

ABBIE (O.S.)

I don't know what you're talking about.

MARGARET

Well, there are factors, creating stress, in me. You're going away, and... work. It's a transitional period. I need to think. (beat) Don't be scared. I'm on top of it.

Margaret stands guard. Begins her breathing exercises.

51 INT. BIOMATIX CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

51

Margaret sits with Tess, two BIOMATIX EXECUTIVES, and TWO CLIENTS at a conference table. All have packets in front of them labelled CENAVEX 2-73.

TESS

START

...a clean data profile, showing anti-amnesic properties and neuroprotection in several models. I'll kick it to Margaret to break down the trials for you.

Tess turns to Margaret, staring out the window.

TESS (CONT'D)

Margaret?

Margaret turns to Tess. She seems far away, exhausted.

MARGARET

What?

TESS

The trials.

MARGARET

Yes, of course.

She looks to the Clients, the Executives.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

A... phase one single ascending dose...

She struggles. Tess looks concerned; the others confused.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

A phase one... (breathes) It's all in the packet. It's in the packet.

TESS

Margaret. Are you--

MARGARET

I have to go. I have... um, I mean
I'm not feeling quite--

She arises, BANGING her knee, spilling a GLASS OF WATER.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I mean, I apologize.

STOP

She flees the room, doesn't look back.

52

EXT. WASHINGTON PARK - DAY

52

Margaret sits in a small, well-populated park. She focuses on her hands, trying to will them to stop shaking.

She looks up at the sun, closes her eyes, takes big drinks of air. She lowers her head and opens her eyes:

THE MAN sits on a bench at the other end of the park, wearing the same Goodwill suit, eating a sandwich, reading the *NY Post*.

Margaret freezes. The Man YAWNS.

Slowly, she rises, as if pulled on strings. She walks to him mechanically. He seems unaware of her approach.

She stops a few feet from him, looking at the ground, like a child caught misbehaving.

MARGARET

Go away.

The Man reads the *Post*.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Please, David. Go away.

She steps closer. She can't seem to look directly at him.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

You heard me. I want you away from my daughter.

MAN

Are you speaking to me?

MARGARET

Of course I'm speaking to you. Why are you here?

TESS

75.

120 EXT. WASHINGTON PARK - NIGHT 120

CU: Margaret, eyes closed, sweating, enduring.

The camera WITHDRAWS, revealing her to be SQUATTING... on the ground... in a small park. Torso pitched forward, hands CLASPED BEHIND HER BACK. A "stress position". Her legs tremble.

It's clearly extraordinarily uncomfortable, but she persists. She will be there until daybreak.

121 INT. BATHROOM / BEDROOM / KITCHEN - MORNING 121

Morning routine, calmly and swiftly:

- Margaret showers.

- Margaret brushes her hair.

- Margaret dresses for work.

122 INT. STREET - MORNING 122

Margaret walks to work, barefoot.

123 INT. BIOMATIX OFFICE - DAY 123

Margaret, in shoes, exits the elevator and walks past a row of work stations. Co-workers MURMUR, look at her strangely, mutter hellos. She doesn't respond.

Margaret passes Gwyn's desk, says nothing.

124 INT. OFFICE - DAY 124

Tess (Margaret's boss) sits at her desk, concerned. Margaret sits across from her, wearing an expression of brittle pride. She's gaunt. The circles under her eyes are coal black.

START

TESS

You look tired.

MARGARET

I feel strong.

TESS

Are you sure--

MARGARET

I'm well enough. I'm ready to work.

STOP

Tess wants to believe her.

125 INT. MARGARET'S OFFICE - DAY

125

Margaret sits at her desk, stupefied.

Her phone BUZZES. She grabs it. A text from Abbie: THE OK EMOJI. A rush of relief. She tears up, touches the emoji.

Her DESK PHONE RINGS rudely. She answers.

MARGARET

Yes?

VOICE (O.S./ON PHONE)

Someone's up front to see you.

Margaret knows who it is.

126 INT. BIOMATIX OFFICE - AFTERNOON

126

Peter, still bruised from his confrontation with Margaret, peers around the wall of his cubicle, watching, leery.

At another end of the office, a worried Gwyn also watches:

Through the glass partition enclosing the CONFERENCE ROOM, David is visible, standing, holding a cup of coffee, staring through the windows on the far side of the room. Margaret tensely sits in a chair at the conference table.

On the table before her is a BOUQUET OF CARNATIONS, wrapped in cellophane - a gift from David.

This is clearly not a professional meeting.

127 INT. BIOMATIX CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

127

DAVID

Ballion. Girl at the desk said your name is Ballion. What is that? French? What's wrong with Walsh? Maggie Mary Walsh. It's a fine name.

David steps to the other side of the room, looks through the partition and into the buzzing offices.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ballion to these cretins.

He smiles at her. Her gaze is fixed on the landscape outside.