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Rehearsal Script
BBC Television

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"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 Buins
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-Thursdays 27th July 1989, Bristol

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

CAST:

REGULARS:

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

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 THROG)

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 Keegen 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, LADEN 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. ...

- 30 -

MARY: Calthorn.

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

(DUFFY GOES AFTER
MRS. CALTHORN)

- 30 -

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
KEEPS 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
JOGGLES 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 DOOR-
BELL 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 UNCONCIOUS 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: Aaaahoooww!

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: (LIMPLY) 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 LIMPLY)

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.
SMOOTHES 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