

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 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, exhaustor, 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 scratches 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  
Yep. Charlie. Hi.

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 Oxycodone. 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. Martínez. 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.

29 INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, ANA'S ROOM - NIGHT 29

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.

37 EXT. PARKING GARAGE, ROOF - DAY

37

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 Burrel from the city council.

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

MALCOLM BURREL  
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 Burrell 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-

Baldwin 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-

He hands over a thin brown envelope and disappears. Baldwin tears it open: six pages. He scans through them. Braun joins him.

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-pep 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.

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.

81 INT. PARKFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ICU, CORRIDOR - CONT. 81

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. Its 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 Charlie)  
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?

Garran looks at Beattie, relieved. Beattie slides a document towards Charlie.

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 intently. 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 Elmsworth?

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

DANNY BALDWIN (CONT'D)  
Amy, where's Elmsworth 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

C-H-A-R-L-E-S, C-U-L-L-E-N.

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**