

SURFACE

"Pilot"

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EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Undulating grey water fills the frame. No life apparent anywhere. A plastic bag floats by, aimless.

Then, something in the distance. Tiny, but growing closer. Fabric, moving with the water. Suddenly we realize it's a FIGURE wrapped in a grey coat.

The fabric shifts, revealing a female leg. A WOMAN, her back to us. Long brown hair splayed out. Sinking.

Her face turns to us, not on purpose, just a trick of the current. This is SOPHIE, pretty, maybe 30 years old. Eyes closed. Peaceful. Dead, perhaps.

And just then - HER EYES OPEN. Awake, suddenly. Reborn.

A beat as she wonders where she is, *who she is*, and then --

She instinctively GASPS for air, choking on water, DROWNING.

SHEER PANIC. Flailing. Searching for the surface, wondering which way is up --

The camera orients itself along with her as we realize we've been UPSIDE DOWN the whole time.

She sees LIGHT above, bright and white --

She tries to swim toward it, jerky movements, something very wrong with her body.

The white light gets closer, Sophie clammers for it --

Suddenly her head SLAMS into a hard plastic surface - not light at all, but the underside of A BOAT. Blood seeps from her forehead into the water...

As she sinks back down, fighting for consciousness, we hear a voice, her voice...

SOPHIE (V.O.)
I know you think you know me.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LONDON - MORNING (PRESENT)

Sophie WAKES with a start. No longer soaking wet and dying, but dry, beautiful, her head on a freshly pressed pillowcase.

A beat as the sensation of drowning subsides...

JAMES (O.S.)

You awake?

Is she?

SOPHIE

Yeah.

Her husband, JAMES - 35, British, handsome boarding school type, but defies those expectations - looks at her, fondly. (Sophie is American but we are in London.)

SOPHIE (V.O.)

You wake up next to me every morning.

He comes to her on the bed, gives her a kiss on the cheek. She hides any residual anxiety from the nightmare.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

I smile, I know I do, and I'm sorry for that. I am.

He tucks her hair behind her ear. Gets up and walks away, through the well appointed room, past a bay window overlooking a posh residential street lined with brick Victorians. The sun shines on a beautiful morning in London.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

Because that smile is a lie.

JAMES

Cook you breakfast?

SOPHIE

Sure. That'd be nice.

James exits, leaving Sophie alone.

She steps out of bed, in a jersey nightgown. Looks out the window at the pretty view.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

And how can you know the truth when everything I've told you is a lie?

Off Sophie, staring out the window...

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

A huge marble bathroom. Every girl's dream.

Sophie sits at a vanity, freshly showered, in a towel.

She pulls her hair back to apply makeup. We notice a SCAR on her forehead, right where she would've hit her head on that boat.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Classic, gorgeous kitchen. Sophie sits at the island, her laptop open, sipping coffee. James finishes cooking eggs.

On the laptop screen in front of her, a reminder pops up:

You have not backed up your iCloud account in 252 days.

Underneath, the blinking WHITE SPACE where she should type her password.

Sophie ignores it.

SOPHIE

I'm starting back at the hospital today. Kate called. They have an opening.

JAMES

That's great. You need to keep busy.

She sifts through some mail on the counter.

SOPHIE

What's this? Shoreditch House?

JAMES

Oh, investors in town from Dubai. You know how Michael loves to show off for foreign clients.

(then)

Maybe we should go?

SOPHIE

I don't know...

JAMES

Why not? It's just a drink.

(hands her a plate)

Here. Eat it while it's hot.

Sophie looks at the invitation. Considers.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I had fun last night...

He leans down, kisses her neck. She smiles.

SOPHIE

Me too.

They're about to kiss, when James' phone rings. He moves to take it.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You're no fun at all.

He rolls his eyes, answers the phone.

JAMES

Hey. Yeah, uh huh.

James shoots the tiniest glance at Sophie. Then:

JAMES (CONT'D)

Actually, can I call him back?
Great, thanks.

He hangs up. Back to Sophie:

JAMES (CONT'D)

See you tonight. Sushi, maybe?

SOPHIE

Sure.

He kisses her on the lips.

JAMES

Love you.

SOPHIE

Love you too.

Sophie watches him walk out. The door shuts behind him.

She's alone. Looks back at her laptop, the blank password field still BLINKING insistently.

She shuts it.

EXT. STREETS - FULHAM, LONDON - MORNING

Sophie, dressed in a casual outfit that would cost most people a week's salary, walks down the street.

A nanny pushing a stroller passes her. Sophie smiles at the toddler. The toddler CLAPS his hands. Sophie is charmed.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Upscale, hipster place. Sophie waits in line for coffee.

Music plays, Bowie's *Ziggy Stardust*.

By the time Sophie gets to the front of the line, the cute BARISTA with a neck tattoo (24) has her drink ready.

BARISTA

Sophie.

SOPHIE

Morning.

She smiles.

BARISTA

Love this song.

SOPHIE

Me too. He's pretty much the greatest.

The Barista hands her the drink.

BARISTA

Still can't believe he's gone.

SOPHIE

Sorry?

BARISTA

Bowie. You know.

SOPHIE

...He's gone.

BARISTA

Yeah. Sucks. All the good ones gotta go too soon.

He looks at her. An awkward beat. Sophie realizes --

SOPHIE

Right, sorry.

Hands him some bills.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow.

She heads out...

INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND - DAY

Sophie sits on the tube, holding a worn MAP of all the stops. Tracing her route. Unusual for a longtime resident.

The train rumbles through the tunnels. But beneath that is a PERCUSSIVE SOUND. Faint, but getting louder.

Sophie listens... That's strange. It's not the sound of a train at all. It's HOOF BEATS, like a horse galloping towards them.

She looks around. An older man reads a book. A young woman plays a game on her phone. No one else seems to take note.

The sound of the horse gets louder and LOUDER, Sophie starting to visibly react - *what the fuck* - when:

TUBE ANNOUNCEMENT

*This is St. James Park. This is a
District Line train to Upminster.
Please stand clear of the doors.*

The announcement starts and the hoof beats disappear, replaced by the quotidian rumble of the train, conversation, etc.

The train abruptly stops. Sophie takes a deep breath as people hustle and push their way out. Finally she gets up, just making it out the doors before they close.

INT. ROYAL LONDON HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

A well regarded, state of the art hospital, bustling with activity. Sophie walks through the halls with a woman, KATE (40's), a hospital manager.

KATE

Pediatrics just got an enormous donation from a private donor, so everyone's thrilled about that.

Sophie nods, trying to keep up with Kate's fast pace.

KATE (CONT'D)

Of course there's still politics on the board, but we're shuffling through it. Anyway, the biggest need right now is in triage.

(a slight hesitation)

Do you think you could handle that?

SOPHIE

Yes, of course.

Kate smiles, takes a turn towards the EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT entrance.

KATE

I can't tell you how much we appreciate volunteers like you. Even with all the grants, we're always under staffed.

SOPHIE

Hey, my pleasure. Gives me something to do during the days.

They reach the volunteer desk at the front entrance of the hospital, where Sophie will be working. Kate stops and smiles at her, kind:

KATE

We're really happy to have you back, Sophie. After all this time.

Sophie smiles, but looks down, almost... Embarrassed?

SOPHIE

Happy to be here.

Kate leaves her to it. As Sophie is getting settled, the doors open and a pair of PARAMEDICS rush in, pushing a male patient on a stretcher. He's got a bloody wound on the side of his head. Sophie can't help but stare.

PARAMEDIC

Gunshot wound to the head, self-inflicted. Pulse weak and thready.

Doctors join the paramedics as they wheel the patient quickly back to a trauma bay. Soon they're out of view.

Sophie stares at the curtain they went through, still moving... Strangely transfixed.

YOUNG MOTHER (O.C.)

Excuse me, do you know where the vending machines are?

Sophie snaps out of it, sees a Young Mother, harried, a hungry toddler pulling on her sleeve.

SOPHIE

Yeah, of course. I'll show you.

EXT. ROYAL LONDON HOSPITAL/LONDON STREETS - LATER

A busy street. Commuters bustle by on all sides. Sophie exits the hospital and hails a BLACK CAB...

INT. BLACK CAB - MOMENTS LATER

Sophie rides through the streets of London. We see the sights reflected on the glass, Sophie's face visible behind them.

Her cell phone buzzes with a new text from "Caroline":

Dinner with the girls tonight? And by dinner I mean wine.

The cab takes a turn and the Thames comes into view. It's a gorgeous sight, the kind of view meant for postcards.

Sophie's expression darkens.

She leans towards the driver --

SOPHIE

Sir? Which way are you taking us?

The Driver is on his CELL PHONE, speaking in another language. Doesn't pay her any attention.

The cab makes a turn, entering a lane that will merge onto the TOWER BRIDGE. Sophie realizes --

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You're not taking the bridge, are you?

The driver finally turns to her, blowing her off --

CAB DRIVER

The bridge is the best way, don't worry.

SOPHIE

No, you don't understand... I can't take the bridge.

She's getting increasingly agitated...

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Pull over, please!

But there is nowhere to pull over. The bridge looms ahead.

CAB DRIVER
 (sotto)
 Crazy lady...

For a moment Sophie succumbs to her panic attack, but as the car slows she gets desperate and tries opening the door...

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
 (seeing her)
 Hey! What are you doing?

Fortunately the door is LOCKED.

SOPHIE
 (screaming)
 Let me out!

She's in full on panic now, scaring the driver --

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
 Let me out of the car!

Finally the Driver slams on the brakes. Other cars HONK.

CAB DRIVER
 All right! All right...

As the door unlocks, a frantic Sophie throws it open --

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sophie emerges from the cab. Breathes the fresh air, gasping for it.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
*What I'm about to do won't make
 sense to you.*

She walks between the cars, their occupants STARING.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
*It won't make sense to anyone but
 me.*

She heads towards the side of the bridge until she's overlooking the WATER.

Her hands grip the railing tightly, her fingers turning white with the pressure.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
The real me, the one inside...

Sophie stares down at the river, in a fugue state --

SOPHIE (V.O.)
*The one who never smiles, who
 doesn't even know how.*

Her POV, the grey water filling the frame...

CUT TO:

TITLES

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Sophie, later that day. Now disheveled, tired. Like she's been crying.

She sits in a quiet office, all plush neutrals and warm lighting. Across from her is NAOMI (40, black, professional).

SOPHIE
 It hasn't happened in weeks... I
 thought I was okay.

NAOMI
 You are okay. You're sitting here.
 You showed up.
 (a beat, then)
 Have you told James?

SOPHIE
 I came straight here.

NAOMI
 How are things going? With him?

SOPHIE
 Good. Great.

NAOMI
 So you feel like you could tell him
 what happened today?

Sophie looks away, this is a touchy subject.

SOPHIE
 I've put him through so much
 already... Things are just getting
 back to normal.

NAOMI
 You're building a new relationship.
 Honesty is key.

Sophie stares out the window.

SOPHIE

Do you know what it's like to wake up every day and not recognize your own life?

NAOMI

I think everyone's felt that way at one time or another...

SOPHIE

I just want to remember. Not pretend I remember, convince other people... But to actually know.

Naomi sits there. Sometimes her job is just to listen.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

It's like I've memorized the details of someone else's life...

NAOMI

(a beat, then)

What triggered the episode?

SOPHIE

I took a cab. I thought I was okay, but he wouldn't listen... He wouldn't turn around.

NAOMI

You saw the bridge?

SOPHIE

He tried to drive me over it.

NAOMI

It's only been ten months. It's natural that seeing the bridge would be a trigger.

But Sophie's not comforted by this. Looks lost...

SOPHIE

I had the dream again last night. Waking up in the water.

NAOMI

It's the first memory you have. You're going to come back to it, again and again, however painful it may be.

SOPHIE

If I could just get back that one moment... Forget the rest, I don't care.

NAOMI

Sophie, you know your injuries make that impossible.

She looks at Naomi, desperate.

SOPHIE

It just doesn't make sense. What was so horrible about this life that I jumped?

A mystery they both know they will never solve.

NAOMI

Look, Sophie. People who do this are looking for a solution. They have a sense of burden, of emotional pain, hopelessness. You were suffering.

These are truths Sophie's accepted a long time ago.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

I know you don't remember, but at one point, you felt all those things. What's important, is that you don't feel them now.

(then)

Do you?

SOPHIE

No.

She's telling the truth.

NAOMI

And that means that something we're doing here is working.

(then)

There's a new therapy, something called neuro-feedback. Supposed to help manage anxiety from a physiological stand point. It could help with these panic attacks. A doctor in Marylebone specializes in it. I can get you in...

SOPHIE
I don't know...

Naomi shifts in her chair, unsure if she should say this...

NAOMI
I want to tell you something, and I don't want you to take it the wrong way.

SOPHIE
Okay.

NAOMI
There are a lot of ways to try to kill yourself. You can swallow a bottle of pills. You can cut your wrists. Do you know what percentage of people who cut their wrists actually die?

Off her look -

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Five. Five percent. Cutting your wrists is a horrible way to kill yourself. Hardly ever effective.

Sophie is trying to follow.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
You jumped off a forty meter bridge. This is a highly effective method of suicide. The fact that you survived is a fucking miracle.

SOPHIE
(heard it before)
One centimeter to the right... I know.

NAOMI
You know what that tells me about you? You are brave. You decided to do something and you had the courage to do it in the most painful, grisly way possible.

Sophie is semi-horrified.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
You were strong enough to make that choice, Sophie. Be strong enough to survive it now.

EXT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Street lamps flicker on, warm against the dusky blue sky. Identical houses lining the street, a dozen white bay windows all in a row. Families inside eating dinner.

Sophie puts her key in the door...

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - FOYER/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sophie sets down her bag in the foyer. It's quiet. She enters the KITCHEN...

Where James sits at the island, his phone next to him.

JAMES
Where were you?

SOPHIE
James... I'm sorry...

JAMES
I called you ten times.

SOPHIE
I wasn't thinking. I should've checked my phone.

JAMES
Do you know how that feels? When I can't get a hold of you? Do you know where my mind goes?

He's wrecked. She feels terrible, goes to him. The tension finally leaves his body. Relief. She lets go.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You smell like smoke.

She looks away, obviously a bone of contention between them.

JAMES (CONT'D)
What happened?

She hesitates.

SOPHIE
I was in a cab... He tried to go over the bridge.

He processes this, knows what it means.

JAMES
Did you call Naomi?

SOPHIE
I've already been to see her.

He nods, good.

JAMES
You could call me too, you know.

SOPHIE
(a beat)
It's been six weeks since something
like this happened... I didn't
want to start all over again.

He looks at her.

JAMES
I don't care if we have to start
over every day for the rest of our
lives. As long as we're together.

She nods, trying to accept this.

SOPHIE
Don't you get sick of it?

JAMES
You don't get it. I lost you.
There were a few hours there where
I didn't think I'd ever get you
back. I prayed to god, or the
universe, or something... I begged
to just go back in time, change
what happened.
(then, quietly)
It was my fault too.

SOPHIE
What do you mean, your fault?

JAMES
That day...

James hesitates. Clears his throat. Finally:

JAMES (CONT'D)
I should've been there for you...
Known what was going on...

He's tortured by this. It eats her up inside.

SOPHIE

You can't blame yourself. I'm the one who did this. No one else.

(then)

Naomi told me about a new therapy. Supposed to help with anxiety. I have an appointment next week.

JAMES

More doctors? Do you really think that's what we need?

Her phone buzzes. He looks at it.

SOPHIE

It's just Caroline. We were supposed to go out to dinner. I'll tell her it's off.

JAMES

No, don't. You're okay, right?

She nods.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You should go. Wash your face. Do something fun.

SOPHIE

Really?

JAMES

It'll be good for you.

INT. CHILTERN FIRE HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT

A swanky restaurant, rustic-chic, romantic. Sophie, cleaned up, walks in to the crowded BAR.

Her eyes scan the crowd. She sees a group of WOMEN holding drinks, laughing. One of them (CAROLINE, 32, glamorous but down to earth) beckons --

CAROLINE

Where have you been? You left me alone in the lion's den.

SOPHIE

I know, I'm late...

She and Caroline move to the bar. It's crowded. Sophie squeezes in, right next to a MAN (late 30's, scruffy beard, cute), bumping into him. He turns --

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Sorry...

He stares at her for a beat, then:

MAN

No problem. It's okay.

He holds her look a moment too long, then turns back to his drink. Caroline continues --

CAROLINE

Charlotte's husband is moving out
next week, Lily's mother's dying...
It's been a barrel of laughs.
(then, noticing)
Are you okay?

SOPHIE

Yeah, just... got caught up.

CAROLINE

Well you're going to have to drink
fast to catch up with these
lushes...
(to the bartender)
Hello! Sir!

INT. CHILTERN FIRE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

The group of women are now seated at dinner, picking at food the way rich girls do. A bottle of wine passed around.

Sophie is sitting next to Caroline. A pretty girl, ALEXANDRA (30) blonde and confident, holds court in the middle.

ALEXANDRA

Honestly, darling, I'm jealous.
Being single again... Can you
imagine? Being married is nice and
all but it can be downright boring.

Sophie leans over to Caroline, aside --

SOPHIE

Is that the second bottle or the
third?

CAROLINE

What do you think?

ALEXANDRA

Aren't you ever tempted? I can't remember the last time I had sex with someone besides George...

A brunette across the table, the soon-to-be divorcee, speaks up:

CHARLOTTE

Well I don't think I'll be having sex anytime soon.

CAROLINE

Why not? Might as well. That's the bright side of all this, isn't it? Not to be gauche...

Sophie smiles.

SOPHIE

And are you planning on living vicariously through Charlotte?

CAROLINE

Absolutely. The only thing that comes of sex with my husband these days is kids.

The other girls laugh.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Speaking of men...

Caroline nudges Sophie --

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

That guy from the bar, he's been sizing you up all night.

Caroline raises an eyebrow, subtly gestures to the man from before, still sitting at the bar across the room. Sophie glances over, but all she can see is the back of his head.

SOPHIE

You're being ridiculous.

CAROLINE

I don't think so...

Sophie gives the man another look, just as he turns toward her --

Their EYES MEET. He looks away, caught.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
You know him?

She watches him, considering... Thinking.

SOPHIE
No.

ANGLE ON THE BAR, where the Man picks up his drink, draining the last sip. He takes a bill out of his wallet and leaves it on the bar. Suddenly in a hurry to get out of there.

As he walks out, he can't help but watch Sophie through the WINDOWS --

HIS POV of Sophie, candlelit and beautiful, unaware.

The Man turns and dodges traffic as he crosses the street, towards his parked car. Climbs inside and we see it's not just any compact sedan...

It's a POLICE CAR.

As he pulls away, disappearing into traffic...

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

James wakes up, sunlight beaming through the big window. He turns to Sophie...

But finds the bed empty. He looks at his phone. 7:12AM. Awfully early for Sophie to be up.

He rises.

JAMES
Soph?

No answer. James walks into the bathroom...

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Empty. The shower off. James is starting to get concerned.

JAMES
Sophie?

SOPHIE (O.S.)
In here!

James breathes, relieved, ducks into --

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - SAME

Where Sophie is in her underwear, sorting through dresses.

JAMES
You're up early.

She turns to him, holding a black dress she just found.

SOPHIE
Couldn't sleep. I have nothing to wear tonight.

She slips the black dress on... It's low cut, sexy. Not like anything we've seen her in thus far. He notices.

JAMES
What's that?

SOPHIE
I don't know... I found it in the back. You like?

JAMES
I've just... never seen you in something like that before.

SOPHIE
Must've bought it on a whim.

James considers a beat, before reaching for something on the rack. Pulls out a conservative Erdem print.

JAMES
I've always loved this one...

She takes it from him. Holds it up in front of the black dress, obscuring it. Like a paper doll.

JAMES (CONT'D)
There. That suits you.

SOPHIE
Right. It's lovely, thanks.

She sets it down, revealing the decidedly sexier black dress.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
I don't know what I was thinking...

He comes to her, takes her hands.

JAMES

I know you're nervous. But it's just a party.

SOPHIE

Maybe to you...

JAMES

You're going to be fine.

He kisses her forehead tenderly. Walks back into the bathroom, stripping off his clothes, heading to the shower.

Stay on Sophie as she looks in the mirror, admiring that black dress one more time... Cocks her head. Lets her hair down from its top knot. Shakes it out.

She looks like a different person. Maybe even someone she recognizes...

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Sophie sits at the island, her laptop in front of her.

CLOSE ON the screen, where she is logged into her photos and videos, scrolling through her past life. Studying.

The heading tells us these photos are from 2014.

Her eyes are drawn to a VIDEO. She clicks on it.

The video PLAYS... Sophie and James at a child's birthday party a few years ago, his arm around her, affectionate.

Sophie watches the video. Fixated. Trying to figure out this woman she used to be.

On screen, video-Sophie smiles for the camera:

VIDEO SOPHIE

Happy birthday, Ollie!

She waves to the camera, then leans into James, gently tucking her hair behind her ear as she whispers to him.

At the island, Sophie watches this closely. Her fingers float up to her hair, subconsciously MIMICKING this movement.

The house phone RINGS, jolting Sophie out of it. She picks it up --

SOPHIE

Hello?

RECEPTIONIST (O.C.)
 Hey, Sophie, it's Victoria, from
 James' office?

SOPHIE
 Hi.

RECEPTIONIST (O.C.)
 Sorry to bother you, but could you
 find his passport for me? I need
 the number. He keeps blowing it
 off, but he leaves for Berlin on
 Thursday, and, well, you know how
 he is.

This is the first time Sophie's heard about this...

SOPHIE
 Yeah, of course. I'll email it to
 you?

RECEPTIONIST (O.C.)
 You're a lifesaver. Cheers!

She hangs up. Off Sophie...

INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND - TRAIN PLATFORM - LATER

Sophie, in the floral dress, waits for the train.

Across the platform, an ADVERTISEMENT: a picture of the
 Thames river with smiling American tourists. Sophie stares.

She takes a step closer to the tracks. A little too close.

A GUST OF AIR signals the oncoming train before it makes a
 sound. Sophie looks in the direction of the train...

The SOUND OF THE TRAIN slowly creeps in, faint at first, then
 growing louder...

But it's not the sound of a train - it's HOOF BEATS, just
 like before.

The train comes into view in the distance. Sophie looks
 toward it, but instead we see --

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A horse's hoofs, from the POV of the rider, galloping fast on
 a dusty trail, urgent --

INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND - TRAIN PLATFORM - BACK TO PRESENT

The TRAIN barrels into the station, the sound of the HOOF BEATS continuing, Sophie standing too close to the platform --

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The rider's POV as the horse takes a sharp RIGHT TURN -- revealing a DESERT VISTA in front of us --

INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND - TRAIN PLATFORM - BACK TO PRESENT

The train SCREECHES to a halt, just a foot from Sophie's face, the GRINDING OF METAL replacing the sound of the horse.

The doors open, passengers hurry off and on.

Sophie stays still, shaken by what she thinks she just saw...

An old woman with grocery bags bumps into her, Sophie in the way. Sophie finally moves, getting on the train.

INT. TRAIN STATION - LATER

Massive crowds of commuters going every direction. Sophie's one of them, walking towards the exit. She emerges onto --

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The crowded street, where she turns to cross at a light and a MAN BUMPS RIGHT INTO HER, knocking her purse off her shoulder. They both bend down to pick it up.

MAN

My fault...

SOPHIE

No, not at all, I'm fine.

Sophie looks up at the Man, seeing his face for the first time and sees... It's the MAN FROM THE BAR.

MAN

Sophie...

SOPHIE

Do I know you?

MAN

No... But I know you.

He takes a BADGE out of his coat, shows it to her, subtly.

THOMAS
Detective Inspector Thomas Baden.

SOPHIE
(alarmed)
What's going on...

THOMAS
I was the officer assigned to
your... incident. Last year.

Thomas glances around them...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Can we talk?

He takes her arm, guiding her out of the fray of traffic and
under the awning of a nearby BUILDING.

SOPHIE
I didn't know the police were
involved...

THOMAS
Routine investigation. All
suicides have to be cleared for
foul play.

SOPHIE
(realizing)
You were in the restaurant...

THOMAS
I didn't know you were going to be
there. The other night.

SOPHIE
And now?

THOMAS
I needed to talk to you somewhere
safe. Alone.

SOPHIE
(starting to get scared)
I don't understand. Is this police
business, or...

THOMAS
Do you ever think maybe you didn't
jump off that bridge?

This lands on Sophie...

SOPHIE

What are you talking about? You just said the investigation was routine...

THOMAS

Routine, except... people usually know why they tried to kill themselves. Do you?

The one question she can't answer.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Everything you know about your life, before, is what somebody else told you. And people don't always tell the truth.

(then)

I saw you the other night, and I realized... I've always had a feeling about your case. Something I just can't shake.

Sophie is starting to get freaked out.

SOPHIE

What do you mean? What *feeling*?

THOMAS

I don't know if anything happened. Not for sure. But if it did, and I didn't say something... If you were in danger... I couldn't live with myself if something happened to you.

There's something in his eyes that makes her believe him.

SOPHIE

(a beat)

If you have anything more to say to me, you can call me at home. Have me come down to the station.

She turns to go, disturbed.

THOMAS

Sophie... Wait. Just tell me one thing.

(then)

Do you trust your husband?

As the deep implications of this question set in, Sophie is startled to hear --

JAMES (O.S.)
Sophie? Soph?

She turns and sees James approaching them, a few yards away.

THOMAS
(to Sophie, covering)
Left on Commercial Street. Got it.
Thanks.

Thomas turns and walks away, before James can really get a good look at him. James walks up to Sophie --

JAMES
Who was that?

A beat.

SOPHIE
Just some guy, needed directions.

James nods, believing this. Or pretending to.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Not really my side of town, so...

JAMES
Right. Well. Shall we?

She smiles, relieved. Takes his arm. As they walk off...

INT./EXT. SHOREDITCH HOUSE - ROOFTOP - LATER

An indoor-outdoor space, an urban take on country house style. The lights of East London glitter in the background.

Sophie and James enter the crowded party. Everyone seems to know James, nodding and smiling as he walks by.

Sophie is uneasy after her confrontation with the cop, unsure if she should say something. James just takes it as nerves.

JAMES
How about a drink? Champagne?

SOPHIE
Sure.

But before he can make it to the bar, a pretty woman, MIRANDA, 40's, a partner at the firm, intercepts --

MIRANDA
 James! You made it!
 (then)
 Sophie, my god, aren't you a sight
 for sore eyes...

Miranda kisses her on both cheeks.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
 It's so good to see you! You look
 marvelous. How are you?

Everyone here knows about what happened to Sophie.

JAMES
 She's doing great.

MIRANDA
 The woman can answer for herself,
 James.

SOPHIE
 I'm good. Thanks for asking.
 (trying for casual)
 What a lovely party.

MIRANDA
 Oh, you know, company dime.
 Speaking of, James, the investors
 from the UAE wanted to say hi?

JAMES
 Right.

Miranda starts off, but James turns back, quietly to Sophie -

JAMES (CONT'D)
 You okay?

SOPHIE
 Of course.

He gives her a kiss on the cheek as he leaves, whispering in
 her ear --

JAMES
 You look lovely, really, you do.

As she watches him cross the room, leaving her alone...

INT. SHOREDITCH HOUSE - LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sophie comes out of a stall. Washes her hands. A few other wives of the businessmen are in the bathroom, chatting, in similar outfits to her. Pretty girls playing their parts.

Sophie looks at herself in the mirror. Smooths the floral dress. Her lipstick has worn off. She reaches into her purse to find it...

And there amongst the credit cards and cosmetics is a BUSINESS CARD for D.I. THOMAS BADEN. He must've slipped it in without her knowing.

Shaken, Sophie quickly hides it in her hand.

Walking towards the door, she tosses a paper towel in the TRASH... The door swings shut behind her.

Off the trash, the BUSINESS CARD sitting there, crumpled...

INT. SHOREDITCH HOUSE - BAR - NIGHT

Sophie exits the bathroom, scans the room for James.

She sees him, across the way, talking to his best friend, HARRISON, their backs to her.

Sophie makes her way over, catching their conversation as she gets closer. She pauses when she hears her name, the men unaware she's there.

HARRISON
Glad Sophie made it out.

JAMES
Yeah. Nice surprise.

HARRISON
And how's it been? For you?

JAMES
(beat, then)
Honestly? Once we got through all the doctors, the physical therapy, in a weird way it's been... better.

HARRISON
Really.

JAMES

I know, it sounds crazy. But before all this, things were... difficult.

On Sophie, as she hears this, surprised.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Sometimes I think this whole thing was our second chance. We get to reinvent ourselves. Forget all the mistakes we made before.

Harrison considers, taking a long swig of his drink.

HARRISON

I don't know, man. I know it makes me an asshole, but I'd have turned tail and run long ago.

Sophie gathers herself, makes her way to them as though she's heard none of this. Touches James on the elbow. He's caught off guard, but covers.

JAMES

Hey.

HARRISON

Sophie. Love that dress.

SOPHIE

(false smile)

Thanks.

She can't help but avoid James' gaze.

JAMES

You're looking at me funny. What'd I do?

SOPHIE

What? No I'm not.

JAMES

Your champagne. I forgot. Be right back. Harry, join me at the bar?

Harrison drains of the last of his drink, follows James toward the bar. Off Sophie, watching him, her measured expression finally faltering...

EXT. THAMES RIVER - UNDERWATER - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

The same grey water from the opening. Sophie's lifeless body drifting down... Just as we saw before.

Then, coming to, panicked... Utter disorientation. The spot of light, far above... Swimming up up up... She hits her head on the bottom of the boat, sending her back down...

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING (PRESENT)

Sophie opens her eyes. She's awake. Alive. As we wonder how many times she's had this dream...

She looks at the clock on the bedside - six AM. James is asleep. Sophie rises, walks to the bedroom window --

Where for the first time the sunny view has turned grey. Rain pounds the streets below.

EXT. THAMES RIVER - COAST GUARD BOAT - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Sophie's limp body crashes through the surface of the water, a RESCUE WORKER struggling to get her on the boat...

Sophie's body THUMPS onto the hard plastic bottom of the boat. Eyes open, unable to speak --

MALE RESCUE WORKER

There a pulse?

Now in Sophie's POV, looking up at the GREY UNDERBELLY of the Bridge...

EXT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT)

The storm continues, unrelenting.

Sophie exits the house, locking the door behind her. She wears jogging clothes, despite the elements.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

Please know, it's not your fault.

As she steps into the downpour, mind elsewhere...

EXT. THAMES RIVER - COAST GUARD BOAT - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

The lifeboat speeds toward the shore, the NOISE deafening.

Sophie's in AGONY. Looks down and sees both of her ANKLES BROKEN, the result of hitting the water feet first. It's gruesome. She blinks, eyes wide with horror.

FEMALE RESCUE WORKER

Shh. Don't look.

Sophie's distraught eyes meet the woman's. The woman takes her hand. Notices SOPHIE'S FINGERNAILS. Broken and bloody.

Then, they're docking. Lifting her out of the boat. As she grips the woman's hand for dear life, disturbingly silent...

EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY (PRESENT)

The downpour continues. Buses kicking up dirty puddles.

The only people out are the ones who need to be. Fighting the elements with umbrellas and slickers.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

*Whatever made me this way happened
a long time ago.*

Sophie is among them, but not one of them, her thoughts somewhere else entirely...

INT. AMBULANCE - **FLASHBACK**

We're in the back of an ambulance rushing to its destination. The siren blares. A female PARAMEDIC works on Sophie, who lays on a stretcher.

Finally, Sophie speaks --

SOPHIE

What... what happened?

The woman looks at her, eyes filled with pity.

PARAMEDIC

You jumped, dear. You jumped.

Off Sophie, this is news to her...

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE/THAMES - DAY (PRESENT)

Sophie still running, now completely soaked.

In front of her, the BRIDGE. She starts to slow. Looks at the water far below...

SOPHIE (V.O.)
*I've tried to bury it, but it keeps
 coming back, alive.*

A beat, then she starts running, over the bridge --

We pull back to a bird's eye view of Sophie running over the bridge, making it to the other side...

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER THAT MORNING

James is packing his briefcase, preparing to leave for work. Sophie enters, back from her run. Soaked.

JAMES
 Where've you been?

SOPHIE
 Went for a run.

JAMES
 In that rain? You are mad.
 (off-hand)
 You could've left a note.

Sophie hesitates. Not sure of his tone.

SOPHIE
 Sorry. You're right.
 (then)
 I should go get ready. I told Kate
 I'd get to the hospital early.

Sophie goes to move past him, toward the stairs. He catches her waist. Pulls her toward him.

He leans in for a kiss. It's romantic. Or it would be, if she wasn't doubting everything...

JAMES
 You really have to go?

SOPHIE
 I'll be late.

JAMES
 You're a volunteer.

She pulls away...

SOPHIE
 I'll see you tonight.

INT. ROYAL LONDON HOSPITAL - NURSES' STATION - LATER

Sophie approaches the nurses' station, carrying a flower arrangement. She smiles at AMY, the nurse on duty, busy on the computer. The floor is otherwise quiet.

AMY

Sophie! I heard you were back.

Amy gets up, giving Sophie a warm hug.

AMY (CONT'D)

How are you?

SOPHIE

Good, good.

(hands her the flowers)

Room 744.

Sophie clocks the computer and stack of paperwork on the desk - all patient charts being inputted into the system.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Lot of paperwork.

AMY

Don't even get me started.

Amy stifles a yawn.

SOPHIE

Long night?

AMY

Back half of a double. I'm a zombie.

SOPHIE

It's dead up here. Go grab a coffee. I'll watch the desk.

(off Amy's look)

Maria's down the hall. I can grab her if anything happens.

AMY

Thank you.

Amy hurries away as Sophie sits down, right in front of the computer... Still logged into the system.

She gives a quick look around, then studies the screen. After a beat she clicks on a tab marked PATIENT RECORDS.

Sophie enters her OWN NAME and date of birth. A new screen pops up - two hits. She clicks on the most recent --

On screen is the full medical record of Sophie's incident:

"Traumatic injuries sustained from fall... multiple fractures... no prior history of mental illness."

"Patient injuries consistent with suicide attempt."

A dead end. Sophie sighs, clicks back to the previous screen.

Where she clicks the SECOND RECORD, from 18 months ago:

"Patient admitted with fracture to right ulna... consistent with defensive injury... POTENTIAL DOMESTIC VIOLENCE (PATIENT DENIES)... Follow up if possible."

Sophie draws in a sharp breath. Utterly shaken. She touches her right arm, no recollection of the injury she sustained.

AMY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Jesus, Sophie!

Sophie turns, caught --

AMY (CONT'D)
Haven't you noticed that call light going off?

SOPHIE
Oh... God, I'm so sorry.

Sophie quickly clicks out of her medical records. Amy, turning off the call light, doesn't notice.

AMY
Eh, don't worry about it. Probably just Mr. Greene wanting more juice.

SOPHIE
I should be getting back. Sorry again.

Amy waves her away. Off Sophie, heading to the elevators, reeling from her discovery...

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Sophie and James eat dinner at the island, glasses of wine next to them, the TV on in the background.

JAMES
How was the hospital?

SOPHIE
Fine. Boring, actually. Slow day.

She gives him a small smile. If he notices something is off, he doesn't say.

JAMES
Slow day is good, right? Or do you secretly enjoy the gory ones? All the running around and shouting, like you're in an episode of Casualty.

He pours himself more wine.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You want another glass?

She looks at him, not sure how to broach the subject --

SOPHIE
There's something I need to talk to you about...

He sets down the bottle.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Victoria called yesterday. Needed your passport number. Said you were going to Berlin.

James, caught, tries to explain --

JAMES
They wanted me to, but I said no.

SOPHIE
It's been almost a year, James. You can't baby sit me forever.

JAMES
(hesitant)
I just don't think now's the right time...

Sophie pauses. Puts her hand on his, then:

SOPHIE
I need you to know something. What happened before, it will never, ever happen again.
(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
The girl who did that, I don't even
recognize. However fucked up I
might be... I don't want to die.

JAMES
(genuine)
I know.

SOPHIE
Then you should go to Berlin.

He considers.

JAMES
Would you call Caroline, if
anything happened?

SOPHIE
Of course.

JAMES
I'd only be gone a few nights.

SOPHIE
James, it's a two hour flight.
I'll be okay.

JAMES
Ok, I'll tell Victoria.

He goes to her, takes her in his arms...

JAMES (CONT'D)
I trust you, Sophie. You know
that, right?

Off Sophie, as James holds her tight, a look in her eyes...
Relief.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON SOPHIE, staring into space, eyes focused on nothing.

A HAND reaches into frame, parting her hair, applying an
ELECTRODE to her scalp.

We pull back and realize that there are SIX ELECTRODES on
Sophie's head, and clipped to her ear lobes.

A female MEDICAL ASSISTANT (20's) finishes attaching them.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

So I'm just supposed to explain a few things to you...

The room is fancy and modern, more like a spa than a medical office. Sophie sits in a cushy chair, the medical assistant looks at a large COMPUTER SCREEN.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

This therapy isn't going to replace your other coping mechanisms, like exercise and talk therapy, do you understand that?

SOPHIE

Yes.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

There's no drugs involved, it's all mental and physiological. But what I need from you is to answer honestly.

SOPHIE

Of course.

The Medical Assistant sits in her chair, watching her computer screen which shows Sophie's brain activity.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

So, Sophie, tell me how you're feeling today.

SOPHIE

Fine.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

What is your level of anxiety right now? On a scale of one to ten.

Sophie stares straight ahead...

SOPHIE

Three.

We stay close on Sophie's face.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

Okay, let's revisit the last time you experienced a trigger.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Sophie running in the downpour yesterday.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - BACK TO PRESENT

Sophie stays calm, no indication on her face of what's happening under the surface.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT
What was it that brought on the anxiety?

EXT. THAMES RIVER - COAST GUARD BOAT - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Sophie looks down and sees both of her ANKLES BROKEN --

FEMALE RESCUE WORKER
Shh. Don't look.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

SOPHIE
I was... revisiting the trauma.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT
Okay. What would you say your anxiety level is now?

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

The female Paramedic works on Sophie, who lays on a stretcher. She finally speaks:

SOPHIE
What... what happened?

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - BACK TO PRESENT

SOPHIE
(a beat)
Five.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT
Okay, great. Now close your eyes.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Imagine yourself sitting in a garden. It's a sunny day. Flowers. Birds chirping.

She tries to follow along. Closes her eyes...

EXT. THAMES RIVER - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Suddenly we are FALLING through space, nothing but GREY SKY above - not gentle or direct but FAST, thrashing around!

Then, above - THE BRIDGE, as we tumble away from it --

And at the last second, a FIGURE, A MAN, standing on the bridge above, watching Sophie fall. We can't see his face.

Then Sophie's body crashes through the surface of the water, the image gone as quickly as it appeared, replaced by the familiar grey water. And silence.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - BACK TO PRESENT

Sophie opens her eyes. Shocked at her memory. Breathes in, almost as if she had really been drowning.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

Has your anxiety level changed?

Sophie looks at the computer --

SOPHIE

What are you seeing there?

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

(caught off guard)

Sorry?

SOPHIE

Can you tell what's going on, inside my head?

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

Not exactly... It's more like a visual representation of the activity. We know something's going on. But not what.

SOPHIE

Oh. That's too bad.

Sophie closes her eyes again, leans back...

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

All right. I'm in a garden...
Flowers. What else was it?

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

Birds...

SOPHIE

Right. Birds.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - FOYER - LATER

Sophie enters. The house is empty, quiet. James out of town. She sets her keys next to the picture of her and James on a beach somewhere, happy.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Sophie walks in to her closet, looking for something. She heads straight for an upper shelf, to the PURSE she was carrying the night of the party.

She opens it, revealing the CRUMPLED BUSINESS CARD.

EXT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

Sophie smokes a cigarette as she dials her phone.

SOPHIE

Hello?

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION - SAME

Thomas is on his phone. Realizes who it is. Leans back in his chair, a mixture of relief and anticipation.

EXT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - PATIO - SAME

SOPHIE

Is it possible... for us to meet
somewhere?

EXT. SOUTHWARK PARK ROAD - LATER

A black cab pulls up on a dodgy street, nothing like the posh areas we've seen Sophie in thus far.

Sophie emerges. Sees the bookmakers and chip shops. Checks a street number... Starts walking.

Comes across an unmarked doorway with the number 26 above.

She stands out front, considering. Is this really the place?

INT. BAR - DAY

Sophie walks down a set of dusty stairs into a BASEMENT BAR.

Not your neighborhood pub, but the kind of place that alcoholics come to drink in peace. Open at 6am.

Sophie looks around. There are a few patrons there, all men. She goes to take a seat at the bar... Out of place.

The bartender (50's, been here forever) is busy making someone else's drink. Pours a shot of cheap whiskey.

Comes over to Sophie, and sets it down in front of her.

BARTENDER

The usual.

She looks at him...

SOPHIE

Sorry, I think you have me confused with someone else.

But the bartender is already off. Sophie looks at the drink... Takes a sip. The liquor burns her lips.

She glances at an ashtray nearby, a pile of MATCHBOOKS sitting on top. She takes one, flips it open. Printed inside is the name of the bar... DRAWING ROOM.

Just then, the door opens and THOMAS walks in...

But he doesn't approach Sophie at the bar, instead taking a seat at a BOOTH in the corner. He gives Sophie a LOOK...

Sophie takes her drink and moves to the booth.

THOMAS

I'm glad you called.

SOPHIE

What is this place?

THOMAS

It's under the radar. Did something happen?

SOPHIE

No... I mean, not like that.
(a beat, then)
Why did you ask me about my husband?

THOMAS

Occam's razor. The person closest to the victim is usually the one responsible.

SOPHIE

I'm not a victim.

THOMAS

Only because you survived.

A beat as she considers the other outcome...

SOPHIE

What evidence do you have?

THOMAS

We never turned up anything concrete. But I always had my suspicions.

SOPHIE

Why?

THOMAS

People with perfect lives don't usually jump off bridges.

SOPHIE

My life is far from perfect.

THOMAS

I know.

This gives her pause.

SOPHIE

You seem to know quite a lot about me.

THOMAS

I've been doing this a long time. Some cases you can't forget.

She shifts in her seat, uncomfortable.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I can protect you. You just have to let me.

SOPHIE

(a beat)

If there was a reason to suspect I wasn't safe... what would you suggest I do?

He looks her straight in the eye.

THOMAS

Put some space between you two. Book a trip, leave town.

(then)

Sophie, you have to tell me what you found.

He's intense, almost EMOTIONAL. She looks down, at her drink. Picks it up and finishes it.

SOPHIE

Thanks for your help, Detective.

She gets up and walks out.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Sophie's at her computer, looking up flights to Marseilles on a travel site. She clicks the ONE-WAY option...

Glancing up, she notices several pictures of her and James on the refrigerator. Their life together. They look happy.

Sophie looks back down at the computer, considers. Is she being crazy?

Suddenly the doorbell RINGS, jolting her out of it. She shuts the computer as she heads out of the room...

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Sophie turns on the light in the empty hall. Answers the door to find...

SOPHIE

Caroline. What are you doing here?

Reveal Caroline at the door, holding a bottle of wine and a take-away bag.

CAROLINE
Thought you'd be bored. I brought
booze.

SOPHIE
Did James ask you to check up on
me?

CAROLINE
No, not at all, I just --
(then)
Yes, fine. He did. I can't lie to
you.

SOPHIE
Come on in.

Sophie smiles, but when Caroline passes her, we see she is slightly unnerved.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

After dinner. Sophie does dishes. They drink the wine.

CAROLINE
Why did you let me eat all the
dumplings? I'll never fit in my
pre-kids skinny jeans at this rate.

SOPHIE
Well, they're probably out of
fashion by now anyway.

Caroline laughs, pours more wine. Sophie takes a sip.

CAROLINE
So, how's it been, with James gone?

SOPHIE
He tell you to ask me that too?

CAROLINE
James loves you. He's just
worried. I'm here for you, that's
all.

Sophie considers a beat, then looks at Caroline:

SOPHIE

There is one thing you can help me with, actually.

CAROLINE

Of course. What is it?

SOPHIE

I was at a doctor's appointment the other day, and you know how they run through your medical history and all that? Well, she asked me how my arm was healing.

CAROLINE

Okay...

SOPHIE

Turns out I broke it. Maybe a year and a half ago? Of course, I have no memory of it at all.

(then, careful)

Do you?

CAROLINE

Sure I do. I was there.

SOPHIE

You were?

CAROLINE

You and I were shopping. We'd had a few drinks at the terrace bar at Harvey Nichols and, well... upsy-daisy you went.

SOPHIE

Seriously?

CAROLINE

Arse over tits, as they say. The store manager was in quite a state. Thought they'd be sued.

Sophie looks for any sign of deception. Sees none. The weight lifts a bit.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

We had so much fun that day, remember --

Sophie gives her a faint smile.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Shit. I'm sorry.

SOPHIE
Don't be.

CAROLINE
(continuing)
I took you for the x-ray, but by the time they put the cast on, you had forced me to leave, tend to the kids. You swore me to secrecy, lest anyone know the humiliating truth. Such a silly story, really.

Sophie musters a smile, obviously more going on than she's letting on. Caroline is concerned.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Sophie, is something wrong?

SOPHIE
No. Really, it's nothing.
(then, off her look)
Sometimes it's just hard, not knowing your own secrets.

CAROLINE
Listen, why don't I stay over? And in the morning we can plan something nice. A spa day.

Caroline looks to her solicitously. Sophie puts down her wine, gives her friend a mollifying look.

SOPHIE
Go home. Get some sleep. I'm okay.

CAROLINE
Okay... Call me in the morning?

SOPHIE
Of course.

As Sophie shows Caroline the door...

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sophie's getting ready for bed. Plugs in her phone on the night stand.

A notification pops up - 1 NEW VOICEMAIL. She listens.

JAMES (VOICEMAIL)

Hello, darling. Sorry I've missed you. Hopefully Caroline is busy distracting you. Yes, I asked her to stop by, don't be mad. Anyway, you'd love Berlin, it's terribly modern and cool. I stand out like a sore thumb but you'd fit in immediately. You'll have to come with me next time. Well, I should turn in. See you soon. Love you, Soph.

Sophie allows herself a smile. As she turns out the light...

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Sophie sits, talking to Naomi. Their weekly session.

NAOMI

How was the appointment? Do you think it could be helpful?

SOPHIE

Maybe... Can't hurt, right?

Sophie looks down. A couple of books sit on the coffee table between them, carefully staged to look careless.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I've been having... memories. Lately. New ones. Things I haven't seen before.

NAOMI

It's natural for more details to come back. Especially around the trauma.

Sophie sits there, thinking.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

What is it?

SOPHIE

What I saw... happened before I jumped.

NAOMI

Then it's not a memory.

SOPHIE

How can you be sure?

NAOMI
Your injuries --

SOPHIE
Make that impossible. I heard.

NAOMI
What is it you saw?

Sophie takes a beat, wondering if she can tell her about remembering a MAN on the bridge... Makes a decision:

SOPHIE
I was riding a horse. I'm young, a teenager maybe. Riding a horse through the desert.

NAOMI
(a beat)
You grew up in New York City, Sophie. Isn't that right?

Sophie nods, yes.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Our brain creates all kinds of images. Fantasies. Day dreams. That's all this was.

SOPHIE
So there's never a chance, not even the tiniest sliver, that I will ever get back that moment. The moment I jumped.

NAOMI
Someday, maybe. Probably not. The oldest memories have the best chance, but the newest... Close to impossible. Anything you're seeing now is almost certainly false. Your brain's way of defending itself against the unknown.

Sophie is frustrated with this answer.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Sophie, you have to stop focussing on the trauma. You're giving it more power than it deserves.

SOPHIE
Do you really believe that?

NAOMI

I do.

SOPHIE

Don't you think knowing what really happened would change everything?

NAOMI

We do know --

SOPHIE

No. We *think* we know. Pieced together what we *think* happened.

Naomi looks at her, an obvious source of discord between them. Something they've been through before.

NAOMI

You'd been hurting. For a long time. You said yourself that whatever made you this way, it happened a long time ago. Those are your own words.

We have indeed heard these words from Sophie, in her V.O.

SOPHIE

And now you're using them against me.

Naomi eyes her calmly.

NAOMI

Maybe you need to stop being so afraid of them.
(then, kinder)
You think there are answers out there, somewhere. There aren't. The minute you give that up, that's when you'll truly start to heal.

Naomi waits as Sophie takes this in. Then:

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Okay?

SOPHIE

Okay.

Sophie gives her a nod. One that we've seen before, full of carefully practiced reassurance.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Sophie lays on the bed, a glass of wine next to her. Alone.

She has a piece of paper in her hands, reading...

We CLOSE IN on the paper, and see it's a handwritten LETTER.

We see words we recognize from the V.O.... *I know you think you know me...*

This is Sophie's SUICIDE NOTE.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
*I don't know what happens after
 today, after I cross the bridge
 alone.*

She's looking for answers the only place she knows how.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
But it's a chance I've got to take.

EXT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A black town car pulls up to Sophie's house. JAMES gets out.

A driver exits the car as well, getting James' suitcase out of the trunk. James takes the suitcase, tipping the driver.

He walks up the steps to the front door, puts his key in the lock...

SOPHIE (V.O.)
Go find a new life, without me.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

James enters the foyer. Puts down his keys.

JAMES
 Sophie? You home?

There's no answer. James continues toward the stairs, ascending to the bedroom --

SOPHIE (V.O.)
This one just isn't mine.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

James walks into the bedroom...

JAMES

There you are.

He smiles. REVERSE to see Sophie, sitting on the bed, staring at the note in her hand. She looks up, startled --

SOPHIE

James... What are you --

JAMES

I took the last flight. Didn't want to spend another night in a hotel room. Without you.

He thought he'd be surprising her, but she doesn't seem happy.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Hey. Where are you right now?

SOPHIE

Nowhere. It's nothing.

She moves to put the note away, but James clocks it before she can. Knows what it is.

JAMES

Jesus, Soph. Why are you reading that?

SOPHIE

I don't know...

JAMES

I thought we agreed to put that behind us.

SOPHIE

Maybe that's easier for you than me. You know what happened. You were there. For me, it's all... a blur.

He sits down on the bed next to her.

JAMES

Okay. You want to know what happened? I'll tell you.

She looks at him, questioning.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It was the shittiest day of my life. I got a call that my wife was in critical condition. That she... tried to end her own life. A life I thought was pretty damn good.

This is immensely painful for him. She feels for him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I was just praying I would make it back to London before you... before you died.

(choking up)

So I could at least say goodbye.

Sophie looks at him, surprised.

SOPHIE

You weren't here?

JAMES

I was in Paris. Working. You know that, Sophie.

SOPHIE

(reeling)

I... I barely remember anything from those first few days.

JAMES

They had you on a lot of morphine. Your injuries were... bad. I spent that first night holding your hand. Thinking if I just kept holding on, you'd be okay.

SOPHIE

You've never told me that.

JAMES

Because I wanted to forget it.

He takes the note from her hands. Puts it aside. Takes her hand in his.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(emotional)

Whatever happened, whatever made you think that bridge was the only way out? It's done. It doesn't matter anymore. It never did. Okay?

He looks her in the eyes, emotional, in love. He PULLS HER TO HIM. Kisses her. It's passionate. Real.

This time, she gives in.

As they fall to the bed, together...

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

James and Sophie lie in bed together, naked, under the sheets. James is relaxed, almost asleep. Sophie's mind is still turning...

As she gets out of bed, James sleepily reaches for her, takes her hand. She squeezes it, and slips away...

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sophie sits at the island, in a t-shirt and underwear, her laptop open in front of her, can't sleep. She's browsing shopping sites, her mind elsewhere. When a window pops up --

You have not backed up your iCloud account in 259 days.

The white password field BLINKS insistently. She sighs, frustrated. Grabs her cigarettes from the counter...

EXT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - BACK PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Find Sophie lighting a cigarette alone in the dark, with the matchbook from the BAR. She flips it over in her hand, again and again. Staring. And suddenly, an idea...

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sophie sits back down in front of the island, the white password field still blinking...

She types the bar's name... *DRAWINGROOM...*

The Cloud opens...

Sophie leans back, in disbelief.

She double clicks, opening the window containing all the photos and videos associated with this account.

But there's ONLY ONE. A three minute video. The still frame is BLACK.

Sophie PLAYS the video, as it fills the screen --

INT. ND ROOM - VIDEO (INTERCUT)

The blackness shifts as the video starts, and we realize the black was the fabric of a woman's DRESS. As she backs away from the camera and comes into view, we see --

It's SOPHIE, in the black dress she tried on earlier, the low cut one she couldn't remember buying...

She adjusts the camera (on a computer) and sits down on the bed... As the room is revealed we can guess it's a mid-range hotel room, generic but not sleazy.

VIDEO SOPHIE
Get over here, come on.

Into frame walks THOMAS, the cop...

THOMAS
This is a terrible idea.

ON PRESENT DAY SOPHIE - totally fucking shocked, as are we.

VIDEO SOPHIE
It's not a big deal. No one's ever going to see it but us...

She looks up to him, flirtatious, beckoning him to join her on the bed. He rolls his eyes, but sits down next to her.

She runs her hand up his thigh...

VIDEO SOPHIE (CONT'D)
You're no fun at all.

He looks at her, challenge accepted, and leans in for a KISS.

ON PRESENT DAY SOPHIE at the island, the realization dawning on her that Thomas has been LYING about their relationship from the start.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Sophie walks into the bedroom, her silhouette in the door... Looking at James, asleep in bed. Peaceful. She can't believe what she's done.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SEX TAPE

BACK TO THE VIDEO, where Sophie pushes the man down and straddles him. We can still see their faces from the side...

THOMAS

Have you thought about what I said?

She ignores him, kisses his neck...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

*You and me... Just the two of us.
Somewhere warm.*

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

Sophie quietly walks towards the bed, trying not to wake James. She reaches the night stand, her SUICIDE NOTE sitting there...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SEX TAPE

VIDEO SOPHIE

You know that's not an option.

THOMAS

Why not.

VIDEO SOPHIE

*What am I supposed to do? Pack up
and leave? Write him a note?*

THOMAS

*People leave each other all the
time.*

(then, genuine)

*I love you, Sophie. Isn't that all
that matters?*

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

Sophie takes the note, looking at the last line...

Go find a new life, without me. This one just isn't mine.

Which now has new meaning... Maybe this wasn't a suicide note at all, but a DEAR JOHN LETTER.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SEX TAPE

Thomas has put it all on the line. Sophie tries to let him down easy.

VIDEO SOPHIE

*This was never about the future.
Just try and enjoy the moment...
Can you do that? For me?*

A flash of intensity as the rejection hits him. But instead of pulling away, he rolls ON TOP of Sophie... Pulls her skirt up, hands grabbing her bare body...

VIDEO SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You know the camera's still on.

THOMAS

I know.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

Sophie looks at the note, wondering what it means, who it was even meant for...

Then CRUMPLES it up, wanting to destroy it, and everything she just discovered. She throws it in the trash.

As she slips into bed, wide awake, James sleeps next to her, oblivious to the fact that everything just changed.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - THE NEXT DAY

Sophie, determined, walks down the street in a decidedly less posh neighborhood than her own. She approaches a door to a small brownstone. KNOCKS...

The door opens and THOMAS answers. Shocked to see her.

THOMAS

Sophie...

SOPHIE

When exactly were you going to tell me that we were fucking. Or was that piece of information not "relevant" to your investigation?

Thomas realizes she knows everything...

THOMAS

What was I supposed to do? Come up to you on the street and tell you we were having an affair? Hey, you have no idea who I am, but we were in love.

SOPHIE

(heated)

Don't say that to me. I love my husband.

THOMAS

What we had was more than you two ever did. You told me so yourself.

Sophie doesn't know how to process this. So she shuts it down.

SOPHIE

(escalating)

Whatever we had, it's done. Don't call me again. Stay out of my life.

This hurts Thomas... Something in him turns dark.

THOMAS

(grave)

I can't do that.

SOPHIE

What are you doing, stalking me? Trying to frame my husband for a crime that never happened? So you can have a second chance?

THOMAS

You have no idea what happened --

SOPHIE

I jumped. That's it. That's the sad fucking truth. I have to live with that, and so do you.

A beat. She breathes. Then, emotional:

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I just want my life back. Leave me alone.

Sophie turns around and walks away. He tries to GRAB HER arm but she dodges his grip. Starts walking faster.

Thomas, angry, desperate, walks out onto the street, going after her --

THOMAS
(calling out)
Sophie!

A few pedestrians on the street STARE. He can't chase her down without causing a scene. As he watches her go --

EXT. LONDON - THE THAMES - A NEW DAY

The sun rises over the river... A pause, resetting our story.

INT. CAFÉ - MORNING

The morning rush. Sophie waits patiently, looking calm and collected, the drama of the past week behind her. Or at least she's pretending it is.

She watches a couple of teenage girls, best friends, loading their coffees with cream and sugar.

BARISTA (O.C.)
They're completely destroying those coffees. I can't watch.

Sophie turns to the same tattooed Barista from the opening. Smiles. Notes the punk music playing over the speakers.

SOPHIE
No Bowie?

BARISTA
Felt more like a Clash kind of day.

He holds out a coffee. Ready for her, as always.

BARISTA (CONT'D)
The usual.

The words echo in her head. Then...

SOPHIE
Actually, I think I'll do it iced today.

BARISTA
No problem.

SOPHIE
Thanks.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION/TUBE - LATER

Sophie's boarding her car, iced coffee in hand. She takes a seat, pulling a BOOK out of her bag. She reads as the train pulls away. Everything completely normal.

But then, after a minute... the sound of HOOF BEATS starts.

Sophie doesn't react. Knows it's her mind playing tricks. But the hoof beats get LOUDER.

Sophie clenches her jaw, tries to steady her breathing. Willing the sound to stop. But it won't. It just keeps getting louder. Until she closes her eyes and we...

FLASH TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The rider's POV of the DESERT VISTA we saw before. Only this time we look down to where --

A TEENAGE GIRL LIES INJURED ON THE GROUND. Blood streaming from a nasty head wound.

TEENAGE GIRL

Help me... You've got to help me.

The rider's POV remains still. Detached. Studying the girl on the ground.

Finally, the rider urges the horse to move. But not forward. Back around. Away from the injured girl.

TEENAGE GIRL (CONT'D)

No. Don't leave me! Tess!

The horse and rider gallop away. Leaving the girl to DIE --

A LOUD BURST OF MUSIC jolts us back to...

INT. TUBE - DAY (PRESENT)

Sophie's eyes open. She sees a HIPSTER GIRL now seated next to her. The music spills from her HEADPHONES.

The hipster girl gives her some serious side-eye. Sophie holds her gaze, unblinking, until she looks away. Then she picks up her book again. As though nothing has happened.

EXT. ROYAL LONDON HOSPITAL - THE NEXT DAY

Sophie heads toward the hospital, dressed for her volunteer shift.

An AMBULANCE blows past her, its sirens blaring as it pulls into the bay.

The DRIVER gets out - it's the SAME FEMALE PARAMEDIC from Sophie's rescue (who we saw in flashbacks).

Sophie takes this in. Watching from a distance as the paramedic and her partner unload a homeless man from the back of the ambo.

PARAMEDIC

All right, careful now.

He flails about, disturbed, as they get him inside the hospital. Off Sophie, watching them go, thinking...

INT. ROYAL LONDON HOSPITAL - HALLWAY/BREAK ROOM - LATER

Sophie waits near a break room where paramedics and nurses are filling out paperwork. She glances through the doorway and sees the paramedic (MICHELLE, 45) from before.

As Michelle prepares to leave, Sophie starts looking at the coffee machine nearby...

Michelle walks down the hall, passes Sophie - who pretends to notice her for the first time.

SOPHIE

Excuse me. Sorry to bother you,
but... I think we know each other.

Michelle stops, trying to place her. Then, in awe:

MICHELLE

The Tower Bridge rescue. Our
survivor.

(takes her in)

What are you doing here?

SOPHIE

Oh, I volunteer. Couple days a
week.

MICHELLE

Isn't that nice.

SOPHIE

I need to thank you, for taking care of me that day.

MICHELLE

No need for that. Just doing my job.

SOPHIE

Well, it was more than that, to me.

(then)

I'm trying to put the whole thing behind me. Maybe seeing you... Is some kind of sign.

MICHELLE

You never know.

She smiles, kind. Then:

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I see a lot of people, do what you did. Most don't make it. When they do, it's special. A second chance.

SOPHIE

Trust me, I know.

MICHELLE

You weren't yourself that day. You were saying all kinds of things... A man pushed you from the bridge. Thought your name was Tess. Not in your right mind, you know what I mean?

Sophie is unable to form words, simply stands there, not even breathing...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

It's nice to see you, looking so good. A real fresh start. Good luck, dear.

Michelle gives her a pat on the shoulder, thinking she's imparted some comfort, when it couldn't be more the opposite.

Off Sophie, stunned, as a new mystery begins...

END OF PILOT.