

TX'89

MF

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF A  
CONTRACT FOR ANY PART THEREIN

Rehearsal Script  
BBC Television

31.5.89  
1/LDL/L 390T

"CASUALTY"

Recording Episode 10/Transmission Episode 11 "BANKING FOR BEGINNERS"

by

Bryan Elsley

Producer .....	Peter Norris
Production Associate .....	Chris Moss
Finance Assistant .....	Nicholas Garforth
Producer's Secretary .....	Kathleen Hutchison
Script Editor .....	Susan Gandar
	Jane Tranter

Director .....	Jim Hill
Production Manager .....	Howard Kingston
Location Manager .....	Di Barton
Production Assistant .....	Glenys Williams
Assistant Floor Manager .....	Jo Newbery
	Bruce Abrahams

Designer .....	John Bone
Design Assistant .....	Zoë McFerran
Properties Buyer .....	John Miskin
Costume Designer .....	Chris Marlowe
Costume Assistant .....	Sarah Burns
Make-up Designer .....	Sharon Walsh
Make-up Assistant .....	Derek Lloyd
Graphic Designer .....	Alison Murphy

E.M. .....	Sandy Tristem
Camera Supervisor .....	Clive Lovell
Sound Supervisor .....	John Wilson
TVO Supervisor .....	John Wood
TVO Chargehand .....	Danny Clement
Props Operative .....	Andrew Marr
VT Editor .....	Caroline Judson

Artists' Booker .....

Pauline Mansfield-Clark

---

READTHROUGH: Friday 14th July 1989, Conference Room  
Threshold House  
Shepherd's Bush Green

RECORDING: Monday 17th July-Thursday 27th July 1989, Bristol

"CASUALTY" (SERIES FOUR) EPISODE 11: 'Banking for Beginners'

CAST:

REGULARS:

DOCTOR LUCY PERRY	-	S.H.O.
SISTER LISA DUFFIN	-	R.G.N. (STAFF NURSE)
CYRIL JAMES	-	S.E.N.
MEGAN ROACH	-	STUDENT NURSE
ALEX SPENCER	-	DEPARTMENTAL PORTER ORDERLY
JIMMY POWELL	-	RECEPTIONIST
JULIE STEVENS	-	OUTPATIENTS' SERVICES MANAGER
VALERIE SINCLAIR	-	

NON-REGULARS:

MRS. WILLIS  
JONATHAN  
JOHN REDPATH  
JEFF  
RICK  
MANAGER  
DENIS McGEARY  
MRS. CALTHORN  
MARY CALTHORN  
MAX, AMBULANCEMAN  
ROBERT PENFOLD  
JANE LOCKE  
MEDICAL REG.  
ADMINISTRATOR  
TAMARA REDPATH

\* \* \* \* \*

LOCATIONS:

Stock Sets (Including: Sluice Room.  
Plaster Room.)  
Ext. Hospital Car Park.  
Ext. Hospital Ambulance Entrance.  
Ext. Holby Street: Ext. Mrs. Willis' House.  
Ext. Valerie's House.  
Int. Valerie's House.  
Int. Mrs. Willis' House.  
Int. Brasserie.

"CASUALTY" (SERIES FOUR) EPISODE 11: 'Banking for Beginners'

LOCATIONS:

Ext. Brasserie.  
Int. Football Changing Room.  
Int. Football Changing Room Toilet.  
Ext. Football Pitch.  
Int. Robert Penfold's Car/Ext. Holby Street with telephone box.  
Int. Robert Penfold's Car/Ext. Approach to Mrs. Willis' House.  
Ext. Busy Holby Street/Int. Valerie's Car.  
Int. Administrator's Office.

\* \* \* \* \*

"CASUALTY"

(SERIES FOUR)

EPISODE 11: 'Banking for Beginners'

by

Bryan Elsley

1. EXT. A STREET. HOLBY. 1.30 p.m.

(A STREET OF LARGE  
VICTORIAN HOUSES.  
THE TYPE THAT  
MIGHT BE OCCUPIED  
BY EITHER YUPPIES  
OR LONGSTANDING  
WORKING CLASS  
TENANTS.

THE WEATHER IS  
WINTRY AND EXTREME.  
A VICIOUS WIND  
BLOWING. HEAVY  
RAIN. IT IS  
OBVIOUSLY VERY,  
VERY COLD)

2. INT. MRS. WILLIS' HOUSE. IMMED. 1.30 p.m.

(MRS. WILLIS, EARLY EIGHTIES, IS ASLEEP IN AN ARMCHAIR IN HER SITTING ROOM.

THE FLAT IS SPARSELY FURNISHED AND SHABBY.

NO FIRE IN THE GRATE. NEWSPAPER IS STUFFED INSIDE HER SLIPPERS.

SHE STIRS IN HER SLEEP AND A THIN BLANKET SLIPS OFF HER KNEES ONTO THE FLOOR.

WE SEE A FULL BOWL OF CAT FOOD AT HER FEET.

OUTSIDE, WE CAN HEAR THE WIND HOWLING.

THE WINDOW IS BROKEN AND HAS BEEN CLUMSILY MENDED WITH SELLOTAPE AND NEWSPAPER.

WE CAN SEE THROUGH THE WINDOW ACROSS THE STREET TO WHERE VALERIE'S CAR SITS PARKED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD. RAIN.

3. INT. VALERIE'S HOUSE. IMMED. 1.30 p.m.

(VALERIE IS FAST  
ASLEEP ON HER  
SOFA.

WE CAN SEE HER CAR  
PARKED OUTSIDE THE  
WINDOW.

RAIN.

THE FLAT IS STYLISH  
AND WELL-APPOINTED  
IN A TASTEFUL WAY.

ON A TABLE BESIDE  
HER SITS A HUGE  
PILE OF PAPERS.  
SOME OF THEM HAVE  
BECOME SPREAD  
AROUND THE ROOM.

A WORD PROCESSOR  
HUMS ON THE TABLE.

VALERIE HAS  
OBVIOUSLY NOT BEEN  
TO BED THE PREVIOUS  
NIGHT.

THE TELEPHONE  
RINGS.

VALERIE DOES NOT  
STIR)

4. INT. A CROWDED BRASSERIE. IMMED. 1.30 p.m.

(RAIN.

JONATHAN, TWENTY-  
SEVEN, IS SITTING  
WITH ALEX AMIDST  
THE LUNCHTIME  
CLAMOUR OF THIS  
CROWDED EATING  
PLACE.

JONATHAN LOOKS  
WELL FED, AND IS  
RATHER TIGHTLY  
FITTED INTO AN  
EXPENSIVE-LOOKING  
SUIT.

ALEX IS WEARING  
AN ATTRACTIVE  
DRESS)

JONATHAN: Well ... have you had  
any time to think?

ALEX: Oh ... I didn't think you  
were serious, Jonathan.

JONATHAN: Of course I'm serious.  
They're giving me "Overseas  
Liaison and Investments".

ALEX: Is that good?

JONATHAN: Good!? It's unbelievable.  
I'll be running the whole department  
in the city. (cont ...)

JONATHAN: (cont) It's just an incredible challenge. I get a car, low interest mortgage, and ...

(HE LOOKS HARD  
AT ALEX)

... a personal assistant.

ALEX: You mean a secretary.

JONATHAN: It doesn't work that way in banking, Alex. This is a wonderful opportunity for you. Promotion's a dead cert for someone with your ...

ALEX: My what?

JONATHAN: Well ... someone with your ... background.

ALEX: I'm happy doing what I'm doing.

JONATHAN: Oh come on, Alex. You're never going to make a career in the Health Service. Are you going to be satisfied doing what you're told for the rest of your life. I mean, it's hardly you, is it.

ALEX: Everybody thinks that what I do is hardly me.

JONATHAN: Yeah, well I've known you longer than most and I know that you're not the type to hang around waiting until you get picked off by some marriage crazed Doctor Kildare.

ALEX: I don't know ...

JONATHAN: You're tempted, I know you are. Come on ... rejoin the real world.

(AS ALEX GLANCES  
ROUND THE CROWDED  
ROOM, THE NEXT  
TABLE ERUPTS IN  
LAUGHTER AT SOME  
JOKE.

THE SOUND OF  
THEIR HILARITY  
RISES ABOVE THE  
HUBUB IN THE  
ROOM.

ALEX CATCHES  
JONATHAN'S  
EYE.

THEY GIGGLE)

5. INT. FOOTBALL CHANGING ROOM. 1.45 p.m.

(IN THE DRESSING-  
ROOM, A NUMBER OF  
PLAYERS ARE  
GETTING READY FOR  
A TRAINING SESSION.

THE ROOM IS.  
OBVIOUSLY FREEZING.

MOSTLY YOUNG MEN,  
THEY ARE LIVELY  
AND BOISTEROUS,  
COMPLAINING ABOUT  
THE COLD, FLICKING  
TOWELS AT EACH  
OTHER AND LARKING  
ABOUT.

RAIN.

WE FOCUS ON JOHN  
SITTING ON A  
BENCH.

HE IS OLDER  
THAN THE OTHER  
PLAYERS. ONCE  
GOOD LOOKING,  
HIS FEATURES ARE  
NOW RATHER RAVAGED.

HE IS OBVIOUSLY  
SUFFERING FROM A  
HEFTY HANGOVER  
AND SHIVERING AGAINST  
THE COLD.

HE REACHES INTO  
HIS TRAINING BAG,

AND FURTIVELY TAKES  
OUT A HALF-BOTTLE  
OF WHISKY. TAKES  
A SWIFT SWIG.  
JOHN HAS BEEN  
SPOTTED)

JEFF: Look out boys! Redpath's  
on his warm-up!

(THE PLAYERS CHEER  
IRONICALLY AT  
JOHN'S UPTURNED  
BOTTLE.

JOHN REMOVES IT  
FROM HIS MOUTH.

RICK, A YOUNG,  
GOOD-LOOKING  
PLAYER EMERGES  
FROM THE THRONG)

RICK: On you go, John. Start the  
day as you mean to continue ...

JEFF: No need for an offside  
trap with John around. He's just  
going to breathe on the centre  
back!

(THE PLAYERS LAUGH  
UPROARIOUSLY.

JOHN LOOKS UP AT  
HIS TEAM-MATES.  
HE IS A GEORDIE)

JOHN: Had- awa an' sh ...

(THE PLAYERS CHEER  
LUSTILY, DROWNING  
OUT JOHN'S UN-  
BROADCASTABLE OATH)

RICK: Hey John! Is that what they taught you at ...

(PAUSES FOR DRAMATIC EFFECT AND FULL IRONY)

... Roker Park!

(THE PLAYERS LAUGH, CHEER, AND CHANT THE THEME TUNE TO MATCH OF THE DAY.

JOHN GETS UP FROM THE BENCH AND WAITS FOR THE HILARITY TO SUBSIDE)

JOHN: I'll tell ye something for nothing, son. Ye'll never see Roker from the pitch.

(HE STARTS TO WALK AWAY TOWARD THE TOILET AT THE END OF THE ROOM)

Ye had to be a footballer to play for Sunderland. Ye didna gan pansyin' around in tights an' a suspender belt.

(WE SEE THAT RICK IS WEARING TIGHTS UNDER HIS FOOTBALL SHORTS TO KEEP OUT THE COLD)

Ye great woman ye ...

(AS JOHN TURNS AND WALKS O.V., THE PLAYERS JOYFULLY TURN ON RICK, LAUGHING AND JOKING. FLICKING THEIR TOWELS AT HIM.

RICK GRIMACES UNDER THE DELUGE AND GRINS RUEFULLY AS THE CHANTS OF "TORVILLE AND DEAN" GO UP)

6. INT. TOILET. IMMED. 1.46 p.m.

(AS THE HUBBUB  
FROM THE DRESSING-  
ROOM FADES DOWN  
TO BACKGROUND,  
JOHN STANDS IN  
THE TOILET, HIS  
HAND TO HIS  
HEAD. HE LOOKS  
OLD AND TIRED.

HE FISHES A FAG  
OUT OF HIS POCKET  
AND LIGHTS IT UP,  
DRAGGING DEEPLY  
AND COUGHING  
SLIGHTLY.

HE SHIVERS AGAINST  
THE COLD AND RUNS  
HIS HAND UNDER  
THE TAP. IT IS  
FREEZING. HE  
RECOILS AND TRIES  
THE OTHER ONE.  
IT TOO IS ICY.

JOHN SWEARS UNDER  
HIS BREATH AND  
TURNS AWAY.

RICK IS STANDING  
AT THE DOOR)

RICK: Only joking, John ...

JOHN: Right ...

RICK: Just a laugh, yeah? ...

(JOHN DRAWS SILENTLY  
ON HIS FAG)

I mean ... well ... I just wanted to say ... like I was sorry you lost your place. I thought the boss would put me in for Davey. I didn't think ...

JOHN: You want to be a footballer, man ...?

RICK: Yes, but ...

JOHN: Then never be sorry someone got dropped.

RICK: I know that ... it's just ... you know, I've got your picture on a chewing gum card. Swapped it for Kevin Keegan when I was eleven.

(JOHN GLANCES OUT  
OF THE DOOR INTO  
THE DRESSING-ROOM.

THE MANAGER, A  
PORTLY-LOOKING  
MAN OF ABOUT  
50, IN AN ILL-  
FITTING SUIT HAS  
ENTERED AND IS  
MAKING HIS WAY  
ACROSS TO THE  
TOILET.

HE IS CARRYING  
A STRIP IN HIS  
HAND. THIS  
OVERLAPPING  
RICK'S SPEECH)

MANAGER: Come on, sonny. Get those boots on ... where's Ricky? ...

JOHN: Rick, hold this for a minute, till I take a slash.

(HE HANDS HIS FAG OVER TO RICK AND STEPS UP TO THE URINAL.)

RICK TAKES THE FAG AND IS HOLDING IT AS THE MANAGER STEPS INTO THE TOILET)

MANAGER: What the hell do you think you're doing, boy!

RICK: I ...

MANAGER: You wanna keep this number 6 shirt?

RICK: Yes, but ...

MANAGER: Out on the pitch. See me after training ... out! Before I dock your wages.

(RICK LOOKS AT JOHN'S BACK. TURNS AND LEAVES.)

JOHN TURNS AWAY FROM THE URINAL)

JOHN: Kids ...

MANAGER: Not Funny Johnny.

JOHN: What ...?

MANAGER: Shut up. He's earned his place.

JOHN: What about my contract? I'm yer crowd pleaser man.

MANAGER: You can please them in the reserves. If it wasn't that the Chairman's got a soft spot for you, you'd have been on a free transfer last month.

JOHN: I'm not playin' with the kids!

MANAGER: Suit yourself ... leave you more time for boozing, won't it. And any way, the kids are all in the first team now.

(THE MANAGER TURNS AND STALKS OUT.

JOHN WATCHES HIM LEAVE.

FINISH ON HIS FACE)

7. INT. MRS. WILLIS' HOUSE. 1.55 p.m.

(MRS. WILLIS, STILL  
ASLEEP IN HER  
CHAIR. HER  
BREATHING SOUNDS  
HEAVY AND LABOURED.

RAIN)

8. INT. BRASSERIE. IMMED. 1.55 p.m.

(RAIN.

ALEX AND JONATHAN  
ARE AT THE END OF  
THEIR MEAL. THEY  
ARE DRINKING COFFEE)

JONATHAN: The thing is, Alex, I  
need to know quickly - otherwise  
my chief will make me advertise  
the post.

ALEX: I don't know ... it's all  
a bit quick.

JONATHAN: Come on. You've changed  
direction before. This is real  
responsibility ... a proper job.

ALEX: What do you mean a proper  
job?

JONATHAN: Alex, you know what I  
mean. This is a real opening,  
and I just think that you could  
handle it ... I know you could.

(PAUSE.

ALEX SMILES  
AT HIM)

ALEX: That's always been your  
problem, Jonathan.

JONATHAN: What?

ALEX: Trying to force the pace.

(JONATHAN LOOKS  
A BIT EMBARRASSED,  
BUT SMILE AT HER  
ANYWAY:)

JONATHAN: Yeah ... well. That's all the past now, isn't it? ... It would be a great job for you, Alex. That's all.

ALEX: I know, and I'm very flattered.

JONATHAN: So you'll think about it?

ALEX: I'll think about it.

(ALEX LOOKS AT  
HER WATCH)

Crikey! I'm going to be late.

JONATHAN: OK, you just go. I'll sort the bill out. Will you give me a ring ...

(THERE IS A SUDDEN  
COMMOTION AT THE  
NEXT TABLE.

A MAN HAS SUDDENLY  
SLUMPED OFF HIS  
CHAIR INTO CARDIAC  
ARREST.

ALEX HAS STOOD  
UP FROM HER  
CHAIR, PUTTING  
HER COAT ON.

SHE PULLS IT  
OFF AND PUSHES  
THE TABLE  
ASIDE TO GET  
AT THE MAN ON  
THE FLOOR.

SHE STARTS TO  
LOOSEN HIS  
CLOTHES)

ALEX: Get an ambulance, Jonathan.

JONATHAN: What ...?

(ALEX FEELS THE  
MAN'S NECK WITH  
HER FINGER FOR  
A PULSE.  
NOTHING.

SHE GIVES A FIRM  
THUMP TO THE  
CHEST)

ALEX: Oh the phone. Quick! An  
ambulance. Tell them it's cardiac  
arrest!

(SHE CHECKS THE  
MAN'S AIRWAYS,  
REMOVING SOME  
FALSE TEETH  
FROM HIS MOUTH)

Somebody, give me a hand here ...  
Jonathan!

(JONATHAN LOOKS  
LOST FOR A  
SECOND.

THEN REACHES  
UNDER THE TABLE  
AND PULLS OUT  
AN ATTACHE CASE.

PULLS OUT A  
RADIO TELEPHONE  
AND DIALS 999)

9. INT. CASUALTY RECEPTION. 2.05 p.m.

(START OF SHIFT.

NOTICE BOARD  
READS: "WAITING  
TIME - TWO HOURS".

JULIE IS JUST  
DEALING WITH A  
PUNTER.

CYRIL ENTERS  
RECEPTION FROM  
ADMIN. AND LOOKS  
AROUND THE HEFTY  
THRONG OF WAITING  
PATIENTS)

CYRIL: They'll have left us all the  
septics again.

(JULIE LOOKS UP  
AT CYRIL WHO  
HAS ONLY HALF  
DIRECTED THIS  
COMMENT AT HER.

SHE GLANCES OVER  
AT THE PATIENT  
WHO HAS TURNED TO  
LOOK AT CYRIL)

JULIE: Don't be silly. It's strict  
rotation. (cont...)

(SHE SPEAKS TO  
THE PATIENT:)

JULIE: (cont) If you'd just like to take a seat sir, we'll get to you as fast as we can.

(THE PATIENT MOVES OFF INTO THE WAITING AREA.

CYRIL WATCHES HIM GO)

CYRIL: I'm telling you. Every time we pick up from Sister McGee, they're all septic. Last Tuesday there were four fingers and two nasty boils sitting waiting for me. Mighty suspicious if you ask me. Oozing they were ... oozing.

JULIE: Yeah, alright, Cyril.

(THEY BOTH LOOK UP AS JIMMY WALKS INTO THE RECEPTION AREA. HIS PORTER'S JACKET IS ABOUT THREE SIZES TO BIG FOR HIM)

CYRIL: And modelling the new Christian Dior Winter collection, we have ...

JIMMY: Shut up.

(JIMMY ACCOSTS DUFFY AS SHE MOVES UP TO THE RECEPTION COUNTER TO SPEAK TO JULIE)

Duffy ...

DUFFY: Where's Megan?

JULIE: Not here yet.

JIMMY: Duffy, can I have a word ... ?

DUFFY: (TO JULIE) Why not? What about Alex? Has she rung in?

JULIE: I don't think so.

JIMMY: Duffy there's no medium sized jackets.

DUFFY: Not now, Jimmy ... (TO CYRIL)  
I can't do Charlie's job and my own  
with no nurses! Can I?!

(CYRIL LOOKS A  
LITTLE UNCERTAIN  
AS TO WHAT HE  
SHOULD SAY)

CYRIL: Er ... no Duffy.

JIMMY: I can't go around like this all  
day ...

DUFFY: How am I supposed to run a  
department without any staff ...

(DUFFY STOPS AND  
LOOKS AT JIMMY)

What have you got on. You look  
ridiculous.

JIMMY: That's what I'm trying to ask you ... ?

DUFFY: Why are you asking me. It's not my job to organise your uniforms, is it?

JIMMY: The portering manager's sick. I just thought you could ...

DUFFY: Look, Jimmy! Just at the moment, you and the finer points of your tailoring rate about several points below zero on the scale of things! OK? You'll just have to make do. Now just ... just ... get some work done will you?!

JIMMY: But ...

DUFFY: Now!!

(DUFFY LEAVES.

JIMMY IS LEFT  
FUMING.

HE TURNS TO SEE  
CYRIL AND JULIE  
GRINNING AT HIM)

CYRIL: I think she means now.

(JIMMY STARES AT  
CYRIL ANGRILY  
FOR A SECOND AND  
THEN RELAXES)

JIMMY: Yeah ... right.

(JIMMY WALKS AWAY.

CYRIL LOOKS AROUND  
AT THE WAITING  
AREA AGAIN -  
THE PATIENTS CLOSEST  
TO THEM ARE LOOKING  
AT THE DESK A  
BIT STRANGELY)

CYRIL: Er ... OK, then ...

(HE GLANCES AT  
JULIE AND THEN  
TAKES A STEP OUT  
INTO THE ROOM)

Denis McGeary ...

(A MAN STEPS  
UP TO CYRIL)

DENIS: Yes ... It's my finger. I  
think it's gone septic.

(CYRIL RAISES HIS  
EYES)

CYRIL: This way, sir.

JULIE: Cyril ... ? Ambulance ...

(CYRIL LOOKS UP  
AT HER AS SHE  
GESTURES TOWARD  
THE CASUALTY  
ENTRANCE)

CYRIL: Sorry Mr. McGeary, if you could just take a seat again for a moment, I'll get back to you.

DENIS: OK mate, no problem.

(DENIS WALKS AWAY  
O.V.

CYRIL WALKS TOWARDS  
THE LOBBY)

10. EXT. AMBULANCE ENTRANCE. IMMED. 2.05 p.m.

(AN AMBULANCE CREW  
IS DISEMBARKING  
MRS. CALTHORN  
AND HER DAUGHTER  
MARY.

CYRIL JOINS  
THEM.

MRS. CALTHORN  
IS GROANING IN  
PAIN. SHE IS  
ABOUT 80. MARY  
IS A WOMAN OF  
ABOUT 50.

MEGAN HURRIES  
PAST, LANDED WITH  
SHOPPING BAGS AND  
A DRIPPING  
UMBRELLA. IT'S  
RAINING)

11. INT. CASUALTY RECEPTION. IMMED. 2.05 p.m.

(RAIN.

MEGAN RUSHES INTO  
RECEPTION. SHE'S  
OUT OF BREATH.

SHE MEETS JIMMY  
WHO IS PUSHING  
A TROLLEY TOWARDS  
THE CRASH CORRIDOR)

JIMMY: (ROUTINELY) You're late ...

MEGAN: Oh, give over. Where's Duffy?

JIMMY: Sulking in Charlie's office.

MEGAN: Oh hell ...

12. INT. RESUSC. CORRIDOR/CUBICLE CORRIDOR.  
IMMED. 2.05 p.m.

(MEGAN STARTS OFF  
UP THE RESUSC.  
CORRIDOR, WRESTLING  
WITH HER SHOPPING  
BAGS.

JIMMY STEPS UP  
TO HER AND  
PICKS UP A  
RATHER SLINKY BLACK  
NEGLIGEE FROM  
WHERE IT HAS  
SPILLED ONTO THE  
FLOOR)

JIMMY: I didn't think nurses could  
afford things like this!

(MEGAN RELIEVES  
HIM OF HER  
UNDERWEAR,  
COMPLETELY UNABASHED.  
SHE LOOKS RELAXED  
AND BOYANT. SHE  
SMILES)

MEGAN: We can't ... what on earth have  
you got on?

JIMMY: Don't mind me. I'm a porter and  
I am on a scale of importance several  
points below zero. (IRONICALLY) I'm  
making do.

MEGAN: Oh, well.

(MEGAN TURNS AND  
DISAPPEARS UP  
THE CORRIDOR.

BEHIND JIMMY,  
WE SEE THE  
AMBULANCE CREW,  
CYRIL, MRS. CALTHORN  
AND MARY CALTHORN  
PROGRESSING INTO  
THE CORRIDOR  
FROM CASUALTY  
RECEPTION.

JIMMY CALLS  
AFTER MEGAN:)

JIMMY: No need to be so bloody cheerful  
about it.

(THE AMBULANCE  
CREW  
WHEEL  
MRS. CALTHORN ALONG  
THE RESUSC. CORRIDOR)

MRS. CALTHORN: You're hurting me!

(DUFFY ARRIVES  
FROM CHARLIE'S  
OFFICE, MEETING  
THEM BY THE  
CUBICLES)

DUFFY:  
Cubicle 3. I'll be there in a sec.  
Er ... Jimmy would you show Mrs. ...

MARY: Calthorn.

DUFFY: ... Calthorn through into the waiting area and get her registered.

(DUFFY GOES AFTER  
MRS. CALTHORN)

13. INT. CORRIDOR/RECEPTION. IMMED. 2.06 p.m.

(JIMMY IS LEFT  
WITH MARY)

MARY: I don't know how it happened.  
She just went head over heels. I didn't  
do anything about it. I couldn't help  
her.

JIMMY: Don't worry, Mrs. Calthorn.

MARY: Miss.

JIMMY: Right. Come through here and  
sit down. I'll get you a cuppa. They'll  
have your Mum sorted out in no time.

MARY: She's so stupid! Never does  
what I tell her. All she ever does is  
complain ... and shout and yell ...  
Why does she have to go to the toilet  
by herself? All those steps ... that's  
why I'm there for Godsake ... to take  
her to the toilet.

(HER FACE IS  
HARD AND BITTER.

WE HOLD ON HER)

JIMMY: Come on, love. Let's sort  
you out.

14. INT. MRS. WILLIS' HOUSE. 2.15 p.m.

(MRS. WILLIS  
UNCONSCIOUS.

THE TELEPHONE  
IS RINGING.

MRS. WILLIS DOES  
NOT MOVE.

WIND HOWLING  
OUTSIDE. RAINING)

15. INT. A CAR. IMMED. 2.15 p.m.

(WE SEE ROBERT PENFOLD,  
A SOCIAL WORKER  
SITTING IN HIS  
CAR. HE IS ABOUT  
38.

THE PASSENGER DOOR  
IS OPEN, AND IN  
THE MIDDLE DISTANCE  
WE CAN SEE THE  
FIGURE OF A WOMAN  
IN A TELEPHONE BOX.  
THIS IS JANE LOCKE,  
ANOTHER SOCIAL  
WORKER. ABOUT 32.  
SHE IS WAITING  
FOR THE TELEPHONE  
TO BE ANSWERED.

ROBERT TAPS THE  
STEERING WHEEL  
IMPATIENTLY AND  
MUTTERS UNDER HIS  
BREATH)

ROBERT: Come on ...

(HE LEANS OUT  
OF THE CAR AND  
SHOUTS AT HER:)

Jane! ... Come on!! We're going to  
be late!! (cont...)

(JANE DISMISSES HIM  
WITH A WAVE LISTENING  
INTENSELY ON THE  
TELEPHONE.

WITH A SHRUG  
JANE PUTS DOWN  
THE TELEPHONE  
AND WALKS BACK  
TO THE CAR. SHE  
GETS IN.

ROBERT STARTS  
IT AND DRIVES  
OFF)

ROBERT: (cont) She'll be out  
shopping ... She's not even on your  
current case load.

JANE: Look, I'm just worried, OK?

ROBERT: She's not your responsibility  
any more ...

(AS THEY PULL  
AWAY)

... as if life wasn't hard enough.

16. INT. VALERIE'S FLAT. 2.30 p.m.

(VALERIE IS STILL  
ASLEEP AMIDST  
THE CHAOS OF HER  
NIGHT'S WORK.  
THE TELEPHONE IS  
RINGING.

VALERIE WAKES UP  
AND LOOKS AROUND  
BLANKLY HEARING  
THE TELEPHONE.  
SHE LOOKS AT  
HER WATCH AND  
IS HORRIFIED TO  
SEE WHAT THE TIME  
IS)

VALERIE: Oh God!

(SHE HAULS HERSELF  
OVER TO THE PHONE  
AND PICKS IT UP  
IN TREPIDATION.  
HER FACE SHOWS  
THAT THE VOICE  
AT THE OTHER END  
IS THE ONE SHE  
LEAST WANTED TO  
HEAR)

Valerie Sinclair ... yes ... yes, I've  
just seen the time ... I'm sorry, I  
must have nodded off ... yes, the Staff  
Rationalisation report ... (cont...)

(VALERIE LOOKS BLEAKLY  
OVER AT THE HUGE  
PILE OF PAPERWORK  
LITTERING HER FLOOR)

VALERIE: (cont) It's finished. Yes, I  
know ... I'll bring it to you as soon  
as I get in ... yes ... straight away ...

(SHE HANGS UP  
GRIMACING, AND  
STARES AT THE  
TELEPHONE FOR A  
MINUTE)

Ghastly man!

(SHE WALKS OUT  
OF SHOT INTO  
ANOTHER ROOM.

WE HEAR THE BATH  
START TO RUN)

17. INT. CUBICLE. 2.45 p.m.

(LUCY AND MEGAN  
ARE ATTENDING TO  
MRS. CALTHORN.  
SHE IS DAZED  
BUT AGITATED AND  
KEEPES TRYING TO  
GET OFF THE BED,  
CRYING OUT IN  
PAIN EVERY TIME  
SHE MOVES)

LUCY: Just try to keep still,  
Mrs. Calthorn.

MRS. CALTHORN: What are you doing ... ?  
Where are you taking me ... ?

LUCY: You've had a fall.

MRS. CALTHORN: What ... ?! What ...

(SHE CRIES OUT  
IN PAIN AS SHE  
TRIES TO RISE.

LUCY LOOKS AT  
MEGAN)

LUCY: The leg's shortened and externally  
rotated.

MEGAN Broken hip?

LUCY: Almost certainly.

MRS. CALTHORN: ... tea ... who's going to get my tea?

LUCY: Just try to relax, love. We'll get you sorted out in no time. She'll need to go to X-ray. I'll have a word with the Ortho Reg when she gets back.

MRS. CALTHORN: Are you going to look after me?

MEGAN: Course we are, dear.

(MRS. CALTHORN  
REACHES OUT A  
HAND AND GRABS  
HOLD OF MEGAN'S  
WRIST)

MRS. CALTHORN: Don't let her in will you ... she's trying to get me ...

(MEGAN LOOKS UP  
AT LUCY, SHE  
SMILES BACK AT  
HER.)

MRS. CALTHORN  
WINCES, HER FACE  
CONTORTED WITH  
PAIN)

LUCY: Where are you feeling the pain, Mrs. Calthorn?

MRS. CALTHORN: I'll need my tea ... someone will need to get my tea ...

(MEGAN AND LUCY  
STEP AWAY FROM  
THE BED MOMENTARILY)

LUCY: I think she's just confused.  
Better check up with the daughter when  
you get a moment, though. She could  
be demented. 50 of Pethidine, first.

MEGAN: Fine.

(LUCY STEPS BACK  
UP TO MRS. CALTHORN)

LUCY: Mrs. Calthorn ... ? I'm going to  
leave you with Megan, now. She's going  
to look after you.

MRS. CALTHORN: Is she going to take me  
home ... does she know what's in for  
tea ....

(MEGAN AND LUCY  
GRIN AT EACH OTHER  
AGAIN, AND LUCY  
STEPS THROUGH THE  
CURTAIN)

18. EXT. BRASSERIE/STREET. 2.50 p.m.

(RAINING.

OUTSIDE THE  
BRASSERIE, AN  
AMBULANCE CREW IS  
LOADING THE  
ARREST PATIENT  
INTO THE AMBULANCE.

ALEX JUMPS IN  
AS THE CREW  
CAREFULLY LOADS  
THE PATIENT.  
SHE CONTINUES CHEST  
COMPRESSIONS.

JONATHAN APPEARS  
AT THE DOOR)

JONATHAN: Will he be OK?

ALEX: I don't know.

(MAX, AN AMBULANCE  
MAN AT HER SIDE,  
IS VENTILATING  
THE PATIENT WITH  
AN AMBU BAG)

MAX: You ready, love?

ALEX: Yeah. Let's go.

(SHE SMILES AT  
JONATHAN BRIEFLY  
AS THE DOORS ARE SHUT.

THE AMBULANCE ROARS  
OFF INTO THE  
TRAFFIC LEAVING  
JONATHAN STANDING  
IN THE STREET WITH  
A LITTLE KNOT OF  
BYSTANDERS.

SHIVERING AGAINST  
THE COLD IN THE  
LIGHTWEIGHT SUIT,  
HE TURNS AND WALKS  
BACK INTO THE  
BRASSERIE.

IT STOPS RAINING)

19. EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH. 2.52 p.m.

(THE FOOTBALL TEAM  
ARE TRAINING ON  
THE PITCH.

A SIGN ON THE  
RAMSHACKLE STAND  
READS:  
"HOLBY ATHLETIC,  
VAUXHALL CONFERENCE."

JOHN REDPATH IS  
STANDING WAY OUT  
ON THE WING. A  
BLUE VEST OVER  
HIS STRIP. THE  
PLAY IS A LONG  
WAY AWAY. JOHN  
HUDDLES AGAINST  
THE ICY WIND,  
MISERABLE.

UP AT THE OTHER  
END OF THE PITCH,  
WE SEE RICK,  
WEARING AN ORANGE  
VEST. HE BEATS  
ABOUT THREE PLAYERS  
AND SLOTS A  
BEAUTIFUL GOAL.

THE OTHER PLAYERS  
SHOUT AND CLAP IN  
APPRECIATION.

JOHN TURNS AWAY  
MUTTERING TO  
HIMSELF:)

JOHN: Pansy! ...

20. EXT. VALERIE'S HOUSE/STREET. 2.53 p.m.

(VALERIE RUSHES OUT OF HER FRONT DOOR CARRYING A BUNDLE OF PAPERS. SHE SEARCHES FOR HER CAR KEYS WITH HER SPARE HAND, WRESTLING AGAINST THE WIND.

SHE REACHES HER CAR AND RESTS HER PAPERS ON THE ROOF. AS SHE LOOKS UP, HER ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO MRS. WILLIS' HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET.

FOUR FULL MILK BOTTLES STAND AT THE DOOR. A CAT IS PINING TO BE LET IN.

NEXT DOOR TO VALERIE'S HOUSE, WE SEE, A WORN OUT LOOKING WOMAN OF ABOUT THE SAME AGE AS VALERIE. SHE IS HAULING THREE BAWLING KIDS UP TO THE FRONT DOOR OF HER HOUSE.

VALERIE LOOKS AT HER FOR A MOMENT AND THEN LOOKS BACK ACROSS THE STREET AT MRS. WILLIS' HOUSE.

VALERIE'S BLEEPER GOES OFF. SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE WIND BLOWS THE TOP FEW COPIES OF HER PAPERWORK INTO THE ROAD. VALERIE CURSES UNDER HER BREATH. VALERIE IS STARTLED INTO ACTION. SCRABBLING ABOUT, SHE RETRIEVES HER PAPERS, WRESTLES THE CAR DOOR OPEN AND JUMPS IN.

VALERIE ROARS OFF UP THE STREET)

21. INT. RECEPTION/CORRIDOR/LIFT. 3.02 p.m.

(JIMMY IS WHEELING  
MRS. CALTHORN  
TOWARDS X-RAY.  
SHE IS STILL IN  
SOME PAIN. GROANS  
AS THE TROLLEY  
JOUGLES HER SLIGHTLY)

MRS. CALTHORN: What are you doing?  
Where are you taking me?

JIMMY: We're going to x-ray, love.  
See what you've done to yourself.

MRS. CALTHORN: Pushed me ... I won't go  
if I don't want.

JIMMY: What?

MRS. CALTHORN: Because I go when ...  
she can't make me ...

JIMMY: Don't you worry, Mrs. Calthorn ...

MRS. CALTHORN: So don't you bother! ...  
Just don't you bother ...

JIMMY: Eh?

MRS. CALTHORN: Pushed me ... our Mary.

JIMMY: Now don't be silly. She's waiting for you outside. Worried sick.

(HE LOOKS ACROSS  
AT MARY WHO  
STARES AHEAD)

MRS. CALTHORN: Don't let her.

(JIMMY STOPS THE  
TROLLEY IN THE  
CORRIDOR BESIDE  
THE LIFT AND  
STEPS TO THE SIDE.  
HE LOOKS DOWN  
AT HER)

JIMMY: You just lie back and take it easy, love. I'm looking after you just now.

(MRS. CALTHORN  
LOOKS BACK UP  
AT HIM. A  
FRIGHTENED OLD LADY)

MRS. CALTHORN: Will they remember to get something in for tea?

JIMMY: Come on, let's get you sorted out.

(HE WHEELS HER  
INTO THE LIFT  
AND SHUTS THE  
DOORS)

22. EXT. VALERIE'S CAR IN STREET. 3.30 p.m.

(WE SEE VALERIE  
SITTING IN HER  
CAR. TRAPPED BY  
THE TRAFFIC.

SHE BANGS HER  
HAND HARD AGAINST  
THE STEERING WHEEL  
AND SWEARS SOUNDLESSLY  
BEHIND THE WINDOW)

23. INT. CASUALTY RECEPTION. 3.36 p.m.

(MARY CALTHORN SITS  
IN THE BUSY WAITING  
AREA. SHE LOOKS  
AROUND AT THE WALKING  
WOUNDED DISTASTEFULLY.

A FEW FEET AWAY,  
DENIS McGEARY (THE  
SEPTIC FINGER)  
LOOKS AT HER)

DENIS: Busy, innit?

(MARY DOES NOT  
ANSWER.

DENIS TRIES AGAIN  
CHEERFULLY)

I've been here almost three hours.

(MARY LOOKS AT  
HIM FEARFULLY.  
SAYS NOTHING.  
TURNS AWAY. SHE  
LOOKS CONFUSED.

DUFFY APPROACHES  
HER)

DUFFY: Miss Calthorn?

(MARY LOOKS STEADFASTLY  
AHEAD, AS IF SHE HASN'T  
HEARD)

Miss Calthorn?

(MARY LOOKS UP,  
STARTLED)

MARY: What do you want?

DUFFY: We're making your mother as  
comfortable as we can Miss Calthorn.

(DUFFY LOOKS UP AND  
SEES ALEX RUSHING  
INTO THE DEPARTMENT  
STILL DRESSED IN  
HER CIVVIES.

DUFFY TURNS BACK  
TO MARY)

... We're just waiting for the X-Ray  
results. If her hip's broken, she'll  
have to have an operation but ...  
well, she's a strong old lady isn't  
she...?

MARY: You won't send her back will  
you. I can't have her!

DUFFY: She won't be well for some  
time. We're trying to find a bed  
for her now.

MARY: ... Because she's too much  
for me.

DENIS: Excuse me sister ...

(DUFFY'S ATTENTION  
IS DISTRACTED BY  
DENIS)

DUFFY: Yes?

DENIS: It's just that.... well I've been here for almost three hours ...

MARY: ... Vindictive old cow ...

DENIS: ... Not that I'm complaining, but ...

DUFFY: Sorry sir, we're a bit pushed for staff today. I'll try and get you seen to as soon as possible.

DENIS: Cheers.

DUFFY: ... If you could just hang on for a bit longer Miss Calthorn, I'll get one of the nurses to tell you when we have a bed for your mother.

(MARY DOES NOT REPLY  
BUT STARES AHEAD OF  
HER.)

DUFFY DOES NOT  
NOTICE HER AGITATED  
STATE AND WALKS  
AWAY PAST JIMMY WHO  
IS STANDING LOOKING  
AT MARY FROM SEVERAL  
YARDS AWAY.

HE STARTS TO WALK  
TOWARDS HER)

Jimmy, could you, you go and see if  
Mrs. Calthorn's X-ray's are ready?  
Ta ...

(DUFFY WALKS AWAY.

JIMMY HESITATES AND  
THEN WALKS AWAY  
LOOKING OVER HIS  
SHOULDER AT MARY)

24. INT. ADMIN. IMMED. 3.36 p.m.

(ALEX FEVERISHLY  
BUTTONS UP HER  
UNIFORM AS SHE  
CHATS TO MEGAN  
ABOUT THE EVENTS  
OF HER DAY.

DUFFY ENTERS)

DUFFY: The shift started at 2 o'clock!  
Where the hell have you been?

ALEX: I ...

DUFFY: We're short staffed as it  
is without students deciding not to  
honour us with their presence.

ALEX: I was up at Queens.

DUFFY: What? ...

ALEX: I was up at Queens... took  
an arrest in ... I couldn't get away.

DUFFY: Oh.

ALEX: He just keeled over beside  
me when I was having my lunch.

(THERE IS A LONG  
SILENCE AS DUFFY  
REALISES SHE HAS  
MADE A MISTAKE)

DUFFY: Did he make it?

ALEX: No ... Look, I really am sorry  
Duffy.

DUFFY: No, ... no, it's OK.

(THERE IS ANOTHER  
PAUSE.

MEGAN BUSIES HERSELF  
IN THE BACKGROUND)

ALEX: It was worth having a go.  
We almost got him back ... almost.

DUFFY: Are you alright?

ALEX: Yeah. Yeah I'll get started...

DUFFY: There's a Mr. McGeary, septic  
finger. He keeps getting shunted  
back.

ALEX: Fine. I'll get on it.

(SHE SMILES BRIEFLY  
AT THEM AND THEN  
LEAVES.

DUFFY LOOKS  
HELPLESSY AT MEGAN)

DUFFY: Sometimes I could strangle  
myself. I'm so stupid.

MEGAN: No you're not Duffy. You're  
doing fine.

DUFFY: Too busy to think straight.  
We ought to have some agency nurses  
on ... I wish Charlie was here.

MEGAN: Yeah, then you could strangle  
him.

(THEY GRIN AT EACH  
OTHER)

25. EXT. TRAINING GROUND. 3.45 p.m.

(THE TRAINING GAME  
CONTINUES.

A PLAYER ON THE  
OTHER SIDE OF THE  
PITCH SENDS A HIGH  
BALL OVER TOWARDS  
WHERE RICKY AND  
JOHN ARE PLAYING.

WE SEE JOHN MAKE  
THE MENTAL DECISION  
TO NOBBLE RICKY.

AS THE BALL COMES  
IN, JOHN GOES IN  
HARD ON RICKY,  
HIS FOOT UP.

RICKY IS ALREADY  
IN THE AIR TO HEAD  
THE BALL. HE COMES  
DOWN HARD ON JOHN'S  
ANKLE.

JOHN FALLS TO THE  
GROUND WRITHING IN  
AGONY.

THE GAME STOPS  
AND THE PLAYERS  
GATHER AROUND.

THE MANAGER RUNS  
ONTO THE PITCH)

MANAGER: (TO RICKY) Are you alright?

RICKY: Yeah.

(THE MANAGER LOOKS  
DOWN AT THE PRONE  
JOHN IN CONTEMPT)

MANAGER: Get the stretcher somebody,  
Bully Boy's crocked himself.

(FINISH ON JOHN  
SQUIRMING ON THE  
GROUND)

26. INT. CAR. 3.47 p.m.

(ROBERT PENFOLD STILL  
DRIVING THE CAR.

JANE LOCKE BESIDE  
HIM)

JANE: It won't take a moment.

ROBERT: We are not stopping to make  
an unofficial call on your Mrs. Willis.

JANE: Why not?

ROBERT: We've got a meeting to get  
to.

JANE: What's happened to your system  
of priorities?

ROBERT: You're the one who's got  
their priorities all screwed up.  
We've got a huge case load which  
we can hardly meet as it is. She  
has been banked by the manager.

JANE: Come on Robert, you know what  
that means.

ROBERT: Case does not require ongoing  
input.

JANE: You mean she's low priority..

ROBERT: Somebody's got to make these decisions.

JANE: She's an old woman. It's a cold day and I'm worried. Look, that's her house. Just stop for a minute will you?

(ROBERT PULLS OVER  
TO THE SIDE OF THE  
ROAD AND REMAINS  
RESOLUTELY IN HIS  
SEAT AS JANE GETS  
OUT)

27. EXT. MRS. WILLIS' HOUSE. IMMED.  
3.47 p.m.

(SHIVERING AGAINST THE COLD, JANE WALKS UP THE PAVEMENT AND TURNS INTO THE PATH LEADING UP TO MRS. WILLIS' FRONT DOOR.

SHE RINGS THE DOORBELL AND WAITS.

NO ANSWER.

JANE LOOKS DOWN AT THE CAT RUBBING AROUND HER ANKLES.

SEES FOUR FULL MILK BOTTLES.

SHE RINGS THE DOORBELL AGAIN, AND WITHOUT WAITING FOR AN ANSWER, STEPS OFF THE PATH AND UP TO THE SITTING ROOM WINDOW.

THE WINDOW IS OPAQUE WITH GRIME.

JANE RUBS AT IT, TRYING TO SEE IN.

THE BROKEN PANE OF GLASS FALLS IN WITH A CRASH.

THROUGH THE GAP WE CAN SEE MRS. WILLIS LYING UNCONSCIOUS INSIDE)

JANE: Oh God ... Mrs. Willis.

28. EXT. HOSPITAL CARPARK. 3.55 p.m.

(VALERIE LOCKS HER  
CAR AND HURRIES  
TOWARDS THE CASUALTY  
ENTRANCE)

29. INT. RECEPTION/STAIRS. IMMED.  
3.55 p.m.

(VALERIE HURRIES THROUGH  
RECEPTION TOWARDS  
THE STAIRS, HER  
PAPERS TUCKED  
UNDER HER ARM.

DUFFY SEES HER)

DUFFY: Valerie!... Valerie!

(WITH A SIGH, VALERIE  
STOPS AND TURNS TO  
FACE THE ONCOMING  
DUFFY WHO HAS  
PURSUED HER TO  
THE BOTTOM OF THE  
STAIRS)

I've been trying to reach you all  
afternoon.

VALERIE: I'm sorry, I had some urgent  
reports to finish last night - slept  
in.

DUFFY: It's almost four o'clock!

VALERIE: I know. I have to get to  
a meeting ...

DUFFY: Charlie forgot to book the  
agency nurses again. Someone's got  
to do something about it.

VALERIE: Can I talk about this after my meeting?

DUFFY: Look Valerie, it's important. We can't cope in there without nursing cover. What am I supposed to do with Charlie away again and no line managers available! I told him that we would need Agency staff today. Why didn't he do it?

VALERIE: He did.

DUFFY: What?

VALERIE: He did. It's just that ... well the agency budget has been frozen again.

(DUFFY STARES AT  
VALERIE ANGRILY,  
SEARCHING FOR  
THE WORDS.

VALERIE JUMPS  
IN ANXIOUSLY)

It's a question of priorities.

DUFFY: Yeah, and two weeks ago it was a priority to have the place packed out with staff whilst all those reporters were crawling all over us.

(VALERIE GLANCES  
ANXIOUSLY AT HER  
WATCH)

VALERIE: This is going to have to wait.

DUFFY: It can't wait! We're going under. Somebody has to do something now. There'll be mistakes.

(VALERIE LOOKS VERY UNCOMFORTABLE.

EVENTUALLY SHE TAKES REFUGE IN SUPERIORITY..

VALERIE'S BLEEPER GOES OFF AGAIN)

VALERIE: Look Duffy, I'm sorry, I have to prepare for this meeting.

DUFFY: Yeah! Probably meeting to cut staffing levels again if I know you lot.

(VALERIE'S FACE GIVES HER AWAY)

VALERIE: Not cut ... review ...

DUFFY: Sometimes I wonder how you people sleep at night.

VALERIE: Somebody's got to do it.

DUFFY: Yeah, but nobody ever rationalises the rationalisers ... do they?

VALERIE: I'll come straight back. Sorry.

(VALERIE TURNS AND HURRIES AWAY INTO THE HOSPITAL.

DUFFY MUTTERS  
UNDER HER  
BREATH)

DUFFY: I won't hold my breath.

30. INT. CASUALTY CUBICLE. 4.00 p.m.

(LUCY IS JUST  
FINISHING AN  
INCISION AND  
DRAINAGE ON  
DENIS' SEPTIC  
FINGER.

MEGAN AND ALEX  
HAVE BEEN HOLDING  
DENIS DOWN TO  
STOP HIM THRASHING  
ABOUT AT THIS  
PAINFUL PROCEDURE  
IS CARRIED OUT)

DENIS: Aaaahoowww!

LUCY: I think that's it Mr. McGeary.  
The nurse will dress it for you.  
We'll make an appointment to have  
it changed tomorrow. I'll give you  
a script for antibiotics. Make sure  
you finish the course this time.  
We haven't got enough nurses spare  
to sit on top of you.

(LUCY SMILES AT  
ALEX AND MEGAN  
AND LEAVES THE  
CUBICLE.

ALEX TAKES THE  
INJURED HAND,  
WHILE MEGAN  
GETS OUT DRESSINGS.

DENIS IS REELING)

DENIS: (LIMPPLY) Thanks Doctor ...  
Gordon Bennet!

(HE TURNS BACK TO  
THE NURSES)

Sorry to make such a fuss.

MEGAN: That's OK. It's all those  
nerve endings. Sometimes the  
anaesthetic doesn't work too well.

(ALEX SKILLFULLY  
BANDAGES UP HIS  
HAND)

DENIS: Oh yes. That feels great.  
You've got gentle hands. You'd do  
well in my line of business.

ALEX: Oh, yes, what's that?

DENIS: Taxidermy.

(ALEX GRINS OVER  
HIS HEAD AT MEGAN  
AS DENIS CONTINUES  
FLIRTING WITH HER)

I should make you an  
offer you can't refuse.

ALEX: Well, that would be the second  
one today.

MEGAN: Oh yeah?

ALEX: Yes, someone offered me double my salary ...

MEGAN: Double a student nurse's salary? Big deal!

DENIS: I thought you lot got paid a King's ransom now ... regrading and all that.

MEGAN: Watch it buster! It could be me working on that finger tomorrow. (TO ALEX) What do you have to do to double your money?

ALEX: Work in a bank.

MEGAN: A bank! ... Can you see yourself in a bank?

ALEX: I don't know. What do you think?

MEGAN: Dunno ... You like being a nurse don't you?

ALEX: Well ... Sometimes.

MEGAN: You'll just have to follow your instinct. Sometimes it's the only thing to do. Am I right Mr. McGeary?

(DENIS IS STARING  
WISTFULLY AT LUCY  
AS SHE FINISHES  
BANDAGING HIS HAND)

DENIS: Definitely. Follow your instinct. I always do. So, with that in mind, what are you doing on Saturday night?

MEGAN: Goodbye Mr. McGeary.

DENIS: Oh well ... But you can't leave nursing yet.

ALEX: Why not?

DENIS: I don't want just anyone holding me down when I get this redressed. Bye. Oh ... and thanks.

(DENIS LEAVES.

MEGAN AND ALEX  
SMILE AT EACH  
OTHER)

31. INT. CASUALTY RECEPTION. 4.03 p.m.

(WE FOLLOW DENIS  
OUT THROUGH  
RECEPTION AS HE  
LEAVES AND PICK  
UP JOHN REDPATH  
AND THE FOOTBALL  
MANAGER AS THEY  
APPROACH THE DESK.

THE FOOTBALL MANAGER  
IS SUPPORTING JOHN  
ROUND THE SHOULDERS)

JOHN: Away man! Careful will you!

MANAGER: Shut up! I ought to wrap  
your precious ankle round your neck.  
You almost put my best player out  
of the cup tie, but then, you know  
that don't you?

JOHN: That's great that is. I might  
be seriously injured.

MANAGER: You're breaking my heart.

(THEY HOBBLE UP TO  
THE RECEPTION DESK.

JULIE COMES OVER)

JULIE: Can I help?

JOHN: Yeah, the name's Redpath. Done my ankle. I need to see the doctor.

JULIE: Right, I'll just take your details. I'm afraid it might be a bit of a wait ...

JOHN: No, you don't understand. I'm a footballer, I need to see the doctor straight away.

MANAGER: I'm not hanging around here all afternoon. Look at them all.

(JOHN LOOKS AROUND  
THE WAITING AREA  
WITH THE MANAGER.

CYRIL IS STANDING  
IN THE CROWDED  
THRONG OF PATIENTS  
TALKING TO ONE OF  
THEM)

JOHN: Hold on will ye man! ... miserable sod...

JULIE: Redpath, you say. Christian name?

MANAGER: I'll have to get back ...

JOHN: Look! ... er ... John. Do I really have to wait? It's just... (FINISHES LAMELY) ... I never had to before. Look, my manager's here. He'll arrange to ... (cont ...)

(JOHN LOOKS AROUND.

THE MANAGER IS JUST  
DISAPPEARING THROUGH  
THE EXIT)

JOHN: (cont) Hey! Wait on man!!

(THE MANAGER DISMISSES  
JOHN WITH A CONTEMPTUOUS  
WAVE AND GOES.

JOHN TURNS BACK TO  
JULIE, CURSING  
UNDER HIS BREATH.

JULIE CALLS OUT TO  
JIMMY WHO HAS  
APPEARED FROM THE  
CUBICLES AND IS  
HEADING TOWARDS  
MARY CALTHORN)

JULIE: Jimmy! Will you give Mr.  
Redpath a hand over to a seat?

(JIMMY COMES OVER  
TO THE RECEPTION  
DESK AND LOOKS AT  
JOHN IN HIS FOOTBALL  
STRIP)

JIMMY: John Redpath?

JOHN: Yeah.

JIMMY: Of Sunderland?

JOHN: Among others...

JIMMY: Blimey! I used to watch you play, on the tele. I thought you'd retired.

JOHN: Look is this really going to take a long time? I'm not used to having to wait.

JIMMY: 'fraid so.

(HE EASES JOHN INTO  
A SEAT IN THE  
WAITING AREA AND  
BENDS DOWN TO  
EXAMINE JOHN'S  
ANKLE.

SEES CYRIL PASSING  
THE RECEPTION AREA)

Hey, Cyril.

(CYRIL COMES OVER)

John Redpath. You remember ...  
Sunderland.

CYRIL: Nice to meet you Mr. Redpath.  
How's it going?

JOHN: We're relegated.

CYRIL: Oh ...

(CYRIL LOOKS OVER  
AT JIMMY LIMPPLY)

JIMMY: Er ... hey, are you still married to Miss Gateshead.

CYRIL: Eh?

JIMMY: Miss Gateshead 1974. "The Belle and the Boot".

JOHN: Yeah ... we're still married ... sort of ... Look lads, I need some help with this ankle. I think I've done my tendon again.

CYRIL: I'll find out how long it's going to be.

JIMMY: Nice to meet you Mr. Redpath. You were a great player.

JOHN: Ta.

(CYRIL CALLS OUT THE NAME OF HIS NEXT PATIENT)

CYRIL: Derek Geeson ... Er yes... this way.

(AS CYRIL AND JIMMY MOVE OFF WITH DEREK IN TOW, JIMMY TALKS IN A LOW TONE TO CYRIL)

JIMMY: Booze.

CYRIL: Is that what they say?

JIMMY: Chucked out of every club  
he played for. Couldn't handle it.

(JIMMY SEES MISS  
CALTHORN SITTING  
IN ANOTHER PART  
OF THE WAITING  
AREA)

Hang on a minute.

(CYRIL WALKS ON.

JIMMY GOES OVER TO  
WHERE MARY IS  
SITTING LOOKING  
STRAIGHT AHEAD OF  
HER. SHE LOOKS  
VERY AGITATED)

Miss Calthorn? Are you alright?

(SHE DOES NOT ANSWER)

Miss Calthorn.

(HE LAYS A HAND ON  
HER SHOULDER.

SHE LOOKS UP)

MARY: What do you want?

JIMMY: Miss Calthorn, I met you when  
you arrived...

(SHE LOOKS  
UNCOMPREHENDINGLY  
AT HIM)

MARY: What...?

JIMMY: Have they told you how your mother is yet?

MARY: I'll need to get back ... make her tea.

JIMMY: Someone should have told you. They're keeping her in, aren't they?

MARY: She'll make a fuss if her tea isn't on the table. She doesn't care. She'll make a fuss, the old cow.

JIMMY: Shall I go and ask ...?

MARY: Who are you? What do you want!?

(JIMMY LOOKS PUZZLED  
AS SHE STARES AT  
HIM)

When can I go home. I've got to make my mother's tea.

(FINISH ON JIMMY'S  
FACE)

32. INT. CORRIDOR INTO CUBICLE.  
IMMED. 4.05 p.m.

(LUCY PROGRESSING  
DOWN THE CORRIDOR.  
FROM INSIDE THE CUBICLE,  
WE HEAR MRS. CALTHORN  
CRYING OUT)

MRS. CALTHORN: Nurse! ... Nurse! ...

(LUCY PULLS BACK  
THE CURTAIN AND  
ENTERS THE CUBICLE.  
MRS. CALTHORN IS  
SEMI-CONSCIOUS,  
MUMBLING TO HERSELF  
A BIT)

LUCY: Mrs. Calthorn! Can you hear  
me? The injection should be making  
you feel a little more comfortable now.  
OK?

MRS. CALTHORN: My leg hurts ...

LUCY: I'm afraid you're going to need  
a little operation ... I'll get one  
of the nurses to send your daughter  
in. She can sit with you while we  
try to find you a bed.

(MRS. CALTHORN  
SEEMS TO COME AWAKE  
WITH A START. SHE  
TRIES TO SIT UP  
AND STRUGGLES FUTILELY  
ON THE BED)

MRS. CALTHORN: No! You keep her away from me. Keep her out of here! Do you hear me? ... She'll do it again.

LUCY: Now don't worry Mrs. Calthorn. Nothing's going to happen to you. You're all fixed up now. All we need to do is get you in to a warm comfortable bed.

MRS. CALTHORN: I don't want to see her. She's a wicked girl. I'm not going home. I'm staying here! Keep her away from me!

(LUCY POKES HER  
HEAD THROUGH  
THE CURTAIN)

33. INT. CUBICLE CORRIDOR. IMMED. 4.05 p.m.

LUCY: Megan! ... Can you come and sit with Mrs. Calthorn, she's a bit upset.

(MRS. CALTHORN  
IS CALMING DOWN  
UNDER THE SEDATIVE)

MRS. CALTHORN: (O.O.V.) I won't go with her ...

(JIMMY IS HANGING  
AROUND IN THE  
CORRIDOR LISTENING  
TO THE MUFFLED  
VOICES COMING  
FROM MRS. CALTHORN'S  
CUBICLE.

HE LOOKS UP AS  
MEGAN APPROACHES  
DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

MEGAN: ... no rest for the wicked ...

(SHE GOES INTO  
THE CUBICLE. LUCY  
STEPS OUT INTO  
THE CORRIDOR.

JIMMY LOOKS AT  
HER, MAKING UP HIS  
MIND)

LUCY: Thanks Megan ...

JIMMY: Lucy ... Can I speak to you?

(LUCY START TO  
WALK DOWN THE  
CORRIDOR.

JIMMY FOLLOWS  
HER RELUCTANTLY,  
LOOKING OVER HIS  
SHOULDER AT THE  
CUBICLE)

LUCY: Sure.

JIMMY: It's just that ... I'm a bit worried about Miss Calthorn. I think ... well I think she's a bit off her head ... saying some very strange things.

LUCY: Well it's not uncommon. A woman of her age ...

JIMMY: No, I don't mean Mrs. Calthorn. It's her daughter. I've just spoken to her and ...

LUCY: Well she's probably had a bit of a shock today. These old ladies, a bit confused, thinking they can do things they can't. They're incredibly demanding, like children. You look the wrong way for a second and over they go. It's very common.

JIMMY: No ... I mean ...

(DUFFY INTERRUPTS)

DUFFY: Lucy, we've got an unconscious female hypothermia coming in.

LUCY: Right ... sorry Jimmy. Talk to me later.

(DUFFY AND LUCY  
MOVE OFF TOWARDS  
RECEPTION QUICKLY.

JIMMY WATCHES THEM  
GO. HE TURNS AND  
LOOKS BACK TOWARDS  
MRS. CALTHORN'S  
CUBICLE)

34. EXT. AMBULANCE ENTRANCE. IMMED.  
4.06 p.m.

(AN AMBULANCE CREW  
IS DISEMBARKING MRS.  
WILLIS AT THE  
ENTRANCE. SHE IS  
UNCONSCIOUS. BEHIND  
HER EMERGING FROM  
THE AMBULANCE, WE  
SEE AN ANXIOUS LOOKING  
JANE LOCKE)

35. INT. STAIRS TO CASUALTY RECEPTION.  
IMMED. 4.06 p.m.

(VALERIE COMES  
DOWN THE STAIRS  
AND STOPS DEAD AS  
THE AMBULANCE CREW  
WHEEL MRS. WILLIS  
INTO RECEPTION)

VALERIE: Mrs. Willis! ...

(COMING FROM ADMIN.  
DUFFY MEETS THE  
CREW AT THE  
RECEPTION DESK  
AS VALERIE STEPS  
UP TO THEM)

DUFFY: Crash for the moment guys. All  
the cubicles are full.

(THEY MAKE THEIR  
WAY TOWARDS CRASH.

VALERIE STAND ROOTED  
TO THE SPOT  
WATCHING THEM GO.

JANE LOCKE IS  
LEFT STANDING IN  
RECEPTION. SHE LOOKS  
AROUND AND SEES  
VALERIE. STEPS  
UP TO HER)

JANE: Valerie Sinclair?

VALERIE: What?

JANE: Jane Locke, Holby Social Services.  
We've met before.

VALERIE: Oh yes ... That woman ...

JANE: Hypothermia. They seemed to be taking it fairly seriously in the ambulance. It's sheer chance I found her. I bet nobody's checked up on her weeks.

(VALERIE LOOKS  
DISTRACTED AND  
ANXIOUS. LOST  
IN THOUGHT)

Look, do you have a minute.

VALERIE: I'm sorry ... I've got to  
get to ...

(SHE STOPS. LOOKING  
DOWN THE CORRIDOR  
BLANKLY)

Er ... just follow me.

(THEY MOVE OFF  
TOWARDS THE  
INTERVIEW ROOM  
TOGETHER)

36. INT. CRASH. 4.10 p.m.

(MRS. WILLIS IS  
LYING ON A TROLLEY.

DUFFY IS JUST  
REPLACING A SPACE  
BLANKET OVER HER.  
A RECTAL THERMOMETER  
IN HER HAND.

LUCY IS EXAMINING  
THE OLD LADY)

DUFFY: Twenty-nine.

LUCY: She doesn't look good. Better  
bleep the Medical Reg, Alex.

(ALEX GOES TO  
TELEPHONE.

DUFFY IS TAKING  
BLOOD PRESSURE)

DUFFY: Blood pressure 80 over 30. Do  
you want some fluids?

(DUFFY MARKS THE  
SIGNS ON A CHART)

LUCY: Yes. We'll run a bag of normal  
saline and wait for the Reg. You've  
got to be careful. Mess them around  
too much and they'll arrest.

DUFFY: Do you want to take some blood?

LUCY: Yes ... I hate these ones. You can never do anything. Just keep them warm, and hope.

(THEY START THE  
PROCEDURE TO TAKE  
SOME BLOOD FROM MRS.  
WILLIS.)

ALEX PUTS DOWN  
TELEPHONE)

ALEX: He's coming.

LUCY: Get her on a monitor, quick as  
you like Alex.

(THERE IS A  
MOMENTARY SILENCE  
AS THE THREE WOMEN  
WORK EXPERTLY ON  
MRS. WILLIS.)

DUFFY AND ALEX  
HOOK HER UP TO  
A MONITOR WHILE  
LUCY TAKES SOME  
BLOOD)

ALEX: Look at her. She looks as if  
she hasn't had a decent meal in days.  
Nineteen Eighty Nine. One cold spell  
and we're dragging them out in space  
blankets. I mean isn't somebody  
responsible for her.

DUFFY: Obviously not.

ALEX: She must at least have some  
neighbours. Where were they?  
(cont ...)

(DUFFY SHRUGS  
HELPLESSLY)

ALEX: (cont) It makes me sick.

(THE MEDICAL REG.  
ARRIVES. HE BREEZES  
IN NONCHALANTLY)

MEDICAL REG: Afternoon ... how does  
she look?

ALEX: Bad!

(HE LOOKS AT ALEX  
SHARPLY.)

LUCY STEPS IN  
BEFORE HE CAN  
SAY ANYTHING)

LUCY: Temperature 29. BP 80 over 30  
she's in A.F. at about 60. No focal  
neurology.

MEDICAL REG: Let's have a look ...  
I'm really pressed upstairs ...

(HE GIVES HER A  
PERFUNCTORY CHECK  
OVER VERY RAPIDLY  
BY LOOKING AT HER  
PUPILS, CHECKING  
HEART, CHEST, ABDOMEN  
AND HEAD. THEN  
STANDS BACK FROM  
THE TROLLEY)

Right. E.C.G. Chest and skull x-ray,  
Catheter ... I don't think she's fallen  
and broken anything ... yes ... that's  
it ... yes ... (cont ...)

MEDICAL REG: (cont) B.M. stick if you haven't done it yet of course ... God knows how we're going to find a bed. I'll ring the Houseman and see what I can do ... just get somebody to watch her until she decides if she wants to live.

(HE LOOKS UP. THE THREE WOMEN ARE GLARING AT HIM ANGRILY. HE LOOKS A BIT DISCONCERTED)

Er ... right then ...

(HE LEAVES.  
THEY CONTINUE WORKING)

37. INT. CUBICLE. 4.15 p.m.

(JOHN IS LYING  
ON THE TROLLEY. HE  
IS OBVIOUSLY IN A  
LOT OF PAIN.

CYRIL COMES IN.  
HE MOVES TO A DRESSING  
CABINET AND TAKES  
OUT A COUPLE OF  
TUBIGRIPS)

CYRIL: Sorry about this. The doctor's  
got delayed. She'll be here in a bit.

JOHN: (SOURLY) Cheers. I'm just not  
used to waiting, that's all.

CYRIL: Well ... that's the way it  
goes ...

JOHN: Even when I played for Crewe.  
They at least had a physio. At Holby  
Athletic you just get dumped by the  
manager.

(THERE IS A BIT  
OF A PAUSE.

CYRIL LOOKS AT HIM)

CYRIL: Must have been great in those  
days ...

JOHN: Eh?

CYRIL: You know when you were in the first division and all that.

JOHN: Oh aye, it were great man. We had some magic laughs ... booze, night-clubbing, women ... kidding about with the lads like. Aye ... magic times.

CYRIL: Must've been.

(JOHN FALLS SILENT FOR A MOMENT LOST IN THOUGHT.

CYRIL HALF GOES TO LEAVE, THINKING THAT JOHN HAS FINISHED)

JOHN: Yeah ... one time ... the night before semi-final day. We was on a nine o'clock curfew so I'd had a few in the bar like. You know, gettin' a few jars in. And I'd been talkin' to this gorgeous bird. Anyway, I go for a slash an' when I get up to me room, she's waitin' for me in the bed.

CYRIL: Oh ...

JOHN: Aye it were. I says to myself ... "this is the lass ye want to marry Johnny Man".

CYRIL: And did you?

(JOHN LOOKS AT HIM FOR A MOMENT, HIS FACE BITTER)

JOHN: Aye ... Aye I did ... Miss Gateshead 1974 ... as was.

CYRIL: And what about the semi-final.

JOHN: Boss caught me with her the next morning. I got dropped and transfer listed ... seemed like it was worth it at the time.

CYRIL: Where did you go?

JOHN: West Brom ... then Blackpool, Swindon, Crewe, Torquay and then a free transfer to Holby.

CYRIL: You got about a bit then?

JOHN: (BITTERLY) Yeah ... you could say that ...

(HE FALLS SILENT,  
REFLECTING)

Look, can you give anything for the pain? It's giving me Gyp.

CYRIL: Sorry mate. Not until the doctor gets here ... honest, it won't be long now.

(CYRIL LEAVES LOOKING  
BACK AT JOHN WHO  
SEEMS TO BE LOST  
IN THOUGHT.

JOHN REACHES DOWN  
INTO HIS HOLDALL AND  
PRODUCES HIS BOTTLE  
OF WHISKY. TAKES  
A SLUG. HIS FACE IS  
HARD AND SAD. HE  
TAKES ANOTHER DRINK)

38. INT. CUBICLE CORRIDOR. IMMED. 4.15 p.m.

(LUCY COMES FROM  
CRASH TOWARDS  
MRS. CALTHORN'S  
CUBICLE. SHE GIVES  
MEGAN INSTRUCTIONS  
TO FETCH MARY AND  
ATTEND MRS. WILLIS.

JIMMY APPEARS AS  
LUCY EXITS. HE TRIES  
TO ACCOST HER)

JIMMY: Lucy ...

LUCY: ... a bit busy just now  
Jimmy ...

(SHE BRUSHES PAST  
HIM AND ENTERS  
JOHN'S CUBICLE.

WE HEAR HER O.O.V.)

Mr. Redpath. Sorry to have kept you  
waiting ...

(MEGAN EXITS MRS.  
CALTHORN'S CUBICLE.

JIMMY TRIES TO  
TALK TO HER, LOOKING  
ANXIOUSLY AT MRS.  
CALTHORN)

JIMMY: Megan ...?

MEGAN: Not now Jimmy.

JIMMY: But ...

MEGAN: Later ...

(MEGAN WALKS OFF  
TOWARDS CASUALTY  
RECEPTION.)

JIMMY IS LEFT  
STANDING IN THE  
CORRIDOR)

39. INT. CASUALTY RECEPTION. IMMED. 4.15 p.m.

(WE HOLD ON MARY  
CALTHORN. SHE  
SITS IN THE WAITING  
AREA, STARING  
STRAIGHT IN FRONT  
OF HER.

(MEGAN JOINS HER)

MEGAN: Miss Calthorn ...

MARY: Yes.

MEGAN: The doctor said that it would  
be OK for you to go and sit with your  
mother.

(MARY LOOKS  
CONFUSED)

MARY: What's she doing here?

MEGAN: Er ... she's in one of the  
cubicles sleeping. We're just organising  
a bed for her. If you'd just like to walk  
this way ...

(MARY GETS UP AND  
FOLLOWS MEGAN  
DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

40. INT. CUBICLE CORRIDOR. IMMED. 4.15 p.m.

MEGAN: She must have given you a shock when she fell.

MARY: She's a naughty girl ...

MEGAN: Someone will be along soon to tell you how we're getting on with finding a bed. She's just in here, OK?

(MEGAN LEAVES MARY  
STANDING AT THE  
CUBICLE ENTRANCE  
BY HERSELF.

AS MEGAN MAKES  
HER WAY TOWARDS  
CRASH)

MARY: She wants a good slap ...

41. INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. 4.19 p.m.

(VALERIE SITS IN  
A CHAIR.

JANE HAS GOT UP  
AND IS STALKING  
AROUND THE ROOM)

JANE: ... the whole system's crumbling around our ears. We chase around, disappearing up our own backsides with our lists of priorities and our strategic support systems. That woman's probably going to die, and the fact of the matter is that, at the end of the day nobody really gives a damn.

VALERIE: You care.

JANE: I went round because my conscience was bothering me. It's not quite the same thing. I'd only ever met the woman twice in my life and I found myself wishing that I didn't know of her existence. How's that for compassion?

VALERIE: Well ... somebody's got to administer the system. Get what they can out of it. Make sure the resources are protected.

JANE: The resources are finite, as they keep telling us. And after they've told us enough times, we start to believe it. And we run their precious systems of priorities for them. That's the amazing thing, we do it for them.  
(cont ...)

JANE: (cont) We've got to protect the Juvenile Abuse cases. They're the growth area. The rest of them? We'll get round to them when we can which in this case is too late.

(THROUGH THE LATTER PART OF JANE'S SPEECH, THE CAMERA STARTS TO HOLD ON VALERIE'S FACE)

Well I've had it up to here with allocations and banking and budgets and resource management systems. They can get someone else to break into houses and call the ambulance.

(JANE EVENTUALLY COMES TO A HALT. SHE LOOKS UP AT VALERIE)

I'm sorry. I went on a bit.

VALERIE: No, please, it's OK. I mean you needed to say it ... What are you going to do?

JANE: I dunno ... probably go for a drink. Come back in a bit to see how she is. You want to come?

VALERIE: No. I can't. Got a budgets meeting.

JANE: Well good luck to you. You sure?

VALERIE: Yes. Thanks anyway.

JANE: Nice to see you again anyway  
... I better go. I'll probably remember  
why I do this job tomorrow. See you.

(JANE GOES TO  
THE DOOR AND LOOKS  
BACK AT VALERIE  
WHO IS STARING  
IN FRONT OF HER)

And you know, the funny thing is; none  
of this would be necessary if a few  
people looked out of their sitting room  
window from time to time.

(WE HOLD ON  
VALERIE'S FACE  
AS THE DOOR  
SHUTS)

42. INT. CASUALTY RECEPTION. 4.30 p.m.

(CYRIL IS WITH  
JULIE AT THE  
RECEPTION DESK)

JULIE: A Mr. Walker ... he's sitting  
over at the back there.

(FROM BEHIND HIM  
WE HEAR THE SOUND  
OF TAMARA REDPATH'S  
VOICE)

TAMARA: Excuse me. I think you've  
got my husband here, John Redpath.

(CYRIL TURNS TO  
LOOK AT HER. SHE  
IS A FADED BEAUTY  
OF ABOUT FORTY. HER  
FACE IS LINED, AND  
LIKE JOHN, SHE  
LOOKS OLD AND  
TIRED. HER HAIR IS  
DYED BLONDE GROWING  
OUT AT THE ROOTS)

CYRIL: Oh ... are you ...?

TAMARA: Tamara Redpath.

CYRIL: Miss Gateshead 1974?

TAMARA: Oh, he told you that did he?

CYRIL: No ... (LIMPLY) ... somebody remembered.

TAMARA: I hope you've taken his bottle off him.

CYRIL: Er ... I'll tell him you're here ...

(CYRIL MOVES SWIFTLY AWAY)

43. INT. CUBICLE. 4.43 p.m.

(LUCY IS EXAMINING  
JOHN'S ANKLE BY  
MANIPULATING HIS  
CALF MUSCLE.

JOHN GRIMACES IN  
PAIN)

JOHN: What I need to know love, is;  
am I going to miss the rest of the season.

(LUCY LOOKS AWAY.  
SHE LOOKS DISTURBED  
AND KEEPS HER  
FACE AWAY FROM HIM  
AS SHE PLAYS FOR TIME)

LUCY: We'll have to see, Mr. Redpath.

(CYRIL COMES IN)

CYRIL: Your wife's arrived. She's waiting  
at reception.

(IGNORING HIM,  
JOHN KEEPS  
TALKING TO LUCY)

JOHN: You see, I've lost my place in  
the team like. I've got to get back  
this season, or they won't renew my  
contract.

(CYRIL LOOKS  
OVER JOHN'S HEAD  
AT LUCY.

LUCY SHAKES HER  
HEAD SILENTLY.

CYRIL LOOKS BACK  
AT JOHN)

LUCY: We'll get the Orthopaedic  
Registrar have a look at it before we  
jump to any conclusions.

JOHN: Aye. That's right love.  
Footballing knock. You need a bloke  
to know about these things. Right man?

CYRIL: Er ...

LUCY: I'll see if I can bleep him.

JOHN: Right then. Wheel this Ortho  
bloke in. Cos I'll need to let the  
manager know.

LUCY: Fine ...

(LUCY LEAVES.

CYRIL LOOKS AT  
JOHN UNCOMFORTABLY)

CYRIL: You've got to give me the bottle  
John. It's not allowed. (cont ...)

(JOHN GOES TO  
DENY IT. BUT  
CHANGES HIS MIND  
AND RELUCTANTLY  
HANDS IT OVER.

CYRIL PUTS IT  
IN HIS POCKET)

CYRIL: (cont) What about your wife.

JOHN: What does she want?

CYRIL: I think she wants to see that  
you're alright.

JOHN: Come to gloat more like. The  
old bitch. I bet she told you I would  
have a drink on me an' all ... You know  
something about her. Every time I  
transferred. Dropped a division or what-  
ever, she hated me a bit more. After  
the bust up at Torquay ... well ...  
the money went down quite a bit ...  
and ... That's why I need to get back  
this season. It's all I do. Football.  
I don't want to be like her. All she  
can do is booze and complain ... Cow!

(WE FINISH ON  
CYRIL'S FACE,  
LISTENING TO ALL  
THIS INVECTIVE)

44. INT. CRASH. 4.31 p.m.

(VALERIE ENTERS  
CRASH.

MRS. WILLIS IS  
STILL UNCONSCIOUS.

THE HEAD OF THE  
TROLLEY HAS BEEN  
TIPPED DOWN TO  
AID THE BLOOD  
PRESSURE IN  
MRS. CALTHORN'S  
BRAIN. THE SPACE  
BLANKET IS STILL  
OVER HER.

MEGAN STANDS AT  
HER SIDE, CARRYING  
OUT AN E.C.G.  
PROCEDURE. SHE  
LOOKS UP AS VALERIE  
ENTERS)

VALERIE: How is she?

MEGAN: Don't know yet ...

VALERIE: She lives across the road  
from me. I ... I almost went in to  
see her today, and then ... well  
there wasn't time.

MEGAN: Well she's here now isn't  
she? And we don't stint on the  
care and attention here. Not yet  
anyway.

VALERIE: (UNCERTAINLY) Yeah ...

(SHE LOOKS AT  
HER WATCH)

My Meeting!

(SHE TURNS AND  
RUNS OUT.

MEGAN SHAKES HER  
HEAD AND TURNS  
BACK TO THE OLD  
LADY.

A SENSE OF CALM,  
CARING EXPERIENCE  
AS SHE TAKES THE  
OLD LADY'S PULSE)

45. INT. ADMIN. 4.45 p.m.

(JIMMY ENTERS ADMIN.  
LOOKING BACK  
ANXIOUSLY OVER  
HIS SHOULDER  
TOWARDS THE  
WAITING AREA.

LUCY IS STANDING  
WRITING UP SOME  
NOTES.

HE WALKS UP TO  
HER)

JIMMY: Lucy ...?

LUCY: Yes?

JIMMY: I can't see Mrs. Calthorn's  
daughter.

LUCY: She's with her mother. I  
asked Megan to sit with the  
Hypothermia case.

JIMMY: There's something wrong  
with her. I don't think you  
should have let her.

LUCY: Yes, but that's not really  
for you to say Jim ...

(LUCY IS INTERRUPTED  
BY THE SOUND OF A  
FRENZIED COMMOTION  
IN THE CUBICLES)

MARY: (O.O.V.) Shut up!  
Shut up!

(JIMMY RUNS TOWARDS  
THEM.)

LUCY IN CLOSE  
PURSUIT)

46. INT. RESUSC. CORRIDOR INTO CUBICLE.  
IMMED. 4.45 p.m.

(JIMMY HAULS BACK  
THE CURTAIN. HE  
IS CLOSELY FOLLOWED  
BY ALEX, LUCY AND  
DUFFY.

MRS. CALTHORN IS  
ON THE FLOOR,  
SCREAMING.

MARY STANDS OVER  
HER HURLING ABUSE:)

MARY: Shut up! Shut up you stupid  
woman! We've got to get home!  
Get up! Up!!

(SHE STARTS TO  
HAUL AT THE  
PRONE MRS. CALTHORN.

JIMMY GRABS HER  
FROM BEHIND, BUT  
FAILS TO CONTROL  
HER. SHE SHRUGS  
HIM OFF AND PULLS  
AT HER MOTHER.

DUFFY AND ALEX  
MANAGE TO PULL HER  
OFF.

JIMMY BENDS OVER  
THE HYSTERICAL  
MRS. CALTHORN)

DUFFY: Interview Room! I think  
it's empty.

MARY: Let go of me!! Let me ...!

(MARY GRABS A HOLD  
OF DUFFY AND  
SCRATCHES HER.

JIMMY IS STILL  
BENT OVER  
MRS. CALTHORN)

LUCY: Don't move her! Jimmy!!

(DUFFY AND ALEX  
GET MARY OUT INTO  
THE CORRIDOR PAST  
LUCY.

JIMMY LOOKS UP  
AT LUCY ACCUSINGLY,  
THEIR EYES MEET.

LUCY AVERTS HIS  
GAZE, AND THEN  
MOVES FORWARD TO  
ATTEND TO  
MRS. CALTHORN)

47. INT. ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE. 4.50 p.m.

(THE ADMINISTRATOR  
FACES VALERIE  
ACROSS HIS  
IMPOSING DESK.  
HE REMOVES HIS  
GLASSES)

ADMINISTRATOR: I'm not sure I  
understand you Miss Sinclair.  
Are you saying that you cannot  
implement the findings of your  
own report?

VALERIE: I ... I've reconsidered.  
I'd like a bit more time to revise  
it.

ADMINISTRATOR: I must say, I can't  
really see your problem ...

(HE PICKS UP  
VALERIE'S REPORT  
FROM THE DESK  
AND LEAFS THROUGH  
IT)

It seems like an eminently practical  
solution to our problem. And make  
no mistake. These economies are  
going to have to be made somewhere.

VALERIE: But the department is  
functioning at these staffing levels  
today, and they're not coping.

ADMINISTRATOR: Yes, well they would say that wouldn't they?

VALERIE: I don't think the budget will stand any more cuts. It places the viability of the facility in doubt.

ADMINISTRATOR: Nonsense! You can always make economies. It's simply a question of priorities ...

(VALERIE STIFLES HER IRONIC SMILE.)

HE LOOKS AT HER SHARPLY)

Look ... Miss Sinclair. You have proved yourself to be an excellent manager ...

VALERIE: Yes, but what I'd like to see happening is ...

ADMINISTRATOR: ... You think you are experiencing pressure from above. Let me tell you that it's nothing to the demands made on me every day.

VALERIE: I know, but ...

ADMINISTRATOR: ... And what it comes down to is this: You either do the job, or ... well ... somebody else will.

(VALERIE LOOKS AT HIM WITH DISTASTE)

48. INT. CUBICLE. 4.51 p.m.

(MRS. CALTHORN  
IS BACK ON HER  
BED AGAIN.)

LUCY IS STANDING  
LOOKING DOWN AT  
HER)

LUCY: How are you feeling  
Mrs. Calthorn?

MRS. CALTHORN: I told you ...  
wouldn't listen. I'm not the one ...  
I'm not the one that's off her head.

LUCY: I know that, Mrs. Calthorn.

(MRS. CALTHORN  
TAKES A HOLD OF  
LUCY'S ARM AND  
GRIPS IT TIGHTLY.)

LUCY LOOKS DOWN  
AT HER FRIGHTENED  
FACE)

MRS. CALTHORN: She's trying to get  
me our Mary ... my little girl ...  
she's trying to get me. Pushed me  
down the stairs. My little girl ...

(MRS. CALTHORN'S  
EYES FILL WITH  
TEARS AS SHE  
LOOKS UP AT  
LUCY)

49. INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. 4.55 p.m.

(MARY IS SITTING  
IN A CHAIR.

DUFFY BEHIND  
THE TABLE.

MARY IS CRYING)

DUFFY: How long have you been  
looking after your mother, Mary?

MARY: Thirteen years ... I can't  
cope with her anymore. She won't  
do what I say ... always changing  
the house around ... moving things  
... getting me all confused. She  
shouldn't move things.

DUFFY: Does anyone help you?

MARY: What?

DUFFY: I mean, does anyone visit  
to check how you ... how your mother  
is?

(LUCY SLIPS INTO  
THE ROOM AND  
STANDS LISTENING)

MARY: She was going to move the  
plants again. She only does it because  
she knows it gets me confused ... I had  
to stop her. She was taking them  
downstairs.

(MARY FALLS SILENT.

LUCY LOOKS OVER  
AT DUFFY)

LUCY: Is there anyone we could  
ring? Do you have any relatives?

MARY: There's my mother ... I'll  
need to get back. She'll be wanting  
her tea ...

(MARY GETS UP AND  
MAKES FOR THE  
DOOR.

LUCY GENTLY  
INTERCEPTS HER  
AND STEERS HER  
BACK INTO HER  
SEAT)

LUCY: I tell you what Miss Calthorn.  
Why don't I see if we can get you a  
cuppa from somewhere.

(SHE LOOKS OVER  
AT DUFFY)

Are you alright?

DUFFY: Yeah ...

50. INT. CASUALTY RECEPTION. IMMED.  
4.55 p.m.

(LUCY APPROACHES  
THE RECEPTION  
DESK AND SPEAKS  
TO JULIE)

LUCY: Could you bleep the hospital  
social worker Julie?

JULIE: Sure.

LUCY: I'd like to talk to her  
about a possible pre-senile dementia.

JULIE: OK, fine.

LUCY: Perhaps you could organise a  
cup of tea for Miss Calthorn ...  
and I think Duffy could do with  
one too.

(LUCY STARTS TO  
WALK AWAY AND  
THEN STOPS)

Is Jimmy about?

JULIE: Somewhere.

(LUCY SHRUGS.  
SHE WALKS OFF)

51. INT. SLUICE ROOM. 5.00 p.m.

(JIMMY AND ALEX  
ARE WORKING IN  
THE SLUICE ROOM)

JIMMY: I told her, but she wouldn't  
flaming listen!

ALEX: She's had a busy day.

JIMMY: Huh!

ALEX: And you don't expect to see  
dementia in a woman of her age.

JIMMY: I saw it. And it's not just  
that.. I'm sick of people ignoring  
everything I say just because I'm a  
porter and don't wear a silly hat or  
a white coat.

ALEX: There's only one solution  
then.

JIMMY: What's that?

ALEX: Get a silly hat.

(SHE ADJUSTS  
HER OWN)

JIMMY: Yeah well. I'll tell you. I've been thinking about it recently. I mean, I'm not totally thick you know. I thought I might do some classes ... get some qualifications.

ALEX: For what?

JIMMY: To be a nurse of course ... Don't laugh.

ALEX: I'm not. Why not be a doctor?

JIMMY: Ha. Ha.

ALEX: I mean it ... I can't see why not.

JIMMY: Fine from you. I thought you were going into banking?

ALEX: No ... I don't think so.

JIMMY: What? Change your mind ...?

ALEX: Well ... no. I just can't imagine myself out of the uniform now.

JIMMY: Yeah. The cut's very forgiving. Hides a multitude of sins.

(JIMMY SMILES  
BROADLY AT ALEX  
AND THEN DODGES  
OUT OF THE WAY  
AS ALEX THROWS  
A WET CLOTH  
AT HIM.

SHE LOOKS DOWN  
AT HERSELF.  
SMOOHES HER  
TUNIC WITH HER  
HAND. SMILES)

52. INT. CORRIDOR INTO PLASTER ROOM.

5.10 p.m.

(CYRIL SHOWS TAMARA  
TO THE DOOR OF THE  
PLASTER ROOM)

CYRIL: He's in here. His leg's  
going to have to be put in plaster.  
Er ... perhaps you should have this ...

(HE HANDS OVER  
JOHN'S BOTTLE.

TAMARA TAKES IT  
FROM HIM WORDLESSLY  
AND ENTERS INTO THE  
ROOM.

SHE LOOKS AT HER  
STRICKEN HUSBAND  
WITH CONTEMPT)

TAMARA: I've had your boss on the  
phone. He's not too pleased with you.

JOHN: Oh shut up woman! (cont ...)

(SEEING THE LOOK  
THAT PASSES BETWEEN  
THEM, CYRIL DUCKS  
OUT OF THE DOOR.

TAMARA LOOKS DOWN  
AT HER HUSBAND  
CONTEMPTUOUSLY)

JOHN: (cont) Did the doctor say if I would get back this season?

TAMARA: You still haven't realised have you?

JOHN: What?

TAMARA: You're not going to get back at all. (IRONICALLY) Your illustrious playing days are over.

JOHN: Eh?

TAMARA: You heard.

(SHE WALKS OVER  
TO THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THE ROOM AND  
TAKES OUT HIS  
WHISKY BOTTLE)

So what are you going to do now, Golden Boy. Go into management?

JOHN: Bitch!

TAMARA: Or perhaps you should open a pub. You know, give it a fancy name, like "No Hoper's".

JOHN: I need a drink.

TAMARA: I should have dumped you years ago ... instead of trailing around the country like a dumb blonde.

JOHN: You are a dumb blonde.

TAMARA: Well you know what they say; "birds of a feather ..."

JOHN: Give me my bottle you cow!

(TAMARA UNSCREWS  
THE TOP AND  
POLISHES OFF THE  
REST OF THE CONTENTS)

You little ...!

(HE HAULS HIMSELF  
OUT OF HIS SEAT  
AND MAKES FOR HER)

53. INT. CORRIDOR/PLASTER ROOM. IMMED.  
5.10 p.m.

(SUMMONED BY THE  
UPROAR, CYRIL  
RUNS IN.

JOHN IS ON THE  
FLOOR WRITHING,  
HIS HANDS BETWEEN  
HIS LEGS.

TAMARA STANDING  
OVER HIM)

TAMARA: (TO CYRIL) Thanks for all  
your help.

(SHE HANDS THE  
EMPTY BOTTLE TO  
CYRIL AND WALKS  
OUT OF THE DOOR.

HOLD ON CYRIL'S  
ASTONISHED FACE)

54. INT. SISTER'S OFFICE. 5.30 p.m.

(DUFFY IS SITTING  
WORKING BEHIND  
HER DESK.

THERE IS A KNOCK  
ON THE DOOR AND  
VALERIE COMES IN)

DUFFY: Hi.

(VALERIE LOOKS AT  
DUFFY FOR A MOMENT.  
SEARCHING FOR THE  
RIGHT WORDS)

VALERIE: Hi ... I don't think I  
explained myself very well earlier  
... What I've been trying to do  
here. I ... What we've been trying  
to do here?

DUFFY: Keeping people alive.

VALERIE: Yes.

DUFFY: We can't manage with less  
staff. There's no nurses, we can't  
get beds, the Obs ward is full ...

VALERIE: I know, I know ... I just  
wanted to explain. After today,  
I'm not sure that I can. (cont ...)

(PAUSE)

VALERIE: (cont) How's Mrs. Willis?

(DUFFY SHRUGS  
NON-COMMITTALLY.

VALERIE LOOKS AT  
HER FOR A MOMENT,  
AND THEN TURNS  
AND LEAVES)

55. INT. CRASH CORRIDOR. IMMED. 5.31 p.m.

(MRS. WILLIS IS  
STILL UNDER A  
SPACE BLANKET.  
A DRIP IS RIGGED  
BESIDE THE BED.  
SHE IS HOOKED TO  
A CARDIOGRAPH  
MACHINE.

MEGAN AND ALEX  
ARE WITH HER.

AS VALERIE REACHES  
THE ENTRANCE TO  
THE ROOM, MRS. WILLIS  
GOES INTO CARDIAC  
ARREST)

MEGAN: She's arrested. Get Lucy.  
Call the Crash Team.

(MEGAN STARTS THE  
RESUSCITATION  
PROCEDURE AS  
VALERIE STANDS  
HELPLESSLY LOOKING  
ON AT THE DOOR.

ALEX HURRIES PAST,  
ACCIDENTALLY  
PUSHING VALERIE  
TO ONE SIDE.

VALERIE TURNS AND  
WALKS DOWN THE  
CORRIDOR.

LUCY HURRIES PAST  
ON WAY TO CRASH  
ROOM)

56. INT. RECEPTION. IMMED. 5.31 p.m.

(VALERIE WALKS  
THROUGH RECEPTION.

DUFFY LOOKS AT  
HER)

57. INT. CAR PARK. IMMED. 5.31 p.m.

(VALERIE GETS  
INTO HER CAR)

FADE OUT