

Why Women Kill

S1, EP2 (13:42)

Alma

Hello Bertram. We need to talk.

(She sits with a collection of items, each one tagged, spread out in front of her.)

Bertram

They're mementos. Things that once belonged to friends, patients, people I've met.

Alma

People who are now dead.

Bertram

If they were alive, I wouldn't need mementos.

Alma

If they're just harmless keepsakes then why do you hide them in the attic?

Bertram

You're very emotional.

Alma

Well, of course I'm emotional. I just saw a dead woman.

Bertram

A dead woman?

Alma

You're friend, Maisy Moran! I saw her name on your latest... *souvenir*. So, I looked up her address. I wanted to talk to her, but it was too late for a chat.

Bertram

Must be very upsetting for you. I'll make you some tea.

Alma

I don't want tea, Bertram, I want answers! Were you there last night?

Bertram

...Yes.

Alma

I'm sure that there is a perfectly logical explanation for all of this and now would be a really good time for you to share that with me, because the most dreadful thoughts are racing through my mind, things that can't possibly be true. Please, tell me what is going on.

Bertram

Maisy was very ill.

Alma

You're saying that she died of natural causes?

(He stares, unable to respond)

Bertram! What happened last night?!

Bertram

She deserved a beautiful death and I made sure she got one.

Alma

You made sure?

Bertram

That's why I was there... to help her die peacefully.

Alma

What do you mean '*helped her*'?

Bertram

An injection. The same drug I use in my practice.

Alma

You put her to sleep?! Like she was a dog??

Bertram

She was on the verge of so much suffering. They all were.

Alma

They *all* were?!

Bertram

Yes. Each was dying of something. Alcoholism, heart disease, cancer... When there's no possibility of a cure, I bring peace.

Alma

You killed all these people??

Bertram

No, I helped them.

Alma

Helped them?!... Did... Did they ask you to?!

Bertram

...well...

Alma

Oh my God!

Bertram

What's wrong?

Alma

I can't breathe! My heart is pounding!

Bertram

You need to calm yourself, let me get you a sedative.

Alma

Don't you come near me! No... don't!!!

Bertram

Alma, surely you don't think—

Alma

Stay back! Back!!! Stay away!!!

(Screaming, she runs into the bathroom & locks the door, conversation continues through the closed door.)

Bertram

Alma... Alma! I know you've had a shock, but there's really no need to overreact.

Alma

You kill people for a hobby, it's not possible to overreact!!!

Bertram

Hobby??... No. You don't understand. Those sweet souls, the ones I help, they're alone, scared, nothing to look forward to, in unimaginable pain. I ease them out of life to protect them. I show

them mercy. The first person I helped in this way, she... she asked me to. She begged me. You should've seen her face afterwards. It was so peaceful. Ever since then it's become my calling...
Alma are you listening to me?... Darling, please... can we talk about this?

(Alma opens the door to make a dash for the car keys)

Bertram
Alma!

Alma
No! Don't come any closer!

Bertram
Where are you going?

Alma
Where do you think I'm going?! To the Police!

Bertram
Can't we talk about this? You know I'd never hurt you.

Alma
I'm not afraid you'll hurt me, I'm afraid you'll *help* me!
(He follows after her) No! (She screams as she runs away)

Bertram
Alma! Alma!

(She exits)