

**PAINKILLER**

Episode 1:

"The One To Start With, The One To Stay With"

Written by  
Micah Fitzerman-Blue & Noah Harpster

1.21.21

1

**INT. GALLERY - THE MET - EVENING - 1987**

Art lines the walls. A few TOURISTS meander through. A middle-aged SECURITY GUARD stands between galleries.

**RICHARD SACKLER**, 45, wanders from painting to painting, casual, like he's browsing a store. He wears a rumpled suit and has the toxic combination of over-confidence and a complete disregard for social cues.

He approaches a Greek painting from 1570, "*Christ Healing the Blind*" -- and examines it closely.

He looks deep into the eyes of Jesus, as his hand restores sight to the suffering man.

Richard reaches out -- and TOUCHES the painting with his finger.

SECURITY GUARD

SIR! You may NOT touch the art.

Richard turns to the Guard, but leaves his finger on the painting.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

I'M SERIOUS, SIR --

Richard RUNS his whole hand along the canvas, feeling the cracked paint on his palms.

RICHARD

I like how it feels.

SECURITY GUARD

ARE YOU CRAZY?

The Security Guard GRABS Richard by the shoulder.

RICHARD

Don't touch me, I don't like to be touched.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm calling security.

RICHARD

But aren't you the security?  
Everything is secure, I assure you.

The Security Guard takes out her radio --

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Oh, don't do that. You'll get in  
all sorts of trouble.

The Security Guard looks at him, hesitates, then --

SECURITY GUARD  
(into her radio)  
I need support in room two-four-  
two.

An older man in an expensive suit enters, rushed. This is  
**RAYMOND SACKLER**, 70s, Richard's father.

RAYMOND  
What the hell are you doing?

RICHARD  
Just looking at the art, Dad.

SECURITY GUARD  
He was touching the painting.

RAYMOND  
Oh for fuck's sake, Richard.

Two more SECURITY GUARDS rush in.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)  
(to the Security Guards)  
It's fine, it's fine. Thanks all.  
(to Richard)  
Come on, it's already started.  
You're late.

Raymond leads Richard out of the gallery and into --

2

**INT. HALLWAY - MET - CONTINUOUS**

The Guards follow Raymond and Richard, calling after them --

HEAD SECURITY GUARD  
Sir, STOP.

They don't. Raymond looks over at Richard.

RAYMOND  
Your tie is stained.

RICHARD  
No one even cares if I'm there.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sir, I'm gonna need your name.

Richard POINTS UP as they pass under a plaque that reads --  
THE SACKLER WING

The Head Security Guard stops.

HEAD SECURITY GUARD  
Shit.

SECURITY GUARD  
What?

HEAD SECURITY GUARD  
Just let it go.

SECURITY GUARD  
Let it go?!

We stay with Raymond and Richard.

RAYMOND  
This is embarrassing.

RICHARD  
I'm not embarrassed.

RAYMOND  
You're -- it's embarrassing to me.

As they round the CORNER --

RICHARD  
YOUR EMBARRASSMENT IS NOT MY  
PROBLEM!

Richard's voice ECHOES in the room. Raymond lets out a long hiss of a sigh.

Richard looks around, and finally sees where he is --

It's the cavernous hall that houses the TEMPLE OF DENDUR -- the Met's most iconic exhibit.

TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE, seated in chairs, have turned to stare at Richard. At US.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Shit.

We are at the memorial service for the family patriarch, ARTHUR SACKLER.

**JILLIAN SACKLER**, 40s, Arthur's third wife, continues from a podium in a halting voice.

JILLIAN

It is impossible for me to believe that my dearest Arthur is gone forever. That life force, so vital, so passionate in every way, so committed to worthwhile projects, so highly principled, so innovative and creative --

Members of the entire **SACKLER FAMILY**, the moneyed socialites we will come to know, look at Richard. Every face is full of disdain and malice for him.

He stares back, trying not to let it hurt him.

He shifts his gaze to a photo of his famous uncle Arthur beside the podium.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

There was so much Arthur planned to do, until his life was cut short --

We PUSH IN on Richard.

His round head becomes the bulb of an OPIUM POPPY -- fat round, and red. Swaying in a --

3 **EXT. POPPY FIELD - TASMANIA - DAY - LATE 1990s**

A single OPIUM POPPY -- a long stem, and a fat wine-colored bulb -- swaying in an industrial field in Tasmania.

A SURGICAL-GLOVED HAND grabs the opium poppy bulb, holding it steady -- then a gleaming triple-bladed razor SLICES into the bulb.

PROTESTORS (PRELAP)

SACKLERS LIE, PEOPLE DIE. STAND UP,  
FIGHT BACK.

4 **EXT./INT. ARCHIVAL PROTEST FOOTAGE - VARIOUS**

PROTESTORS chant at the Sackler Library at Harvard. Their signs read: *\$HAME ON SACKLERS. PAIN KILLER. FUCK PURDUE.*

PROTESTORS

SACKLERS LIE, PEOPLE DIE. STAND UP  
FIGHT BACK.

PARENTS gather outside a FEDERAL COURTHOUSE, holding up oversized photos of their dead children.

PROTESTORS (CONT'D)  
TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DEAD. YOU  
DON'T CARE, BUT WE DO. YOU DON'T  
CARE, BUT WE DO.

At PURDUE -- FAMILIES huddle together in the rain. A PROTESTOR speaks into a microphone, reading the names from a never-ending list of victims

PROTESTOR  
Andre Willman, Tina McKinley,  
Stephanie Richmond...

The names continue as we move up the side of the building to the top floor.

Inside -- two teams of LAWYERS on either side of a conference table.

At the center, a VIDEO CAMERA is pointed at **RICHARD SACKLER**, now late 60s.

VIDEOGRAPHER (PRELAP) (O.S.)  
All right. We're now on the record.

5

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - 2015**

Through the lens of a locked-off camcorder, we zoom in, focusing on Richard. Up close, his eyes are blank and sharklike.

VIDEOGRAPHER (O.S.)  
This is the deposition of Dr.  
Richard S. Sackler.  
(then)  
Go ahead.

GOVERNMENT LAWYER (O.S.)  
Thank you.  
(then)  
Dr. Sackler, I just want to remind  
you, you're under oath.

RICHARD'S LAWYER interrupts --

RICHARD'S LAWYER (O.S.)  
If I could just make a very short  
statement for the record.  
(MORE)

RICHARD'S LAWYER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I want to make it clear that the appearance of Dr. Sackler here today is on a voluntary basis. That's it. Go ahead.

GOVERNMENT LAWYER (O.S.)

Okay, but just to be clear, Counsel, there was a deposition notice directing Dr. Sackler to appear today.

(then)

Do you disagree with that?

RICHARD'S LAWYER (O.S.)

No. But he's here voluntarily.

GOVERNMENT LAWYER (O.S.)

Okay.

(then, to Richard)

Would you state your name please?

Richard pauses, taking a sip of water --

GOVERNMENT LAWYER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sir?

RICHARD

Dr. Richard Sackler.

GOVERNMENT LAWYER (O.S.)

And you are here today to give testimony in a case pending against Purdue, makers of OxyContin.

Richard stares into the camera, vaguely hostile.

GOVERNMENT LAWYER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dr. Sackler? Are you aware of that?

Richard's mouth forms the faintest grin -- then he coughs out a dry, sarcastic chuckle.

RICHARD

That's my understanding.

6

**EXT. POPPY FIELD - DAY - LATE 1990s**

The sliced poppy bulb vibrates in the breeze. A thick liquid OOZES from the cuts.

This is pure, RAW OPIUM -- like dark, dirty blood weeping from open wounds.

**TITLE: PAINKILLER**

7

**INT. EXAM ROOM - URGENT CARE CLINIC - DAY - LATE 1990s**

**EDIE FLOWERS**, 39, black, sits on the table. She checks her digital watch. She's been here awhile. The world weighs heavy on her. Whatever "it" is, Edie is over it.

Finally, the door opens. **DR. COYLE**, 50s, wiry, enters, clipboard in hand.

DR. COYLE  
Sorry to keep you waiting.

EDIE  
Well, it's been forty-nine minutes,  
and now I'm in a bit of a time  
crunch.

DR. COYLE  
What seems to be the problem?

EDIE  
I'd like to see your X-ray machine.  
Specifically, the GE 4225 Portable  
X-Ray.

DR. COYLE  
Uhh --

Edie gives her spiel -- it's almost rote, bureaucratic, all the sexiness of an IRS auditor.

EDIE  
You can put the clipboard down. I'm  
not a patient. Making an  
appointment is the only way I know  
I'll get your full attention.  
(then)  
And now that I have it -- my name  
is Edie Flowers, and I work for the  
Medicaid Fraud Office at the US  
Attorney's in Roanoke. Now, before  
you give me guff, and look at me --

Dr. Coyle gives her a look.

EDIE (CONT'D)  
Just like that, trust me when I say  
it's really in your best interest  
to show me that X-ray machine.  
Please and thank you.



Dr. Coyle swallows, fear in his eyes. Edie stands.

EDIE (CONT'D)

Shall we?

8

**INT. STORAGE CLOSET - URGENT CARE CLINIC - DAY - LATE 1990s**

Dr. Coyle flips the lights on. A dusty old X-ray machine sits in the corner.

DR. COYLE

There it is, but I didn't do anything wrong.

Edie squats down, wiping dirt off the base, looking behind the machine.

EDIE

You billed Medicaid for fifty X-rays a day, for thirty days straight. Not forty-nine, not fifty-one. At one hundred seven dollars an X-ray, this clinic, which you own, earned one hundred sixty thousand five hundred dollars.

DR. COYLE

I'm gonna call my lawyer.

EDIE

Why would you need a lawyer if you didn't do anything wrong? It could just be a coincidence that you saw fifty patients a day for thirty days, all of whom required an X-ray. And, giving you the benefit of the doubt, I just think that many X-rays would put an awful lot of wear and tear on the equipment --

Edie holds up an unplugged cord.

EDIE (CONT'D)

But this doesn't look like a functioning X-ray machine at all, does it? It looks like an ATM.

DR. COYLE

Are you police?

EDIE

No, Dr. Coyle. If I were police, you'd be a lucky man.

Dr. Coyle breaks down, tears welling in his eyes. Edie sighs again. She's completely immune to this.

DR. COYLE

I'll -- I'll pay it back. I don't  
wanna lose my practice. Please,  
this clinic is my life. It's all I  
have --

*BEEP BEEP BEEP!* Edie's digital watch goes off. She frowns.

EDIE

(to herself)  
Shoot.

DR. COYLE

Goddammit, please!

Edie looks at Dr. Coyle, makes a quick decision.

EDIE

Like I said, I'm in a little bit of  
a time crunch. I'm wondering if you  
could help me with something? It's  
unrelated.

DR. COYLE

What do you mean?

Edie reaches into her bag and pulls out a small medical VIAL  
of liquid and a shrink-wrapped SYRINGE.

EDIE

It's progesterone. I've had some  
irritation at the injection site,  
but that may be just because my  
angle is off. Can you?

DR. COYLE

Wait, what?

EDIE

I assume it won't be much trouble  
for you.

Edie holds out the vial and syringe to Dr. Coyle. He wipes  
his eyes.

EDIE (CONT'D)

Can we just do it here? It's  
intramuscular. Two CCs. Dr. Coyle?

DR. COYLE

Uh -- Sure --

Dr. Coyle takes the syringe and vial. Edie unbuckles her belt and pulls her pants down in the back.

Dr. Coyle sterilizes a spot on the top of Edie's butt with an alcohol swab, then draws thick amber liquid into the syringe.

DR. COYLE (CONT'D)

IVF?

For the first time, Edie smiles, loosening up.

EDIE

Mmhmm. But I tell you, it's work.  
And it is expensive as all get out.  
And that's just for one round. This  
is my third. First two weren't  
successful, but doc says my ovaries  
are still healthy, so the beat goes  
on.

Dr. Coyle's hand trembles.

EDIE (CONT'D)

You all right back there?

DR. COYLE

Yeah. Little pinch.

Dr. Coyle sticks the needle in and SLOWLY presses the plunger.

DR. COYLE (CONT'D)

Is there any way out of this?

EDIE

Cooperate.

DR. COYLE

I will.

EDIE

I'll need a copy of every invoice  
for the last two years. And if  
there is anything else I should  
know about, it's best you tell me  
now. You don't want me coming back  
here.

DR. COYLE

I really am sorry.

EDIE

I'm sure you are.

Dr. Coyle removes the needle. Edie pulls her pants up.

9 **INT. PEP BOYS AUTO SHOP - DAY - LATE 1990s**

**GLEN KRYGER**, 40, self-made and proud, walks through the store, "Manager" name tag shiny as a new hubcap.

Glen passes the register, where assistant manager **DARYLL**, 30s, is reading an off-roading magazine.

GLEN  
Heading out for a bit.

DARYLL  
Is today the day?

GLEN  
Yup.

DARYLL  
Well shit, man. Good luck.

10 **EXT. GLEN'S TRUCK - ON THE ROAD - DAY - LATE 1990s**

A cherry Silverado with custom paint and 35-inch tires. George Strait blasts from the radio.

Glen drives fast, eager to get where he's going.

11 **EXT. TIRE SHOP - DAY - LATE 1990s**

Rundown and boarded-up by the side of the highway. Four garage bays. This is Glen's dream, about to be realized.

A Chevy Suburban is parked by the small office.

Glen pulls the truck beside it. He grabs a BRIEFCASE from the passenger seat. Opens it, it's empty, except for a couple pens. All he needs. He puts on a blazer over his work shirt.

He enters the office --

12 **INT. OFFICE - TIRE SHOP - DAY - LATE 1990s**

**LILY KRYGER**, 35, Glen's warm and hard-working wife, gives Glen a peck on the lips, smoothes his lapel.

LILY  
Don't you look sharp.

Playing with a rusty old file cabinet are **KAYLEE**, 12, and **CAMERON**, 10.

GLEN

Hey guys.

Glen gives each a squeeze.

KAYLEE

Hey Dad.

CAMERON

Mom said the cabinet could give us Tetris.

GLEN

Tetanus. She's right. Where's Ty?

LILY

Wasn't home when we left.

GLEN

I wanted him to see this.

LILY

I know. But it's paperwork, not a ribbon cutting.

Another car pulls in. Two people get out, a LOAN OFFICER, and a NOTARY.

Glen's suddenly nervous. Lily senses it, takes his hand.

LILY (CONT'D)

Still exciting though.

13

**INT. OFFICE - TIRE SHOP - LATER - LATE 1990s**

Glen signs documents while the Loan Officer turns the pages of the loan agreement and the Notary looks on.

LOAN OFFICER

And right here.

Glen signs.

LOAN OFFICER (CONT'D)

That's it, Mr. Kryger. Mrs. Kryger?

Lily sits down.

LILY

I don't see why I gotta sign all this.

GLEN

This isn't mine. It's ours.

(then)

And the bank required it, so sign the damn contract.

Lily shakes her head, smiling as she signs.

14 **EXT. TIRE SHOP - DAY - LATE 1990s**

Glen, Lily, Cameron, and Kaylee smile in front of the office, arms around each other. The Notary aims a disposable camera at them.

Click.

She hands the camera back to Glen.

15 **INT. GYMNASIUM - OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY - DAY - LATE 1990s**

NCAA Regional Championships. Parents, grandparents, and friends watch as GYMNASTS compete in the most important meet of their young lives.

**SHANNON SHAEFFER**, 21 and blonde, paces behind her team, stressed and agitated. She wears a warm-up suit, no leotard -- and her left arm is bound in a HEAVY CAST. She chews on the straw of her smoothie.

As her teammate **MADDIE** finishes her uneven bar routine --

SHANNON

Let's go Maddie! You got this.

Maddie's dismount is wobbly.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Dammit.

The **COACH** looks back at Shannon. It's unspoken, but clear -- this should have been you.

The panel of three **JUDGES** sit at a nearby table, scoring it.

The Team huddles waiting for the score -- 8.93. Not great, but the team claps, flinging encouragements.

COACH

We're still in this. Let's go!

**CHELSEA's** up next. She pulls her grips tight as she whispers to Shannon.

CHELSEA

So what do I need?

SHANNON

Doesn't matter.

CHELSEA

Shann.

SHANNON

Nine-point-seven.

Chelsea breathes deep, and exhales.

CHELSEA

Shoot.

SHANNON

You got this. All your work pays off right here. Just like practice. See the routine. Finish strong.

A YOUNG WOMAN sits alone in the stands. This is **BRITT HUFFORD**, 25, Chanel bag, and a pumpkin spice latte, but she's not watching the competition. Her eyes are locked onto Shannon.

The Judges sound the bell for Chelsea to start.

Chelsea pulls herself up onto the lower bar, then FLINGS herself to the higher bar.

Shannon watches Chelsea's every move, as Britt watches Shannon's.

Chelsea's killing the routine. The team shouts encouragement.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Let's go. Let's go.

Finally Chelsea releases off the bar, into a double twist with a tuck -- and STICKS IT.

Shannon's team ERUPTS with joy as Chelsea salutes the judges, a huge smile on her face. She did as well as she could have.

As Chelsea steps off the mat, the team mobs her with hugs -- they're in this. Chelsea wraps her arms around Shannon.

The team huddles, waiting for the score.

It's in -- 9.62

The other team JUMPS UP, cheering.

Shannon's team deflates. They lost. Their season's over.  
Shannon blinks.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
That's bullshit.

Shannon marches over to the Judges' table.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
What routine were you watching?!

COACH  
Shannon!

SHANNON  
Where are the deductions?! Let me  
see the score cards! One knee  
separation, otherwise it was a  
perfect routine.

A MIDDLE JUDGE points --

JUDGE  
Go back to your team!

SHANNON  
THIS IS BULLSHIT!

Shannon HUCKS her smoothie at the Middle Judge, SMACKING him  
hard in the face, sending a spray of purple.

The Coach yanks Shannon back.

COACH  
What the hell's wrong with you?!

Shannon's teammates are drop-jawed, mortified. The crowd is  
standing, trying to catch a glimpse of the chaos --

COACH (CONT'D)  
LOCKER ROOM. NOW.

Shannon storms out of the gym.

Amongst it all -- a slight smile forms on Britt's face.



16

**EXT. LAWN - FRATERNITY - OHIO STATE U. - NIGHT - LATE 1990s**

A debauched graduation party. Drunk COLLEGE STUDENTS in caps and gowns booze and grind in front of a DJ on the lawn.

We find Shannon, already drunk, standing at the end of a line of Students, all holding Solo cups full of beer.

**BENNY**, the frat guy at the front of a second line of Students yells --

BENNY  
BOAT RACE!

-- and the first person in each line starts CHUGGING. As they finish, the next person chugs. Shannon is last in her line. It's close, but the other team is ahead --

Shannon chugs, and WINS.

BENNY (CONT'D)  
That's three in a row.

She slams down her cup. Then VOMITS.

BENNY (CONT'D)  
Oh, damn, you okay?

She wipes her mouth with her cast, and stands back up.

SHANNON  
Who's next!?

Everyone CHEERS.

17

**EXT. LAWN - FRATERNITY - OHIO STATE U. - NIGHT - LATE 1990s**

Hours later. The DJ blasts Biggie's "Mo Money Mo Problems." Shannon dances, sloppy drunk, in the center of the drunken mob.

Benny starts grinding on her. She grinds back. It's playful and he's hot. She grabs his neck, and kisses him.

SHANNON  
You want this pussy?

He laughs.

BENNY  
What'd you say?

She kisses him again. She takes his hand and puts it between her legs.

**ALAN**, shirtless, gets behind Shannon, grinding, pressing up against her ass. She turns and kisses him. He gropes her chest, lifting her shirt.

Benny hasn't gone away, he still grinds on her from behind. Touching her under her skirt --

People are starting to watch as Shannon kisses Alan and Benny, their hands all over her body.

Shannon leans back, and stumbles -- instinctively using her BROKEN ARM to break her fall.

SHANNON

Ahh --

MUFFLED PAIN radiates through her. She winces -- and she's still trying to stay conscious. Benny and Alan help her to her feet.

Alan gives Benny a look. Benny grins.

ALAN

(to Shannon)

Let's go inside. Come on.

SHANNON

Yeah.

They each put a shoulder under her arm and walk her toward the door. Her toes barely tap the grass as they move her.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Hell yeah.

Shannon's eyes flutter back ---

Time gets CHOPPY and her vision gets BLURRY.

She hears Alan and Benny YELLING at someone.

ALAN

Leave us alone, bitch.

BENNY

This has nothing to do with you.

Shannon hears another voice yelling back. FEMALE.

She hears the sound of a car door opening, and a car STARTING.

Shannon's eyes focus for a minute.

She's looking at BRITT, the woman who was watching her from the stands. She's DRIVING.

SHANNON

Who are you?

Suddenly, Shannon's sitting up in BED, everything coming in and out of focus.

BRITT

Arm up.

She raises her cast-free arm.

SHANNON

I was gonna ---

Britt helps her out of her shirt and into a clean t-shirt.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

I was gonna --

Shannon goes horizontal.

The sound of a door CLOSING.

DARKNESS.

18

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SACKLER OFFICES - DAY - 1987

The ENTIRE SACKLER CLAN is seated around a large conference table, including Jillian, **ELSE**, **ARTHUR JUNIOR**, **CAROL**, **ELIZABETH**, **DENISE**. Raymond sits beside his brother **MORTIMER SACKLER**, dressed like European royalty.

Everyone is talking at once.

A DELI TRAY sits in the middle of the table.

The only person eating is Richard -- sitting in the back, devouring a corned beef sandwich. He is an outsider in his own family.

At the center of the chaos, **STANLEY BERGMAN**, the executor of Arthur's estate, stands up and clears his throat.

BERGMAN

Hold on, hold on. QUIET!

Finally, they all shut up.

Richard takes a big predatory bite of the sandwich. Pieces of meat accumulate around his feet.

JILLIAN

Stanley, can we move on to me? I'd like to know what I'm getting.

BERGMAN

You have the insurance policy, and the money from the pension plan which amounts to four hundred fifty thousand a year. You've got the Park Avenue apartment -- basically, you'll inherit everything personal -- houses, cars, cash, artwork.

ELIZABETH

Artwork? I'm the one running the foundation.

BERGMAN

She will get Arthur's private collection.

ELIZABETH

That's bullshit, she sleeps on a Ming Dynasty bed that should be in a museum. Which is where the art belongs.

BERGMAN

On that. It seems Arthur hypothecated a great deal of art and money over the years --

JILLIAN

Hypothecated?

BERGMAN

A fancy word for "promised, but not delivered."

RAYMOND

It means he owes a lot of money --

Raymond and Mortimer lock eyes.

BERGMAN

Yes, and art. There are significant debts to several institutions. Harvard, The Met, the Smithsonian, Columbia, Tufts --

MORTIMER

And who pays that?

BERGMAN

Arthur had planned on those commitments coming out of the family stock.

Richard finishes the sandwich. Mustard and grease cover his fingers. He looks around for something to wipe them with.

JILLIAN

What's the "family stock?"

BERGMAN

Well, Mortimer and Raymond, Else, and all of the children --

JILLIAN

So, not me.

BERGMAN

No, not you. The "family stock" is everyone else's percentage of Arthur's various businesses.

MORTIMER

Which are?

Bergman reads from a FILE FOLDER. Richard wipes his fingers on the back of Raymond's chair, smearing the mustard.

BERGMAN

Well, uh... Douglas McAdams, Medical Tribune International, Napp Pharmaceuticals, MD Publications, Medimetrik, Purdue Frederick, MRB, IMS, MSCDC --

CAROL

LMNOP, XYZ --

ARTHUR JR.

Alphabet soup.

MORTIMER

It's a mess.

ELSE

I haven't heard of most of these companies.

ARTHUR JR.

(to Bergman)

Is this like a shell game? Was Dad broke?

BERGMAN

No, no, no. Well, maybe.

The room EXPLODES with yelling, crosstalk, and recrimination.

Richard finally says something.

RICHARD

Purdue.

No one hears him. He speaks again, louder, over everyone.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We'll just take Purdue. That's what Uncle Arthur would've wanted.

Everyone looks at Richard, as if they're noticing his presence for the first time, and not liking what they're seeing.

ELSE

This is exciting. Richard is speaking for Arthur.

MORTIMER

Christ. Raymond?

RAYMOND

Son, let us figure this out --

Elizabeth smiles, condescending.

ELIZABETH

You only want Purdue.

RICHARD

Yes.

RAYMOND

Now wait --

ELIZABETH

-- the company that makes the ear wax remover and the laxative?

ARTHUR JR.

And the spray! Don't forget the spray.

RICHARD

It's the only place I've ever worked. Dad and Uncle Mortimer started it with Arthur and they've been running it since nineteen fifty-two.

ELSE

Oh, please. Arthur only put their names on it as charity. He felt sorry for them.

MORTIMER

Else as the ex-~~ex~~-wife, your mere presence here is an act of charity.

Jillian, the third wife, chuckles.

JILLIAN

True.

ELSE

Actually, I think it's a brilliant idea, Richard.

MORTIMER

Well thank goodness my idiot nephew doesn't have a legal pot to piss in here.

RICHARD

I'm not an idiot.

A few chuckles. Richard shouts.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'M NOT AN IDIOT. I'M NOT.

19

**INT. ARTHUR'S PRIVATE OFFICE - SACKLER OFFICES - LATER - 1987**

Just as Arthur left it. Piles of paper, unopened crates of art. Raymond PUSHES Richard inside. Mortimer follows, then shuts the door.

RAYMOND

What in the royal fuck was that?

Richard jabs a finger at Mortimer.

RICHARD

He called me an idiot. I'm not an idiot.

MORTIMER

You are absolutely an idiot.

(to Raymond)

Because of you, they're in there whacking the piñata while we're in here yanking our peckers.

Raymond gestures to Arthur's "Me Wall" -- framed photos of Arthur with famous artists and politicians.

RAYMOND

You think that little drug company was his grand plan? His legacy?

RICHARD

Uncle Arthur was a physician before he was anything else. And we're doctors, the three of us. Everyone else in that room are a bunch of snobs who don't know anything or do anything. All they are is rich, and it turns out they're not even that rich! They just sit around waiting for the next ribbon cutting. I am not going to be like them.

MORTIMER

Wouldn't trouble yourself on that front.

RICHARD

At Purdue -- at least we do something. We make something.

MORTIMER

We make ear wax remover.

RICHARD

And MS Contin. That's a good drug.

MORTIMER

A niche drug for people who are dying of cancer. Should we try to give more people cancer and boost profits?

RAYMOND

The patent's going to expire soon and we have nothing in the pipeline. Purdue's a zombie. We'd be lucky to sell it.

Richard shakes his head.



RICHARD

Now that Arthur's gone, we can do whatever we want. You've been waiting for him to die --

RAYMOND

Now now.

RICHARD

I know you have. I hear you talk.

MORTIMER

Let it go. There's free money on the table, and I'm not looking to work any harder than I need to.

RICHARD

Then let me. I know Purdue. It's my opportunity to do something truly great -- greater than anything Uncle Arthur could have imagined.

RAYMOND

Son, this family doesn't need you to do anything --

RICHARD

It's not for the family. It's for you. You wanna wait around and fight over the scraps? You'll be dead before the lawsuits stop. Whatever they think of me, they think of you too. Both of you. Arthur's baby brothers, never did anything without asking permission.

This cuts Raymond and Mortimer. Richard stares at them, fire in his eyes.

20

**INT. EDIE'S CUBICLE - US ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY - LATE 1990s**

Meticulously organized. Spreadsheets line the walls, each adorned with Edie's specific color-coded notation system.

Edie finishes a turkey sandwich on whole wheat. She carefully folds the wrapper, places it in her waste bin, and then wipes down the surface for crumbs.

Several of her COWORKERS return from lunch, sipping on sodas, chummy.

EDIE

Afternoon.

No answer. No matter.

She takes out pens in different colors, a highlighter, and a ruler, and begins to leaf through the pages from the Urgent Care Clinic, one by one.

21 **INT. EDIE'S HOUSE - EVENING - LATE 1990s**

A tidy two-bedroom. Warm but spare. Clear that Edie lives alone, no partner. No family photos.

Edie enters the front door, and picks up the mail from the floor. Flips through.

She stops on a handwritten letter from CUMBERLAND CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION.

She opens it, scans the pages, hand-written. The penmanship looks like it was written by a middle-schooler. Edie considers it --

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER (PRELAP)(O.C.)  
And what is the name of the inmate?

Then stuffs it in a drawer filled with IDENTICAL LETTERS.

22 **INT. KITCHEN - EDIE'S HOUSE - EVENING - LATE 1990s**

Edie talks on the kitchen phone, her checkbook out.

EDIE  
Deshawn Flowers.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER (O.C.)  
Check number?

Edie reads the account number at the bottom.

EDIE  
One, two, two, eight, five, seven  
zero, two, four, nine.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER (O.C.)  
And how much would you like to add  
to his canteen?

EDIE  
Seventy-five dollars.

23 **INT. KITCHEN - EDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATE 1990s**

Edie sits alone at her kitchen table in sweats and a robe, head buried in the Urgent Care files. Work is her only companion.

EDIE

Hunh.

She notices something in the files. Something interesting. She takes out a GREEN PEN, and underlines a word.

EDIE (CONT'D)

Hunh.

She underlines another word. Her watch BEEPS. She pulls a SYRINGE from her purse, and preps it.

24 **INT. SHANNON'S DORM ROOM - MORNING - LATE 1990s**

All things gymnastics. Trophies on every flat surface.

Shannon's asleep, over the covers, in a clean t-shirt and nothing else. She stirs, head throbbing. On the nightstand, two pills, a tall glass of water, and a business card that reads --

PURDUE PHARMA  
*Britt Hufford*

The phone number is circled. On the back is a handwritten note --

*Hope you're not too hungover.  
Call me,  
Britt.*

At a loss, and very hungover, Shannon rolls over, back to sleep.

25 **EXT. DRIVEWAY - KRYGER HOUSE - EARLY MORNING - LATE 1990s**

David Lee Murphy's "Dust On The Bottle" plays from the truck's speakers. Glen washes the truck, singing along.

DAVID LEE MURPHY

*Creole Williams --  
Lived down a dirt road --  
Made homemade wine like nobody I  
know --*

26 **INT. KITCHEN - KRYGER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Lily watches Glen from the window in her bathrobe. He does a shimmy. She giggles. Glen spots her.

GLEN

Get out here and dance with me!

LILY

Not a chance.

GLEN

You're refusing my charms?

(dumb smile)

My body?

LILY

You're gonna upset the neighbors.

Glen points the hose at the window, soaking it.

27 **INT. KITCHEN - KRYGER HOUSE - LATER - LATE 1990s**

Glen, Lily, Kaylee, and Cameron eat breakfast. Glen drowns his eggs in hot sauce. Glen glances down the hallway.

GLEN

Ty up?

KAYLEE

Yeah. I heard him.

GLEN

(calling)

TYLER, BREAKFAST. NOW.

CAMERON

Can I drive the bulldozer?

LILY

A professional should be doing that, but Daddy's being cheap and he wants to do all the work by himself.

GLEN

Gotta be at least eleven, bud.

(then)

TY.

(to Lily)

What's going on? He knows we're working all weekend. We got benchmarks.

A GIRL GIGGLES from behind a closed door down the hall. They all hear it.

Glen looks at Lily, anger rising.

LILY  
Don't you look at me like that. I had no idea.

GLEN  
You know when he got home last night?

LILY  
Before Unsolved Mysteries.

GLEN  
Did he --

It dawns on both of them at the same moment.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
I'm welding his damn window shut.

Glen marches down the hall. Lily follows.

LILY  
Christ.

Glen tries to open the door. It's JAMMED.

GLEN  
Open this door.

TYLER (O.C.)  
Busy. Do not disturb.

GLEN  
Open this door, or --

More laughter from inside the room. Glen marches back to the kitchen. Lily taps on the door.

LILY  
Honey, I didn't know you had a friend over.

TYLER  
Well, I do.

LILY  
Best you both come out now.

Glen returns with a POWER DRILL.

LILY (CONT'D)

GLEN.

Glen UNSCREWS the door from its hinges, then YANKS it clear out of the frame.

INSIDE THE ROOM -- **TYLER**, 17, all defiant adolescent energy, in his boxers.

TYLER

What the hell!

GLEN

You have thirty seconds to get ready and she has half that time to get out of this house.

Beside the door, a girl, **TANYA**, wearing only Tyler's tank top, quivers with fear.

TYLER

(to Tanya)

Don't you go anywhere.

(to Glen)

Put my door back on.

GLEN

You don't get a door anymore. TRUST will earn you back your door. Five seconds.

TYLER

(to Tanya)

Stay.

Tanya throws on her jeans, snatches her shoes, and rushes out.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?

GLEN

Get dressed.

It's a face off. Glen GRABS Tyler.

They're nose to nose. Glen is still bigger, stronger -- lord in this domain. Tyler's muscles twitch under Glen's grip, itching to strike back. *Is this the day?* Glen can sense Tyler's hunger. He grips harder.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Now.

Tyler relents. He reaches for a shirt. Lily, Kaylee and Cameron look on, shocked.

28

INT./EXT. TIRE SHOP - DAY - LATE 1990s

Lily, Cameron, and Kaylee clean out the office.

Glen drags construction debris to the edge of a garage bay, drops it on a pile.

Tyler's behind the wheel of a BACKHOE. He scoops up the debris, and takes it to a bigger pile, which is up a little hill beside the shop.

GLEN  
Keep that bucket down.

Tyler ignores him. He dumps the load, then comes back.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
I said keep the bucket down.

TYLER  
Yeah, I heard you.

Tyler scoops up more dirt.

GLEN  
Listen --

TYLER  
I HEARD YOU.

GLEN  
This isn't just important to me.  
This is gonna be yours someday. You  
get me?

TYLER  
I don't want to own a tire shop.

GLEN  
It's not a -- it's a *legacy*, son.

TYLER  
Not mine.

GLEN  
You're a goddamned ingrate.

TYLER  
Okay.

Tyler raises the boom and moves back to the pile.

GLEN  
And lower the boom!

Glen parks himself there, watching Tyler, arms folded in judgment.

TYLER  
You gonna watch me?

GLEN  
Hell yes I'm gonna watch you. I'm  
not gonna let you mess this up.

Tyler grits his teeth, scoops up another load of dirt -- teeth of the bucket getting close to Glen. Menacing.

Glen steps forward, daring Tyler to touch him with the bucket.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
Lower the boom.

TYLER  
Why are you making me do this if  
you're gonna be up my ass the whole  
time? Just let me do it.

GLEN  
I will if you DO IT RIGHT.

TYLER  
YOU FUCKING DO IT.

Tyler stands up and jumps down from the backhoe.

GLEN  
TYLER.

Tyler walks away, but the backhoe is STILL MOVING toward the shop.

Glen runs, gets alongside it, and tries to hop in. His foot catches and he slips into the dirt.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
Shit.

Lily runs out of the office.

LILY  
What are you doing?!



Glen gets back up and TAKES OFF after the backhoe, which is now heading toward a tire bay.

Glen leaps in the passenger side, but can't reach the wheel. He yanks the lever instead, LOWERING the front stabilizer --

It's a mistake. He knows it immediately.

GLEN

No --

He feels the backhoe start to TIP. He paws frantically at the lever -- but the backhoe HITS a divot and BUCKS him out to the ground.

LILY

GLEN!

Glen lands, disoriented, already in pain -- but he only has a millisecond to see the boom WHIPPING down from above.

He raises his hand in desperation as the hardened steel bucket STRIKES him square in the back.

Glen is out cold.

LILY (CONT'D)

CALL AN AMBULANCE!

Now halfway down the block, Tyler hears the crash.

29

**INT. SHANNON'S DORM ROOM - AFTERNOON - LATE 1990s**

Shannon's still asleep. A knock on her door wakes her.

She stumbles to the door, and opens it, bleary-eyed.

BRITT

You didn't call me.

SHANNON

What?

BRITT

It's fine. You're probably confused.

SHANNON

I don't know who you are, or why you were in my dorm room, so yeah I didn't call you back. I should've probably called the cops --

BRITT

You were about to make a big mistake last night and I intervened.

SHANNON

What are you talking about? You don't even know me --

Britt pauses, then --

BRITT

You were plucked for the Olympic track when you were eight or nine. You, and more importantly your parents -- who you probably don't talk to anymore -- saw it as your only way out of the double-wide. So, since that day, literally every decision you've made has been in service of that goal. How many times have you imagined it, standing on a podium, holding a bouquet. And then --

SHANNON

Stop.

BRITT

And then you shattered your elbow. So now, you have no goal, no purpose, no friends, no family, and no actual skills. You don't know who you are. So, you get drunk, flash your snatch to a bunch of meatheads just to feel like you matter again, even for one sloppy second.

SHANNON

Fuck you.

BRITT

The only thing you have -- is your desire to win.

Rage is swirling in Shannon, her eyes filling with tears.

BRITT (CONT'D)

See?

(then)

Don't get me wrong, that's worth its weight in gold.

SHANNON

What do you want?

BRITT

I want you to know that I've been right where you are. I was recruited, same as you. Soccer. Wingback. Varsity all four years, All-American my last two. I severed my Achilles a week into training with the national team, so no Sydney for me. No more soccer, period. I know exactly how you feel. And I have a way forward.

(then)

I work in sales for a pharmaceutical company.

SHANNON

You sell drugs.

BRITT

I change people's lives.

(then)

If you're interested, which you should be, I want someone like you. Someone who knows what it means to have big dreams -- and attack them.

Shannon locks eyes with Britt. An unexpected, almost intimate Shannon breaks their stare.

BRITT (CONT'D)

In your first year you'll make a hundred grand. Minimum. How about that for a dream?

Shannon slams the door in Britt's face.

She turns around, furious, but finds nothing but trophies staring back at her.

30

**EXT. PURDUE - NORWALK, CONNECTICUT - DAY - 1987**

A shabby brown office building. Richard gets out of his beige '79 Mercedes, and opens the rear passenger door.

RICHARD

C'mon, let's go.

Impatient, Richard reaches in and pulls out a PUPPY. It's a bull mastiff with enormous paws. This is **UNC**. They make their way toward the entrance.

31 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - PURDUE - DAY - 1987

Richard sits at the end of an enormous table. His foot is holding down Unc's leash.

**DR. ROBERT KAIKO**, 40s, scholarly, sits across from him.

RICHARD

When we were developing MS Contin, did we have a plan for the second generation? Some improvement that would enable us to extend the patent?

KAIKO

No. MS Contin was always intended to be morphine with a time-release coating, and --

RICHARD

I know what MS Contin is, Dr. Kaiko.

KAIKO

I, uh --

Dr. Kaiko's distracted by Unc, who is shitting on the floor.

RICHARD

Make your point.

KAIKO

My point is, the time-release component works well, so we wouldn't want to reformat it, and the other component, the morphine --  
(then)  
Should I call a custodian, or get a paper towel?

RICHARD

Why morphine?

KAIKO

Well, because it's morphine. It's easy to manufacture, it's well-understood, which meant it was relatively easy to get approval from the FDA.

Kaiko looks at Unc, now with his nose in the shit.

RICHARD

But why not other opioids?

KAIKO  
Everyone knows what morphine is.

RICHARD  
Meaning?

KAIKO  
This is a very specific drug for extremely sick people. They know it's the end of the line, and we believed there was an added psychological benefit that came from patients knowing they were getting morphine. They know it's an act of mercy.

Richard's mind races.

RICHARD  
Uh huh.

Unc starts chewing on Richard's shoe.

KAIKO  
Cute puppy.

RICHARD  
He won't always be a puppy.

32     **INT. MRI ROOM - DAY - LATE 1990s**

Glen glides back into an MRI SCANNER. He can see Lily behind the barrier. As he enters the scanner, his breath shortens, the world closes in around him.

33     **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - LATE 1990s**

Glen lies on the bed, trying to see the MRI SCAN up on the light box -- circles around THREE DISCS, protruding, smashed up against the spinal cord.

34     **INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY - LATE 1990s**

A scalpel slides along the base of Glen's back, separating his skin. DARK BLOOD seeps out, and a NURSE suctions it away from the wound.

35 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - LATE 1990s

Lily sits beside Glen, who is foggy, post-op. She's taking notes as the NEUROLOGIST speaks.

NEUROLOGIST

Your PT will start next week once you're on your feet again.

LILY

PT?

NEUROLOGIST

Physical therapy.

GLEN

It hurts to breathe, I can't even walk, how am I gonna do physical therapy?

He hands Lily several PRESCRIPTIONS. She takes them.

NEUROLOGIST

These will help. That's a muscle relaxer, a steroid for inflammation, and some Vicodin for the pain --

36 INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY OFFICE - DAY - LATE 1990s

Several weeks later. Lily watches as Glen lies on his back. His **PHYSICAL THERAPIST** holds his feet as he squeezes a ball between his knees.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

That's it! C'mon. Harder! Squeeze!

LILY

LET'S GO!

Glen makes a tiny movement.

GLEN

I'm trying, but nothing's happening!

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

We're working to strengthen the muscles in your stomach and around your back. As you heal, the core muscles will --

GLEN

I know, but I need to get back to work. Let's go again.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

It's a long process, Mister Kryger. I've seen many cases like yours over the years. And you have to know -- this is something you're living with now. This is your new reality.

Lily's heart breaks.

37

**INT. LIVING ROOM - KRYGER HOUSE - DAY - LATE 1990s**

Glen stirs on the couch. The news is on the TV, but he can't see it. It hurts too much to turn his head. He tries to roll over but flinches in pain.

GLEN

Lily? LILY??

Tyler walks in.

TYLER

She's getting groceries. She told you that.

GLEN

Why are you home? Why aren't you in school?

TYLER

It's five o'clock.

Glen's disoriented.

GLEN

It is?

TYLER

What do you want?

GLEN

How about a little goddamn manners?

Tyler clenches his jaw. Even on his back, Glen can get under his skin.

GLEN (CONT'D)

I can't turn my head to watch the TV. I need you to move it.

TYLER

You want me to take the TV down  
outta the cabinet?

GLEN

I can't move my head.

TYLER

I can't lift it. Why don't you get  
another TV? They have small ones.

GLEN

You think we're in any kinda  
condition to buy a new TV right  
now?

TYLER

So what, I just move the TV around  
the room depending on where you're  
lying?

GLEN

Will you just move the TV?

TYLER

Move it yourself.

Tyler grabs a coat, and heads toward the door.

GLEN

It's the least you could do, after  
what you did.

Furious, Tyler takes one end of the couch in both hands, and  
LIFTS it up --

GLEN (CONT'D)

STOP! OW, ow ow!

Tyler DRAGS the couch around -- so Glen is now facing the TV.

TYLER

You're welcome.

38

**INT. CUBICLE - US ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY - LATE 1990s**

**JANET**, 50, Assistant US Attorney, career bureaucrat, and  
Edie's supervisor, leafs through the printouts, meticulously  
marked-up with green pen. Her cubicle is bigger than Edie's  
but it's still a cubicle.

Edie sits across from Janet, explaining what she's seeing.



EDIE

A doctor out in Lee County is billing for fake X-rays. It's open and shut, but I took additional records because, you know, where there's smoke -- but I wasn't prepared for that.

JANET

I'm sorry, Edie. What am I looking at here?

EDIE

Eight thousand ninety-eight prescriptions for the same drug in one year. He saw three thousand and sixty-five patients total.

JANET

So you found additional fraud. Why are you telling me --

EDIE

(erupting)  
It's not fraud -- Dr. Coyle is a drug dealer.  
(then)  
Sorry.

JANET

What's going on with you?

Edie composes herself, then --

EDIE

I really don't like drug dealers.

JANET

Isn't this an antibiotic?

EDIE

It's a painkiller --

JANET

Never heard of it, but if this is diversion, refer it to the DEA.

EDIE

They're slow and they don't care about prescription drugs. You know that.

JANET

Move on.

Edie doesn't move.

JANET (CONT'D)

Look, I know you want to be the canary in the coal mine, sounding the alarm, but --

EDIE

You're using that expression exactly backwards. A canary singing in a coal mine isn't a warning, it's a good thing. It's what you want. It's when the canary goes silent -- that's when you've got a problem.

Janet hands the paperwork back to Edie, ending the meeting.

JANET

Whatever. You did your job, now let law enforcement do theirs.

39

**INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL - DAY - LATE 1990s**

Shannon collects her name tag and a folder emblazoned with the logo of PURDUE from a reception desk. Her arm is in a sling, no longer in a cast. She's uneasy, still not at peace with her decision to come here.

She files inside a conference room with a few other attractive, white, mostly female RECRUITS, where there is a DIN of excitement.

BRITT (PRELAP)

Has anyone here had a medical emergency?

40

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MARRIOTT HOTEL - LATER - LATE 1990s**

Britt stands in front of a few dozen RECRUITS, including Shannon.

BRITT

Don't be shy. This is part of your job now.

A few hands raise. Britt smiles when she spots Shannon.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Shannon?

SHANNON

I didn't raise my hand.

Britt nods at her sling.

BRITT

Yes. I can see why. What happened to your arm?

SHANNON

Uh, well, I fell off the bars during a gymnastics competition. I broke my arm, the bone stuck out --

People grimace, Shannon shrinks. She said the wrong thing.

BRITT

Oh please, ladies, don't be so squeamish.

(a wink to Shannon)

The bone stuck out? That's called a compound fracture. Use precise language. You will be dealing with medical professionals. Now is the time to purchase a copy of Stedman's Dictionary of Medical Terminology. Write that down. Study it in your own time.

(to Shannon)

When the EMTs arrived, what did they do?

SHANNON

I don't know. I passed out.

BRITT

You're still here, so they probably did something.

Chuckles. Shannon doesn't laugh.

BRITT (CONT'D)

One last question, Shannon. Were you in pain?

SHANNON

Um. Yeah.

BRITT

How did that affect your life?

Shannon hesitates, not eager to share this part of herself.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Come on.  
(then)  
Don't be afraid.

Britt's eyes bore into Shannon, subduing her, luring her --

SHANNON

I was a gymnast, since first grade.  
And now, I'm not.

BRITT

I'm sorry that happened to you. Are  
you still in pain?

SHANNON

Sometimes.

Britt softens, filled with genuine empathy.

BRITT

Well, I'm glad you're here. We're  
gonna take care of you, girl. Okay?

Britt smiles, maternal. Shannon nods back, feeling safe.  
Something she hasn't felt in a LONG TIME. Britt turns to the  
others.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Temperature, heart rate,  
respiratory rate, and blood  
pressure. These are known as the  
vital signs. Do you know what is  
NOT a vital sign?

Silence.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Pain. In fact, pain is the last  
thing that most medical  
professionals consider when they  
care for you, or your grandmother,  
or your boyfriend. Pain has long  
been understood to be a symptom of  
injury or disease, not something to  
treat in and of itself. Pain was  
seen as a by-product -- but tell  
that to Shannon.

Shannon takes it in, now she's feeling seen.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Or an osteoarthritis patient. Or  
someone with a back injury.

(MORE)

BRITT (CONT'D)

Doctors do not respect pain because they don't know anything about it. A medical education is seven years. Do you know how much direct instruction medical students receive on pain? Forty-eight minutes.

Britt lets that sink in.

BRITT (CONT'D)

In OxyContin, we have an answer. If you are a good fit for us, you will join our crusade to change the way Americans deal with their pain. Patients don't need to adjust their lives to deal with pain; doctors need to adjust their treatment of it. Pain is no longer something to tolerate, it's something to overcome.

On Shannon, it's a lot to take in. She rubs her finger against her palm, like she's stroking a talisman.

BRITT (CONT'D)

At Purdue, we've spent years developing OxyContin -- an effective, long-lasting, and safe treatment for pain, with broad application to a wide range of patients. But you will have to do more than sell this treatment. You will be convincing doctors to take pain seriously. Make no mistake -- you will be part of a revolution.

Shannon buzzes, ready to be part of it.

41

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MARRIOTT HOTEL - LATER - LATE 1990s**

The crowd has thinned out. Only the Recruits who made the cut. Shannon signs the offer letter while Britt approaches with PURDUE EXECUTIVES, including **HOWARD UDELL**, 60s.

BRITT

And this is Shannon.

UDELL

Nice to meet you in person. We've heard so much about you.

SHANNON

You have?

BRITT

We do our research. You didn't think this was serendipity, did you?

SHANNON

I mean, I --

UDELL

We make our own luck, dear.

Udell gives Britt a proprietary squeeze on the arm, then moves on.

BRITT

I know this might sound cliché, but working here is like being part of a family.

SHANNON

Um, can I ask you a question? I was wondering when our first paychecks arrive?

BRITT

What do you need?

SHANNON

I was living in the dorms, because I was on a scholarship, and a deposit for an apartment is more than I have --

BRITT

Stay with me.

SHANNON

I just need to know when I'm getting paid. I can take care of myself.

BRITT

I know you can.

(then)

Believe me when I say this is more than a job. It saved me. It gave me something to believe in. And once you see the faces of the people you're helping, you'll realize it's about so much more than a paycheck.

Shannon warms to the idea.

SHANNON

Okay.

Britt gives Shannon a big hug.

BRITT

Ooooooh we're gonna be best  
friends, I can feel it.

42

**INT. MARKET RESEARCH FIRM - DAY - 1987**

Richard watches a FOCUS GROUP from behind a two-way mirror. His hands are on the mirror, and he watches through his fingers.

The group is entirely DOCTORS, some wearing scrubs under their jackets. The **FACILITATOR** speaks --

FACILITATOR

I'll say a word, and then you say  
the first thing that pops into your  
head. Anyone can go first. Ready?

Nods all around.

FACILITATOR (CONT'D)

Codeine.

He points around the room, getting quick answers. Richard taps the glass with every answer.

DOCTORS

Dentist. / Pain relief. / Wisdom  
teeth. / Fever. / Cough syrup.

*Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.*

FACILITATOR

Thank you. And how about morphine.

DOCTORS (VARIOUS)

Death. / Cancer. / Addicts. /  
Hospice.

*Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.*

FACILITATOR

Alright. Now, tell me what words  
you associate with oxycodone.

A beat. The Facilitator looks around the room. Blank stares. Confusion.

DOCTORS (VARIOUS)  
Is that Percocet? / ... /  
Pulmonary? / Like oxygen?

All the Doctors suddenly hear jubilant DRUMMING on the other side of the mirror.

Richard beats the glass like a bongo, big smile. Jackpot.

43

**INT. LIVING ROOM - KRYGER HOUSE - LATE NIGHT - LATE 1990s**

Everyone's asleep. Glen lies flat on the couch, wide awake, and in excruciating pain. He takes two Vicodin and washes them down with Gatorade.

He needs to piss. He eyes the bathroom. He tries to get up but he can't -- the pain too raw. He grabs the Gatorade bottle and chugs the rest, dropping the cap on the ground.

He struggles to roll to his side. He pulls his sweatpants down, wincing with each breath. He pisses in the bottle. Relief.

He holds the Gatorade full of piss with one hand, as he reaches for the bottle cap with the other, panting from even the slightest exertion -- when the BOTTLE slips --

Warm piss spills all over him and the couch.

GLEN  
Ah shit. Shit. SHIT.

Glen looks around for something to clean himself with.

LILY (O.S.)  
Hon?

GLEN  
It's fine!

Lily enters.

LILY  
Honey, are you okay?

Lily kneels, putting her hand on the couch -- recoils -- her hand is wet. She immediately puts it together.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Ooh.



GLEN  
Just get me a towel.

Glen tries to breathe, fighting panic, discomfort, humiliation.

LILY  
Hang on.

Lily disappears into the kitchen and returns with paper towels and cleaning spray.

GLEN  
Here --

Glen takes the paper towels and tries to sit up to wipe himself off -- but the pain won't let him.

LILY  
Stop. Let me. This ain't mama's first nighttime pee incident.

She cleans. Glen has no choice but to let her.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Sorta makes me miss when the kids were little.

She giggles. Glen chuckles too.

LILY (CONT'D)  
So this is funny to you now?

Lily looks up. Sees that Glen isn't laughing. He's SOBBING.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Oh honey.

She puts her arms around him.

GLEN  
This -- can't -- happen. This -- can't -- happen.

LILY  
We'll figure this out.

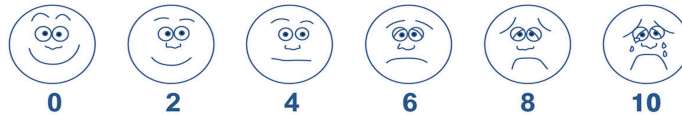
Now they're both crying. From the shadows down the hallway, Tyler listens.

44

**INT. EXAM ROOM - DR. HARTMAN'S OFFICE - DAY - LATE 1990s**

Glen leans against a chair in front of **DR. HARTMAN**, at a strange angle. It's the only way he's not in unbearable pain. Lily stands beside him, there to help if he loses balance.

Dr. Hartman gestures to a diagram on the back of the door. It's the Wong-Baker Pain Scale:



DR. HARTMAN

On a scale of one to ten, where would you say your pain is?

GLEN

Right now, probably an eight. I don't know, I've never felt anything like this.

DR. HARTMAN

I hear you, Glen.

GLEN

I need to get back to work. I got a mortgage and a bank loan. I gotta keep my job. I don't think the Vicodin they gave me at the hospital is working anymore.

DR. HARTMAN

The hospital gave you Vicodin because that's what they give everybody. I'd like to start you on a new drug called OxyContin. It's similar to Vicodin, but it's a twelve hour pill. You take one in the morning and one before you go to bed. No waking up in the middle of the night in pain. But I should warn you.

Lily and Glen look up, expecting the worst.

DR. HARTMAN (CONT'D)

It can cause constipation.

45 INT. BRITT'S APARTMENT - DAY - LATE 1990s

New-money, swanky high-rise. Britt pours champagne into a pink-colored flute.

46 INT. BATHROOM - BRITT'S APARTMENT - LATER - LATE 1990s

Shannon's in the spa-like shower, feeling it.

BRITT (O.S.)  
Hey girl, you good?

Shannon startles.

SHANNON  
Oh my god.

BRITT  
Sorry. Thought you could use some champagne.

Britt reaches into the shower and hands her the flute of champagne.

BRITT (CONT'D)  
To celebrate.

Shannon takes it. And takes a sip.

SHANNON  
Thank you.

We follow Britt into the bedroom, where she sees Shannon's DUFFLE BAG on the bed. It's everything Shannon owns.

BRITT  
Take your time.

47 INT. GUEST BEDROOM - BRITT'S APARTMENT - LATER - LATE 1990s

Shannon steps out in a towel to find Britt sitting on the bed.

SHANNON  
That was amazing. There's two shower heads!

BRITT  
There she is.

Shannon looks around confused, the bed is empty.

SHANNON

Do you know where my bag went?

BRITT

There's plenty of clothes in the closet there for you.

SHANNON

Your clothes.

BRITT

They're gonna look so cute on you.

SHANNON

Some of that stuff was important.

Britt smiles --

BRITT

Just take a look.

Translation -- *you're not getting your shit back, ever.*

Shannon opens the closet door. High-end dresses and shoes, neatly organized.

She looks in the vanity. Jewelry, underwear and expensive loungewear. Her eyes scan this new luxury, hungry.

Shannon reaches for a dress. Her towel falls to the floor.

Britt sips her champagne.

BRITT (CONT'D)

I'll be out here.

48

**INT./EXT. BALCONY - BRITT'S APARTMENT - DAY - LATE 1990s**

Britt sips her champagne. Shannon steps out, wearing a shift dress and pumps, all class. Everything feeling new.

SHANNON

I can't believe this is your life.

BRITT

Now it's *your* life.

She puts her glass on the railing and then SCRATCHES the palms of her hands.

BRITT (CONT'D)

What's going on with your hands?

Shannon's a little embarrassed. Britt takes Shannon's hand.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Tell me.

SHANNON

On the bars, when you start a new routine, after a while you get these -- they're called "rips." On your hands, like big blisters that would open up and then callous over again and again --

Britt winces.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

No, I know. It sounds gross, but it was like the most exciting thing. It meant, now I'm an actual gymnast. I'm part of this team, part of something bigger. It was a rite of passage -- we'd show 'em off. I'm ripping my skin off for this, for you. It's weirdly good.

(then)

Right now, my hands feel like they're on fire.

Shannon looks up at Britt, alive and excited --

49

**INT. LABORATORY - PURDUE - NIGHT - 1987**

Empty, sterile and sinister. The bowels of the building. Richard waits as Raymond, Mortimer and Dr. Kaiko enter.

Unc gnaws on a bone at Richard's feet.

MORTIMER

Whatever this is, couldn't you've just told us over the phone? Why do we have to be here at night?

RICHARD

Because, this is where it's going to happen.

RAYMOND

Get to it, son.

RICHARD

I want to make a new drug.

MORTIMER

That's what this is? A sales pitch?

RICHARD

I want us to use the same system that we use with MS Contin, but replace the morphine with oxycodone.

MORTIMER

You're putting old wine in new bottles. I'm going to dinner.

RAYMOND

It would be old bottles, new wine.

RICHARD

No. It's something new.

RAYMOND

Nobody wants a weaker cancer drug.

KAIKO

Oxycodone is two and a half times more potent than morphine.

RICHARD

And you just proved my point, Dad. Everyone has an idea about morphine, but oxycodone is a clean slate. Nobody knows what it is. We can make it whatever we want.

MORTIMER

What are you saying?

RICHARD

I'm saying -- with a clean opioid, we can help everyone in pain --

KAIKO

But, opioids aren't for everyone. They're highly prone to abuse --

RICHARD

Drug addicts aren't my problem!

KAIKO

Dr. Richard --

RICHARD

I'm interested in helping people who aren't criminals. People who are under the care of their doctor.

KAIKO

They won't prescribe opioids for moderate pain.

RICHARD

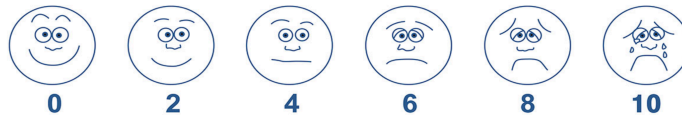
If we educate them they will.

Kaiko recoils. Richard turns to Raymond and Mortimer.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Look.

Richard pulls out a printout of the Wong-Baker Pain Scale.



RICHARD (CONT'D)

Doctors prescribe morphine here --

He circles the 10 and 8 in red pen.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Because morphine means "death." But with oxycodone --

Richard slowly draws a MUCH WIDER CIRCLE, from 2 to 10.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

These are our new patients.

Raymond and Mortimer make eye contact.

MORTIMER

That's not niche.

RAYMOND

That's triple the market share.

RICHARD

Doesn't everyone who experiences pain deserve relief?

RAYMOND

What do you call it?

RICHARD

OxyContin.

MORTIMER

Sounds like a sleeping giant.

Richard smiles, his plan taking shape.

RICHARD  
Time to wake it up.

Richard looks out at the LAB --

NOW bustling with life, SCIENTISTS working hard to formulate Richard's new miracle drug.

50 **EXT. POPPY FIELD - DAY - LATE 1990s**

We're back in the poppy field, and back on the poppy, bleeding out its raw opium.

GOVERNMENT LAWYER (PRELAP)  
So, Dr. Sackler, as you sit here  
now today in this deposition, with  
all that Purdue did...

We PULL BACK to see the entire field. WORKERS in white uniforms scrape opium from thousands of bulbs, collecting it in buckets.

51 **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - VIDEO FOOTAGE - 2015**

The same low-fi locked-off camcorder. After hours of questioning, Richard draws little circles on the table with his finger, nonchalant, not giving a fuck.

GOVERNMENT LAWYER (O.S.)  
Do you believe that Purdue did  
everything it should have and could  
have to stop the addiction, abuse  
and overdose to OxyContin?

RICHARD  
Everything it should have?

GOVERNMENT LAWYER (O.S.)  
And could have.

RICHARD  
"Could have," and "should have" are  
very different questions.

GOVERNMENT LAWYER (O.S.)  
Fair enough. Did you do everything  
you should have?



52     **INT. FACTORY - TASMANIA - DAY - LATE 1990s**

The Raw Opium cooks in a gleaming industrial vat, then spins in a centrifuge until it's pure and white.

53     **EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - DAY - LATE 1990s**

A gleaming white SEMI-TRUCK barrels down the freeway.

54     **EXT. FACTORY - NEW JERSEY - DAY - LATE 1990s**

WORKERS wearing uniforms and PPE unload barrels from the Semi-Truck into the loading dock.

55     **INT. GUEST BEDROOM - BRITT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATE 1990s**

Shannon lies in bed, but she's wired. Wide awake. We see her SCAR for the first time. Thick and jagged, running the length of her arm as --

She flips through her Purdue Binder -- her new bible, containing all the secrets -- to selling OxyContin.

RICHARD (O.C.)

I believe we exceeded any reasonable expectation framed by the history of what pharmaceutical companies have done to curb drug abuse.

56     **INT. KITCHEN - SUBURBAN HOME - DAY - LATE 1990s**

Hot tea on the table. Edie eats a slice of cake while LORRAINE, a sweet middle-aged woman, grins across from her.

EDIE

Zucchini? Squash?

LORRAINE

CABBAGE! It's cabbage! Isn't that unbelievable?!

EDIE

You are quite the mad scientist. Your husband is a lucky man.

They both hear the front door unlock. In walks DR. COYLE from the Urgent Care Clinic.

LORRAINE

Hi honey.

Dr. Coyle sees Edie, and he goes white.

DR. COYLE

What're you doing here?

EDIE

You weren't honest with me, Dr. Coyle. Were you?

LORRAINE

What's happening, Kevin?

DR. COYLE

I gave you everything you asked for. Everything!

Edie rises.

EDIE

C'mon, Dr. Coyle. Let's talk about OxyContin.

57

**INT. FACTORY - NEW JERSEY - DAY - LATE 1990s**

EMPLOYEES dump the barrels, filling a VAT with WHITE POWDER which moves through clean machinery, and is stamped into PILLS --

RICHARD (O.S)

The "should have" -- with hindsight, well, everything can be improved.

We focus in on the pill, branded with the trademark "OC" which becomes --

58

**INT./EXT. GLEN'S TRUCK - PARKING LOT - DAY - LATE 1990s**

The same pill marked "OC" in the palm of Glen's hand. Lily holds the prescription bag and bottle.

Glen stares down at the pill -- almost like he's wishing on some birthday candles.

For a moment, the world slows down. He swallows it.

59

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - VIDEO FOOTAGE - 2015**

Richard smiles, smug as hell.

RICHARD

But, unfortunately, none of us are given a clear vision of the future, are we?

GOVERNMENT LAWYER (O.S.)

But, Dr. Sackler, it's not -- I mean we're not talking about in hindsight, we're talking about when this crisis was unfolding. You didn't take the steps suggested to you by the DEA, and by the Attorney General -- you DID NOT take their suggestions to stop the addiction, abuse and overdose to OxyContin. Isn't that right?

Richard just keeps on smiling, as he glances to his lawyer.

RICHARD

Do I need to answer this?

GOVERNMENT LAWYER (O.S.)

You do.

Cornered, Richard's smile finally drops, as fear creeps in.

GOVERNMENT LAWYER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dr. Sackler, answer my question.

POP TO BLACK:

**END OF EPISODE 1**