

# Saving Charity Nash

## *Excerpts*

Here are three **exciting excerpts** from *Saving Charity Nash* that showcase the emotional resonance, suspense, and central themes of the story. Each excerpt is accompanied by a brief introduction to provide context while leaving the reader intrigued. These excerpts are carefully selected to whet the appetite of readers and reviewers without giving away too much of the plot:

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### Excerpt 1: Charity's First Vision of the Fire

**Context:** Charity Nash wakes up from a haunting vision of four children trapped in a burning apartment building. This moment introduces her newfound ability and the emotional weight that comes with it, as she struggles to convince herself—and others—that her visions are real.

INT. CHARITY'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

CHARITY NASH, 35, brunette, tall and wholesome, sleeps restlessly.

Sleeping next to her is ROBERT THOMSON, 40, fit but greying.

Suddenly, Charity bolts upright in bed, her face pale and her breath quickened.

CHARITY  
(screaming)  
NO! Get out of the building!

Robert wakes, startled.

ROBERT  
What is it?

Charity is shaking, tears streaming down her face.

CHARITY  
Oh dear God, four little children hiding  
in a closet.

Robert stares at her, confused.

ROBERT  
What are you talking about?

CHARITY  
The apartment building they are in is on fire.

ROBERT

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Are you sure?

CHARITY

(pleading)

I've got to call 911.

Robert hesitates but nods his approval. Charity picks up her phone and dials.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Nine, one, one. What's your emergency?

CHARITY

I have to report a fire.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

What's the location?

CHARITY

(panicked)

I don't know.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

You don't know?

CHARITY

I saw it... in a dream. It's going to happen.

Four children are hiding.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Sorry, lady, there is no fire!

CHARITY

(pleading)

Please believe me! The building is on fire!

The call ends abruptly. Charity stares at her phone, trembling.

CHARITY

Oh God... those beautiful babies.

She buries her face in her hands, tears falling as Robert watches helplessly.

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### Excerpt 2: Charity Faces Her Childhood Trauma

**Context:** During a session with her therapist, Charity reveals the devastating guilt she has carried since childhood. This moment underscores the emotional depth of the story and shows how her past continues to shape her present.

INT. WATSON'S OFFICE – AFTERNOON

Charity sits across from DR. BLAIR WATSON, 50, a white-haired psychiatrist with a warm demeanor. Charity stares at the floor, reluctant to speak.

WATSON

When your brothers died, what did your mother say to you?

Charity tightens her lips and breaks eye contact with Watson. After a long pause, she finally speaks.

CHARITY

She told me it was my fault.

Watson leans forward, her voice gentle.

WATSON

Guilt?

Charity nods, her hands trembling in her lap.

CHARITY

I was just five years old. She told me I should have saved them.

Charity's voice begins to crack, but she fights back the tears.

CHARITY

I've spent my whole life trying to make up for it. Trying to save everyone else... because I couldn't save them.

Watson watches her closely.

WATSON

And now?

Charity looks out the window, her voice barely above a whisper.

CHARITY

I don't hate my job. I hate the people who hurt children. My boss... she thinks I'm some kind of miracle worker.

WATSON

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Why does she think that?

Charity looks back at Watson, her eyes hollow.

CHARITY

Because I just know when they're guilty.

Watson tilts her head, curious.

WATSON

How?

Charity shakes her head, her voice cracking.

CHARITY

I don't know. I just... know.

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### Excerpt 3: The Rescue

**Context:** Charity races into a burning apartment building to save four children trapped inside. This climactic moment captures the suspense and emotional stakes of the story, without revealing whether she succeeds.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR – NIGHT

Charity races down the smoke-filled hallway, coughing and choking as flames lick at the walls. She reaches Apartment 713 and forces the door open.

Inside, the room is filled with smoke, and the muffled cries of children can be heard. Charity darts to the closet and yanks the door open.

Four terrified children huddle together, their tear-streaked faces staring up at her. Charity kneels, her voice soft but urgent.

CHARITY

Your mom sent me to get you. Come on, we're leaving.

The oldest child, MASON, 8, stares at her with wide eyes.

MASON

Mommy didn't send you.

Charity reaches out and gently touches his shoulder.

CHARITY

She did, Mason. We have to go. Now.

Mason hesitates, but then nods. Charity scoops up the two youngest children, NOAH and LIAM, while Mason grabs his sister EMMA's hand.

CHARITY

Stay close to me. Don't let go of each other, no matter what.

The children nod as Charity leads them out of the apartment and into the fiery hallway. Flames roar around them, and the smoke grows thicker.

MASON

I'm scared.

Charity glances back at him, her voice steady.

CHARITY

So am I. But we're going to make it. I promise.

She pushes forward, navigating the burning corridor as another explosion shakes the building.