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INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, EXAMINATION ROOM. - CONTINUOUS

A large desk divides the room. The DOCTOR sits on one side of the desk, takes a deep, frustrated breath, rubs the leather on the 1980s sunglasses, hands them back.

DOCTOR

And you think that's what's causing your migraines?

CHARLES

I know it is, it's, it's an absolute physical necessity. I have this overwhelming desire...

DOCTOR

To touch everyone you see...

EXT. STREET. - DAY

Montage of Charles touching people in various ways. He collapses on the sidewalk as in the first scene. (The footage runs backwards, Charles gets up, stares at the bus passengers, reaches out to them, they stare back, Charles hits the bus). Each passenger is captured like a photograph. The last is the girl with the iPhone 4.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

And if you don't, you get the migraines.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, EXAMINATION ROOM. - CONTINUOUS

Charles nods his head in agreement.

DOCTOR

(shakes his head)

No. I don't believe it. Change in the weather, lack of sleep, stress at work, people get migraines for a lot of reasons.

CHARLES

I work from home.

DOCTOR

I think it's all in your head.

CHARLES

(frustrated)

It's not in my head, (stops), the migraines, are in my head, but it's real, I'm not making it up.

DOCTOR
You take photographs of them? The ones
that get away?

Charles recalls a mental photograph of the iPhone 4 girl.
Clearly the ones that get away haunt him.

CHARLES
Mental photographs.

DOCTOR
How many people are in the waiting room?

CHARLES
Seven.

DOCTOR
How many did you touch?

Charles remains quiet. Seven shots come up on the screen
in CCTV montage of Charles slyly touching each patient.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Seven. My receptionist?

Charles stares at the doctor. Charles gives a slight nod.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You haven't touched me. Your head must be
ready to explode.

CHARLES
I thought, during your examination, you
would touch me. It's the same thing.

DOCTOR
Is it? I never touch patients, never...
unless it's an absolute physical
necessity. Most of them come in here with
preventable, or imagined problems.

The doctor pulls out a prescription pad and pen.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I could write you a prescription, but I'm
not going to; I don't think there's
anything physically wrong with you.

Charles stares at the doctor, takes a strained breath,
lunges up, grabs the doctor's arm. The doctor smiles.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
At least you're not going home empty
handed.

CHARLES
What kind of doctor are you?

DOCTOR
Medical. Mostly.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, EXAMINATION ROOM. - MOMENTS LATER

CHARLES
I'm telling you, she had this two-inch magnetic field around her, I couldn't physically touch her, it was impossible.

DOCTOR
(worn out)
And this gave you a migraine.

CHARLES
No. No, there's no more migraines, I don't need to touch anyone anymore, I don't need to touch you.

The doctor raises his eyebrows in appreciation.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
It's... it's gone... she...

DOCTOR
Ummm... Then why are you here?

CHARLES
I can't explain this magnetic field.

DOCTOR
I don't know about any magnetic fields...

CHARLES
What about those tests on TV?

DOCTOR
What tests?

CHARLES
The tests! The tests where someone...

INT. KITCHEN. - DAY

CHARLES (V.O.)
...holds up a light bulb in front of their refrigerator and it lights up.

CU on fridge door, dolly back to reveal a hand holding a light bulb. It lights up, pan up to see a LIGHT BULB MAN perplexed by the inexplicable transfer of energy.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, EXAMINATION ROOM. - CONTINUOUS

The doctor views this old TV footage on his computer.

CHARLES

It's not in my head! Something's going on!

DOCTOR

Bring her here.

CHARLES

What?

DOCTOR

Let's see what the hell is going on.
Bring her to my office.

Charles shrinks at the challenge. The doctor leans back.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You know, touching people isn't the same as connecting with them, interacting with them. It's not a relationship.

Charles stares at the doctor.

INT. APARTMENT. - DAY

B/W. Charles sits on the chesterfield as the girl arranges items about the place. She looks at Charles.

GIRL

I like your shadow being on my wall. But I never liked this poster.

She rips it up. Charles looks at his shadow, then to her.

CHARLES

This is my wall. This is my apartment.

GIRL

Oh right, sorry...

The ball chair is revealed, she steps back, out of focus.

INT. APARTMENT. - MOMENTS LATER

B/W. Charles follows the girl down the hallway. She stops outside the bathroom, turns to Charles.

GIRL
(directs eyes to the loo)
Some privacy please.

CHARLES
I'm sorry, I'll be in the kitchen, doing
push-ups.

She smiles. Charles walks away, she goes out of focus.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, EXAMINATION ROOM. - MOMENTS LATER

B/W. The doctor touches the girl's shoulder. BUZZING.

CHARLES
You said you never touch patients. Never.

DOCTOR
Unless it's an absolute physical
necessity.

CHARLES
Those were my words.

DOCTOR
Ah, and if someone else says them you get
a nosebleed...

CHARLES
What? No. Stop touching her.

The doctor touches her anyway. BUZZING.

INT. BUS. - CONTINUOUS

She looks at Charles, sits three seats forward. He hesitates, moves behind her, touches her shoulder. BUZZING. His fingers slide away like magnets.

GIRL
(recoils)
What are you doing? Are you trying to
tickle me?

CHARLES
Can you hear that?

GIRL

You're not allowed to touch strangers on the bus, you know. It's like "no urinating" and "no fornicating."

The BUS DRIVER spies his rear-view. Charles is discreet.

CHARLES

There's something wrong with you.

She gives a look like "there's something wrong with me?"

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You need to see my doctor.

She shows Charles the iPhone 4 footage of him collapsing.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I was having a bad day.

GIRL

Yeah? Looked like more than that.

CHARLES

I spend a lot of time alone, I work from home, so I don't see a lot of people, and when I do, I feel like I have to touch them, or else I get severe migraines.

GIRL

Sounds like you need to see your doctor.

CHARLES

I did, he said it was in my head.

GIRL

Obviously the migraines are in your head. What kind of doctor is he?

CHARLES

Ummm, I guess medical. Mostly. You sat beside me on the bus yesterday.

GIRL

So.

CHARLES

So, I wanted to touch you, I tried to touch you, but I couldn't...

GIRL

That doesn't sound creepy at all.

CHARLES

After that, I didn't feel this need to touch anyone, you...

GIRL

Sounds like your problem is solved.

CHARLES

What about this?

Charles traces his fingers from her hand up her arm. BUZZING. They react to this connection. She recoils.

GIRL

Stop it.

CHARLES

Why did you videotape me?

GIRL

You looked like you were in pain.

Charles watches more footage, a GIRL CRYING, LONELY MAN.

CHARLES

Why do you videotape people in pain?

She takes the iPhone 4 back from Charles.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Do you want to talk about it?

GIRL

We are talking about it.

She turns away, faces the front of the bus.

CHARLES

Maybe I can help you.

GIRL

You just want to touch me.

CHARLES

(shakes his head)

No, I want to be your friend.

GIRL

(stands up)

My stop.

CHARLES

I know.

He reaches out a hand. They shake. There's no buzzing.

GIRL
(playing it up)
I can hear it now.

CHARLES
We're not touching.

She smiles, presses the "stop request" button repeatedly.

BUS DRIVER
Enough already! Trying to make me deaf?

GIRL
(reacts to driver)
See you.

CHARLES
On the bus?

GIRL
(nods, smiles, turns)
On the bus.

CHARLES
What's your name?

GIRL
Starts with an "M".

CHARLES
(smiles)
Okay.

She exits, doesn't go out of focus this time. She smiles.
Charles continues riding the bus home, smiles to himself.