

CHARLOTTE

2022

Written by

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EXT. STREET - CHARLOTTE'S HOUSE - MORNING

It's a brisk spring morning.

DAVID (30) has messy hair and wears a beaten-up suit jacket. He looks rough, but attractive nonetheless. He holds a small NOTEBOOK and PEN as he walks down the sidewalk.

David slows, looks at the street sign declaring "10th Avenue" and then looks over at a small house.

A young woman hurriedly walks out of the house. She steps out a few yards in front of David. This is CHARLOTTE (25). She's pretty, has curled hair and is wearing scrubs.

David takes a breath and watches her, then momentarily resumes his normal pace, following behind her.

EXT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte walks up to the bus stop and digs through her bag and then takes out a small BOOK and starts reading it.

David positions himself next to her. He adjusts his posture, smoothes his wrinkled jacket, and wipes his mouth.

David looks at her, notices she has a RING on her wedding ring finger.

DAVID

It's cold out this morning.

Charlotte is slightly startled.

CHARLOTTE

Huh? Oh, yes.

Charlotte gives him a polite smile and goes back to her own world. David still looks at her. He chews on his pen.

DAVID

That a good book?

CHARLOTTE

Yeah it's a good one.

Charlotte looks back at her book. David nods, looks around for something to talk about.

DAVID

You heading to 45th?

Charlotte furrows her brow, giving him a suspicious look.

CHARLOTTE

...um, yeah?

David shrugs and gives a slight smile, his eyes never leaving her. She looks at her book for a brief moment, then looks back at him, realizing.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Ah, the scrubs gave it away, huh

DAVID

Nah, just very intuitive, y'know. I have a good sense about these things— about people's lives, their destinies.

CHARLOTTE

...Well, alright for you.

She raises her eyebrows, amused, as she goes back to reading.

David plays with his pen and opens his mouth as if to say something, then decides against it. He still looks at her, focusing on her sweet looking features and soft hair. He licks his lips in thought for a second.

DAVID

Hey, what's your name.

CHARLOTTE

Mine? ...Charlotte.

DAVID

Charlotte. I like it. Nice to finally meet you, Charlotte.

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT MORNING

David walks down the sidewalk alone, cigarette smoke coming from his breath as he whispers to himself. The sound of his whispers crescendo.

DAVID

Oh say you'll be mine, Charlotte.
Charlotte Charlotte Charlotte
Charlotte Charlotte—

EXT. 45TH AVENUE - LATE MORNING

David walks up to a street corner and stands alone, leaning against a light post.

The street sign on it reads: "45th ave." He lights a cigarette as he gazes at the hospital across the street.

INSERT: Shots of Charlottes face.

David leans against the street light, alone. He watches from afar as one OLD MAN stumbles by. No one else is around. David flicks his cigarette away and spits.

EXT. 45TH AVE - EARLY EVENING

David still stands in the same place, looking up to check on the hospital entrance every once in a while and whistling impatiently. He scribbles in his notebook, messily sketching Charlotte from memory.

DAVID (V.O)

Charlotte. I was thinking about you
-I... I was in the area and thought
I'd stop by-hey, what do ya say
about dinner? I was thinking we
could...uh

(his tone shifts)

-where are you, Charlotte? Where
were you this morning, Charlotte!
Charlotte, Charlotte! Charlotte!

David snaps back to reality, realizing he ripped his paper by sketching too aggressively.

A gentle HONK catches his attention and he looks up. In front of the hospital is a car, parallel parked.

A man is in the drivers seat, this is ROBERT (27). He waves to a figure in shadow waiting by the hospital doors. The figure emerges. It's Charlotte.

David coughs. Then chews on his pen, concentrating on the situation unfolding before him.

Charlotte gets in the car and gives the man a little kiss. David strains his eyes, looking at the rear window from across the street.

They start to drive away. Seconds before they turn the corner, Charlotte makes eye contact with David. She squints, then disappears out of sight.

INT. BATHROOM - DAVID'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

David closes his mirrored cabinet, his reflection appears. He looks at himself.

He's sweaty, his eyes are wide and red with heavy bags under them. He's wearing a white undershirt and white underwear.

DAVID

(pleading in a whisper)

Why'd you do that to me... Don't go away...oh to spend all my time with you...

David walks from his bathroom into the connecting bedroom. It's messy and little pages of NOTEBOOK PAPER litter the bed and floor. A cheap ALARM CLOCK reads 6:30 AM. David spins around slowly with each sentence as he walks and whispers to himself.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The only way. It's the only way...I have to. I have to, the only way...

He grabs one of the pages. It's a scribbled drawing of Charlotte walking toward the 10th avenue bus stop from her house.

He then picks up another sketch, this one of her smiling face.

Then another of her in the car with the man, looking at David through the window.

DAVID (CONT'D)

...Say you'll love me ever, say you'll be the only one for me...

David sits on his bed, looking at the drawings. His eyes travel toward the night table where the radio and alarm clock sit.

RADIO REPORTER (V.O)

...prepare for rain, we're looking at a pretty nasty storm over the weekend starting tonight...

David gets up. He's tapping his hand against his leg, looking around his room. He finds some pants on the floor and puts them on in a hurry, then heads out the door.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

David is walking quickly and determinedly down the block. The sun hasn't quite risen and the sky is a soft purple. David's wearing just his undershirt with slacks.

He passes a street sign:

DAVID
(under his breath)
6th street.

He picks up the pace, his eyes now darting around at the suburban houses lining the block.

He passes by 7th street, 8th street, 9th street.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm on my way I'm coming don't
worry Charlotte...Charlotte, we can
finally be together, I'll free you.

David arrives at 10th street. He's standing on the block kitty-corner from Charlotte's house.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte and her husband are together in the kitchen. He's reading the NEWSPAPER and finishing BREAKFAST while she is collecting her BAG and UMBRELLA.

Robert stands up and hands Charlotte her COAT. Charlotte adjusts Robert's jacket collar and rests her hand on his chest.

ROBERT
Have a nice day at work, dear.

EXT. CHARLOTTE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte leaves out the front door and walks across the street.

David is watching the house from across the street. Charlotte doesn't notice him.

EXT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

The bus pulls up and leaves.

EXT. CHARLOTTE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

David steps out of shadow and starts to walk toward Charlotte's house.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CHARLOTTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's raining hard and the sky is dark purple. Charlotte is struggling to walk in the wind and rain. She gets up to her door, breathes relief, and starts to unlock it. The drapes are closed over the big window.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte enters the house and clears her throat, putting her hand to her nose in reaction to the smell inside. She busies herself with taking off her coat.

CHARLOTTE

Honey?

She shakes out her umbrella and takes her shoes off.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Robert?

Charlotte turns the corner into the kitchen and freezes. Her eyes widen.

The dining table is beautifully set with elaborate, but bizarre dishes and lit CANDLES.

Robert lays, bloodied and lifeless, on the floor next to the dining table.

David sits at the head of the dining table, wearing Robert's sport jacket that is now stained with dried blood. When he sees Charlotte, his bloodshot eyes light up and he smiles. He stands up and holds his hand out toward her.

DAVID

You're mine and I'm yours now,
Charlotte!

Charlotte can't speak, she backs into the wall. Her eyes remain wide as tears stream down her rosy cheeks. David holds his hand out to her, asking for her hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Say you love me, now and forever
more!

CUT TO BLACK