THE GOOD NURSE

Adapted Screenplay

Screenplay by
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Based on the Book
The Good Nurse
By Charles Graeber
ST. ALOYSIUS HOSPITAL

PENNSYLVANIA, 1996

INT. ST. ALOYSIUS HOSPITAL, I.C.U., STAHL’S ROOM – AFTERNOON

The steady breaths of a ventilator. Deep, rhythmic gasps. An alarm sounds, sporadic at first. An older man is lying with an IV, tubes coming out of his throat and diodes on his heart. His name is Edward Stahl, but we will never hear it.

Painful cramps rack his body. His legs spasm.

A nurse is watching. This is CHARLIE CULLEN, 36, small, sinewy and very pale. His hair is flecked with silver, his scrubs are bachelor white. Charlie is leached of colour, except for his eyes, they glisten.

Charlie removes his stethoscope from his neck as he moves towards Stahl.

He turns off the VENT ALARM and VTACH starts. He watches the monitor and the patient, noticing the alarming heart rate.

Stahl flatlines and Charlie jumps into action dropping the side rail, then the bed.

CHARLIE
I NEED HELP IN HERE!

He turns off the VTACH ALARM and starts compressions.

He continues for a few seconds before hitting the CODE button.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
I NEED HELP!!!

Charlie continues compressions as NURSE 1 rushes into the room.

NURSE 1
What’s going on?

CHARLIE
I came in, he was seizing, just started coding.

The RT (Respiratory Therapist) runs in and begins bagging. NURSE 2 follows...

NURSE 2
What’s going on on Charlie?
CHARLIE
Came in, he was seizing, he went into VTACH and then he coded.

NURSE 2
Let’s swap compressors.

TOGETHER
3...2...1...

Charlie moves to the side as NURSE 2 steps in. More People enter the room including DR. COLLINS.

DR. COLLINS
What’s going on?

CHARLIE
Heard the alarm from the hall, came in, saw he was seizing, silenced the vent, noticed he was in VTACH, then he was asystolic.

The CODE CART comes through, pushing Charlie further out of the circle.

DR. COLLINS
Anything else?

CHARLIE
No epi yet, he’s had a minute of compressions.

The Doctor has stepped forward, leaving Charlie behind.

DR. COLLINS
Let’s get the epi started, pause in a minute for a rhythm check.

Everyone watches the monitor. A Nurse doing chest compressions checks for a pulse...

NURSE
No pulse.

DR. COLLINS
Is that a shockable rhythm?

CHARLIE
(behind him)
Yes. Shockable.

DR. COLLINS
Let’s charge to 150 joules, get back on the chest please.
This rotation continues. Until...

DR. COLLINS (CONT'D)
Alright...I think he’s had enough.
Let’s call time of death. Someone
please call his wife.

Dr. Collins grabs the chart at the foot of the patients bed.

DR. COLLINS (CONT'D)
(to other nurse)
What happened? It looked like he
was out of the woods this morning.

A moment of silence that feels like an eternity. It’s never
easy to lose a patient.

No one has an answer. They file out the room. Charlie stays
behind. His eyes drift over Stahl’s dead body.

INT. ST. ALOYSIUS HOSPITAL, I.C.U., CORRIDOR - NIGHT
Charlie moves along an empty dark corridor.
We just observe him, as he walks alone away from the camera.

CUT TO BLACK.

PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

NEW JERSEY - 2003

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, CORRIDOR - NIGHT
A nurse moves down the corridor at PARKFIELD MEMORIAL
HOSPITAL, ICU. She has changed into scrubs. The corridor is
dark. All lighting adjusted to night-mode.

This is AMY LOUGHREN 36, exhauster, pale. There’s subtle air
of neglect about her: skin dry; eyes a little bloodshot.
She’s beautiful, but not in a delicate way. She’s strong,
practical, resilient.

She goes into the storage room. IV-bags are stacked on
shelves. She takes one, makes some notes and leaves the room.
INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, ANA'S ROOM - LATER

ANA MARTÍNEZ, 83, lies in bed. Red and raw all over. She’s shaking in pain, her skin is peeling off around her eyes and lips. Her husband, SAM MARTÍNEZ, 80s, watches on helplessly. Amy’s trying to put an IV into Ana's arm.

AMY
Almost there.

Sam fights to hide that he is scared. Amy tries to distract both of them.

AMY (CONT’D)
How long have you two been married?

ANA MARTÍNEZ
Three years.

They smirk at Amy’s surprised look.

AMY
A couple of newlyweds.

Amy threads the needle in Ana's vein, she winces slightly.

AMY (CONT'D)
Got it.

Ana begins coughing. Her breath grates like sandpaper on her throat. She cannot speak, she just pats at Sam’s arm, begging. Sam understands.

SAM MARTÍNEZ
Can I give her some water?

AMY
I’m sorry. Not until tomorrow. She still might choke. Here, this will help.

Amy holds down a button on Ana's IV pump. Ana relaxes. Sam watches her for a beat, worried. Then looks at his watch.

SAM MARTÍNEZ
I have to go-

ANA
No, no. You can’t go...

SAM MARTÍNEZ
You know the rules. I’m not allowed to stay.
AMY
Hey Sam, this chair reclines.

Amy wheels in a chair.

AMY (CONT'D)
Do you want some blankets and a pillow?

Sam looks at her, hopeful: really?

AMY (CONT'D)
I won’t tell if you don’t.

Sam smiles.

AMY (CONT'D)
I’ll be right back.

SAM MARTÍNEZ
Thanks.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Amy drinks coffee at the nurses’ station while logging notes and talking to NURSE STEVENS.

AMY
...I don’t understand why his pressure is so low?

NURSE STEVENS
They don’t know but they want another set of labs for the night.

AMY
Okay. What about Holly?

NURSE STEVENS
Holly is stable but they still need to get the labs-

VIVIAN NEAL (O.S.)
Amy?

She turns and sees VIVIAN NEAL, 60s, standing at the door of her office behind the nurses' station.

VIVIAN NEAL (CONT'D)
I would like to have a word with you about 310.
Amy sighs and we follow her into the office. Vivian closes the door behind her.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, VIVIAN’S OFFICE

Amy sits across from Vivian.

VIVIAN NEAL
We’ve talked about this?

Amy looks at her, lost.

VIVIAN NEAL (CONT’D)
You let a relative sleep over?

AMY
Oh come on, it was 1:00AM, he is an old man. He was exhausted.

VIVIAN NEAL
We don’t have the staff to run a hotel for relatives...

Amy looks at her: this is crap.

VIVIAN NEAL (CONT’D)
Management have me rationing the coffee filters. Every penny is a freaking prisoner right now. I had to beg Linda Garran for extra staff to cover the winter surge.

None of this is news to Amy. She looks at Vivian, pissed.

VIVIAN NEAL (CONT’D)
But I got nights more help, okay? A new guy, tons of experience, great recommendations.

AMY
Great.

Amy looks at Vivian, pleased. She heads back out.

VIVIAN NEAL
You’re welcome.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, HOLLY’S ROOM – NIGHT

HOLLY STEVENS, 30s, lies comatose in bed.
AMY
Hey Holly, it’s Amy. Alright- I’m just going to turn you over. Let’s put this arm down.

Amy’s moving her from her back to her side. It is heavy manual labour, moving an unconscious body around.

AMY (CONT’D)
I ran into your sister when I started my shift. She’s so nice. Did you guys have a good time together? Can’t believe she’s got twins. I don’t know how she does that. Okay, 1, 2, 3....

Amy stops for a breather. Tries to slow her heart rate with deep slow breaths.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, CORRIDOR

Amy staggers down the dark hallway.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, PATIENT ROOM

Amy sits alone, behind a curtain, in an empty patient room, trying to catch her breath.

I/E. AMY’S CAR / NEW JERSEY STREETS – DAWN

The sun is just rising. Amy looks exhausted, grey in the cold pale blue light. She winds down the window, the cold air stopping her from nodding off.

I/E. AMY’S CAR / AMY’S DRIVEWAY – MORNING

Amy’s car bumps into the driveway. She looks at herself in the mirror. She looks exhausted.

Amy puts on make up to try to look fresh and healthy and gets out of the car.

INT. AMY’S HOUSE, KITCHEN – CONT.

Dark blue in the early morning light. Sounds of cartoons slip through from the next room. Amy pulls out $60 from her wallet and hands it to JACKIE, 60. Jackie’s face flushes.
AMY
How was the fried chicken? Did you
do the whole paper-bag shake?

JACKIE
I did the whole thing. Whatever
Julia Child’s said, I did it.

They laugh. Amy sits down at the kitchen table.

JACKIE (CONT’D)
You still owe me– from last Friday.

Amy’s eyes go wide at her mistake.

JACKIE (CONT’D)
But it can wait.

AMY
No! Sorry, I’m such an idiot.

Amy opens her wallet, she pulls out two $20s, then there’s
just some singles. Amy has just enough.

JACKIE
I didn’t mean, I don’t need all of
it now.

AMY
It’s yours. Please. Thank You.

Jackie puts the money in her wallet. ALEX, 9, and MAYA, 5,
holding a stuffed animal, enter from the next room.

MAYA
Come on, Mr. Teddy! We’re going to
school.

AMY
I think we talked about Mr. Teddy
not going to school.

Maya zips up her backpack.

MAYA
Come here, Mr. Bag.

As the kids head out Amy yawns.

ALEX / MAYA
Bye mom!

AMY
Have the best day. Love you guys.
Alex is out the door. Jackie takes Maya’s hand and follows.

JACKIE
See you later. Oh, you need milk by the way...

AMY
Got it. Thanks.

The door slams and Amy is all alone. Her shoulders sink.

INT. DR. HIND’S OFFICE, CONSULTATION ROOM – DAY

An EKG needle scratchies erratically across a ream of green grid-paper.

Amy reclines on a paper towel covered bed. Wires trail out from under her patient gown to an EKG machine. She watches the peaks and troughs scroll their way across the screen. DOCTOR ROBERT HIND, a man in his 60s, stares down at her readings. He looks very grave.

LATER

Amy is now sitting up on the bed, dressed back in her street clothes. She looks around. Maybe at her watch. Clearly waiting for something.

Then Dr. Hind returns with a printed electrocardiogram and other test results.

DOCTOR ROBERT HIND
Okay... It’s not the news we were hoping for.

Amy looks surprised.

AMY
Well, how bad are we talking?

Hind looks at the numbers on his screen.

DOCTOR ROBERT HIND
If you continue like this, we’re looking at months before you have a serious coronary incident. Which could be fatal...

She shakes her head in disbelief.

DOCTOR ROBERT HIND (CONT'D)
Amy. You need to listen to me here.
AMY
At the last appointment, you said there were options.

DOCTOR ROBERT HIND
I know. But that was before we had these results... This is now about keeping your heart going long enough.

AMY
Long enough for what?

DOCTOR ROBERT HIND
To get you on the transplant list.

She’s very still, she looks at his dull eyes and calm face.

DOCTOR ROBERT HIND (CONT’D)
And you’ll have to stop working.
Take medical leave.

A sudden sobering fear hits her.

AMY
I can’t. I need health insurance. I don’t get paid leave until I’ve been there a year.

Amy sighs, hopeless.

Doctor Hind rubs his eyes, sighs, and nods. Amy is not the only one of his patients caught in a web of health insurance and bureaucracy.

DOCTOR ROBERT HIND
You have kids, right?

AMY
Uh-huh.

DOCTOR ROBERT HIND
Well. You’re high risk for a stroke. You should make them aware of the symptoms. The early warning signs of an episode are breathlessness, pressure in your chest, feeling weak or faint.

(beat)
You need to tell them in case something should happen at home.

Amy doesn’t know what to say. Hind looks at her. She nods.
INT. DR. HIND’S OFFICE, RECEPTION - AFTERNOON

AMY
Hi. Loughren. I am checking out.

RECEPTIONIST
So I see there is no coverage from insurance?

AMY
Nope.

Amy slides a credit card onto the desk.

RECEPTIONIST
With the test and consultation it’ll be $980.

Amy fumbles in her bag. Pulls out another credit card.

AMY
Can you split it on two?

RECEPTIONIST
Sure thing.

I/E. AMY’S CAR / DR. HIND’S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Amy stares at the windshield as the heaters try to blast away the condensation, cocooned in silence and despair.

From outside the car, we can barely hear Amy. She sits behind steamed up windows, bent over the steering wheel, crying. Alone.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, NURSES’ STATION - LATER

The DAY NURSES are getting ready to leave. Amy grabs a chart then heads the storage room to stock up for her patient.

She pushes the door open onto-

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, STORAGE ROOM - CONT.

Charlie Cullen, 7 years older than last we saw him, is going through the shelves. Checking stuff at a clip board, trying to get an overview.

AMY (O.S.)
You the new guy?
Charlie looks up. Sees Amy at the door. A shy smile plays on his face.

CHARLIE

AMY
Amy. Hi. Welcome.

CHARLIE
Thank you.

The conversation stalls. Amy makes up a tray, bandages, wound sticks, moisturizer and tape. Charlie’s shyness eats away at him. He looks around, excited. Amy sees he’s a little nervous.

AMY
Did anyone give you the tour yet?

CHARLIE
Nope. I got my patients but...

Amy sighs. She is clearly not happy with that.

AMY
Okay... Let me show you around...

She steps aside and invites him to follow her outside.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, NURSES' STATION – CONT.

AMY
The computers are free for all. There’s a code to access the bathroom, very importantly, the highly original 4321.

CHARLIE
Uncrackable.

AMY
So, where do we start? You used a PYXIS before?

He trails Amy over to the PYXIS: a bank of locked drawers with a computer screen bolted on top.

CHARLIE
Yes.

Charlie sees the PYXIS.
CHARLIE (CONT'D)
But we had the older model from '97.

AMY
All right. I’ll show you.

We follow her to the PYXIS.

AMY (CONT'D)
Put in your Nurse ID, then your code-

Amy punches in numbers, a selection screen appears.

AMY (CONT'D)
Select what you need, the amount.

Amy taps Oxycode. A drawer whirs and then pops open filled with pills.

AMY (CONT'D)
Take it out and close the drawer. Got it?

Amy cancels her request and shuts the drawer. Charlie nods.

AMY (CONT'D)
They said you have a lot of experience. Where did you work before?

CHARLIE
I’ve been all over really.
Florians, Vance, St. Aloysius, Shawlands-

AMY
One of the girls I trained with is at Shawlands Medical. Lori...

CHARLIE
Lucas? We worked together a lot, she’s great, amazing nurse.

AMY
Haven’t seen her in ages... Do they still call her the pocket rocket?

CHARLIE
No! God, I have to call her up and ask about that...
AMY
Don’t tell her I told you-

They share a laugh.

AMY (CONT’D)
So, who did they give you?

Charlie looks at his clip board.

CHARLIE
I have... 311 - Stevens, 310 - Martínez. Hey, do you know their first names? You guys don’t put them on the doors here?

AMY
You’re like me. First names are always better.

He nods. Amy moves to a water pitcher with ice and water, and starts prepping a cold cup of water.

AMY (CONT’D)
Ana. We’ll start with her, she was presented to the ED with an adverse reaction to Amoxicillin-

Amy adds a straw and is ready with water.

AMY (CONT’D)
Kicker is it was her husband’s prescription so insurance is going to screw them over if we give them the chance.

CHARLIE
How is the skin?

AMY
Sloughing off at this point.

CHARLIE
Okay. Clears only diet?

AMY
First sip tonight.

Charlie shares a look with Amy: fuck the insurance folks.
INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, ANA'S ROOM – CONT.

AMY
Hey there, lovebirds.

Ana's eyes light up.

AMY (CONT'D)
Look what I brought...

Amy moves the straw to Ana's mouth. Bliss. Sam sits at her bedside.

AMY (CONT'D)
Best thing you ever tasted?

For the first time we see Ana smile.

AMY (CONT'D)
I want to introduce you to Charlie, he’s your nurse this evening. But I’m still around if you need me.

Amy hands the cup to Charlie.

AMY (CONT'D)
How you doing, Sam? Good?

He nods.

CHARLIE
(to Ana)
Let me know when you’ve had enough...

Ana coughs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Is it burning? Let’s take a pause.

Amy looks at Charlie: Got this? He nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
So tell me Miss Ana, heard you had a rough couple of days, so you push that button if you need anything or want another drink, anytime. I’m your Amy for tonight.

Satisfied, Amy leaves.
INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, HOLLY’S ROOM - NIGHT

Holly Stevens lies comatose. She’s slid down in bed. Amy’s trying to sort Holly’s position to something more comfortable. Lifting her by the torso. The effort of moving Holly’s body is taking its toll.

Amy can feel her heart throbbing. The pain shoots up from her chest to her throat. She steadies herself on the edge of Holly’s bed. Sucks in deep breaths.

Charlie taps at the door. Amy bolts upright, trying to hide the pain she is in.

AMY
Hey. Everything going well?

CHARLIE
Good. Great. Are you okay?

Amy instantly buries any pain she is feeling.

AMY
Yeah.

Charlie lingers, concern on his face.

CHARLIE
‘Kay. Mine are all settled so I was just wondering if you’d cover me while I run down to the cafeteria and grab some food? You want something?

Amy’s stares at the clock on the wall, her face crunches.

AMY
Sorry. The cafeteria shuts at eleven. I should have told you...

CHARLIE
Oh. That’s okay. You know I’m not that hungry.

AMY
I’m sorry.

CHARLIE
Really, it’s fine. I’ll hit up the vending machines. Don’t worry.
AMY
You like eggs? I’ve got a large, questionable egg salad I’d prefer to share. Safety in numbers.

Charlie smiles. Moved by the gesture.

CHARLIE
I’m fine, thank you.

AMY
I’ll bring it to the desk when I am done with Holly here.

CHARLIE
Sure. Thanks.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, NURSES’ STATION – NIGHT

Amy and Charlie sit together, charting, picking over the remains of a salad.

CHARLIE
I liked the... um... croutons?

AMY
The soggy crackers. Real delicacy. My oldest daughter made it. We come from a long line of women who can’t cook...

CHARLIE
So your husband cooks?

AMY
It’s just and me and my girls.

CHARLIE
I have two girls. Four and seven.

AMY
Yeah? Mine are five and nine.

CHARLIE
Don’t live with mine anymore... Their mom moved like six hours away. So, that’s kind of why I’m here.

Charlie smiles.
CHARLIE (CONT'D)
This is great. Thank you.

They eat in silence.

Charlie looks at her. Smiles.

A call bell sounds. Amy’s still eating

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Rupertson.

AMY
Man I’ve got a minute before he pisses the bed.

Charlie jumps up.

CHARLIE
I got it.

AMY
You sure, thanks?

Charlie walks over to the patient’s room.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
I’m Charlie. Amy is just busy. Are you okay? Do you want the bedpan?

Amy smiles.

EXT. AMY’S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The morning light is blue and cold. Amy lets herself into the kitchen. When the door opens she hears yelling coming from down the hallway.

ALEX (O.S.)
I DON’T KNOW WHY I HAVE TO KEEP USING THEM.

INT. AMY’S HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONT.

ALEX (O.S.)
DAISY’S DAD BOUGHT HER LIKE TEN PAIRS.

Amy moves quickly down the dark hallway, Cartoons blare from the living room as she passes on her way to-
ALEX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
IT’S SUCH CRAP-

INT. AMY’S HOUSE, ALEX’S ROOM - CONT.

Alex is dressed for school, her face is red, anger sizzles out of her.

JACKIE
Right. That’s enough, I won’t have that language.

ALEX
THEY ARE CRAP! EVERYONE LAUGHS AT THEM.

Amy enters. Alex is holding a tattered pair of sneakers in her hand, brandishing them. Amy is stressed, angry.

AMY
What the hell is going on?

ALEX
You ruined my shoes!

JACKIE
I did not! I tried to help you!

ALEX
No, you obviously didn’t, Jackie.

Jackie looks at Amy, bewildered. Alex instantly goes quiet.

JACKIE
I’m going to go check on Maya.

Jackie slips past. Amy watches as Alex slumps on her bed and stares at the ground. Unreachable.

AMY
Why are you shouting at Jackie?

A long beat. Amy goes over and kneels by the bed next to her. Alex squirms, desperate to be somewhere else. The sounds of Jackie and Maya having breakfast seep through.

Amy picks up Alex’s sneakers.

AMY (CONT'D)
What happened?
ALEX
She glued the bottom back on. And you can see the glue.

AMY
It’s no big deal, Alex. I’ll scrape it off.

ALEX
You told her to!

AMY
Look, it comes right off.

ALEX
It’s on both shoes!

AMY
Just calm down, it’s not the end of the world.

ALEX
No!

Alex pushes them on the floor.

AMY
Okay, in a couple of weeks when I have time off we’ll go into the city, get a new pair.

Alex has tears in her eyes. But she doesn’t want to cry. She wants to fight.

ALEX
Yeah.

AMY
I’m trying, I’m sorry you don’t have as much as-

ALEX
I don’t get anything. I don’t even get to have you.

Amy looks at her, stung by the truth. She puts her arms round Alex. Holds her tight.

Alex is limp in Amy’s grasp. Her face floods with tears. She moves from Amy’s hold and heads to the living room.

Amy is left, heart rising, and in pain. But most of all she aches for Alex.
AMY

Fuck.

Amy looks up. Maya is at the door. Looking sad.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, HOLLY’S ROOM - NIGHT

Amy is washing Holly. Amy tries to pivot Holly onto her side, an almost impossible task without help.

Amy wedges her arm under Holly, tries to lift her enough to put a pillow under her.

Amy tries again, pushing with all her strength, but Holly is a limp, dead weight.

Amy feels a strong pain across her chest and down her arm. She takes a deep breath. Tries to control her pulse.

Holly won’t budge.

Amy leaves and puts up the rail.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, PATIENT ROOM - CONT.

Amy sits behind the curtain. She is shaking. Looks lost. The anxiety still grips her as she breathes slowly.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Amy?

Amy doesn’t answer.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT’D)

What’s going on? Are you ok?

Charlie comes in.

Amy tries to stay calm. Her wheezes fill the room, the vise in her chest releases.

AMY

(breathless)

I am fine.

Charlie considers leaving for a second, then he sits.

CHARLIE

I’ll just sit here until you feel better.
They sit for a beat, her breath sawing, she can’t hide her pain anymore. Her eyes wince. Charlie drips with concern.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Breathe...

He breathes deeply, guiding her, encouraging her to slow her breaths.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Just keep breathing.

A long beat. Amy relaxes. The anxiety loosens its grip. There are tears in her eyes.

AMY
Electro cardio myopia, and there’s blood blisters on my heart.

Charlie stays calm.

CHARLIE
Why are you still working?

AMY
I don’t have health insurance...

CHARLIE
What about here? Did you speak to one of the cardiologists.

AMY
No, please. Don’t tell them- I’ll get fired.

A long beat. Amy looks deeply alone.

CHARLIE
I’m not going to tell anyone. How much longer do you need to work here before you get your insurance?

AMY
Four months.

A smile on his lips.

CHARLIE
I can help you.

They sit together.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
We can do four months.
Amy is not sure. Charlie looks at her. He can see that she’s shaking.

**CHARLIE (CONT’D)**
You’re going to be okay.
(beat)
Are you cold? Here.

He slips off his cardigan, and places it round her shoulders.

**I/E. CHARLIE’S CAR / PARKFIELD PARKING GARAGE – DAY**

Charlie drives, Amy is in the passenger seat. He finds a spot and parks. Amy tries to open her door.

**AMY**
Something’s wrong with the door.

Charlie reaches over and opens it.

**AMY (CONT’D)**
Child lock?

They share a small laugh.

**CHARLIE**
Yeah.

**INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, NURSES’ STATION – NIGHT**

We follow Amy down the corridor as she makes her way to the handover.

Charlie slows down to walk beside her.

**AMY**
You guys have fun at the park?

Charlie shakes his head.

**CHARLIE**
Nope. She canceled. Moved it to the next weekend, she called just as I was about to pick the girls up...

Amy looks at Charlie: sorry.

**CHARLIE (CONT’D)**
Don’t worry about it. I half expected it.
Vivian is waiting for Amy, looking worn out.

    AMY
    Where’s Celina?

    VIVIAN NEAL
    She had a family thing, I said I’d
do her handover.

Vivian slides a bunch of files to Amy.

    VIVIAN NEAL (CONT’D)
    310 expired, right at shift change.

Amy looks up sharply.

    AMY
    Ana?

    VIVIAN NEAL
    Yes, Mrs. Martinez. Don’t ask, I
don’t know what happened. The
husband was called. He’s on his
way.

Amy turns to Charlie.

    AMY
    Ana died.

Vivian turns to go back to business. Amy and Charlie are left
stunned.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, ANA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eerily silent with the machines off. Ana is half naked on the
bed.

Doctors and nurses have clearly fought to save Ana's life.
But they have lost that fight.

    AMY
    I can’t believe she’s just been
left like this?

Slowly and respectful Amy and Charlie start to clean Ana’s
body. For a while we just observe them.

Then suddenly:

    CHARLIE
    My mom died in a hospital...It was
a long time ago...
    (MORE)
CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I was in high school a really long time ago. When I got there they’d lost her body...

AMY
You’re kidding?

CHARLIE
It was just for a couple of hours. But when they found her you know she was a total mess, naked, half covered... for the longest time that was how I thought about her...

AMY
I’m sorry.

CHARLIE
For me, this the important part, giving them some dignity-

KNOCK-KNOCK-

Vivian appears in the doorway.

VIVIAN NEAL
Mr. Martínez is out there. He says he’d really like to speak with you, Amy.

CHARLIE
Go, I’ll look after her.

She collects Ana's few belongings: a book, her wedding ring, all the little pieces of Ana that have been left, puts them in a plastic bag.

Amy watches Charlie for a beat. Shocked by what he’s been through. Charlie doesn’t see.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam is in an empty patient room. Amy enters, we see them through the glass.

Amy puts her arms around him. The old man breaks down crying. Amy takes her time. Holds him tight.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, ANA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie is alone with the body. Washing her body. It is ritualistic. Every inch of her is tenderly cleaned.
He gently puts a strap around her head to hold her jaw. Then holds her head in his hands. He moves to her ear lobes. And then he pinches them.

Harder and harder, squeezing with all his might. Desperate for some sort of release.

It never comes. His hands relax. A jagged breath slips out.

Very carefully Charlie encloses Ana's face, her whole body is now immaculately mummified in cling film. He looks down at his work. Pleased.

CUT TO BLACK.

SEVEN WEEKS LATER

I/E. BALDWIN’S SEDAN / PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY

DANNY BALDWIN, late 30s, African-American, built like a linebacker, drives. He looks pissed off. In the passenger seat is TIM BRAUN, late 40s, broad, athletic once, handsome in a worn-out way.

DANNY BALDWIN
Give me the story again?

TIM BRAUN
Suspicious death of Mrs. Martínez. Ana. Presented to emergency room with adverse reaction to Amoxicillin.

Baldwin is on the look for a parking spot.

DANNY BALDWIN
So adverse reaction to some antibiotic. And then what?

TIM BRAUN
They are not sure.

DANNY BALDWIN
They don’t know what killed her?

TIM BRAUN
No.

Braun shakes his head.

DANNY BALDWIN
How old was she?
TIM BRAUN
Seventy-seven.

Baldwin stares at Braun: Seriously?

DANNY BALDWIN
So why are we here?

Baldwin swings into a parking space.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE, ROOF - DAY

Baldwin and Braun walk towards the hospital entrance. It’s a huge structure.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ADMIN CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Braun and Baldwin follow an ASSISTANT down the marbled floor corridor.

ASSISTANT
The conference room is right this way.

The corridor leads to a boardroom, one wall all glass, Braun and Baldwin can see people waiting inside: SIX WHITE MEN and ONE WOMAN. All clad in expensive suits, watching them. Baldwin’s face hardens.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, BOARD ROOM - CONT.

Mahogany and glass. No expense spared. FIVE BOARD MEMBERS are seated round the large table. A woman rises to greet the cops, this is LINDA GARRAN, 40s. Next to her is DUNCAN BEATTIE, 40s, smug, moneyed.

LINDA GARRAN
Detectives, Baldwin, Braun, hello, welcome. I’m Linda Garran, Risk Manager, this is Duncan Beattie, attorney, our board. You two might know Malcolm Burrell from the city council.

MALCOLM BURRELL, 60s, rotund, nods to them.

MALCOLM BURRELL
I’m a huge supporter of the local force and the District Attorney.
TIM BRAUN
Nice to meet you all-

Baldwin smiles. And they sit.

TIM BRAUN (CONT'D)
Well, we don’t know much, just that there’s been a death-

LINDA GARRAN
An unexplainable incident in which the patient expired.

DANNY BALDWIN
Okay. Unexplainable? How?

DUNCAN BEATTIE
Well, it’s the opinion of the medical experts that this was an unusual, adverse reaction to medications. But we found absolutely nothing to suggest this was intentional.

TIM BRAUN
Then why call us?

LINDA GARRAN
We didn’t think this was a police matter, but the Department of Health dictates when we should reach out, and here we are-

She stares at them, loathing hidden behind a polite smile. Braun takes notes: Department of Health.

DANNY BALDWIN
What medications?

LINDA GARRAN
All are listed-

Baldwin doesn’t wait to be invited, he leans forward and drags the files from the middle of the table.

LINDA GARRAN (CONT'D)
It’s quite a complicated document.

He smiles at her.

DANNY BALDWIN
I’ll take my chances.

He starts to read.
Linda throws a look at Malcolm Burrel and continues.

**LINDA GARRAN**
If you turn to the third page you can see the window in which Patient 1 had abnormal laboratory results and life threatening symptoms-

Baldwins finds the passage and reads.

**TIM BRAUN**
Where’s Mrs. Martínez’s body?

**LINDA GARRAN**
Released to the family.

**TIM BRAUN**
They got a lawsuit together?

**LINDA GARRAN**
We don’t believe the family are aware of the unusual circumstances around Patient 1’s expiration.

**TIM BRAUN**
Isn’t that something you should have disclosed to them?

Duncan Beattie leans in.

**DUNCAN BEATTIE**
It was an evolving situation. Parkfield rightly sought legal council to make sure everything was done correctly.

Baldwin looks up from the pages.

**TIM BRAUN**
Okay. Mrs. Martinez’s body is where, how do we get it?

**LINDA GARRAN**
It’s our understanding the family have cremated her.

Baldwin and Braun stare at them: What?

**DANNY BALDWIN**
When did she die?

**LINDA GARRAN**
Seven weeks ago.

(beat)

(MORE)
LINDA GARRAN (CONT'D)
We were conducting an internal
investigation. Hence the lag.

Baldwin and Braun’s faces harden.

Baldwin starts to read again.

Braun leans forward. -- There is a few things he doesn’t understand.

Linda Garran looks to Duncan Beattie for help. Doesn’t get it though.

TIM BRAUN
Okay... of course we will need to
interview all of the staff that
work in the ICU.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alex is standing in the middle of the living room on a chair. Charlie and Maya are the audience on the couch.

ALEX
Make way, make way, I am an
important person of the town. In
fact I am the most important person
of the town, if not the most
important person West of the Pecos.

CHARLIE
(reading)
Wherever that is...

ALEX
I am the mayor of Humdrum Falls.

CHARLIE
(reading)
What do you do?

ALEX
Do? I don’t do anything. I’m the
mayor.

Charlie laughs.

CHARLIE
(reading)
Well, you’ll have to do something
now. This may be just a one-horse
town without the horse but it has
been invaded by aliens.
ALEX
I’ll have to look it up in my book
of “How to be Mayor”.

Alex mimes opening a book.

ALEX (CONT'D)
One – You get to wear a fancy
chain. Two – You get driven around
in a big car by your very own
chauffeur. Three...

Alex’s eyes widen a little with panic. Her mind blanks.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Three...

Amy looks over at her daughter: you know it. But alarm begins
to flow into Alex’s face. Charlie and Maya mimic eating.

MAYA
Nom, nom.

Charlie hands Alex over the pages. Alex reads furiously. Her
hands are shaking.

ALEX
Three – You get to eat and drink
for free.
(beat)
I will never get this part.

AMY
Don’t get frustrated, honey.

CHARLIE
Don’t worry. Of course you will.
You are great.

ALEX
No. And the teacher said that I
should wear a suit, and have a
mustache. Dress like a man because
I’m the mayor. He said a girl mayor
would be weird.

CHARLIE
Women can be mayors.

ALEX
I told him that, but...
AMY
The play is about an alien invasion and the female mayor is the weird thing!?

CHARLIE
Screw that guy!

Alex and Maya laughs. Charlie cringes: Sorry.

They all laugh.

And then we hear Jackie arrive.

JACKIE (O.S.)
Hi... I am here.

MAYA
Jackie!

The smiles on Alex face disappears.

ALEX
No don't go yet.

AMY
Sorry kiddo.

CHARLIE
Come here.

He stands.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Take my hands.

She does.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Repeat after me. I am the Mayor of Humdrum Falls.

ALEX
I am the Mayor of Humdrum Falls.

CHARLIE / ALEX
I AM THE MAYOR OF HUMDRUM FALLS!

They repeat it together over and over, louder and louder.

Amy smiles.
INT. POLICE STATION, BALDWIN'S DESK - AFTERNOON

Braun places a cup of coffee on Baldwin's desk.

TIM BRAUN
Cream and two sugars.

A medical dictionary is on Baldwin's lap, Ana's file on his desk. He painstakingly attempts to decipher the file. Braun appears behind him.

DANNY BALDWIN
Have they sent over their internal investigation?

TIM BRAUN
Not yet. They told me they need more time to compile all the relevant files.

DANNY BALDWIN
You'd think seven weeks was enough of a head start...

TIM BRAUN
You'd think... You want me to go through the staff?

DANNY BALDWIN
Already did. One of the nurses had a criminal trespass charge over in Pennsylvania—

TIM BRAUN
A nurse?

DANNY BALDWIN
Male nurse. Charles Cullen. C-U-L-L-E-N.

TIM BRAUN
When?

Baldwin hesitates.

DANNY BALDWIN
A while back... Eight years.

TIM BRAUN
What district in Pennsylvania picked up Cullen?

DANNY BALDWIN
Palmer.
Braun picks up the phone, dials. A woman’s voice crackles down the line, we can’t hear what she says.

TIM BRAUN
Hello Ma’am, I’m Detective Braun with homicide at the County Prosecutors Office over in New Jersey... I need some background on a guy you picked up there in ‘95, would you pull the case jacket for me, please? Charles Cullen.

Braun listens down the line. Baldwin looks at him: what?

TIM BRAUN (CONT’D)
She says there’s a post-it note on the cover but she’s not sure if it’s meant to be there. Dig ocean?

Braun looks at him: give me a minute.

TIM BRAUN (CONT’D)
She doesn’t know the word - digoxin? Can you spell it?

Braun looks at Baldwin and signals that he wants him to write it down.

TIM BRAUN (CONT’D)
What is that a medicine or something?

Baldwin looks at the letters. As Braun wraps up the call.

TIM BRAUN (CONT’D)
You got anything else on him? (listens, then to Baldwin) Picked up for trespassing and harassment in ‘95... Says he slashed a co-worker’s tires after they broke up. Charges dropped. (into phone) Okay, thanks so much.

Braun hangs up.

DANNY BALDWIN
Something’s not right. Parkfield wait almost two months to report it, an internal investigation you don’t want to share, expensive lawyers...

Tim Braun sighs.
TIM BRAUN
What possible reason could they
have for covering up a death? What
are the motives?

DANNY BALDWIN
It’s a business. There’s no bigger
motivation than money when it comes
to that shit, right?

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, CONFERENCE CENTER - DAY

Linda Garran stands by a little podium reading some papers.
Prepares for something. She looks nervous.

A large conference room, packed out with the hospital staff.

Amy and Charlie stand at the back. Coffee and a buffet of
expensive breakfast food has been pillaged. Most of the staff
are gorging themselves in their seats, Charlie included.

LINDA GARRAN
Hello- You can keep eating, we
won’t take up too much of your
time. We just want to make you
aware of an event the hospital is
looking into. We want to assure you
all that the board and I are
dealing with the incident and
everything connected to it. But we
thought it best to bring you all
together and make everyone
universally aware that the police
are also involved.

This news pulses through the room. Everyone quiets, their
attention focuses in on Garran. Everyone except Charlie who
keeps eating. A couple of hands go up to ask questions.

NURSE HARDWICK
What is this about?

LINDA GARRAN
There has been an issue with a
patient’s death in the ICU.

DOCTOR MOORE
Was the death suspicious, I mean if
the police are investigating?
LINDA GARRAN
I just want to be clear, we are investigating, with the assistance of the local police.

AMY
(to Charlie)
Do you know which patient they are talking about?

CHARLIE
No.

LINDA GARRAN
But due to the fact outside investigation is involved our attorney Mr. Beattie is here and has a few things to say as well.

DUNCAN BEATTIE
Thanks. Yes I just want to say I will be discussing with each of you individually but as a blanket statement to all I just want to say that in times like this, patient confidentiality has to be an absolute priority. Your individual contracts are very precise when it comes to this. Anyone speaking to the police without a representative of the hospital present would be in breach of their contract-

Concern etches across Amy’s face. Next to her Charlie looks empty. Like he isn’t even there. Amy doesn’t notice.

LINDA GARRAN
At the end of the day Mr. Beattie and I are here for you. We want to be present at any interviews, because we have your best interests at heart.

INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - AFTERNOON

PROSECUTOR ELLIS
You’ll have full access but she’s going to be in the room.

DANNY BALDWIN
No. Absolutely not. She can’t be in there!
PROSECUTOR ELLIS, 30s, ambitious and clean cut stands facing the brunt of Baldwin’s wrath. He smiles, it doesn’t reach his eyes.

PROSECUTOR ELLIS
That lady is the risk manager. It’s her job to be there.

DANNY BALDWIN
No one will talk, if their fucking boss sits in on the interviews.

PROSECUTOR ELLIS
We don’t even know what happened. We don’t even have a body. The only condition they asked for is that she be in the room and you don’t talk specific about medications.

Baldwin can see Braun is about to attack, he sits back and lets it happen.

TIM BRAUN
I get them asking for it, but why the fuck did you give it to them? You’re supposed to be the prosecutor...

Baldwin looks at Braun, he shuts up.

PROSECUTOR ELLIS
Far as I can see they’re cooperating fully with your investigation.

Baldwin laughs, a harsh bark.

DANNY BALDWIN
This is all we have! Is this cooperation?

Baldwin brandishes a thin green file.

PROSECUTOR ELLIS
Oh. They told me about that, they’re getting all the documents pooled, it’s done. They are sending it over first thing.

DANNY BALDWIN
Then I gotta ask. Why would Parkfield conduct an internal investigation- A seven week investigation…

(MORE)
DANNY BALDWIN (CONT’D)
Why would they do that, then call
us in, and put her in the room if
it was nothing?

PROSECUTOR ELLIS
Due diligence.

Braun’s eyes flair.

PROSECUTOR ELLIS (CONT’D)
I’m shutting it down. She’s in the
room. Done.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ADMIN CORRIDOR – DAY

Amy, dressed in her own clothes, is standing in the corridor,
in front of Linda Garran’s office, waiting.

Now one of her coworkers exits the office. She looks upset.
Nods to Amy and hurries away. Amy looks after her as she
disappears down the hall.

Amy waits for a while then...

LINDA GARRAN (O.S.)
Hi Amy.

Amy turns and finds Linda Garran smiling in the doorway.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, BOARDROOM – DAY

Baldwin and Braun on one side of the table. Linda Garran,
clearly nervous, on the other side.

They all watch Amy as she drops into a chair.

LINDA GARRAN
Nurse Loughren. Thank you so much
for coming in. This is Officers
Braun and Baldwin.

AMY
What’s this about?

LINDA GARRAN
It’s just a few informal questions,
the officers are speaking to a
number of staff in the ICU.

Amy sits.
TIM BRAUN
Do you remember Ana Martínez?

AMY
Ana, yeah. She was my patient.

TIM BRAUN
Do you recall anything odd about what happened to her?

AMY
Odd?

TIM BRAUN
She died.

Amy nods.

AMY
Yeah. It was sad. It was sudden.

DANNY BALDWIN
Sudden?

AMY
Well. People die in the ICU. But we didn’t expect it.

A knock on the door. Linda’s assistant enters.

ASSISTANT
I don’t mean to interrupt but can I see you for a minute.

Linda gets up.

LINDA GARRAN
Excuse me. I will be right back.

Linda leaves. And out of nowhere Baldwin slides his green file to Amy.

Baldwin and Braun look at each other. They both know that this is prohibited. Braun nods. Let’s go!

DANNY BALDWIN
Do you see any deviations here?

Amy opens the chart scans back and forth, her eyes fix on something.

AMY
Yeah, her glucose.
Amy can't believe what she is reading.

AMY (CONT'D)
Her blood sugar is wrong- and there’s no C-Peps. Huh.

Braun looks nervous to the door.

DANNY BALDWIN
What does that mean?

AMY
The insulin in her system wasn’t made in the body, it was given to her...

She flips through the chart again.

DANNY BALDWIN
You can tell from that she was given insulin?

AMY
Well, it’s not listed... and she wasn’t diabetic so insulin would be a double medication error. Which is really rare-

Amy looks up.

DANNY BALDWIN
A double medication error is rare?

Amy flaps a little.

DANNY BALDWIN (CONT'D)
Would that have killed her?

AMY
Sure.

Braun leans forward, grabs the chart and closes it. And then Linda Garran is back.

Amy gets it. And stops talking. Linda Garran sits.

LINDA GARRAN
I am sorry. Where were we?

Braun smiles at Amy and changes the subject.

TIM BRAUN
What can you tell me about your co-workers?
Amy waits for permission to speak. Braun can see it.

TIM BRAUN (CONT'D)
You don’t mind if she answers a question about a colleague, do you Ms. Garran?

Garran’s lips are a thin line.

LINDA GARRAN
Of course not.

DANNY BALDWIN
We understand that you work with a Charlie Cullen.

AMY
Yeah?

DANNY BALDWIN
Could he be involved in this?

Amy stares at him incredulously.

LINDA GARRAN
I think we are jumping to conclusions here officer.

AMY
Charlie wasn’t even there when Ana died. She died on the day shift. Charlie and I work nights.

Amy looks at Linda. Angry.

LINDA GARRAN
We have absolutely no reasons to suspect this was anything other than an accident. Thank you Amy.

Amy sees she is dismissed, she heads to the door.

AMY
I know Charlie really well, I work with him every shift. He’s a good nurse. He wouldn’t have made a mistake like that.

Baldwin stares at her, appraising. Garran won’t look at her.

LINDA GARRAN
Thank you, Amy.

Amy leaves.
Garran is left alone with Baldwin and Braun. The silence is icy. After a long beat Garran stands. Before she can leave.

DANNY BALDWIN
Where’s your internal investigation?

LINDA GARRAN
We’re still reviewing everything.

Garran sighs.

TIM BRAUN
We don’t need you to review it. We want it as it is.

LINDA GARRAN
I’ll instruct the team to send you the boxes tomorrow.
(beat)
But I hope you can deduce that it’s been a tough seven weeks for us.

DANNY BALDWIN
Eight. It’s been eight weeks.

Linda looks in her papers.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, JACK’S ROOM - LATER

Monitors flash and alarms squeal.

JACK, 30, is coding.

The room is full. Amy is performing CPR, she’s covered in sweat. Struggling to keep going. Doctor Peters and several other residents bustle around, all eyes are on Jack, on his monitors.

Her breathing is going. She pants in breaths. She’s slowly drowning but she doesn’t stop. Charlie appears at the doorway. Amy and he lock eyes: help!

AMY
Swap in 5, 4, 3, 2, -

Amy drops away and a NURSE seamlessly takes over the compressions.

She struggles to catch her breath. To control her heart. She can’t. Unsteady on her feet she moves outside and to the nurses’ station. Charlie moves to her.
DOCTOR PETERS
Hold compressions, check for a rhythm.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, CORRIDOR - CONT.

The sounds of Jack’s heart monitors follows Amy down the hall. He’s alive, but only just. She holds two fingers to her throat, taking her own heart rate. She can hear Dr. Peters, still working Jack.

DOCTOR PETERS (O.S.)
Can we get a full cardio panel done, someone find out why the hell he coded?

Amy drops to the floor at the nurses' station, her breath is jagged, painful. She drags in shallow gasps. Charlie is with her.

CHARLIE
(Sotto)
Are you having arrhythmia?

She nods. Charlie disappears for a beat.

He types his SECURITY CODE into the computer and then returns with a STOTALOL TABLET.

Amy looks up at him, shocked, afraid, desperate.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
It’s okay. Take this.

Staff starts to empty out of Jack’s room. Amy takes the pills, gulping them down with water.

A beat.

Amy’s breathing has evened out, she looks drowsy, the meds have taken hold. Charlie is watching her, concerned.

AMY
You’ll get fired.

CHARLIE
There’s a fault in the Pyxis, if you cancel a request late enough it opens anyway.

Amy looks uneasy.
AMY
It’s stealing meds.

CHARLIE
Amy, it’s ok. Don’t worry. I’m going to help you through this.

INT. DR. HIND’S OFFICE, WAITING ROOM - LATER

Amy drags her exhausted body into the waiting room. She looks utterly depleted.

Charlie bolts up from his chair, he smiles at her, full of care. He sees her expression, his shoulders drop, he knows it’s bad.

CHARLIE
What’d he say?

I/E. CHARLIE’S CAR / DR. HIND’S OFFICE - DAY

Amy is in the passenger seat, she’s very quiet. Charlie is in the driver seat. Amy looks utterly devoid of hope.

CHARLIE
I think he is right. I think you need to tell Alex.

She shrugs, trying to bury some torrent. Trying to stay clam.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Just in case something happens and I’m not there.

Her eyes go, anguish wracks her body.

AMY
They don’t have anyone else. I can’t leave them.

CHARLIE
You’re not leaving them. That’s not happening. It’s only two months. We will make it. I’ll help you do this and then you’ll get your surgery and you’ll be here with your girls. That’s what’s gonna happen... but I think you should tell Alex.

Amy looks at him. He is right. There is no way around it.
EXT. AMY’S BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

An imaginary tea party is set up. A well-loved teddy bear sits in front of a plastic cup and saucer, the cup is filled with bits of grass. Maya pours water from a teapot on top, and lets it steep.

She pops a chicken nugget into her mouth and then offers one to Teddy, he’s too full, she eats it herself.

INT. AMY’S HOUSE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Through the window we can see Maya in the backyard, in her own world.

Alex is sitting by the dining table. Her face does not reveal a single emotion. McDonald’s meals lay half devoured and scattered in front of her. Amy is sitting next to Alex. Charlie watches from his chair on the other side of the table. Empathetic and caring.

AMY
I get that sounds scary but it’s really not.

Alex is quiet. Amy can feel everything getting away from her, she looks at Charlie: help.

CHARLIE
All our hearts, they have two ventricles, which are just little spaces, like balloons, and they fill with blood and move it around the body.

AMY
And in my heart they have got a bit too big and they’ve got thinner. But I am going to be okay. I have medicine and I have doctors helping me. So I will be well again soon.

CHARLIE
But, you and I need to help. And if she falls over or if she starts speaking funny, funnier than normal, or if you can’t get her to wake up.

Amy is watching Alex carefully. The horror in her daughter’s eyes is not lost on her.
CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You just put Maya in front of the TV and call 911 and then call me.

Alex doesn’t respond.

AMY
It’s not going to happen. Honey, I am going to be okay...

A beat. Alex nods, very small.

ALEX
Can I just go watch some TV?

Alex is fighting to keep her pokerface.

AMY
Okay, yeah, watch TV, do anything you want. I’ll be here. We’ll be here.

Alex rises and heads to her room. Amy and Charlie share a look.

INT. POLICE STATION, PIT - MORNING

Braun looks exhausted as he reclines in his chair. Four names have been crossed off the hospital list in front of him. Baldwin sits across from him.

TIM BRAUN
Charles Cullen.

H.R. (TELEPHONE)
Okay, give me a sec while I pull up his records...

TIM BRAUN
Great, thanks.

Braun listens to the clattering of keys.

H.R. (TELEPHONE)
Huh... I just need to check something with my boss.

TIM BRAUN
Sure.

Soft music tinkles.
MARK ROSSI (TELEPHONE)
-Detective?

TIM BRAUN
Braun. Hello. And you are?

MARK ROSSI (TELEPHONE)
Mark Rossi, attorney for St.
Aloysius Hospital Group.

TIM BRAUN
Mr. Rossi, I am hoping you can help, I’m trying to find out some
information on one of your former
employees from ‘96. Charles Cullen-

MARK ROSSI (TELEPHONE)
Our employee data is treated with
strict confidentiality.

TIM BRAUN
I’m only looking to confirm his
dates of employment. Nothing much
more.

MARK ROSSI (TELEPHONE)
We’d be happy to release the
relevant information as soon as we
see your subpoena.

TIM BRAUN
Okay, thank you so much.

Braun hangs up.

TIM BRAUN (CONT'D)
(to Baldwin)
This is a fucking joke. Whenever
they hear his name no one wants to
say anything.

A MESSENGER walks through from the front. Baldwin stands,
heads straight for him.

MESSENGER
Detective Baldwin?

DANNY BALDWIN
Yeah.

MESSENGER
It’s from Parkfield Memorial
Hospital. Just need you to sign
here.
DANNY BALDWIN  
(to Braun)  
It’s the internal investigation.  

Messenger holds a clipboard up for Baldwin to sign.  

DANNY BALDWIN (CONT'D)  
You want a hand with the boxes?  

MESSENGER  
It’s just this—  


Anger flares in Baldwin.  

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, LINDA GARRAN’S OFFICE – DAY  

DANNY BALDWIN  
Thank you so much for seeing me.  

Smaller than you’d imagine, with a view of the staff car lot. A nursing degree hangs proudly on the wall. Garran sits behind her desk. Baldwin in front of her. Struggling to keep it cool.  

LINDA GARRAN  
Anything to help wrap this up.  

DANNY BALDWIN  
I got a couple of questions, this pixie report—  

LINDA GARRAN  
PYXIS.  

DANNY BALDWIN  
That’s right. You’ve got all the drug withdrawals for all the nurses on it?  

LINDA GARRAN  
That’s correct.  

DANNY BALDWIN  
We’ve only got a short window around Ana’s expiration, I was hoping I could get the full report.
LINDA GARRAN
I’m told it only stores the information for four weeks.

She smiles.

DANNY BALDWIN
You never got a copy of them during the internal investigation?

LINDA GARRAN
I don’t believe we did. I mean I can and will check, but everything we had was sent to you.

Baldwin holds up a page.

DANNY BALDWIN
See this says page nine, which makes me think there’s at least pages 1 to 8 kicking around in here?

LINDA GARRAN
Hmmm. I’ll be sure to look into it.

Baldwin is losing the control he’s got on his anger.

DANNY BALDWIN
Nurse Garran, it’s looking a lot like you are withholding some evidence here.

LINDA GARRAN
I’m not sure I follow-

DANNY BALDWIN
Six pages. Where’s the rest of it?

A beat. Garran stands.

LINDA GARRAN
I’m sorry I have another appointment I can’t shift.

BALDWIN
I am not done.

LINDA GARRAN
I will reschedule with your office.

DANNY BALDWIN
Sit down.
LINDA GARRAN
Excuse me?

Baldwin stands up.

DANNY BALDWIN
SIT THE FUCK DOWN.

Baldwin looks furious. She sits. He calms himself...

BALDWIN
You know exactly what you’re doing.

...and leaves.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, KELLY’S ROOM - NIGHT

KELLY ANDERSON, 33, lies in bed jaundiced, her stomach and legs are distended and swollen. Badly banged up from a car accident. Bruises ripen under the collar of her gown and garnish her face, they are the least of her problems.

Her husband TOM ANDERSON sits at her bedside, their six-month-old daughter VANESSA is asleep, cradled in his arms. Amy pushes her cart in, she blinks at Tom and the baby. He stands, gets ready to leave. Kelly’s eyes well.

TOM ANDERSON
Sorry. I know we’re not supposed to have babies in here but I didn’t have anyone else I could leave her with-

Amy motions for them to sit. She closes in on Vanessa.

AMY
What’s her name?

TOM ANDERSON
Vanessa.

KELLY ANDERSON
Nessie... Messy Nessie.

Tom and Kelly beam with pride. Amy turns to Kelly.

AMY
Messy Nessie! Well I have two girls so I hear that. How old is she?

Amy preps, washing her hands, putting on gloves, putting together her wound cleaning tray.
She pulls open medical packets and swivels a long needle under Kelly’s skin, we can see it moving beneath the surface. Kelly winces with the pain but doesn’t say anything.

KELLY ANDERSON
Six months.

AMY
She sleeping through the night yet?

KELLY ANDERSON
(Painfully laughs)
No...

AMY
She must be teething.

KELLY ANDERSON
Oh yeah.

Charlie walks in, the picture of professionalism.

CHARLIE
Nurse Loughren, it’s not urgent but there’s a code purple in 300.

Amy smiles at him and Charlie heads off.

TOM ANDERSON
What’s a code purple?

AMY
It means pizza has arrived. You want a slice?

Kelly looks at her husband.

TOM ANDERSON
I can’t say no to pizza.

AMY
You can’t!

Amy removes a bandage over Kelly’s throat.

AMY (CONT’D)
Unfortunately, you are going to have to say no to pizza.

KELLY ANDERSON
Okay...
AMY
But you are healing nicely and you
will be holding Vanessa in no time.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, NURSES' STATION - LATER

Amy and Charlie sit chewing, a couple of slices are covertly hidden under the desk. Amy’s eyes droop as she picks up another slice.

Charlie slides his cup of cola over to her. She takes a gulp. Both their eyes flick to the bank of monitors.

CHARLIE
She told me to go fuck myself 15 times on the phone.

AMY
Oh my god. That’s not nice.

CHARLIE
I haven’t even told you the best part yet.
  (beat)
Now to prevent me from seeing the girls she has made up this story about me being mean to her dog and... It just gets better and better...

He laughs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
It would be hilarious if it wasn’t true.

AMY
I’m sorry Charlie.

CHARLIE
Yeah. Well. What can you do? I mean it’s my fault I picked a crazy.

He smiles. She returns it. But clearly feels bad for him.

Charlie opens some charts and start reading.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Amy is in the couch with the girls doing Maya’s hair while Alex lies with her head in Amy’s lap. – It’s a nice morning. Cozy and safe.
After a while Jackie pops in.

    JACKIE
    2 minutes girls.

Alex and Amy look at each other. Amy rolls her eyes. Alex grins.

    ALEX
    I wish we could stay home.

    AMY
    Me too...

INT. POLICE STATION, PIT - NIGHT

Baldwin sits across from Braun.

    TIM BRAUN
    What else was in it, anything new?

    DANNY BALDWIN
    A list of all the medications that were in Ana Martínez’s system.

    TIM BRAUN
    Insulin?

    DANNY BALDWIN
    Yeah and another one - get this -

He pulls out his notebook.

    DANNY BALDWIN (CONT'D)
    Dig-O-X-I-N.

Braun looks at Baldwin: shit.

    SAM JOHNSON
    Baldwin!

SAM JOHNSON, 50s, storms over from his office, clearly not happy.

    SAM JOHNSON (CONT'D)
    What the hell were you thinking?
    Screaming at her? Malcolm Burrel from City Council just called.

    TIM BRAUN
    Danny will be happy to apologize to Mrs. Garran.
Baldwin looks at Braun: *He will not be happy to.*

**SAM JOHNSON**
Too late. You’re both banned from hospital property.

**DANNY BALDWIN**
What??

**TIM BRAUN**
They can’t ban us from the scene of a crime we’re investigating.

**SAM JOHNSON**
What crime?

**TIM BRAUN**
Homicide.

**SAM JOHNSON**
What have you got to back that up?

**DANNY BALDWIN**
The files, and an interview with a nurse who was certain the victim was given insulin.

**SAM JOHNSON**
You don’t have a victim.

**DANNY BALDWIN**
Ana Martínez is the victim.

**SAM JOHNSON**
But you don’t have a body... No body, no autopsy... you know how this works?

Johnson exits. Braun and Baldwin are left.

**DANNY BALDWIN**
Banned form the fucking hospital.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, KELLY’S ROOM – NIGHT

Amy enters, she picks up Kelly’s dinner tray and moves it to the counter.

**AMY**
Hey Kelly, how’s it going?
Kelly lies prone on the bed, she stares straight up. A collection of IV drips are slowly pouring into her arms. Sweat glistens on her forehead. She looks pale and clammy.

    AMY (CONT'D)
    Tom called in to check on you. I cannot get over how cute Vanessa is.

She looks at Amy queerly.

    KELLY ANDERSON
    Who’s Vanessa?

Amy notices something is wrong, she pulls on some gloves.

    AMY
    Kelly, do you know where you are right now?

Beat.

    AMY (CONT'D)
    I need you to answer hun...

    KELLY ANDERSON
    I am at the hospital.

    AMY
    Which hospital?

Beat.

    AMY (CONT'D)
    Can you squeeze my hands?

Amy flashes a pen light in Kelly’s eye.

    AMY (CONT'D)
    Little light.

Amy takes both her hands, they hang loosely in her grasp.

    KELLY ANDERSON
    Has Tom come by?

    AMY
    He called in to check on you.

Kelly looks at her dumbly.

    AMY (CONT'D)
    Remember?
Amy looks at Kelly’s monitor, she doesn’t like what she sees.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, NURSES’ STATION – NIGHT

Amy is looping through Kelly’s labs, the phone is in the crook of her neck, ringing and ringing, at last someone picks up, in the background she can hear a baby crying.

AMY
   Hey Tom, I think you should come in... there’s been a change over night. If you can, you should come by... Sooner rather than later.

Amy hangs up. Across the corridor she can see into Kelly’s room. It’s full of doctors and residents.

Charlie moves along the ward, watching all the other patients.

CHARLIE
   Hugh pushed his call button, but I got him for you, so don’t worry.

Amy isn’t listening, her eyes are stuck on something in the chart.

AMY
   Ohh no.

CHARLIE
   What?

AMY
   She has insulin in her system.

Amy holds up the c-peg report. Before Charlie can look at it—The code alarm wails. Amy and Charlie jump to action—

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, KELLY’S ROOM – NIGHT

Amy is alone. Sweat has plastered her hair to her forehead. She’s fought a hard fight. Kelly lies half-naked on the bed. Dead. All the machines are off. Silent without the ambient noise of the vents and the beeps. Amy carefully pulls the vent from Kelly’s throat, she tapes her gaping mouth shut. Behind her someone darkens the doorway.

Amy turns to see Tom, Vanessa in his arms. He’s out of breath. He ran here.
Everything about him is tinged with defiant disbelief. Then he looks by Amy to see the dead body of his young wife.

Amy watches as his world implodes. His eyes are filling, his face is wild and in agony.

He wants to scream but his daughter is asleep in his arms. He looks at Amy as tears cascade. He hands her his daughter. Amy takes the girl.

Slowly he moves forward and puts his hand on her cold lifeless leg. Amy watches as the life drains out of him too. He moves towards the head of the bed.

Tom screams, it’s inhuman, primal anguish. It doesn’t stop, it rattles along the hallway.

Amy shuts the door, sealing Tom’s screams in there with them.

Tom screams again and again. They devolve into ghastly heaving sobs. Vanessa wakes in Amy’s arms and starts to cry.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, CORRIDOR - CONT.

Charlie is in the nurses’ station, he watches through the glass as Amy stands, cradling the baby and trying to comfort the sobbing Tom.

Tom’s wailing is deafened through the glass.

Charlie watches this silent tableaux of grief and anguish.

He watches Amy.

EXT. AMY’S HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

Amy is hanging laundry when a car parks in the driveway. It’s Baldwin and Braun.

AMY
(Sotto)
Shit.

They walk up to her.

TIM BRAUN
Hello. Sorry to bother you like this. We need your help Amy.

AMY
Look. I’m sorry guys, I don’t know what happened to her.
TIM BRAUN
To who?

AMY
Kelly Anderson.

DANNY BALDWIN
Who’s Kelly Anderson?

Amy pales. Her heart pounds in her chest.

DANNY BALDWIN (CONT'D)
Is there another victim?
(beat)
Another double medication error?

Amy hesitates. The cops exchange a look.

DANNY BALDWIN (CONT'D)
Was Cullen with Kelly Anderson?

Amy’s face hardens.

AMY
This has nothing to do with Charlie.

DANNY BALDWIN
How well do you know him?

AMY
I know him really well.

DANNY BALDWIN
Do you? He’s been at nine hospitals and none of them will talk to us.

A long beat. Amy takes it all in. -- She does not know what to think.

AMY
That’s not possible. If something like this had happened... He’d never get another job... The hospitals would do something.

TIM BRAUN
You would think so. They’re stonewalling us. You have to help us.

A long beat, Amy stares at him, a flash of anger. A door opens.
ALEX
Mom, are you coming?

Amy sees Maya and Alex at the back door, watching, listening.

AMY
Hey, honey. I’ll be in in a second.
Just wait inside.
(riddled with doubt)
Guys, I can’t talk right now. I have my kids in here...

Baldwin sees the kids. Nods.

DANNY BALDWIN
Okay. Got it. Here’s my card. Give me a call if he’s not who you think. Have a nice day.

TIM BRAUN
Thanks.

Baldwin hands her his card. Amy watches them return to their car and drive away. Her face grey with worry.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, NURSES' STATION – NIGHT

Amy and Charlie are alone in the ward. Amy is at the Nurses Station, watching Charlie as he finishes hanging fresh saline on a patient’s IV. He looks like a good nurse.

Amy glances back to the screen, to her mountain of paperwork, she is buried in charts. As she sorts through them Charlie finishes up and leaves the patient’s room.

A beat later Charlie sits at the computer next to her, slides a fresh cup of coffee over to her. A small smile plays on his face, contentment. She watches him, looking for some sign.

CHARLIE
Need anything?

AMY
No.

They sit in silence, both working.

CHARLIE
‘Kay, let me know if you feel tired.
AMY
I feel good.

CHARLIE
Okay.

Charlie walks off to do his rounds.

INT. BAR / DINER - MORNING

Amy sits nursing a cola, she looks at herself in the gantry mirror, she looks like hell. A WAITER is bringing breakfast to another table. A WOMAN enters, she’s little, dark brown hair, bursting with energy. She bounds over, crushes Amy in a hug.

LORI LUCAS
Amy fucking Loughren!

AMY
Pocket rocket.

LORI LUCAS
It is so good to see you.

AMY
You look so good!

LORI LUCAS
Really?

AMY
Yes. You look great.

LORI LUCAS
Thank you. I feel exhausted.

The waiter makes his way over to them.

LORI LUCAS (CONT'D)
I’ll have a cheese omelette.

Lori turns to Amy, gleeful.

LORI LUCAS (CONT'D)
And what pairs best with that?

AMY
Chardonnay.

LORI LUCAS
And a large cold glass of dry Chardonnay.
AMY

Two.

The waiter heads off to put the order in.

LORI LUCAS
When was the last time we were in this dive?

AMY
10...12 years... more?

Lori's eyes bug out of her head. Waiter places the wine in front of them, Amy takes a healthy swig.

LORI LUCAS
Jesus we are getting old.

She drinks. They laugh.

AMY
How’s Paul?

LORI LUCAS
We split up.

AMY
Shit.

LORI LUCAS
It’s not a big deal. It was a longtime ago and we share custody of the dogs. We worked hard to come to that agreement.

(beat)
I’m so glad that you called.

AMY
Me too. I need to ask you something. It’s weird actually.

LORI LUCAS
I love weird.

AMY
I want to know if you remember working with a guy, a few years back, Charlie Cullen?

The smile fades from Lori’s face. She looks worried.

LORI LUCAS
Yeah. Why?
AMY
I work with him right now at Parkfield.

Amy waits for Lori to speak, she doesn’t.

Amy stares at her friend: spit it out.

LORI LUCAS
There was a rumor about him... That he was responsible for a death. That he OD’d someone.

AMY
What with?

A long beat.

LORI LUCAS
A nurse found insulin in the dead guy’s saline bag... Told our boss, she heard he’d found it in a few... Pinpricks in the ones in the store, someone had dosed them before they went out.

Amy begins to pale.

AMY
How did you know it was him?

LORI LUCAS
We didn’t. I never really believed it was Charlie until after he left. We used to have codes every night. Sometimes two or three. After he left... we get one a month, if that.

Amy is still, lost in thought. She empties her glass of wine. She looks scared.

LORI LUCAS (CONT’D)
(Filled with dread)
You get a lot of codes?

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, STAIRS - DAY

Amy runs up the stairs, taking them two at a time. Her breath sawing in and out, her hearts thundering in her ears, faster and faster - DaDum---DaDum--Dadum--Dadum--Dadum-DaDum.
INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, STORAGE ROOM - CONT.

Amy’s breath is ragged, she’s still in her civilian clothes, she goes straight to the saline bags - big balloons of clear liquid. Amy grabs one and looks at it under the ceiling light, she squints, taking in every microscopic detail.

She spots something, she turns the bag upside down. She squeezes it hard. A drop of clear liquid grows on the outside of the bag. Amy stares at it for a long moment. She touches the bead of liquid, it glistens on her finger.

Amy drops the bag. The panic rattles through her. She can hardly catch her breath. She pushes through her pain, clambers towards the shelf, sweeps all the saline bags onto the floor.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, CORRIDOR - CONT.

Amy storms out of the storage room. She stares into the patient rooms, saline is hanging everywhere, attached to everyone. Amy’s breath hitches. She speeds down the corridor, darting in doorways, looking for help. She’s running out of rooms.

Amy is growing frantic, finally she spots Sandra. Her voice is strangled, breathless.

AMY
You need to change the saline, all the saline.

SANDRA
What? What’s going on?

Amy’s eyes flash over the bank of monitors at the nurses' station. Stevenson's is erratic. Amy flies along the corridor, wincing with every painful breath. Her left arm goes numb. Suddenly she stops. She lists against the wall.

Sandra hurries to help her.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Amy... are you okay?

AMY
Charlie...

SANDRA
What about him? He’s not here it’s a day shift.
AMY
Charlie?

SANDRA
You want me to call Charlie?

Then Amy falls.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ER ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. A lamp is on somewhere, it’s a spotlight on
Amy. A soft tone beeps from the machine next to her. The
repetitive waves lull her away. Her eyes lazily follow the
wires, the tubes in her arm. She traces them up to a bag of
saline. Dripping into her veins.

Amy fights to focus. She stares at her body, blue, shaky and
cold, the aftermath of the medication.

Something in the darkness moves. It’s Charlie. He strokes her
forehead.

CHARLIE
Hi...

Amy’s heart rate monitor begins to pick up its pace. Charlie
smiles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Easy... You’re okay. It’s okay.

Amy doesn’t know what to do. Her heartbeat races. She just
stares at Charlie. Frozen.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Don’t worry. I checked on the
girls. Jackie is with them.

He smiles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I can go get them and bring them
here.

AMY
No.

CHARLIE
Okay.
(beat)
You want some water?

Charlie pours water into a glass... Amy stares at him.
He holds it to Amy’s lips. She doesn’t drink. She turns her head away.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Don’t ever scare me like that again.

AMY
Leave.

CHARLIE
I know. You don’t want them to find out.

Amy looks at the alarm button by her bed. Charlie nods.

AMY
Where’s the nurse?

CHARLIE
Don’t worry, your last pressure looked pretty good and your heart rate has been below 80 for the last hour. I saw the labs, your troponin is high but trending down. You’re lucky it wasn’t worse.

AMY
I need to get home.

CHARLIE
Don’t worry. I got it...

The door swings open and the room fills with light and we see an E.R. NURSE in the doorway.

E.R. NURSE
Saw her heart rate blip up.
(to Amy)
You are awake?

Charlie smiles.

AMY
Bring me a discharge form.

Charlie looks surprised at Amy.

E.R. NURSE
(to Amy)
I don’t think that is a good idea. She should stay overnight.

Amy stares at the Nurse.
AMY
Bring me a discharge form. I want to leave AMA.

Charlie looks down at Amy, she looks scared. He thinks he knows why.

Charlie smiles at the ER nurse and nods.

CHARLIE
I got this. I will drive her home and make sure she is looked after.

The Nurse shakes her head, takes a deep breath and sends her a look. -- Are you sure?

Amy just looks back at her. Nods. Finally the Nurse leaves.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Please stop.

Charlie gets up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Give me your arm.

Amy stares at him. He undoes her blood pressure cuff.

I/E. CHARLIE’S CAR / AMY’S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Charlie’s eyes are on the road. Amy sits in the passenger seat.

Looking ahead, her body still. There is no music. Just the steady sound of the engine. Amy’s whole body is tense. Charlie is relaxed and small talking.

He smiles at her.

Amy’s eyes go to him, she can barely control the fear on her face. But she has to play her part just right.

She looks up. They are almost at her house.

CHARLIE
You sure you don’t want me to come in with you?
(beat)
I can sleep on the couch. I can take the girls to school.
AMY
I don’t wanna scare the girls. And nothing is gonna happen. I just need some sleep.

Charlie looks at her, understanding on his face.

CHARLIE
Yeah. You will be fine.

He parks in front of Amy’s house. Amy goes for the door handle.

AMY
Thanks Charlie.

It doesn’t open. She’s locked in with him.

CHARLIE
But if you need anything-

AMY
You’ll be my first call.

She forces a smile. He smiles back.

CHARLIE
We got this Amy. One more month and we are there.

Amy tries to open the door. It is stuck. She tries again.

Charlie looks at her. Then reaches over her, opens the door.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Well then go on, you’re freezing. Get inside.

Amy gets out of the car and heads in.

AMY
Good night.

CHARLIE
Call me!

INT. POLICE STATION, PIT - DAY

Amy sits on the other side of Braun’s desk. Baldwin perches on the radiator behind her.

AMY
No one can know, I’ll get fired.
DANNY BALDWIN
Understood.

AMY
He does it in the storage room. He does it in the storage room. Before it even goes out. He injects the insulin into the bags and because it enters the blood stream slowly it could take hours, a day, to kill someone.

Amy looks ill.

DANNY BALDWIN
So he’s killing people without ever touching them.

TIM BRAUN
Could he use something other than insulin in those bags?

AMY
Any clear liquid could be put in without any of us being able to tell.

TIM BRAUN
And Digoxin is a clear liquid?

AMY
Digoxin? Yeah... Why?

A beat. Amy is reeling.

TIM BRAUN
Could it kill someone?

She nods.

TIM BRAUN (CONT'D)
Will the nurse you met with speak to us?

AMY
No. She’d lose her job.

DANNY BALDWIN
Would you mind taking a look at what we got from Parkfield?

Baldwin slides over a folder, there’s no more than ten pages. Amy looks at it.
AMY
Where’s the rest? The full file?

TIM BRAUN
That’s all we have.

AMY
Well, what about the rest of the PYXIS reports, there’s only two pages here?

DANNY BALDWIN
They told us it only stores information for four weeks at a time.

AMY
No it doesn’t. It’s a computer, it stores everything since it was installed.

Baldwin can’t contain his anger.

AMY (CONT’D)
I can get Charlie’s PYXIS from the machine in my ward. If we have it, and you get the full files we could prove him withdrawing insulin before Ana died.

TIM BRAUN
Yeah but the problem is Ana Martínez was cremated... So we don’t have an autopsy, what we need is an actual body.

Amy takes a deep breath.

EXT. TOM ANDERSON’S HOUSE – MORNING

This is a nice part of town. Ice dusts everything: the clapboard houses, the white picket fences, the manicured gardens. Baldwin’s sedan pulls outside.

Amy gets out the car, heads up the drive way. Braun and Baldwin watch as she knocks on the door. After a beat Tom Anderson opens it with the baby on his arm.

The cops can’t hear what Amy says, they watch on, deaf as Amy and Tom talk. After a beat Tom slouches, Amy catches him in a hug. They cling to each other.

Amy turns and nods to Baldwin and Braun.
EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A montage.

Tom Anderson stands on the path, riddled with agony. Baldwin and Braun stands next to him. A bright orange JCB digger fires up, begins to plow into the ground below a grave marked ANDERSON.

Two CSI’s in bunny suits are waiting under the cover of a tree. The JCB hits its mark, a hollow thud sweeps over them. It hits Tom like a blow.

Tom can’t bear it, he turns and walks away.

Baldwin follows him. The two CSI’s drop into the muddy pit with shovels. It almost swallows them whole. Very carefully they begin to dig.

A crane lifts up the vault and places it on the ground.

Two men open the vault.

Braun looks at Baldwin who is comforting Tom in the background.

Kelly Anderson’s coffin is lifted from the vault and is hanging from two yellow straps.

Baldwin and Braun look at each other.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, NURSES’ STATION - NIGHT

Amy’s charting. Her eyes flit up every few seconds to check on Charlie. She watches him in Joyce’s room. She can see his mouth moving as he talks to the comatose Joyce, see him tenderly touch the woman’s arm as he hangs a fresh saline bag.

She throws her eyes over the bank of monitors. All is quiet, all is well. Her eyes flick back up to look for Charlie. He’s gone.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, JOYCE’S ROOM - CONT.

Amy’s eyes sweep the corridor from the nurses' station, she stands and crosses into Joyce’s room, she goes straight to Joyce’s saline bag, she removes it, throws it in the trash.

She pulls a fresh one from the cart and checks it for holes. Squeezing it with all her strength.
Satisfied, she hangs it on Joyce’s arm and sticks her head out the door. Sweeping for Charlie. She can’t see him.

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, NURSES’ STATION – LATER

Amy stands over the PYXIS. The ward is deserted. She’s alone. She peers down the corridor. She can’t see Charlie. She works fast, punches in her code. She looks through the machine and finds Charlie’s name and record.

She opens “WITHDRAWALS” Amy’s face furrows in confusion. The withdrawal list is empty. Charlie has ZERO withdrawals.

Slowly something dawns on Amy.

She goes back to Charlie’s record and looks for “CANCELLATIONS” She clicks it open. A list of cancellations fills the small screen. Amy smiles and hits print.

A dot-matrix printer whirs to life – Screeching in the silent ward. Amy lets out a jagged breath. Looks around for anyone who could hear.

INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE – AFTERNOON

Sam Johnson stands quietly at the back of the room, watching. The report from Kelly’s autopsy photos lie on the table, Braun can see Amy staring down at them, guilt playing on her face. He shuffles the patient files and the PYXIS report to the top, hides the gruesome pictures underneath. Amy pushes them aside and grabs the autopsy findings. She won’t look away.

DANNY BALDWIN
As you know we got permission from Kelly Anderson to dig up the body for examination. From the autopsy we know a combination of insulin and digoxin were in Kelly’s system and led to her death in the early hours of the 15th.

Amy points out the lines on the PYXIS report.

AMY
On the 14th at 20:47 Charlie took out insulin and digoxin from the PYXIS.

Braun takes it from her and studies it. Amy rummages through Kelly’s CERNER report-
AMY (CONT'D)
Here, on her report we can see her
blood sugar drops, 21:56. That’s
the insulin he withdrew at 20:47
taking hold. And then her slow
arrhythmia—

Amy points it out on Kelly’s file. Baldwin’s head is staring
to hurt.

AMY (CONT'D)
22:15. That’s the digoxin. That’s
him holding the two murder weapons.

Braun looks at Amy.

AMY (CONT'D)
3:57. Kelly is dead. It’s all right
here.

TIM BRAUN
This PYXIS says cancellation, not
withdrawal?

AMY
Yeah, I know. There’s a fault with
the PYXIS. If you cancel an order
late enough the drawer opens
anyway, but it reads on the report
as a cancelation.

DANNY BALDWIN
And Cullen knows about this fault?

AMY
I saw him do it.
(beat)
The orders are all here, insulin,
digoxin, hundreds of others...

DANNY BALDWIN
Not according to this piece of
paper... This makes it look like he
never got them.

AMY
But he did.

Braun lets out a frustrated sigh.

TIM BRAUN
But did you see him do it this
time?
A beat. Amy looks back at the papers, seeing so clearly what they prove.

AMY
This is the smoking gun. I am telling you guys

JOHNSON
But it isn’t. These are all cancellations. There’s nothing nefarious here, no proof of guilt.

AMY
He’s been doing it since he started at Parkfield. Look repeated cancellations that aren’t followed up by a correct order. Repeated orders of Vec, which we hardly even use... And digoxin. This screams wrong.

JOHNSON
Maybe Parkfield just didn’t understand it.

AMY
Linda Garran used to be a nurse. She understood it. She knows and they are doing nothing...

INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, BOARD ROOM - DAY

Charlie is alone, he sits by the table in civilian clothes. He looks worried. Garran and Beattie enter, two suits versus Charlie. Garran’s lost weight, her suit swims around her. They sit opposite Charlie. Eerily mirroring the scene from St. Aloysius Hospital in the opening.

LINDA GARRAN
Nurse Cullen, thanks for coming in on your day off.

CHARLIE
You can call me Charlie.

LINDA GARRAN
We’ve come across something troubling.

Charlie’s face shows concern.
LINDA GARRAN (CONT'D)
What hospital were you employed at before you took the position here?

CHARLIE
St. Elizabeth’s.

LINDA GARRAN
And what were the dates of your employment?

CHARLIE
I’m not sure. Is there an issue from St. Elizabeth’s? Because I, I was targeted by some co-workers. And maybe you know they’re at it again.

DUNCAN BEATTIE
What we are concerned with is the dates you listed on your application. Do you remember what they were?

CHARLIE
I think it was June ’01 to August ’03? Maybe?

Garran and Beattie look relieved.

DUNCAN BEATTIE
Yes, that’s what you wrote.

LINDA GARRAN
Those dates are incorrect Mr. Cullen. St. Elizabeth’s confirmed to us that you were employed from May. Due to these discrepancies with your application form, we have no option but to let you go with immediate effect.

Charlie looks at them. His face hardens.

CHARLIE
You’re firing me for writing the wrong dates on my application?

LINDA GARRAN
It is in the contract.

Charlie stares at them, hopeless.

A long beat. Charlie stares at them, his face hardens.
CHARLIE
You need me to sign something?


Charlie knows the routine. He signs it and pushes it back. He looks different.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Is that all?

LINDA GARRAN
That is all.

Then he leaves. Followed by Beattie.

LINDA GARRAN (CONT'D)
Thank you, Mr. Cullen.

For a few beats after they are gone we just observe Linda Garran. She is clearly struggling with it all.

INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - NIGHT

Baldwin, Braun, Johnson and Amy sit buried in work. Reams of files are piled all over.

Prosecutor Ellis joins them.

PROSECUTOR ELLIS
I just got news from Parkfield, they’ve dealt with the Cullen issue.

All of them look at Ellis.

JOHNSON
What do you mean?

PROSECUTOR ELLIS
He’s been fired.

JOHNSON
What?

DANNY BALDWIN
So they are just gonna let him go?

TIM BRAUN
What did they say?
PROSECUTOR ELLIS
That they fired him because they found some discrepancy in his paper work.

TIM BRAUN
What was his state of mind? Was he stable?

AMY
You don’t think this could make him more dangerous do you?

Amy looks ill.

PROSECUTOR ELLIS
At least he’s not anywhere near patients. He can’t hurt anyone...

Braun struggles to contain his anger.

DANNY BALDWIN
Nine Hospitals. He’s been at nine hospitals. What don’t you understand? They all find a technicality, or he’s forced to resign. They don’t report anything. They cover their own liability and let him move on to the next place, to become some other administration’s problem, to kill again and again...

Braun and Baldwin stare at Ellis.

DANNY BALDWIN (CONT'D)
You allowed this.

Ellis looks to Johnson for help.

JOHNSON
Don’t look at me, you did...

INT. AMY’S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

AMY
Jackie, I’m back! Hey girls...

Amy swings open the kitchen door, instead of the usual barren surfaces she walks into a fully set table, a bounty of food, something delicious is roasting in the oven.

Peels of Maya’s laughter echo through from the living room.
Amy moves to it.

INT. AMY’S HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Amy slips down the dark hallway, taking her time listening to the joy in her daughters’ voices.

ALEX (O.S.)
...if not the most important person
West of the Pecos.

MAYA (O.S.)
Wherever that is...

ALEX (O.S.)
Maya, No! That’s not your bit.

Maya giggles uncontrollably as Amy opens the door onto-

INT. AMY’S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONT.

Charlie sitting on the couch next to Maya, Alex is in front of the TV, performing to them.

Amy’s heart starts to pound in her chest as all three of them smile at her. Charlie is watching her intensely. She has to hide her panic.

ALEX
Mom, Maya is speaking over
Charlie’s part.

AMY
What are you doing here?

CHARLIE
Helping out.

Amy remembers to breathe. Air saws out of her. She forces a smile.

AMY
Where’s Jackie?

CHARLIE
I told her to take the night off, so it could be just us.

Amy nods. She looks back at the kitchen.

MAYA
We cooked.
ALEX
Charlie cooked.

MAYA
I helped.

ALEX
No you didn’t!

MAYA
Yes, I did!

CHARLIE
We all cooked.

Amy moves towards her daughters. Looks at them, the smiles on their faces, their ease. She tries to bury her fear, tries to think clearly.

Amy’s on edge, Alex can see it.

ALEX
Why are you being weird, mom?

CHARLIE
I’m making something special for us...

ALEX
It is his mom’s recipe.

CHARLIE
I stocked your fridge too by the way, had extra time to go to the store.

Amy studies every movement of Charlie’s face, the fear slowly ebbs out of her. There is a tenderness to him, this is the Charlie she knows.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Sit down, relax. Get off your feet and watch The Mayor of Humdrum Falls! Was it my line? Unless anyone’s hungry?

Amy doesn’t move.

AMY
Alex, Maya, please come here.

ALEX
But why?
AMY
Because I’m asking you to.

ALEX
I don’t want to.

CHARLIE
Hey, go to your mom.

AMY
Get over here, right now!

Alex sends her mother an angry look and takes Maya with her.

AMY (CONT'D)
Go to your room. Go.

Charlie looks at Amy. He gets it...

CHARLIE
So I’m guessing you heard?

Charlie lets out an exasperated hiss.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Did she say why?

Amy looks at him. Cautious. He turns to her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
They fired me because I put the wrong dates on my application form.

AMY
Seriously?

He nods.

CHARLIE
You know it’s been more than a bad day, it’s been a bad few months, maybe a bad few years... I wasn’t even meant to be working here. I was doing so well at Shawlands. I only took this job because I wanted to be near my girls... and then she wouldn’t even let me see them. And started telling these lies, you know all that crazy stuff –poisoned the dog– I mean come on...

Amy hears poisoned. Looks at the food he has prepped.
CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I left the job I loved and I would do that every time, I mean it’s my kids. But it’s just such a kick in the teeth to not even get to see them and now this... Sometimes I think the universe hates me.

AMY
Of course it doesn’t.
(beat)
I am so sorry this happened. But...

CHARLIE
I know. And I know you still have three more weeks to get through, and I won’t be there to help you, but I can be here to help you. I’ll look after them, make sure you eat. Anything you need.

Amy looks at Charlie.

AMY
Yeah... I didn’t tell you Alex blew up the other day?

Charlie looks at her: what?

AMY (CONT'D)
She lost it. Screaming, crying. She’s struggling with it all.

CHARLIE
I am so sorry.

AMY
You know what I really need is time alone with them, just the girls and me.

Charlie looks hurt for a second.

AMY (CONT'D)
And I hate to ask you this, because you have had the day from hell, the year from hell, and you do so much for me, you do everything... I mean you are like my knight in shining armor, and I want to be there for you, but... I feel like shit. I’m so sorry.
CHARLIE
Amy, I get it. Your kids need this.
I am happy to help.

He stands. Starts walking towards the kitchen.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You’re a good mom. Look at me.
(beat)
You’re a good mom.

She wipes tears away.

AMY
I’m okay.

CHARLIE
I’m glad I can help.

He gets up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Promise me you’ll eat.

AMY
It smells good.

CHARLIE
It’s my mother’s recipe.

He heads for the door, then stops.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You know, just seeing you, just
sitting with you for a few minutes
made me realize everything’s going
to be okay. I’ve got you, I’ve got
my girls, I’ve got Alex and Maya.
I’ll find another job.

Charlie leaves through the back door. Amy shuts the door on
him, listening as Charlie’s walks to his car, slams the door,
starts the engine and drives off.

INT. POLICE STATION, INCIDENT ROOM - MORNING

Amy’s sitting at the table, she hasn’t slept. Clammy,
breathing hard. Baldwin and Braun sit in office chairs
nearby. A telephone with a recording device attached to it is
on the table.

Braun dials a number. It rings. Baldwin presses RECORD.
AMY
Charlie, Hey, it’s-

Someone lifts the receiver. No one speaks.

AMY (CONT’D)
Hello-

Eventually a breath slithers down the line.

CHARLIE (TELEPHONE)
Hey, you okay?

AMY
Yes, I just wanted to call you up and say sorry for being so weird last night...

A long beat, Charlie says nothing.

CHARLIE (TELEPHONE)
No, I’m sorry. Did you and Alex have some quality time after I left?

AMY
Yeah.

CHARLIE (TELEPHONE)
Good. You needed that. You both needed that I was glad I could help.

AMY
Anyway, I was just about to head in to work and I keep thinking... it bothers me so much that you’re not going to be there...

CHARLIE (TELEPHONE)
I know, I know. I miss you too. (beat)
You want to go to the park or something? With the girls?

Amy’s breath catches. Baldwin is frantically writing something down, he shows it to her: LUNCH.

CHARLIE (TELEPHONE) (CONT’D)
You there?

AMY
Uh, yeah, maybe lunch?
CHARLIE (TELEPHONE)
Yeah... Lunch works. When’s good?

AMY
Let me think for a moment...

She looks at the detectives, Baldwin writes: SAT.

AMY (CONT'D)
Saturday?

CHARLIE (TELEPHONE)
Saturday works.

AMY
I have to go to work now so I’ll pick a place and call you with the details.

CHARLIE (TELEPHONE)
Say hi to Sandra.

AMY
I will. Bye.

Amy hangs up, she is shaking.

Baldwin and Braun smiles.

DANNY BALDWIN
Great job. You remember what we talked about: He needs to say he did it. He can’t just agree to a statement you make, he needs to confess.

Amy nods solemnly.

I/E. UNMARKED VAN / DINER PARKING LOT - DAY

Baldwin and Braun are folded into the back of an UNMARKED SURVEILLANCE VAN. Both are wearing headphones, the sounds of the diner filter through them, and on top of that a drumming sound.

DaDum-DaDum-Dadum-Dadum-DaDum.

Pulsing. Faster and faster. Baldwin looks at Braun: what is that?

TIM BRAUN
Man, her pulse is racing.
INT. DINER, BOOTH - DAY

A large UNMARKED SURVEILLANCE VAN is parked across the parking lot- Braun and Baldwin’s hiding place. It looks far away. Her heart is beating a percussion in her chest.

Amy whispers a mantra under her breath.

AMY
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck-

Amy looks around. Tries to look calm. Whispers:

AMY (CONT’D)
Okay. I hope you hear me.

Amy sees Charlie enter the diner.

AMY (CONT’D)
He’s walking in right now.

He scans the room for her, she’s hidden in the booth, unseen. She wants to stay hidden.

AMY (CONT’D)
Hey.

CHARLIE
Hi...

Against all her instincts, she stands and hugs him.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
I like this place.

Charlie sinks down across from Amy. Amy can feel her heart beating out of her chest as a WAITRESS walks over.

WAITRESS
Can I get you guys something to drink?

CHARLIE
An iced tea, please.

AMY
Just a water.

Charlie squirms out of his jacket, underneath we can see he’s wearing scrubs. Amy blinks at them, confused.
CHARLIE
What do you think? Treated myself.
Starting a new job tonight, hope
these will make a good impression.

Charlie stares at her shocked face, she feels it. She forces
a smile.

AMY
Where?

CHARLIE
Elmsworth Hospital.

AMY
You’re starting at Elmsworth
tonight?

CHARLIE
Got all my stuff in the car, ready
for a new start.

AMY
That’s... wow, Charlie.

The waitress sets two glasses down. Amy’s hand is shaking as
she sips hers. Charlie watches her curiously.

WAITRESS
Ready to order?

Charlie looks at Amy: you ready? She nods.

CHARLIE
I’d love a cheeseburger.

AMY
Me too.

The waitress sways away.

CHARLIE
How are the girls?

AMY
They are fine.

Amy can’t quite keep the hate from her eyes. But she knows
she has to. Takes a deep breath.

CHARLIE
How’s the Mayor?
AMY
She’s great.

CHARLIE
You feeling better?

AMY
Yeah... Work is awful without you... I mean we were partners. And worst of all people have been saying things, shit about you...

CHARLIE
I guessed they would.

AMY
It makes me mad. Talking crap when you’re not there to defend yourself. I went to town on them. Sandra got an earful. They’ll be talking shit about me too

Charlie’s eyes focus coolly on Amy.

CHARLIE
I don’t want to talk about Parkfield.

AMY
Why?

Their eyes meet.

AMY (CONT'D)
Is what they are saying true?
Because I wouldn’t care if you did those things.

She can’t sell it.

It’s like a cold wave of static washes over her. Charlie is gone. Across from her sits something empty. Something that doesn’t feel human. His left eye seems to drift a little off. He’s looking at her and looking through her.

AMY (CONT'D)
I could understand.
(beat)
You could explain it to me.

She reaches for his hand, before she can get it he slams his fist on the table. It startles Amy. She retracts into the booth. Terrified. He seems to shrink, like a snake coiling. Amy braces herself.
Then all of a sudden he smiles, empty but polite. Her Charlie is there again, like a flipped switch.

CHARLIE
I didn’t tell you, I eh, got permission to see my girls. 2 days every second week.

AMY
Charlie-

CHARLIE
I was thinking you, Maya and Alex, me and my girls, we should go away on a day trip....

AMY
I want to talk about Parkfield, about what you did-

Charlie lets out a harsh breath.

CHARLIE
Y’know what Amy, I got to go...I can’t be late for my first day.

AMY
Wait-

CHARLIE
I’ll call you again soon.

He stands and walks towards the door. Amy’s eyes go wide. She speaks into her wire.

AMY
(Sotto, frantic)
He’s leaving now, he’s going. What do I do-

She watches as Charlie heads outside, crosses the lot. Amy’s eyes shoot to the van the cops are in. It’s still.

AMY (CONT'D)
Guys, he’s leaving.

Charlie gets into his car. Amy sits there. Desperate. But can’t move before he is gone.

For a beat we just look at Amy as she sits there. Frozen.

Then Baldwin and Braun rush in.
TIM BRAUN
You okay?

DANNY BALDWIN
Where is Elmworth?

Amy doesn’t realize she’s being asked a question.

DANNY BALDWIN (CONT'D)
Amy, where’s Elmworth Hospital?

AMY
Thirty minutes from here.

Horror dawns on her face.

AMY (CONT'D)
In Pennsylvania.

Baldwin turns to Braun, desperate.

TIM BRAUN
I’ll call Ellis.

Braun finds his phone and makes a call.

AMY
I pushed him too hard.

DANNY BALDWIN
You did great, Amy.

Braun returns.

TIM BRAUN
We’re good. They’re going to pick
him up. Bring him in, but they can
only hold him for 48 hours.

Amy sits paralyzed. Empty. Shaken.

For a while we just observe her.

I/E. CHARLIE’S CAR / INTERSTATE – DAY
Charlie’s car chugs down the interstate. His eyes are on the
road ahead.

Radio is on. Low and soft country music.

Away, away. New opportunities ahead.

He drives on.
Then—

Blue and red lights flash in his mirrors. A POLICE CRUISER squawks its sirens.

Charlie clicks on his indicator. Pulls over to the hard shoulder. He tries to wipe his eyes on his sleeve, tries to hide that he’s been crying.

        POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
        Show me your hands! Show me your hands!

Charlie slowly raises his hands.

        POLICE OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
        Open the door!

Charlie steps out of his car.

        POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
        You’re under arrest, get out of the vehicle.

The police officer is pointing his gun at Charlie.

        POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
        Get on the ground.

Charlie is brutally being forced to the ground and handcuffed.

Knee in the back. Face pressed against the asphalt.

INT. POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR OF INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The corridor is dark. We are looking at the door to the interrogation room.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie is handcuffed to the table. He looks frightened and fragile.

Baldwin and Braun come in. Self confident. This is their world, and they’re going to get what they want. Tim sits down in front of Charlie. A little closer than Charlie likes.

        TIM BRAUN
        Okay...
Tim starts reading something from a piece of paper. Mechanically. No emotions. Apparently something he has to do.

TIM BRAUN (CONT'D)
My name is Detective Sergeant Tim Braun, with me is Detective Dan Baldwin. Today is Saturday December 13th, 2003. The time is approximately 8:14PM. We are here in the Major Crimes Unit interview room. With us is Mr. Charles Cullen. Ah, Mr. Cullen for the record could you please state your full name?

CHARLIE
Ah, Charles Cullen.

TIM BRAUN
Could you spell that please?

CHARLIE

TIM BRAUN
Is that okay if we call you Charlie then?

CHARLIE
Yes.

TIM BRAUN
Okay. Is there any thing you want to tell us, Charlie?

CHARLIE
No. I don’t think so. I... No.

DANNY BALDWIN
How many IV-bags have you polluted at Parkfield Memorial Hospital.

Charlie glances at Baldwin for a sec. But he doesn’t answer.

DANNY BALDWIN (CONT'D)
We know that you killed Kelly Anderson and Ana Martínez. We think there are others...

Charlie feels the pressure.

TIM BRAUN
We would like to discuss it with you.
CHARLIE
I can’t... I’m not meant to talk
about patients without the hospital
lawyers.

DANNY BALDWIN
But you don’t work there anymore.
You don’t have to do what they
say...

TIM BRAUN
You’re free to talk here.

CHARLIE
I can’t.

TIM BRAUN
Why did you kill them?

Charlie doesn’t answer. He puts his face in his arms, trying
to hide it.

DANNY BALDWIN
Do you only kill women?

TIM BRAUN
They remind you of your ex-wife
maybe? That I could understand. Or
your mother...

Charlie doesn’t respond.

DANNY BALDWIN
The saline bag stuff, that was
pretty smart.

CHARLIE
I can’t...

TIM BRAUN
Really smart. I have never seen
anything like that... How did you
come up with that?

A long beat. He doesn’t fall for flattery.

DANNY BALDWIN
How many have you killed, Charlie?
10? 11?

Charlie contorts in on himself. Hides his face.

Tim realizes that Charlie is crying.
TIM BRAUN
Hey Charlie, stick with me here.

Charlie tries to disappear.

DANNY BALDWIN
Come on back, Charlie. We just want to have this conversation. I know you can do it...

CHARLIE
I can’t.

Charlie cries louder now.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
I can’t...

TIM BRAUN
You can.

CHARLIE
I can’t- I can’t- I can’t-

TIM BRAUN
Charlie, you can do this.

Charlie bangs his hand on the table.

CHARLIE
I can’t-

TIM BRAUN
CHARLIE!

Braun’s hands ball into fists, the anger he’s managed to keep hidden now pouring out.

DANNY BALDWIN
Alright. We’ve seen your CERNER, we’ve seen your PYXIS, your orders, your cancellations. We know all about it. How you poisoned the bags in the store room... let the other nurses hang them... I don’t think you picked Kelly or Ana... did you?

Nothing...

TIM BRAUN
You know what I’ve been wondering-

...And then Charlie explodes.
CHARLIE
I can’t! I can’t I can’t!
A mantra, blubbered over and over. Interspersed only with
guttural animal sounds.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amy and Alex are sitting on the sofa watching a film. Amy
totally exhausted in her cardigan, but she can’t seem to doze
off. Her eyes are wired. Alex is eating cereal.

Then we hear the doorbell ring.

I/E. AMY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Amy walks through the kitchen and opens the door. Baldwin is
outside. Amy takes a step out. The door half closed behind
her.

AMY
Hey.

DANNY BALDWIN
Hi.

AMY
What’s happened?

Baldwin looks at her, tired and a bit broken. He shakes his
head.

DANNY BALDWIN
He did not confess.

The two of them are still for a beat.

AMY
There’s still time. I mean maybe-

DANNY BALDWIN
We’re not going to get it. He’s not
going to break. He’s not going to
confess. We have to release him
tomorrow morning... I’m sorry.

INT. AMY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amy back watching TV with the girls.

Amy gets up from the sofa. Slowly. Like her whole body hurts.
She grabs her cell phone, and heads to the kitchen.

INT. AMY’S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
Amy picks up the phone and dials.

CUT TO:

I/E. AMY’S CAR / NEW JERSEY STREETS - NIGHT
Amy drives in silence.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - NIGHT
Amy leans against the wall and talks with Baldwin.

DANNY BALDWIN
You sure you’re up for this?

AMY
Yeah.

DANNY BALDWIN
Remember, you can’t touch him. You can’t even get close to him.

AMY
He’s my friend. I just need to see him.

Amy follows Baldwin down the prison hallway.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT
Stubble is creeping across Charlie’s jaw, his eyes are drifting. Amy is through the door first but stops. -- She is shocked to see Charlie like this. He looks totally broken.

Baldwin walks over and places a coffee in front of Charlie.

AMY
Hi Charlie.

Charlie won’t even look at her. Amy turns to Baldwin.

AMY (CONT’D)
Can you please remove the handcuffs?

Baldwin hesitates.
AMY (CONT'D)

Please...

Baldwin removes them. Charlie rubs his wrists.

He says nothing.

Baldwin’s hulking frame stands by the door.

Charlie’s eyes are on the table before him. She slides the coffee cup towards his hand. He doesn’t touch it.

AMY (CONT'D)

You okay?

He looks at her, hostile, indignant that she would dare to ask.

CHARLIE

Go away, Amy.

He drops his head low, retreating into his own world. There’s a long beat.

Amy relaxes into the chair. Trying to work out some route to the man opposite her. Charlie shivers, the skin on his arms goosebumps around the self-harm scars. Amy sees it.

AMY

Are you cold? You look like you are freezing.

She stands, takes off her cardigan and wraps the soft wool around Charlie’s shoulders. He allows the gesture.

AMY (CONT'D)

I’m just going to put this over your shoulders.

She sits down again. Still for a long time. Then.

AMY (CONT'D)

I really needed you. Y’know. These last few months, you were like my savior. I think I’d be dead if it wasn’t for you.

He looks at her, just a glance.

AMY (CONT'D)

And then all this. I forgot who you were to me. What you did for me. I forgot about your goodness.
Baldwin watches, confused, concerned.

    AMY (CONT'D)
    I’ll never understand. But I can listen.

Charlie seems to shrink away, but Amy doesn’t let him, she leans into him and takes his hand, holding it gently.

    AMY (CONT'D)
    I’ll never understand it Charlie. Not how you, someone so kind and generous and loyal, someone who saved my life, could hurt people... And I’m sorry that I lied to you and went behind your back. Because I think that makes you feel even more alone. And that breaks my heart.

He stares at Amy, it’s the first time anyone has ever really seen him as he sees himself.

    CHARLIE
    I never meant... I only ever wanted to help you.

    AMY
    I know. I know... and you saved me. You saved my life. More times than I can count... I still need you.

Amy looks at him, like he is a hero.

A long beat.

    CHARLIE
    What do you need me to do?

    AMY
    Tell the truth.

A long beat. Then Charlie speaks. It’s soft.

    CHARLIE
    I just did it.

Amy looks at him, she keeps her face from showing the fear and disgust that’s raging inside her.

    AMY
    I’m sorry but I need more than that.
CHARLIE
What do you want me to tell you?

Amy looks at Baldwin. He nods to her.

AMY
Names.

Charlie looks at the desk, tries to hide his face. Amy’s heart sinks. She can feel him closing down. See him retreating.

CHARLIE
I don’t remember all of the names.

AMY
Tell me what you can.

Charlie squeezes her hand. She waits for him to speak.

At last. It’s barely audible.

CHARLIE
Douglas Stevenson.

Charlie watches Amy, scrutinizes every facet of her reaction. Amy doesn’t look away, doesn’t recoil in disgust. She stays there holding his hand. Charlie looks down again. Unable to keep eye contact with her.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Ana Martínez.

Amy’s eyes sting. Her face tightens as she tries to control it. Charlie sees it. He sees her trying. He goes on.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Kelly Anderson... Then there was, I can’t remember his name. He was younger-

Amy hand tightens on Charlie’s arm, gripping hard to stop herself from letting go. She can hardly speak.

AMY
Jack Ivins?

Charlie nods. Takes the coffee cup and drinks. Slowly.

CHARLIE
Yeah. Jack.

Amy takes a deep breath. Tries to get her breath under control.
AMY
Rebecca?

CHARLIE
Maybe. I don’t know... Yeah...
There was a man at my last hospital... I think it was a sorta
German name...

AMY
Why Charlie...?

Charlie looks at Baldwin. Then at Amy. He’s got their
attention. It’s all about him.

CHARLIE
They didn’t stop me.

The horror and sorrow on Amy’s face grow. She fights to hold
back the tears as she places her hands over his.

INT. TRENTON PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Charlie walks away down a long concrete corridor, his scrubs
have been swapped for cream prison smock and trousers.

To avoid a death sentence, Charlie Cullen pled guilty to the
murder of 29 people. The real number of victims is believed
to be between 300 and 1000.

He never explained why he did it.

Charlie Cullen is currently serving 18 consecutive life
sentences in New Jersey State prison and will not be eligible
for parole until 2403.

Cullen was a nurse for sixteen years. Most of the hospitals
he worked at harbored suspicion about him, but none acted on
it.

There have never been criminal proceedings against any of the
hospitals.

INT. AMY’S HOUSE, AMY’S BEDROOM - MORNING

Amy’s in bed with the girls. Alex’s eyes open. Maya in deep
sleep in her mother’s arms.

Alex touches Amy’s face.
ALEX
We have to get up. It’s a school day.

Amy opens her eyes. Looks at Alex. Smiles.

AMY
Not today, sweetie. Today we stay in bed.

A smile plays on Alex lips. Amy caresses her hair.

Alex closes her eyes. Goes back to sleep.

ON BLACK:

Amy got the heart surgery she needed and lives in Florida with her daughters and grandchildren.

She is still a good nurse.

THE END