. He wears a big goofy grin across his face. She smiles back, as if to answer.

Charley drops her phone, almost carelessly, like she forgot it existed. It cracks to the floor as she slithers her naked body in-between Ben and the covers once more.

She's smiling much wider than before. She's ecstatic, like a little school girl.

She's alive.

FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE: