

MARY KILLS PEOPLE

EPISODE 101
"Bloody Mary"

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A white SWAN floats serene, in black water. Behind her, an industrial steel plant chugs thick grey smoke into the sky.

A BMW SUV speeds down the lakeside highway. We push inside to see **DR. MARY HARRIS** (late 30s). At first sight, she's a quintessential urban woman in an SUV -- attractive, stylish, confident.

But as we close in on her eyes, we see -- sleep-deprivation, burden, fear. This woman is fighting the good fight.

With perfectly manicured red nails, Mary tears the cellophane from a pack of cigarettes. Lowers her car window, and lights up. Sucks in. Anything to quiet the stress of...

A champagne cork POPS. A plastic cap twists off a glass vial of clear liquid. The liquids mix and FIZZ in a champagne glass. Cheers.

Pupils dilate. A dead man. Mary's red manicured nails close the man's eyelids.

Another cork, another vial, another cheers, pupils dilate. A dead woman. Mary's purple manicured nails close her eyelids.

Mary's manicured nails in every color -- pink, blood red, grey, black -- closing dead eyes. Closing. Closing. Closing.

SMASH TO TITLE:

MARY KILLS PEOPLE

TIGHT on Mary's closed eyes. They SLAM OPEN.

Mary -- wearing blue latex gloves -- measures an ounce of clear liquid from a small glass vial. She pours it into a plastic champagne glass. Pulls a bottle of Cristal Champagne from a cooler, POPS the cork.

Mary adds Cristal to the glass, turns toward **TROY DIXON** (40s) who lies in the king bed. Troy's a large man, but end-stage pancreatic cancer has caused his skin to thin, his eyes to darken.

On the wall is a photograph of the man Troy was -- a powerhouse football star beaming with a Super Bowl trophy, confetti suspended in the air around him.

At the foot of the bed, standing behind a camera, is **DESMOND "DES" BENNETT** (40s, sardonic). He wears a leather jacket, jeans, Converse sneakers and, like Mary, blue latex gloves.

Des focuses the camera on Troy, as Mary hands him a piece of paper.

MARY

For you to sign. Acknowledging you understand this will end your life.

TROY

A contract.

MARY

A formality.

Troy reads the contract.

TROY

Now wait, you mean to tell me euthanasia may cause death? Well, shit.

DES

(re: contract, camera)

This is a covering-our-ass in case--

MARY

In case, something ever came to light. To show our patients made the decision. It's a precaution.

TROY

It can't come to light. She can never know. She'd be so mad at me.

MARY

(smiles, reassuring)

She won't. And she wouldn't be mad at you, she'd be mad at us.

Troy signs the contract, passes it to Des. He slips it into his bag.

TROY

Last time I had a camera in the bedroom it was for a much better show. Me and her.

Des doesn't respond. He's impatient, watching the clock.

MARY

I bet that was a good show.

Mary passes the plastic champagne glass to Troy.

MARY (CONT'D)
Pentobarbital, with Cristal.

DES
Ready when you are.

MARY
But-- take your time.

Troy looks at the plastic glass, dwarfed by his large hands.

TROY
"I will take care of you until my
dying day." That was my vow to her,
when we got married. And look at me
now.

(then)
She says she wants to make the most
of the time we have left, but this
isn't me, you know?

Mary sits down on the bed, beside Troy.

MARY
Did you say goodbye to her, in some
way?

TROY
Yeah. I mean, she didn't know. But
I did.

Troy stares at the glass and exhales, long and steady.

TROY (CONT'D)
I'm ready but, it's a mindfuck.

Mary sits down on the bed, beside Troy.

MARY
You know, when I was a kid, I was
terrified of flying. The whole idea
of it seemed so wrong to me. Then,
when I was fourteen, my mom sent me
and my sister to Florida, to visit
my aunt. I didn't want to go. I
cried all through security, boarding,
take-off. But then, once we were in
the air, it was perfect.

(then)
We're afraid because we don't know
what to expect.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

No one's been able to come back and say, there's going to be light, there's going to be angels, you're going to love it. But just because there's uncertainty, doesn't mean we have anything to fear.

Troy nods. Mary takes his hand in her gloved hand.

MARY (CONT'D)

But Troy, if you're not ready, we don't have to do this today.

TROY

Yeah. We do.

Troy raises the glass in the air. A silent cheers.

He brings the glass to his lips. He drinks. He looks at Mary. She holds his stare, stays with him.

His eyes flutter, then close.

Mary removes the glass from Troy's hand. His head rolls forward. His breathing slows. His body seizes slightly.

Mary and Des wait.

Then, finally, all is still.

Des checks Troy's wrist for a pulse. Listens to his chest with a stethoscope.

DES

Gone.

Mary lets go of Troy's hand.

DES (CONT'D)

Leaving on a jet plane?

MARY

You got anything better?

They break into action: Mary packs the Cristal and glass into the cooler, Des disassembles the camera.

The sound of a GARAGE DOOR opening.

DES

What is that?

Mary and Des freeze, realizing.

MARY

She's not supposed to be home.

Des zips up the camera bag, runs to the window, pulls on it, but --

DES

It won't open.

Carrying her purse and the cooler, Mary runs to the window, takes one look at it, and --

MARY

There's a latch right here.

Mary opens the latch, lifts the window.

DES

I'm not good in an emergency.

MARY

You're a doctor.

DES

(correcting her)

Was a doctor.

Downstairs, a door SLAMS.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I'm home.

No time to talk. They peer out the window. Outside is a narrow roof, below that is a fifteen-foot drop.

3 **EXT. MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - ROOF -- DAY** 3

Mary, clutching her purse, and Des, carrying cooler and camera bag, shuffle along the edge of the roof.

MARY

You got the money, right?

They share a look -- Fuck.

4 **INT. MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - BEDROOM -- DAY** 4

From the roof, Mary looks in the window. Coast is clear -- she lifts herself back into the room. Half-tiptoes, half-runs to the bed.

She grabs the manila envelope from the bedside table, just as Troy CONVULSES VIOLENTLY. His EYES OPEN, and he looks at Mary in terror, CHOKING FOR BREATH.

MARY

Oh my god.

Troy looks at Mary with PLEADING, WILD EYES. Mary's eyes dart around the room -- but she's a doctor without her kit. Troy GASPS and WHEEZES -- fighting for breath, life, death -- anything but this.

Mary's eyes rest on a red throw pillow. Horrified, she takes the pillow in both hands. Hesitates -- is this really happening?

TROY

(chokes out)

Do it.

MARY

I'm sorry.

Mary covers his face with the pillow, and pushes down. Troy writhes underneath her. She closes her eyes, pushes harder.

5 INT. MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY 5

CINDY DIXON (30) drops a prescription bag and a green smoothie on the kitchen counter. There is a weariness beneath her perfect appearance.

She grabs a bottle of water from the fridge. Pulls a bottle of Zoloft from the bag. Opens it. Takes three pills.

She breathes out, forces positivity into her voice --

CINDY

Baby? I got you a smoothie.

Cindy grabs the smoothie. Heads toward the stairs.

6 INT. MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - BEDROOM -- DAY 6

Eyes clenched shut, Mary pushes down on the pillow. After a long moment, Troy stops moving.

Mary opens her eyes, stands unsteady. In shock, she puts a hand to her mouth, backs away from Troy's lifeless body.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS in the hallway snap Mary back to the moment.

She removes the pillow, checks for a pulse with shaking hands -- nothing. She gently shuts Troy's eyelids.

She grabs the envelope of cash, runs to the window, and jumps out -- just as the bedroom door swings open.

CINDY

Troy?

7 **EXT. MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - ROOF -- DAY** 7

Mary joins Des on the far edge of the roof.

DES

Now what?

Mary kicks off her heels. Watches them fall to the grass below.

MARY

We jump.

Mary jumps. Des follows.

8 **I/E. MARY'S BMW / TACO HUT DRIVE-THRU -- DAY** 8

In a grid-locked Taco Hut drive-thru lineup, Mary holds Des's fingers to her wrist.

MARY

You feel that? It's called a pulse. When you feel it, it means someone is alive.

DES

The guy was dead, he was gone.

MARY

Nothing like this can ever happen again, Des. We're supposed to be ending suffering. Not creating it. "Do no harm", remember?

DES

That was never a guiding principle for those of us in plastic surgery.

Mary pulls up to the drive-thru speaker box.

DRIVE-THRU GIRL (O.S.)

(over speaker box)

Hola, welcome to Taco Hut.

MARY

(to speaker box)

I'll have two orders of cheese roll-ups, three beef chalupas, and two cheesy fiesta potatoes. Three Diet Cokes.

DES

(to speaker box)

Four. And a steak quesadilla.

DRIVE-THRU GIRL (O.S.)

That'll be \$24.15. Drive up to the window, gracias!

Mary inches the car forward, still miles from the window. She puts her head in her hands.

MARY

I don't understand what happened.

DES

He's a three hundred pound former football player, guess the dose didn't keep him dead.

MARY

I gave him more than enough pento.

DES

The drinks are the problem.

MARY

The drinks have worked every other time. Flawlessly.

DES

If we'd done an injection, Troy wouldn't have come back from the dead. You know it. I know it.

Des holds out his arm, taps the veins on his inner arm. We notice track mark scars, long-healed.

DES (CONT'D)

Into the bloodstream. Sure-fire.

MARY

We've been through this. It has to be their doing.

DES

I know you have your issues with injections, so I'm volunteering to do them. I want to.

Mary turns to Des, with raised eyebrows.

MARY

Sometimes I don't know whether you're a compassionate doctor or a serial killer.

DES

Says the woman who just smothered a
guy with a pillow.

MARY

Des, please.

DES

You did what you had to do under the
circumstances. All I'm saying is,
there wouldn't have been a
circumstance, if we'd done an
injection.

MARY

If we pull the trigger, we're
murderers. If they do, we're--
something else.

DES

The law doesn't give a shit about
that distinction. Until the back-
benchers nut up and make some rules,
we are murderers. Injections or
not.

MARY

Prove you can take a pulse, then
we'll talk injections.

Mary pulls the car up to the drive-thru window.

DES

Control freak.

MARY

Serial killer.

Mary smiles at **DRIVE-THRU GIRL**, they exchange money and food.

DRIVE-THRU GIRL

Gracias!

Mary pulls out of the drive-thru.

DES

So who's the next hit?

MARY

We're not hitmen. We're doctors.

Des passes Mary her Diet Coke, lifts his in the air.

DES

To not getting caught.

MARY
(sincerely)
No. To Troy.

They cheers their Diet Cokes, as Mary merges onto the highway.

9 INT. MARY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM -- NIGHT

9

A candle burns in a dark bathroom. Teen makeup, hair straighteners, curlers and crimpers cover the counter.

Staring at their reflections in the mirror are **JESS** and **CAMBIE**. Jess is 15, pretty, thin, a hipster in training. Cambie is 8, cute, fresh-faced, long hair in pig-tails.

JESS / CAMBIE
Bloody Mary. Bloody Mary. I believe
in Bloody Mary...

The candle flickers -- the light casts strange shadows in the mirror. The girls continue to chant, scaring themselves.

JESS / CAMBIE (CONT'D)
Bloody Mary. Bloody Mary...

The bathroom door swings open with a BANG! The girls SCREAM in unison. A light is turned on -- and there is Mary standing in the doorway. Cambie jumps up into Mary's arms.

MARY
What are you doing?

JESS
Bloody Mary. You chant her name,
and--

CAMBIE
You can see her ghost in the mirror!

Kissing the top of Cambie's head, to Jess:

MARY
Why do you have to scare your sister?

CAMBIE
I wasn't scared.

JESS
She wasn't scared.

CAMBIE
Ghosts aren't real, right?

MARY

No, they're not real. Come on.
Downstairs. I got takeout.

10 INT. MARY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

10

An old Victorian kitchen, mid-renovation. A wall covered in sloppy squares of different-coloured paint. A backsplash with a single row of subway tiles that stops abruptly, abandoned.

Mary unpacks the Taco Hut for the girls.

JESS

Mom, Taco Hut is disgusting.

MARY

A week ago you loved it.

Cambie lifts **CASPER**, their fluffy cat, onto her lap.

CAMBIE

I love Taco Hut.

MARY

Cambie loves it.

CAMBIE

So does Casper.
(feeding him bits of
cheese)
Nom, nom, nom.

JESS

Because Cambie's too young to understand that Taco Hut is ruining the world because of deforestation. Fast food is responsible for the extinction of orangutans.

MARY

Orangutans aren't extinct.

JESS

Yes, Mom. They are.

Cambie takes a happy bite of a cheese roll-up. She looks up at Mary, contemplative.

CAMBIE

If ghosts aren't real, what happens to people when they die?

Cambie and Jess look at their mother, expectant.

CAMBIE (CONT'D)

Where do they go?

MARY

They stay in our hearts.

CAMBIE

What about the people at the hospital?

MARY

What do you mean?

CAMBIE

Sometimes you can't save their lives
and they die?

MARY

Sometimes, yeah.

CAMBIE

And you keep all of them in your
heart?

MARY

Yeah. I do.

JESS

Can Naomi come over tomorrow? We
have to practice for the recital.

MARY

Sure, just don't pirouette into the
TV again.

Cambie is still thinking, staring at her mom.

CAMBIE

You must have a big heart.

A KNOCK on the door.

11 INT. MARY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

11

Mary opens the door to **KEVIN GREENE** (40s), handsome, assured,
by all accounts "a catch." Mary leans against the door jam.

MARY

You know where the key is.

KEVIN

So you want me to barge right in,
"honey I'm home"?

Casper (the cat) bolts for the door. Kevin closes it, just
in time. He's done this before.

MARY

He's really angling for an escape.
I can't help but take it personally.

Cambie runs into the room.

KEVIN

There's my girl!

Cambie jumps into her dad's arms. Jess enters.

JESS

Hi, Dad.

Jess hugs her dad in a controlled, self-conscious, teenager way.

KEVIN

You guys packed?

Jess and Cambie dash up the stairs. Moving toward the kitchen:

MARY

Hungry? Someone's gotten into Jess's head about the evils of fast food.

KEVIN

It's her friend Naomi, that girl is full of misguided causes.

MARY

Hey, are orangutans extinct?

KEVIN

No. Why?

Mary switches gears, clicking into business mode.

MARY

Doesn't matter. You're sure you're okay to take the girls tonight?

KEVIN

I'm here, aren't I?

MARY

I'm happy to take them on one of your nights.

(off his silence)

What?

KEVIN

We agreed to fifty-fifty. It's been more like eighty-twenty lately.

MARY

--And what, you want more money?

KEVIN

It's not that I want more money.

MARY

Kevin, I'm bleeding out. Child support, the girls' tuition, the second mortgage on that house in the Junction that you were supposed to flip. I mean, I'm paying for all of it--

KEVIN

I know, and I hate that. I was a goddamn pioneer for stay-at-home-dads and look where it left me.

Mary walks into the kitchen. Kevin follows.

12 INT. MARY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

12

Mary clears the table, throws the uneaten Taco Hut in the garbage. Kevin takes in the renovation disarray.

MARY

Maybe you should get a job.

KEVIN

I would get a job, I want to get a job, but the girls--

MARY

I have the girls. I have a job. I make it work.

KEVIN

All I hear is how much they miss you. Even when they're "with you", you work late, show up with fast food. I don't want them to have two absent parents.

MARY

That was mean.

Mary leans against the counter.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm doing the best I can.

KEVIN

Me too.

A quiet moment of détente. Kevin stares at the abandoned tiling job.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
You ever going to finish this?

MARY
You were the one who started it.
Maybe you should finish it.

KEVIN
Are you offering me a job?

MARY
Maybe.

Mary moves close to Kevin -- too close for divorced.

KEVIN
Mary?

MARY
What?

A charged moment, interrupted by:

JESS (O.S.)
Are we going?

They turn to see Cambie and Jess standing at the front door.

KEVIN
Take your shift, I've got the girls.
Let me know when you want them back.

He heads toward the door.

13 **EXT. MARY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT** 13

Mary stands on the front steps, as Kevin, Jess and Cambie drive away in Kevin's mini-van.

As she watches them drive out of sight, she pulls a cigarette and lighter from her pocket. She lights up, inhaling the sweet, fleeting carbon monoxide relief.

14 **EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD -- NIGHT** 14

Mary walks toward a garden shed, tucked away in the corner of her backyard. She steps up on a tree stump, reaches above the doorframe to retrieve the key. She unlocks the shed door, and disappears inside.

15 INT. MARY'S HOUSE - GARDEN SHED -- NIGHT 15

Mary kneels in the corner of the shed, pulling up the floorboards -- underneath are two boxes.

She lifts the lid of the larger black metal box -- inside are tens of thousands of dollars in cash. She adds the ten grand from today's job, along with her burner cell.

She lifts the lid of the smaller cardboard box -- a ten-pack of pentobarbital vials. Inside are nine full vials, with one missing (which was used earlier for Troy).

Mary lifts a vial toward the light. CLOSE on the label: Nembutal (pentobarbital sodium solution, USP).

She runs her manicured finger along the neck of the vial. Notices the seal. Broken. She looks at the rest of the vials. Broken, broken, broken...

INTERCUT WITH:

16 INT. DES'S LOFT -- NIGHT 16

A modern man-cave condo. Des sits in the dark, studying the video of Troy's death on his massive flat-screen TV -- a man of science -- looking for what went wrong.

He puts Troy's contract in a file, along with his health records. Writes "Patient #14" at the top of file.

His phone VIBRATES on the coffee table. He pauses the video, looks at the call display. Answers.

DES
Murder Inc. This is Dr. Bennett.

MARY
The seals are broken. The pento was diluted.

DES
You're sure?

MARY
Yes. Where are you getting it from?

DES
The less you know.

MARY
I want to talk to your supplier.

DES
He doesn't really like strangers.

MARY

You have one job, Des. Get the drugs.

DES

I'd argue I do more than "get the drugs." And every other batch has been fine.

MARY

Well, this one isn't. Get a new supply. Make it right.

Mary hangs up the burner cell, puts it back in the box. Looks at the time. She's late.

17 **INT. MARY'S BMW -- NIGHT**

17

Mary stops at a RED LIGHT, a block from the hospital. She taps on the steering wheel, impatient.

As she waits, an AMBULANCE SIREN rises over her TOP 40 RADIO. She clicks the RADIO off, checking her rearview mirror --

An AMBULANCE barrels down the street behind her.

Mary pulls over, letting the ambulance pass. Then she guns it, pulling in behind the ambulance, crossing the intersection just as the light turns GREEN. She follows the ambulance to --

18 **EXT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - AMBULANCE ENTRANCE -- NIGHT**

18

Mary parks behind the ambulance and jumps out, pulling on her white coat.

At the back of the ambulance, Mary joins **DR. STEPHEN TAYLOR** (50), a handsome ER surgeon and self-proclaimed white knight of the hospital. He clocks her car.

STEPHEN

Nice parking spot.

MARY

Closer than yours.

They open the backdoor of the ambulance, as two PARAMEDICS, unload **MATT GARDENER** (40's), on a stretcher, covered in blood.

STEPHEN

What do we have?

PARAMEDIC

Forty-three-year-old male, multiple stab wounds to the chest. Eighty over forty. O2 is at seventy-three.

As they wheel Matt toward the entrance:

MARY

Name?

PARAMEDIC

Matt Gardener.

MATT

Can someone call my wife?

MARY

Of course.

STEPHEN

We know who stabbed him?

PARAMEDIC

He got jumped at an ATM. Crackhead.
Cops are on it.

MATT

I should have just given him the
money, I didn't think he'd have a
knife. I can't feel anything, is
that bad?

MARY

You're okay, Matt. We got you.

Mary takes Matt's hand, as they bring him inside.

19 **INT. HOSPITAL - TRAUMA ROOM -- NIGHT**

19

With a choreographed ease, Mary and Stephen move around Matt,
trying to stop the bleeding. A nurse, **RHONDA**, assists, giving
Matt saline through an IV.

MARY

Call the blood bank, four units.

Rhonda nods, hurries out of the room.

STEPHEN

Not sure we have time for that.

Matt slumps forward.

MARY

Matt, you with us?

Matt is unresponsive, as Stephen positions the ultrasound
machine over his heart. Waits for the image, and then:

STEPHEN
Hemothorax blood around the lung.

MARY
No pulse.

STEPHEN
We've lost him.

A beat of silence. Stephen and Mary look at each other, over their face masks.

MARY
Thoracotomy.

STEPHEN
Dr. Mary Harris. Feeling brave today.

MARY
Yeah, I am. Let's bring him back.

STEPHEN
Let's do it.
(to nurse)
Thoracotomy tray.

Another nurse gets the tray. Stephen turns Matt on his side, positions him supine.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
You want to do the honors?

Mary takes a large scalpel and a deep breath. STABS hard, into Matt's chest. Making a deep incision with the scalpel, Mary cuts a horizontal line from his sternum to his underarm.

Stephen steps in holding rib spreaders, he positions them into the incision, and opens Matt up.

20 **INT. HOSPITAL - SCRUB ROOM -- DAY** 20

Washing her hands, Mary looks in the mirror. A small dotted line of blood stains her cheek. She is Bloody Mary. She wipes the blood away.

21 **INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY -- DAY** 21

Mary emerges from the scrub room, where Stephen stands with **SONIA**, Matt's wife.

SONIA
You saved his life.

STEPHEN
It's why we do what we do.

SONIA

Thank you.

(then)

Getting money out of an ATM in that neighborhood and then fighting the guy back -- he's such an idiot, I could kill him.

With an endearing smile:

STEPHEN

Well, don't kill him. Because we just worked our asses off to save him.

Stephen hands Sonia off to a nurse, before walking past Mary.

MARY

Don't you think it's a little early to be patting ourselves on the back? Yes, we stabilized Matt but--

STEPHEN

Mary, we brought the guy back. He's good. We're good.

Stephen pats Mary on the back, pointedly. He walks on, toward the nurses who were assisting in Matt's surgery.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Who wants Starbucks, my treat?

RHONDA

Triple shot, extra hot, venti...

Stephen grabs a Sharpie, and starts writing down the nurses' orders on the leg of his scrubs, as Mary walks toward the elevator.

22 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY -- DAY

22

Mary steps out of the elevator and walks down the long hallway of an intensive care ward. There is a HUM of monitors and machines. Tubes going in and out of PATIENTS. Dying but alive.

Mary walks toward the nurses station, where she locks eyes with **ANNIE**, Asian, unsentimental, perfectly administered fake eyelashes. A nurse, a good one. Annie nods to Mary.

23 EXT. HOSPITAL - ROOF -- DAY

23

The sun rises. Mary lights a cigarette -- save a life, get a cigarette. Annie appears beside her, a couple of files tucked under her arm.

She grabs a cigarette from Mary's pack. Lights up.

MARY

How do you have time to put on fake eyelashes?

ANNIE

(shrugging)

I don't have children.

Annie passes Mary the files. She's got a heart-rate tattoo on her inner wrist.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Two new ones. Nora is eighty. Widow. End stage renal disease. She's choosing to stop dialysis. Her only wish now, is that she doesn't have to suffer, which of course she will. Joel has an inoperable brain tumor. He's been through chemo and radiation, both of which were ineffective. Life expectancy of three to four months, but he would like to check out before - and these are his words - "shit gets real", which of course it will. I gave them both your number.

MARY

Behind every great doctor--

ANNIE

Is a better nurse.

Smiling, Mary hands Annie an envelope of cash -- payment.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Troy?

MARY

Yeah.

ANNIE

How was it?

MARY

Good. Uneventful.

They smoke their cigarettes, watch the sun rise.

ANNIE

I feel like my boss is watching me like a hawk.

MARY

She watches everyone like a hawk.
That's her job. Actually, she kind
of looks like a hawk.

ANNIE

She does. The beady eyes.

MARY

You're being paranoid.

ANNIE

I have a bad feeling.

MARY

I've had a bad feeling my entire
life. Doesn't necessarily mean
anything.

ANNIE

I need to know you're being careful.

MARY

I am. And we're doing the right
thing.

ANNIE

No. You're doing the right thing.
I'm just making photocopies.

Annie stubs out her cigarette, and heads inside. Mary opens
the file, revealing photocopies of patient records. We CLOSE
IN on the name: "JOEL SHAW."

24 INT. JOEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM -- DAY

24

A 1970's bathroom. Brown. Beige. Wood panelling.

JOEL SHAW (mid-30s) stands in front of the mirror. Joel is
the kind of guy a mother would describe as "capital-T
trouble." He's naked. Wet from the shower.

He stares at himself in the mirror.

JOEL

I am going to die. I am going to
die. I'm going to die.

Joel shakes his head -- it's all too trippy.

He picks up a pamphlet: *The Five Stages of Grief, Coping
with Your Terminal Illness*. He skims through: Denial. Anger.
Bargaining. Depression. Acceptance.

He turns the pamphlet over. On the back is a stock photo of a stoic elderly couple. Scrawled across their clasped hands is a phone number: 674-555-0399.

Joel dials his cell phone. Listens. Voicemail.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Hey, this is Joel Shaw. I was at Eden General the other day, I met a nurse named Annie. She said you might be able to help me.

Off Joel, staring at himself in the mirror.

25 INT. STRIP JOINT -- DAY

25

Joel and **FRANK** -- middle-aged, rough-hewn -- sit in a LOUD, DARK STRIP JOINT where the girls will do pretty much anything for the right price.

FRANK

I don't think about it.

JOEL

I think it's bam!
(pounds the table)
Lights out. You're over.

Frank takes a swig of beer, his eyes locked on a topless stripper dancing on stage.

FRANK

I think there's more.

JOEL

More?

FRANK

More. Something after this.

JOEL

It's a fairy tale.

FRANK

And I thought you were a good old Catholic boy.

JOEL

No, man. I'm a bad Catholic boy.

FRANK

Let's watch the girls, okay?

JOEL
Because you don't want to think about
it?

FRANK
Because there's a beautiful pair of
tits right there and I want to enjoy
them. Not be all-- morose.

Joel leans back, drinks deep, rubs his mouth. He's not done.

JOEL
I was watching the Discovery Channel--
guess how long dinosaurs roamed the
earth.

FRANK
I don't know. A million years.

JOEL
Two-hundred-and-sixty-five-million
years. Guess how long humans have
been around?

Frank shrugs -- trying not to engage.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Two-hundred-thousand years. We're
just a flash in the pan, man.

Frank pulls out his wallet, bursting with cash.

FRANK
Come on, lemme buy you a lap dance.
Get a flash in your pan.

26 INT. STRIP JOINT - PRIVATE ROOM -- DAY

26

Joel sits, getting a lap dance from a skinny **STRIPPER**. She
pushes her breasts into Joel's face. He is somewhere else.

STRIPPER
You're so sad.

JOEL
I've got cancer.

The stripper pouts, dazed from drugs.

STRIPPER
Poor baby.

Joel smiles at her, absent, as she grinds into his lap.

27 **EXT. GRADY'S HOUSE -- DAY** 27

Des stands at the front door of a large modern house in the suburbs. He looks up to -- SECURITY CAMERA POV: Des waves, impatient.

The door BUZZES open.

28 **INT. GRADY'S HOUSE -- DAY** 28

GRADY (30s, a James Franco pseudo-intellectual-vibe) lies on the couch, reading a book about time. **SID** and **MARCEL** sit at a table, playing crib with nudie cards.

Des enters, takes a seat on the couch across from Grady. Grady doesn't look up from his book.

GRADY

Did you know the Greeks have two words for time?

DES

The Greeks do love their words.

GRADY

Chronos and kairos. Measured time and soulful time. Chronos is the tick-tock. Kairos is the experience. Time that can speed up and slow down, expand and collapse, you ever have that?

DES

I need more pento.

Grady stares at Des, unreadable.

GRADY

You look good, Des. Doesn't he look good?

SID

Looks great.

GRADY

Yeah, you've upped your pento use and yet, you look distractingly vital. Glowing even, wouldn't you say he's glowing?

MARCEL

Like a goddamn candle.

DES

What's your point, Grady?

GRADY

All that pento for you? Because you look pretty clean.

DES

If I look clean, it's because you watered down your supply. I mean, that shit is weak. I come to you because your product is supposed to be pure. Then you give me this low-grade, ineffectual bullshit. I mean, what is that?

GRADY

I did water it down. I did.

DES

Goddamn right you did.

GRADY

I needed to make sure you were using and not selling. You know how I feel about that.

DES

I have no interest in being a dealer.

Grady stands and walks toward a large safe.

GRADY

I may not be a doctor like you, Des, but I don't just "deal." I help people ease their existential pain, deepen their experience. I'm about that Kairos shit, you know?

Grady opens the safe. Inside is every type of drug imaginable. He pulls out a box of pentobarbital.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Nevertheless, here I am. Public Enemy Number One.

He walks back to Des and hands him the box.

GRADY (CONT'D)

That is pure. And free of charge.

DES

Thanks.

GRADY

(challenging)

You don't want to try some, make sure it's okay?

DES

I trust you.

Des stands, and heads out the door, spooked. Grady moves to the table and shoves Marcel --

GRADY

I want to play.

Marcel gives Grady his chair, dutiful. Sid shuffles the cards.

GRADY (CONT'D)

I hate liars.

SID

You want to do something about it?

GRADY

Deal me in.

29 **EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - GARDEN SHED -- DAY**

29

Jess approaches the garden shed with **NAOMI**, a stunning 15-year old. Both girls have their hair in tight ballerina buns, hoodies over their dance leotards -- Naomi's is adorned with a portrait of Che Guevara.

Naomi tries the shed door. Locked. Jess is already standing up on the stump, reaching above the door. She brandishes the key, opens the door. They disappear inside.

30 **INT. MARY'S HOUSE - GARDEN SHED -- DAY**

30

Jess and Naomi pass a joint, hotboxing the garden shed, while taking selfies.

NAOMI

(exhaling smoke)

And he was this, like, revolutionary from Mexico.

JESS

I think it was Cuba.

NAOMI

Whatever. Hold out your hand.

Jess does, as Naomi snaps off her glitter-encrusted cell phone case, pulls out a small packet of cocaine. Jess puts her hand down.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

He fought for liberty.

JESS

I thought you were stopping.

Naomi grabs Jess's hand and, using it as a surface, makes a small line of cocaine. She snorts the line, and continues her ill-informed history lesson --

NAOMI

He witnessed the suffering and the,
you know, injustices of the people
and he was like, damn the man.

Naomi slips the packet back into her cell phone case. Jess broods.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Are you mad at me? Don't be mad at
me. I hate it when you're mad at
me.

Naomi pulls Jess in towards her. Jess lets her. Naomi kisses Jess -- this is clearly not the first time they've kissed.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Did you know that you're so pretty?

JESS

(sweetly)
Shut up.

They kiss, kiss, kiss, fall to the ground. A few feet away, the sound of a phone VIBRATING. They pause, their teenage ears attuned to the faintest sound of tech.

JESS (CONT'D)

What is that?

NAOMI

It's coming from the floor.

Curious, Naomi moves toward the bags of soil. Pushes them aside. The phone keeps VIBRATING. She lifts up a floorboard, revealing the metal boxes.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

It's like a buried treasure.

Naomi opens the other box: inside are the vials of pentobarbital. Full, except for one.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Is this your mom's? Is she an addict
or something?

JESS
She'd never do drugs.

Naomi opens the lid -- revealing the cash and burner phone VIBRATING inside.

JESS (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

NAOMI
Should we answer it?

JESS
No!

The phone stops VIBRATING.

NAOMI
Your mom is totally dealing.

JESS
She's not dealing, she's a doctor.

Naomi holds up a vial, reading the label:

NAOMI
Nembutal? What do you think it does?

JESS
I think we should put it back. Naomi.

NAOMI
Okay, fine. I'm putting it back.

Naomi closes the box.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Your mom is so much cooler than my mom.

JESS
You can have her.

NAOMI
Oh my god, mom-swap.

Naomi laughs, high. Jess looks dead serious.

31 **EXT. JOEL'S APARTMENT -- DAY**

31

Mary and Des walk down an open-air walkway of a run-down, low-rise apartment building. Mary taps on a door.

DES

This is a sad place to die. What's
this guy's name again?

Before Mary can answer, Joel opens the door. Mary and Joel
lock eyes. Whoa. They stare at each other, a moment too
long. Then, Mary remembers to speak.

MARY

Joel.

32 INT. JOEL'S APARTMENT -- DAY

32

Joel sits on the couch, cracks a beer. Mary and Des sit
across from him.

JOEL

You guys want a beer?

DES

No, thanks. I'm off the drink.

MARY

I'm not, but I'm okay. It's early.

JOEL

Yeah, since I got the news I'm like,
what the hell. There's this sudden
removal of consequences when you
know you're fucked.

Joel's eyes linger on Mary. There's a moment. We feel it.
So does Des.

MARY

Annie passed along your file. I'm
sorry about your prognosis.

DES

(fishing)

Have you told your wife? Girlfriend?

JOEL

No there's-- no women. They hear
cancer. Run the other way.

Des nudges Mary, she shoots him a look.

MARY

You were transferred from Whitehorse
General. What were you doing up
north?

JOEL

Worked on the rigs. Got diagnosed up there. Came back to the city for better care. Then after some really good times with chemo and radiation, Dr. Carmichael, my oncologist, told me it was "futile".

MARY

How long have you been off treatment?

JOEL

Forty-three days. So. Annie was vague. But she gave me your number. I got the impression that you might have "alternative" methods for people in my situation.

MARY

We do. And this is intended to be an exploratory meeting. To find out what your needs are and if we might be able to help you.

JOEL

Well, I was pretty clear with Annie. I'm dying. I'd like to die faster. Is that something you could help me with?

DES

See, if we were in Switzerland, where assisted suicide is legal for people in your situation, absolutely.

MARY

Here, that is not the case. But that doesn't mean we can't talk about it, hypothetically.

Joel nods, he understands.

JOEL

Okay, how does it work? The dying part.

MARY

Well, in Switzerland a doctor would give a patient, such as yourself, a lethal dose of sodium-pentobarbital to drink. It's a short-acting barbiturate, and when used in high doses it's fatal. There's no pain, no suffering. You just fall asleep.

DES

An option, is to go to Switzerland
and be what they call a "death
tourist." Fly there. Die there.

JOEL

I don't really want to do that.

MARY

No?

JOEL

No, I mean I don't want to leave my
home, go all that way just to die,
in Switzerland.

DES

I don't blame you, Joel. I hate the
Swiss. And the trip can add up.
Airfare, hotel, the cost of death.
Could run you twenty grand easy.

(pointedly)

Might as well stay home, save yourself
ten grand, you know?

JOEL

(nodding)

I'm good for it.

MARY

Joel, this is obviously a very serious
decision. And a last resort.

JOEL

I know that.

MARY

Have you exhausted all your options?

JOEL

It's either this, or I guess I could
buy a gun.

MARY

Don't buy a gun, but take a day or
two to think about it.

DES

Any questions?

JOEL

Yeah, you said a drink, but what
about injection? I mean, because I
researched it and it's better, right?
A smoother exit.

DES

Young Joel brings up a valid point.

MARY

It's important for patients to choose their death.

Joel considers this, takes a slug from his beer.

JOEL

Okay, I get it. I've gotta be the trigger puller, right?

Mary nods. Joel makes a gun with his hand, puts the "barrel" to his head. Pulls the "trigger".

JOEL (CONT'D)

Bang.

Off Mary and Joel, eyes locked.

33 **INT. MARY'S BMW -- DAY**

33

Mary drives. Des rides shotgun.

MARY

You think he'll call?

DES

To ask you to prom?

MARY

No, to ask us to kill him.

DES

How long has it been?
(off her silence)
Please tell me you've had sex since your divorce.

MARY

It's a choice.

DES

A sexless life is an unhealthy life, Mary.

MARY

It's easier to be alone.

DES

You hate being alone.

MARY

Why do you care so much?

DES

For whom the bell tolls. One person's death is a loss to us all. Same principle applies to sex. You get laid, we all get laid.

MARY

He's a patient. And he's dying.

DES

Exactly. You'd be doing him a favor. I'm sure he doesn't want to go out on blue balls. It's win-win.

MARY

Wait. Have you had sex with any of our patients?

DES

God no, death is a big turn off for me. I like them young and alive. But back in residency, I pulled the curtain closed a few times.

Mary pulls up outside Des's building.

MARY

How did you ever get a medical license in the first place?

Des steps out of the car.

DES

Human error. Don't forget this.

He places a box of pento onto the passenger seat.

MARY

And you're sure this stuff is good?

DES

Well, I didn't test it because that would defeat the purpose of recovery. But yes, it's good. I assure you.

MARY

How you doing with that?

DES

The mundanity is the real problem. Fortunately, I still have sex to shake things up. And so do you, Mary.

MARY

Bye, Des.

Mary drives off, contemplating this.

34 **INT. MARY'S HOUSE - GARDEN SHED -- NIGHT** 34

Mary enters, carrying the new box of pento. She moves the bags of dirt. Notices things are slightly out of place. Odd.

She removes the floorboards and opens the ten-pack vial box, now with two vials missing. Mary stops, thinks -- weren't there nine vials here before?

Her (real) cell BUZZES in her purse. She pulls it out, reads: Reminder, Jess' dance recital.

MARY

Shit.

She's late. She looks at the box -- too late to deal with this. She slams the box shut, putting everything back.

But we know there was another vial, and it's missing.

35 **INT. THEATER - LOBBY -- NIGHT** 35

Mary hurries into a theater lobby full of FAMILIES, buzzing with excitement. She spots Kevin among the crowd, looking handsome in a Paul Smith shirt. She walks up to him.

MARY

Nice shirt.

KEVIN

Thanks. We're up front.

Mary follows Kevin toward the front of the theater.

36 **INT. THEATRE - SEATS -- NIGHT** 36

Mary and Kevin approach the front row, where Cambie sits next to **LOUISE**, (late 30's), chic cropped hair, Louboutin heels, tasteful Botox. Mary hugs Cambie close. Louise stands, smiles, extending her hand.

LOUISE

Hi. I'm Louise. Naomi's mom. We met at the Christmas recital.

MARY

Yes. Nice to see you again.

Mary and Louise shake hands. Louise looks to Kevin, expectant.

KEVIN
And Louise is also--

Cambie swings her legs in her seat, grinning.

CAMBIE
Dad's girlfriend!

Mary, usually a master of bedside manner, does a novice job masking her shock.

MARY
Oh.

LOUISE
Hi. Again.

MARY
I didn't know.

LOUISE
Yeah, it's been--

KEVIN
A couple of months. It's new.

CAMBIE
It was a secret.

KEVIN
It wasn't a secret. It was just--

LOUISE
Finding the right time.

MARY
You're already finishing each other sentences. You sure it's only been two months?

The house LIGHTS DIM on this awkward moment.

CAMBIE
Show is starting.

Louise takes a seat beside Cambie. Kevin sits beside Louise. Mary sits beside Kevin -- all of a sudden feeling very much like a third wheel.

ON THE STAGE, the ballerinas -- Jess and Naomi among them -- flutter into position. VIOLINS drift out from the speakers.

The ballerinas begin the dance, moving in graceful tandem, their tutus bouncing up and down.

BACK WITH MARY, trying to watch the performance, her mind spinning. She remembers something -- reaches into her purse, pulls out an envelope, hands it to Kevin.

He takes it, looks inside: a couple of thousand in cash.

MARY
I ran out of checks.

KEVIN
Thanks.

Mary stares straight ahead, impassive. He glances at her.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

MARY
Okay.

Kevin tucks the envelope in his pocket. Leaning into him:

MARY (CONT'D)
What is she, a real housewife?

KEVIN
She's a criminal lawyer.

MARY
Is that supposed to impress me?

Kevin smiles, takes Louise's hand. Leans into Mary, his lips almost touching her neck.

KEVIN
You divorced me.

MARY
(a little breathless)
I remember.

ON THE STAGE, the dance intensifies. The TEMPO SPEEDS. The dancers twirl and point. Jess and Naomi take center stage. Naomi missteps, but quickly regains her footing.

BACK WITH MARY, as she shifts in her seat, narrows her eyes.

MARY (CONT'D)
You need the money for her, right?
So you can wine and dine her.

KEVIN

You know what--

There's a SCREAM from on stage, breaking Mary and Kevin from their argument. Panic and confusion fill the theater...

ON THE STAGE, the ballerinas have stopped dancing. They stand stunned, unsure. We CLOSE in on the object of panic: Naomi lying in the middle of the stage, unconscious.

Mary, seeing Naomi, instinctively runs to the stage.

ON THE STAGE, Mary takes control. She kneels over Naomi, lifts her eyelids open. Naomi's eyes roll back in her head. Jess stands nearby, in shock.

LOUISE

Naomi. Oh my god.

Mary looks up to see Louise and Kevin, panicked. To Kevin:

MARY

Call an ambulance.

Kevin gets on his cell. Mary checks Naomi for a pulse, breathing -- nothing. She begins CPR, performing chest compressions on Naomi's small body.

An AMBULANCE SIREN SCREAMS.

37 **EXT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE -- NIGHT**

37

The ambulance stops outside the ER. Mary parks her SUV behind them, and jumps out to help the PARAMEDICS unload Naomi, still unconscious.

As they bring her toward the entrance, Stephen joins them.

STEPHEN

What do we have?

PARAMEDIC

Fifteen-year-old female--

MARY

Naomi, my daughter's friend.
Collapsed on stage at their dance
recital. Overdose, I think.

They rush Naomi through the ER doors.

38 **INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM -- NIGHT**

38

Mary stands over Naomi, as Stephen prepares an IV fluid line. A nurse takes blood for a toxicology report.

Mary shines a light in Naomi's eye. Her pupil constricts.

STEPHEN
What do we think?

Suddenly, Naomi BOLTS upright, GASPING LOUDLY. She stares at Mary, coming to the moment.

MARY
Naomi, you're at Eden General.

Naomi LAUGHS, then looks at Mary in confusion.

NAOMI
I know you.

MARY
I'm Jess's mom. You collapsed on stage. You took something, right? What was it?

Naomi looks around, spacey. Stephen's pager BEEPS. He reads it, something urgent.

STEPHEN
Shit. Someone's coding.

MARY
Go.

Stephen heads for the door. Over his shoulder:

STEPHEN
Naomi, say no to drugs. You're too pretty to die.

He exits.

MARY
Honey. What did you take?
(off her silence)
We already did a tox report. I'll get the results any minute, you might as well tell me.

NAOMI
Is my mom here?

MARY
She's probably in the waiting room by now. Do you want me to get her?

NAOMI
No! You can't tell her.

MARY

Tell her what?

NAOMI

I thought it was like, alcohol.

MARY

Thought what was alcohol?

NAOMI

The stuff in your shed.

A beat. The missing vial. Mary absorbs this.

MARY

Okay, how much did you take?

NAOMI

A tiny bit, right before going on stage. Sometime I get stage fright. It was stupid. I won't do it again, I promise, please don't tell my mom. She'll send me to boarding school.

MARY

I have to tell her.

NAOMI

No, you don't. When I get birth control, the doctors don't tell my mom. It's confidentiality, right?

MARY

God, you sound like a lawyer.
(then)
Is Jess on birth control?

NAOMI

She doesn't need it. Please, Ms. Harris. Dr. Harris. I don't know what that stuff even is, but my mom's crazy, and she *is* a lawyer. If you tell her, she'll be all over both of us.

Mary gazes down at Naomi, deciding.

39 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM -- NIGHT

39

In the waiting room, Kevin tries to console Louise. Jess and Cambie sit nearby. Jess is motionless, traumatized, still in her tutu, mascara tears staining her cheeks.

Naomi enters, followed by Mary. Louise, seeing her daughter, runs to Naomi, crushing her in her arms.

LOUISE
You scared me to death.

Jess hugs Naomi, too.

NAOMI
You guys are so dramatic.

KEVIN
What happened?

NAOMI
I fainted. I skipped dinner. But I totally, totally learned my lesson.

MARY
Naomi is underweight, which is a concern.

LOUISE
She's always been thin. We both have.

MARY
We can keep her here overnight, put her on fluids, monitor her a little longer--

NAOMI
Can we please just go home?

LOUISE
(to Mary)
You're sure she's fine? Because I really hate hospitals. Sorry.

MARY
It's okay. It's common. She's fine to go, but keep an eye on her. Water, food, rest.

Louise nods. Naomi mouths a "thank you" to Mary, as they head toward the door.

40 **INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

40

The blended family exits the waiting room, as a nurse approaches Mary, file in hand.

NURSE
Dr. Harris.

MARY
(to Kevin)
I'll catch up.

The rest walk on, as Mary joins the nurse, who hands her the file. Mary opens it.

NURSE
The toxicology report.

MARY
(reading)
Cocaine?

NURSE
And barbiturates. You know, when I was a dumb kid, it was weed and mushrooms.

MARY
Yeah. Me too.

The nurse heads off, just as Stephen sidles up to Mary.

STEPHEN
The guy from this morning. Matt. Gardener. He developed an infection in his lungs. ARDS.

MARY
Okay, we can put him on ECMO to oxygenate the blood.

STEPHEN
Which puts him at a high risk for a stroke. We'd need his wife's consent.

MARY
Then get it.

Stephen is silent.

MARY (CONT'D)
Right. Now that it's bad, you don't want to talk her.

Mary sees Sonia (Matt's wife) contemplating the contents of a vending machine, at the end of the hallway.

Mary pushes past Stephen, and walks toward Sonia. Stephen watches from a distance.

MARY (CONT'D)
Sonia? Do you have a minute?

Sonia turns to Mary, overtired but friendly.

SONIA

You know, I can't even make the simplest decision. Mars Bar or O'Henry. It should be easy.

Sonia registers the look on Mary's face. Her smile fades.

41 **EXT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE -- NIGHT** 41

Mary looks toward the parking lot, but there is no sign of her family. She pulls out her cell phone. There is a text from Kevin: "We left."

Mary walks toward her SUV, still parked at the ambulance entrance. A parking ticket is stuck to the windshield. Mary grabs the ticket, not even looking at the fine amount, as she gets into her car.

42 **INT. MARY'S BMW -- NIGHT** 42

Mary pulls out her burner cell from the glove compartment. Flips it open. It blinks. A voicemail message. She plays it, on speaker:

JOEL (VOICEMAIL)

Mary, this is Joel. I've thought about it. And I'm ready to take the next step. I'd like to talk to you about it. Tonight even, if you're free.

Mary stares at the phone. Turns on the car, and pulls out of the hospital entrance.

We stay on the hospital, and focus on a window, on the upper level. We push inside.

43 **INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE -- NIGHT** 43

YVONNE (40), ALS (Lou Gehrig's Disease, she speaks with difficulty), lies in bed. She weeps in pain. Her son **CHARLIE** (15) is at her side.

CHARLIE

I need to ask you something, Mom.

YVONNE

What is it, love?

Charlie looks at his mom, takes a dramatic pause.

CHARLIE

Can you make me a grilled cheese sandwich? Because I'm really hungry.

Yvonne LAUGHS, forgetting the pain for a fleeting moment, which was Charlie's goal.

YVONNE
You're a little shit.

They look at each other -- mother and son, patient and caretaker -- bonded beyond belief.

Annie walks into the room, making her rounds.

ANNIE
How you doing, Yvonne?

Yvonne and Charlie share a look. Yvonne nods.

CHARLIE
Can you handle the truth?

ANNIE
I love the truth.

CHARLIE
No more hospitals. No more doctors.
No more treatment. No more.

Yvonne grabs Annie's hand, with a weakened grip.

YVONNE
I want to go home.

Charlie breaks down, sobbing. Annie takes this in.

ANNIE
Okay, I'll have to talk to the doctor,
but I think we can have you
discharged. I can put you in touch
with palliative care, and--

YVONNE
Tell her the other part.

ANNIE
What's the other part?

CHARLIE
We want to know how much morphine it
would take to, you know.

ANNIE
I'm sorry. I can't give you that
information.
(then)
But I can put you in touch with
someone for further-- recommendations.

Off Annie, considering them.

44 **EXT. JOEL'S APARTMENT - WALKWAY -- NIGHT** 44

Mary walks towards Joel's apartment. Heading in the other direction is Frank (from the strip club). He eyes Mary up and down as they pass.

45 **EXT. JOEL'S APARTMENT - DOOR -- NIGHT** 45

Mary KNOCKS. A moment, then Joel opens the door.

JOEL

Mary.

Joel pauses, confused to see her standing there. He glances down the walkway.

MARY

Can I come in?

Joel opens the door wide, and Mary walks inside.

46 **INT. JOEL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT** 46

Mary takes a seat on the couch.

JOEL

Beer?

MARY

No. Actually, yeah.

Joel grabs two beers from the fridge. He passes one to Mary, takes a seat beside her. They regard each other, wary.

MARY (CONT'D)

I got your message. I was driving by, thought I'd stop in.

JOEL

Oh, okay.

MARY

I should have called first.

JOEL

No, it's good. I'm glad you're here.

MARY

It's a lonely business. Dying. How have you been coping?

Joel opens up the pamphlet: *The Five Stages of Grief, Coping with Your Terminal Illness*.

JOEL

Well, this pamphlet is full of some enlightening bullshit.

MARY

It is bullshit, isn't it? Like, we should all follow the same pattern of grief. But it's not like that. Pain is subjective.

Joel regards Mary.

JOEL

Why are you doing this?

MARY

Doing what?

JOEL

Saving people a trip to Switzerland.

MARY

Oh, that.

JOEL

Is it the money?

MARY

The money is-- so I know people are serious.

JOEL

So then it is...

MARY

Short answer, I believe we should be in control of our life and our death. That's liberty. Dying isn't a crime.

JOEL

But helping people die makes you a criminal.

MARY

Do you think so?

JOEL

I mean, yeah.

Mary takes a sip of beer.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Is there a long answer?

MARY

(yes)
Maybe.

Mary looks up at Joel. He stares back, drawn in. Something is happening here between these two. Something cosmic.

JOEL

You want to tell me about it?

MARY

Not right now.

Their eyes are locked. She moves closer. They're only inches apart. Joel pulls back.

JOEL

Mary. I can't--

She doesn't hear him, moving closer, but Joel means it -- no means no. He grabs her arms, pushes her away. She falls backwards, hitting her head on the coffee table with a BANG.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Shit. Mary, are you okay?

Joel leans over Mary, her eyes are closed.

MARY

That. Hurt.

Mary opens her eyes, watery and emotive. She looks up at Joel, and she's vulnerable, she's beautiful, and she's fucked up...

And Joel can't help it -- he has to kiss her.

And so he does. It's soft, sweet. Then the kissing gets primal, and gone is the moment of logic and reasoning. We're in animalistic desire mode.

Mary pulls at Joel's clothes. She rips off his shirt. He lifts up her skirt. Pulls down her underwear. Their bodies move together, urgent and visceral. They can't get close enough.

And as fast as it started, it ends as they ORGASM together.

He collapses onto her. She's the first to break the silence.

MARY (CONT'D)

You don't seem sick.

Joel lifts himself off of Mary. He sits up, pulls on his jeans. Joel stands, looks at Mary, paces the room.

MARY (CONT'D)

It was a compliment, I--

JOEL

We should do this thing now.

MARY

Now?

JOEL

Yes, now. Give me the drink.

MARY

I-- I can't.

JOEL

Yes, you can. I'm ready. Give me the drink.

Mary stands there, stunned.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Give me the drink, Mary!

MARY

I don't have it.

JOEL

What do you mean you don't have it?

MARY

There's protocol.

JOEL

Was fucking me part of your protocol?

Reason slams back into the room. Mary buttons up her shirt. Her hands are shaking. She stands, moving toward the door.

MARY

No. That was--

Joel grabs his beer. Throws it across the room. It SMASHES against the wall. Mary stares at him.

JOEL

Do you have any idea how hard it is to psyche yourself up for non-existence? I am done. I am ready.

(desperate)

You have to kill me, Mary.

Mary backs out the door, too shaken to respond.

Joel watches her go. Thinking. Processing.

After a beat, he runs out the door after her.

47 **I/E. MARY'S BMW / JOEL'S APARTMENT - PARKING LOT -- NIGHT** 47

Mary SLAMS the door shut, starts the car, throws it in reverse. She peels out of the parking lot -- just as Joel runs outside.

JOEL

Shit.

Joel stands in the middle of the parking lot, staring at the street. CARS rush by, a mass of noise, lights, force. Decisive, he strides toward them.

48 **EXT. STREET -- NIGHT** 48

Joel stands on the sidewalk, his feet hanging over the edge. A horn HONKS. Joel turns to the HONKING vehicle -- a WHITE VAN with tinted windows, parked on the street. Joel walks to the van. Swings open the back door.

49 **INT. WHITE VAN -- NIGHT** 49

A surveillance van. CAMERA FEED shows the inside of Joel's apartment. White text on the bottom of the screen: Toronto Police Service.

Frank sits in the van eating a Power Bar. Joel gets inside, and closes the door.

JOEL

I fucked up.

FRANK

No shit. Cameras were rolling.

JOEL

What?

FRANK

I passed her on the way out. Turned 'em on.

(then)

You know, I don't think I've seen a cop mess up a case this bad. You had sex with our suspect.

JOEL

It was recorded?

FRANK

You fucked a murderer, Ben. On camera.

JOEL / BEN
She thinks she's helping people.

FRANK
So did Hitler.

Joel/Ben stares at the screen, making a decision.

JOEL / BEN
We have to destroy that tape.

FRANK
That tape is the closest thing we
have to evidence. It's unfortunate
your dick was in her at the time,
but--

Joel/Ben reaches over to remove the hard drive. Frank blocks
him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Don't do this, man. Don't put me in
this situation.

JOEL / BEN
You mean, like the situation you put
me in last year? The one where I
lied for you. Under oath.

The two men stare each other down. Stalemate.

JOEL / BEN (CONT'D)
It was nothing. A momentary lapse
in judgment.

FRANK
She's gonna say you had sex.

JOEL / BEN
And no one's going to believe her.

Frank shakes his head.

JOEL / BEN (CONT'D)
Look, tomorrow we get her to deliver
on the drugs. We arrest her. End
of story.

Joel/Ben disconnects the hard drive, and slips it into his
pocket.

50 INT. MARY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

50

Mary walks into her dark and silent kitchen. She drops her
keys on the counter. It's been a long night.

She turns to go upstairs, and pauses, noticing --

In the backyard, the LIGHT is on in the shed. The door, flung wide open.

51 INT. MARY'S HOUSE - GARDEN SHED -- NIGHT

51

Mary appears in the doorway of the shed, to see --

Jess on her knees, staring down at the lifted-up floorboards -- at the boxes of pento and money.

MARY

Honey. What's going on? Are you okay?

JESS

I think Naomi's lying.

MARY

Lying, about what?

JESS

I don't think she fainted. She's-- she's been doing drugs. And I think she stole a bottle of this, and took it.

She holds up a vial.

JESS (CONT'D)

I looked it up on the internet. Nembutal is for relaxing, and for insomnia, and for...

MARY

Euthanasia.

JESS

Yeah.

Jess looks at her mother, haunted. Confused.

JESS (CONT'D)

Why do you have that in here?

Mary moves close to Jess. A deep breath, deciding, then finally:

MARY

I didn't want to tell you girls yet. It's for Casper.

JESS

What's wrong with Casper?

MARY

He needs to be put down and I wanted to do it at home. You know how much he hates the vet, I wanted to give him a peaceful death.

JESS

Casper's sick?

MARY

I'm sorry.

Jess breaks down.

JESS

Why is everything so messed up lately?

MARY

Everything?

JESS

Yes, everything. You. Dad dating Louise. Casper. And Naomi-- she's all over the place with me, and I'm really worried about her.

MARY

Maybe tonight was a good thing. Trips to the ER tend to scare people straight.

JESS

Mom, I love her.

MARY

I know.

But she doesn't. Jess looks away, tearful.

MARY (CONT'D)

Jess, I'm going to level with you. Life can get really messed up sometimes. I know I shouldn't be telling you that, but it's just true. Every now and then, life will have its way with you.

JESS

So what do we do?

Mary puts her finger beneath Jess' chin and raises it gently.

MARY

We get strong.

Jess nods. A beat.

MARY (CONT'D)

And we take you home, before your dad realizes you're gone, and has a heart attack.

JESS

Okay.

Mary puts her arm around Jess, leads her out of the shed, and closes the door. The deadbolt turns and locks.

52 INT. DES'S LOFT -- NIGHT

52

Des opens the door to Mary, holding Casper in her arms. She walks in, reeling.

MARY

Why don't you answer your phone?

DES

I didn't realize I was on-call. Why do you have a cat?

MARY

Des, I've really messed up--

Mary stops mid-sentence, noticing **LARISSA** (19), tiny, blonde, tipsy, lying on the couch wearing just a t-shirt.

LARISSA

Cute kitty.

DES

Larissa, Mary. Mary, Larissa. Mary and I work together.

LARISSA

You work with the sick kids too?

Des gives Mary a "just go with it" look. Mary drops the cat on the couch, he cuddles up to Larissa.

MARY

Uh, yeah. I do. I work with the sick kids.

LARISSA

That. Is so. Awesome. It's, like, really--

(mispronounces
admirable)

Admirable. Wait, is that a word, admirable...?

Mary gives Des a "get rid of her" look.

DES
Hey doll, can we reconvene later?
Mary and I have some work to do.

Larissa gets up, pulls on her skirt. Punching the air:

LARISSA
Save those kids.

Larissa gives Des a long kiss, then slinks out. Des closes the door behind her.

MARY
Sick kids?

DES
It's my alibi. The cat, explain.

MARY
Casper. I need you to cat-sit for a little while. And please just don't ask why.

DES
What's going on?

MARY
I had sex with Joel.

Des registers this, then bursts into laughter.

MARY (CONT'D)
Des. It's not funny.

DES
Um, I beg to differ.

Mary pulls out a pack of cigarettes out of her bag.

MARY
I need a cigarette.

DES
Balcony.

Mary opens the sliding glass door, careful not to let Casper out. Des joins her outside.

53 **EXT. DES'S LOFT - BALCONY -- NIGHT**

53

Mary lights a cigarette, Des beside her. They look out at the city lights.

DES

You gave a dying man a good time, no harm there.

MARY

I took advantage of him.

DES

Women can't take advantage of men sexually. It's biologically impossible--

MARY

But then he lost it on me.

DES

Well, it happens to the best of us.

MARY

That's not what I mean. He went crazy afterward, begging me for the drink, begging to die.

DES

You know, you're like a preying mantis. You fuck them, then kill them.

MARY

Oh my god. We have to make this right.

DES

So?

MARY

So tomorrow, we end Joel's suffering.

DES

Okay. We will. We're good at that.

Mary takes a deep drag of her cigarette. Exhales.

MARY

You know, I've been thinking about it, and-- I think I need to quit.

DES

Killing people?

MARY

No. Smoking.

DES

Oh, yeah. You should. It's a
terrible habit.

A beat.

MARY

We can't quit killing people.

DES

I know. You're like Joan of Arc, on
a divine mission.

MARY

Joan of Arc got burned alive.

DES

In a blaze of glory.

MARY

We all gotta go some way.

Mary stubs out her cigarette, and smiles an enigmatic smile,
as we...

FADE TO BLACK.