

EP140/SC1. INT. BECKY'S HOUSE. LOUNGE. DAY. 11:26

AYESHA, DOUGLAS, RUFUS

[A LARGE, AFFLUENT, MIDDLE-CLASS LOUNGE.
THE DOOR FROM THE HALLWAY OPENS, AND
DOUGLAS HARPER (LATE 60S) ATTEMPTS TO
SHOW AYESHA INTO THE ROOM]

DOUGLAS:

Please, after you...

[BUT HIS CRUTCHES AND THE SURGICAL BOOT ON
HIS ANKLE DEFEAT HIS GALLANTRY.
AYESHA TAKES THE DOOR...]

AYESHA:

No worries, I've got it. You go ahead.

[BUT THEY ARE BOTH BEATEN INTO THE ROOM BY
RUFUS MANNERS (11) WHO PUSHES PAST BOTH OF
THEM, GRABS THE REMOTE, AND TURNS ON THE
TELEVISION]

RUFUS:

Can I watch the telly?

DOUGLAS:

No.

[HE HOBBLES OVER TO RUFUS, TAKES THE REMOTE
FROM HIS HAND, AND SWITCHES THE TELEVISION
OFF]

RUFUS:

Can I have something to eat?

DOUGLAS:

(EXASPERATED) You can have a biscuit.

[RUFUS DASHES OFF TO THE KITCHEN]

DOUGLAS:

(AFTER RUFUS) Just one...!

[THE POOR MAN LOOKS RUN RAGGED]

AYESHA:

He's quite a handful! Why don't you sit down? Do you want me to look at
your ankle before we get started?

[DOUGLAS LOWERS HIMSELF CAREFULLY INTO AN
ARMCHAIR]

DOUGLAS:

No. I should give it more rest, but it's healing slowly.

[AYESHA OPENS UP HER BAG AND BRINGS OUT THE METER, FINGER PRICKER, TEST STRIPS AND A FRESH LANCET. SHE LOADS A FRESH LANCET, AND INSERTS THE TEST STRIP INTO THE METER. RUFUS RETURNS, MUNCHING A BISCUIT]

RUFUS:

What are you doing?

AYESHA:

I'm testing your grandad's sugar levels.

[RUFUS CLIMBS OVER THE BACK OF THE ARMCHAIR TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING. BISCUIT CRUMBS GO EVERYWHERE]

DOUGLAS:

You should have a plate for that.

RUFUS:

(POINTING AT THE METER) What's that?

DOUGLAS:

Rufus...!

AYESHA:

Why don't you just watch...

[RUFUS JUMPS OVER TO HER MEDICAL BAG...]

RUFUS:

Have you got injections?

[AYESHA PULLS THE BAG AWAY FROM HIM]

AYESHA:

Yes, and they're very sharp!

[OUT ON DOUGLAS'S EXASPERATION]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC2. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, STAFF ROOM.
DAY. 11:27

AL, DANIEL, EMMA, MRS TEMBE, VALERIE, ZARA

[DANIEL MAKES TWO CUPS OF BLACK COFFEE FOR ZARA AND HIMSELF. THEY'RE BOTH LOOKING THE WORSE FOR WEAR.]

[VALERIE'S SITTING NEARBY, WITH A VIRTUOUS GLASS OF WATER, AND A TUPPERWARE BOX OF CELERY STICKS]

DANIEL:

There you go.

VALERIE:

Black coffee? Oh, dear...

[BUT ZARA HAS NOTICED NEITHER THE COFFEE NOR THE IMPLIED CRITICISM. SHE'S SPOTTED MRS TEMBE THROUGH THE DOOR TO RECEPTION, AT THE REAR COUNTER, AND HEADING THIS WAY...]

ZARA:

There she is...

[SHE HEADS ACROSS THE ROOM, LEAVING DANIEL WITH AN EXTRA COFFEE, AND INTERCEPTS HER JUST THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR]

ZARA:

Mrs Tembe, the temporary practice manager...

MRS TEMBE:

I am sorry, Dr Carmichael, but I need to speak to...

[SHE BRUSHES AN ASTONISHED ZARA ASIDE, AND APPROACHES AL AND EMMA, WHO ARE SITTING ON THE COMFY CHAIRS, WITH SOME PAPERWORK]

MRS TEMBE:

Dr Reid. Dr Haskey.

[THEY LOOK UP, AND SHE SITS DOWN BESIDE THEM, CONFIDENTIALLY]

MRS TEMBE:

You are fully prepared?

AL:
Oh, yes.

[HE HOLDS UP RUHMA'S STATEMENT, WHICH IS
ANNOTATED WITH POST-IT NOTES]

EMMA:
Well, not quite...

MRS TEMBE:
The important thing is to establish the facts.

AL:
Gather the evidence.

MRS TEMBE:
Precisely.

EMMA:
That seems very cold. It's Ruhma we're talking about.

MRS TEMBE:
You must not allow your emotions to get the better of you. I am relying on you both to remain calm, detached, and professional.

AL:
Are we really the right ones to do this?

MRS TEMBE:
I have every faith in you.

[OUT ON HER CONFIDENT SMILE]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC3. INT. BECKY'S HOUSE, LOUNGE. DAY. 11:29

AYESHA, DOUGLAS, RUFUS

[DOUGLAS HOLDS OUT HIS HAND. AYESHA,
WEARING GLOVES FOR THIS PROCEDURE, PRICKS
THE SIDE OF HIS MIDDLE FINGER, AND SQUEEZES
OUT A TINY DROP OF BLOOD ONTO THE TEST STRIP
IN THE SIDE OF THE METER.

RUFUS ENJOYS WATCHING THE BLOOD, AND
GENERALLY GETTING IN THE WAY]

AYESHA:

(TO DOUGLAS) Five point eight. Seems Okay.

[SHE TIDIES UP, OFFERING DOUGLAS COTTON
WOOL FOR THE BLOOD SPOT, AND PUTTING THE
USED LANCET AND BLOOD STRIP INTO A SHARPS
BOX]

AYESHA:

(TO RUFUS) No school today?

RUFUS:

Grandad said I don't have to go.

AYESHA:

Really?

[RUFUS IS BORED OF THIS CONVERSATION. HE
LOOKS AROUND FOR SOMETHING TO DO, STRIDES
OVER TO A SIDEBOARD, OPENS IT AND SURVEYS
ALL THE TOYS WITHIN.

AYESHA TURNS TO DOUGLAS, WHO LOOKS A BIT
AWKWARD]

DOUGLAS:

Well... I knew you were coming this morning. I thought, while you're
here...

AYESHA:

I'm here to monitor your diabetes.

DOUGLAS:

Yes, I know, but I thought, if you saw him, what he's like...

[RUFUS PULLS OUT A HUGE BOX OF LEGO, HOLDS IT TO HIS CHEST, AND EMPTIES IT ONTO THE FLOOR FROM A GREAT HEIGHT]

DOUGLAS:

You could give me a professional opinion.

[AYESHA LOOKS AT RUFUS, WHO IS SPREADING THE LEGO AROUND THE FLOOR WITH HIS FEET, AND THEN BACK TO DOUGLAS.

OUT ON DOUGLAS, DESPERATE]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC4. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, STAFF ROOM.
DAY. 11:31

DANIEL, VALERIE, ZARA

[ZARA IS BACK WITH DANIEL AND VALERIE AFTER HER REBUFF BY MRS TEMBE. SHE GRATEFULLY ACCEPTS THE COFFEE]

ZARA:

She won't talk to me about it. She's flying off to Botswana, leaving us in the hands of a complete stranger!

DANIEL:

I'm sure she has the situation under control.

VALERIE:

Caffeine will do nothing for your anxiety levels.

[ZARA LOOKS WITH DISBELIEVING DISDAIN AT THE COCKROACH THAT HAS DARED TO VOICE A CRITICAL OPINION.

DANIEL STEPS IN BEFORE IT TURNS NASTY...]

DANIEL:

I've just been explaining to Valerie that "Dry January" took a bit of a beating last night.

VALERIE:

Less than halfway through the month...

ZARA:

Two full weeks. And four days longer than someone I could mention...

[SHE LOOKS ARCHLY AT DANIEL]

VALERIE:

(SURPRISED, AND DISAPPOINTED) Daniel?!

DANIEL:

I'm afraid so.

ZARA:

Well, in his defence...

DANIEL:

My defence?!

ZARA:

...it's a ridiculous idea in the first place. January?! The wettest, coldest month of the year – just when you really need a glass of red wine in your hand! Anyway, it's such a cliché.

VALERIE:

I have never felt so cleansed. And alive!

DANIEL:

Good for you.

VALERIE:

Honestly, this January has sparkled! It was difficult, of course, to begin with. No alcohol, no processed foods, no stimulants of any kind, including coffee...

[ZARA LOOKS FIT TO SPIT...]

DANIEL:

We're not all as strong-willed as you, Valerie.

VALERIE:

Obviously not!

[IT'S ONLY DANIEL'S LOOK, AND HER HEADACHE, THAT PREVENTS A ZARA EXPLOSION.

VALERIE IS OBLIVIOUS. SHE LEANS FORWARD, ANXIOUS TO SHARE THE WISDOM SHE HAS LEARNT...]

VALERIE:

I have read that excluding all stimulants from your diet has enormous advantages.

ZARA:

(WITHERING) Really?

VALERIE:

Improved libido.

ZARA:

I hardly think so...

VALERIE:

Greater powers of concentration. Improved sleep... and it sets an excellent example for your children.

ZARA:

And there was me, thinking that clean eating and going teetotal just made you boring and even more miserable.

[SHE IMPOSES A SMILE UPON VALERIE, AND TAKES HER COFFEE WITH HER AS SHE DEPARTS.

VALERIE LOOKS A BIT SHELL-SHOCKED, AND DANIEL TRIES TO SOFTEN THE BLOW...]

DANIEL:

You threatened to take away her caffeine...

[OUT ON VALERIE'S SURPRISE]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC5. INT. BECKY'S HOUSE, LOUNGE. DAY. 11:33

AYESHA, BECKY, DOUGLAS, RUFUS

[RUFUS IS KICKING THE LEGO AROUND THE FLOOR.
AYESHA'S NOTING DOUGLAS'S GLUCOSE LEVEL IN
HER RECORDS, WHEN A PIECE OF LEGO LANDS IN
HER LAP]

DOUGLAS:

Rufus! (TO AYESHA) You see what I mean?

AYESHA:

There's nothing I can do, Douglas.

DOUGLAS:

It's too much. He's my grandson, and I love him, but...

AYESHA:

Talk to your daughter. If you're really that worried, get her to bring him in.

DOUGLAS:

Just look at him. He's a boy, and he's meant to be boisterous. But he never stops, he never listens, he won't sit still for more than five minutes, even if you put him in front of the television.

[RUFUS IS BUSY POKING LEGO BRICKS DOWN THE
BACK OF THE SOFA]

AYESHA:

I can't...

DOUGLAS:

Rufus, stop doing that. Come here, please.

RUFUS:

I'm busy.

DOUGLAS:

I said, "Come here"!

[RUFUS STOPS WHAT HE'S DOING, AND TURNS.
VERY RELUCTANTLY, HE STEPS OVER TO HIS
GRANDFATHER.]

DOUGLAS PUTS AN ARM ON HIS SHOULDER AND
TURNS HIM TO FACE AYESHA...]

DOUGLAS:

Maybe it's me. I'm getting old. Diabetes and a broken ankle – it's difficult to cope. And things are done differently nowadays. Standards of behaviour... they're not what they were. All I'm asking is a preliminary opinion. Is there something wrong with him?

[AYESHA'S TEMPTED TO ANSWER, BUT SHE SPOTS
MOVEMENT BY THE DOOR, AND LOOKS UP.
IT'S BECKY MANNERS (40S), RUFUS'S MUM]

RUFUS:

Mum!

[BECKY TAKES IN HER SON, AND A NURSE, AND
LEAPS TO THE WRONG CONCLUSION. SHE RUSHES
FORWARD...]

BECKY:

What's happened? (TO RUFUS) Are you alright? Are you hurt?

DOUGLAS:

He's fine.

BECKY:

Then, what...? What's going on? Why is he not at school?

DOUGLAS:

Becky...

BECKY:

What is she doing here?

RUFUS:

She's measuring Grandad's sugar levels.

BECKY:

She was looking at you.

DOUGLAS:

She's just examining him...

AYESHA:

No, I'm not!

BECKY:

You can't examine my child without my permission!

AYESHA:

I haven't. I'm not...

BECKY:

Who invited you... ?

[SHE TURNS TO HER FATHER]

BECKY:

You brought her here to look at Rufus?! Without asking me? Without my permission?

[OUT ON BECKY'S ANGER]

CUT TO:

**EP140/SC6. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, CONSULTING
ROOM 4. DAY. 11:35**

AL, EMMA

[EMMA AND AL REMAIN WAIT FOR RUHMA TO ARRIVE. THEY BOTH HAVE THEIR **PAPERWORK**. NEITHER LOOKS COMFORTABLE.]

EMMA CONSULTS HER WATCH]

EMMA:

Five minutes late.

[AL HOLDS UP HIS ANNOTATED **STATEMENT...**]

AL:

It's full of holes.

EMMA:

What?

AL:

Her story. It doesn't hold up.

EMMA:

(ANNOYED) Let's not pre-empt anything...

AL:

Like a sieve.

[EMMA TRIES TO IGNORE HIM. BUT HE'S GOT TO HER...]

EMMA:

The partners should be doing this.

AL:

Ruhma's her friend. She doesn't want to do the dirty herself, so you and me have to sort something out unofficially and take all the flak.

[EMMA MIGHT HAVE AN OPINION, BUT AL'S ON A ROLL...]

AL:

And all this stuff about how much faith she's got in us... that's management hogwash. She's just playing us. Making us feel part of the team, and what she really wants is for me to stop complaining about the extended hours.

EMMA:

What's it like living in such a miserable, cynical world? Maybe... Maybe we've been chosen because Mrs Tembe thinks we can bring some rationality and compassion to this whole situation?

AL:

What? Your rationality, and my compassion?!

[OUT ON EMMA'S ANNOYED EXPRESSION]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC7. INT. BECKY'S HOUSE, LOUNGE. DAY. 11:36

AYESHA, BECKY, DOUGLAS, RUFUS

[RUFUS AND AYESHA WAIT GUILTY WHILE
BECKY MANHANDLES A WRIGGLING RUFUS INTO
AN ARMCHAIR]

BECKY:

Just sit there while I sort all this out.

[SHE TURNS TO DOUGLAS AND AYESHA.
RUFUS IMMEDIATELY GETS UP AND RUNS INTO
THE KITCHEN FOR ANOTHER BISCUIT.
DOUGLAS ATTEMPTS TO EXPLAIN...]

DOUGLAS:

She was coming anyway – my diabetes check-up. I just thought...

BECKY:

(TURNING TO AYESHA) Is he ill?

AYESHA:

I don't know...

BECKY:

(TO DOUGLAS) Why would you do this? What do you think's wrong
with him? There's nothing wrong with him!

DOUGLAS:

He is out of control.

BECKY:

Because you let him get the upper hand.

DOUGLAS:

What do you expect me to do? Beat him?!

AYESHA:

Alright, everybody! That's enough.

[BECKY TURNS ON HER]

BECKY:

You have no say in this house. You examined my son in my absence and
without my consent. You walk out that door now, or this becomes a legal
matter.

AYESHA:

Excuse me! I came to examine Mr Harper, and I haven't touched your son!

BECKY:

Get out.

DOUGLAS:

It's not her fault. I asked her to examine him.

[BECKY TURNS ON HIM, AND CONSIDERS FOR HALF A SECOND...]

BECKY:

Fine. You can go too. Get out, both of you.

[OUT ON BECKY'S DETERMINATION]

CUT TO:

**EP140/SC8. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, CONSULTING
ROOM 4. DAY. 11:42**

AL, EMMA

[AL AND EMMA SIT, BACKS TO THE WINDOW, FACING THE DOOR, AND THE EMPTY CHAIR WHERE RUHMA SHOULD BE. THEY EACH HAVE FILES IN THEIR LAPS.]

AL CHECKS HIS WATCH]

AL:

Do you think she's fled the country?

EMMA:

I think it's possible that she doesn't want to be here.

AL:

Well, I don't want to be here either, but I got here on time.

EMMA:

Not everyone is as dependable as you, Al.

AL:

Sad, but true.

[OUT ON EMMA, CHECKING HER WATCH]

CUT TO:

**EP140/SC9. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, CONSULTING
ROOM 2. DAY. 11:43**

DANIEL, ZARA

[DANIEL POPS HIS HEAD INTO ZARA'S ROOM...]

DANIEL:

All good?

[HE OFFERS HER AN ASPRIN...]

ZARA:

Thank you. Don't tell Valerie!

DANIEL:

She means well.

ZARA:

Doesn't she just.

DANIEL:

What was that business with Mrs Tembe? Are you worried?

ZARA:

Concerned. She says she's sorted cover for her absence, but she won't tell me who.

DANIEL:

I thought we'd agreed it's her decision who she appoints.

ZARA:

What if she hasn't actually found someone?

DANIEL:

If the worst comes to the worst, Karen and Valerie can hold the fort...

[SHE LOOKS AT HIM AS THOUGH HE'S
COMPLETELY LOST THE PLOT]

ZARA:

(UNCOMPLIMENTARY) Gobby and Chirpy?!

DANIEL:

I'm sure it won't come to that.

[OUT ON DANIEL'S LOOK OF REASSURANCE]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC10. EXT/INT. BECKY'S HOUSE / AYESHA'S CAR.
DAY. 11:44

AYESHA, DOUGLAS

[AYESHA AND DOUGLAS SIT IN HER CAR WHILE SHE COMPLETES THE DIABETES CHECK UP, REMOVING THE BLOOD PRESSURE CUFF]

AYESHA:

All done.

[SHE REPACKS HER BAG]

DOUGLAS:

Thank you.

AYESHA:

How are you feeling?

DOUGLAS:

Stressed.

AYESHA:

I meant the diabetes.

DOUGLAS:

I'd rather not have it, but it's under control.

AYESHA:

And the stress...?

DOUGLAS:

We're doing this check-up in your car, in my daughter's drive.

AYESHA:

I think she'll probably let you back in. You can sort of understand why she's... annoyed.

DOUGLAS:

She wasn't meant to come home.

AYESHA:

That's no excuse! You went behind her back.

DOUGLAS:

Because she won't talk about it. I'm sorry I dragged you into all this.

AYESHA:

Do you want a hand getting back on your feet?

DOUGLAS:

Do you think we might leave it another minute or two. She normally takes a few moments to calm down.

AYESHA:

Sure.

[OUT ON AYESHA, GLANCING AT HER WATCH]

CUT TO:

**EP140/SC11. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, CORRIDOR
OUTSIDE CONSULTING ROOM 4. DAY. 11:46**

AL, EMMA, RUHMA

[RUHMA, NOT IN UNIFORM, APPROACHES THE DOOR TO CONSULTING ROOM 4.

SHE PAUSES, AND GATHERS HER THOUGHTS AND ENERGY.

SHE ALMOST BACKS AWAY, BUT THEN HER PRIDE GETS THE BETTER OF HER. SHE LIFTS HER HEAD, AND KNOCKS WITH CONFIDENCE ON THE DOOR]

EMMA (OOV):

Come in.

[RUHMA OPENS THE DOOR.

INSIDE, SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE WINDOW, AL AND EMMA SIT, WAITING FOR HER]

CUT TO:

**EP140/SC12. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, CONSULTING
ROOM 4. DAY. 11:47**

AL, EMMA, RUHMA

[CONTINUOUS. AL AND EMMA SMILE POLITELY, BUT AWKWARDLY, AT RUHMA AS SHE ENTERS THE ROOM]

EMMA:

Hello, Ruhma. Please, take a seat.

RUHMA:

(TIGHT) I'm sorry I'm late.

EMMA:

Not at all.

AL:

A bit.

EMMA:

It doesn't matter. We're all here now.

AL:

Yep.

EMMA:

Can I get you a drink? A glass of water?

RUHMA:

Can we just get on with it?

EMMA:

Yes. Of course. So, Ruhma, this is not a formal review panel. The partners have asked Al and me to... well, to see if we can work out exactly what happened, and to feed that back to them – to find a way forward that helps everyone concerned.

RUHMA:

Sounds like I might need a lawyer...

EMMA:

No, nothing like that...

AL:

Unless you want one, of course. Or a Union Rep. Your call. Completely your call.

[RUHMA CONSIDERS FOR A MOMENT...]

RUHMA:

Can I make a statement?

EMMA:

Of course. Though, this isn't a formal process...

RUHMA:

Fine.

[SHE COMPOSES HERSELF. THEN, AS IF FROM
MEMORY...]

RUHMA:

The women I helped are in this country illegally. I first became aware of their situation, their existence even, through a legitimate patient who had concerns for their welfare. I do not regret my actions, and I would do them again.

EMMA:

Ruhma...

RUHMA:

I have seen what happens when these women are uncovered by the authorities. I have no intention of giving any further details of the women or of my activities.

[AL LEANS BACK TO ENJOY THE SHOW, A SMILE OF
ADMIRATION ON HIS FACE]

RUHMA:

If you expect me to name names, or sell vulnerable women down the river... I'll walk out that door right now, and keep going.

[OUT ON RUHMA, DEFIANT]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC13. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, CORRIDOR.
DAY. 11:48

DANIEL, JIMMI

[DANIEL BUMPS INTO JIMMI IN THE CORRIDOR, AND TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY TO ASK ABOUT SOMETHING THAT'S BUGGING HIM...]

DANIEL:

Jimmi, you don't know anything about the new practice manager, do you?

JIMMI:

Nope. Is there a problem?

DANIEL:

No, I don't think so. Just wondering. I'm sure Mrs Tembe's got it all under control.

JIMMI:

She normally does.

DANIEL:

Yeah, I'm sure it's fine.

[JIMMI CONTINUES ON HIS WAY. TURNS BACK]

JIMMI:

Zara's giving you a hard time, isn't she?

[OUT ON DANIEL]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC14. INT. BECKY'S HOUSE, LOUNGE. DAY. 11:49

BECKY, RUFUS

[BECKY AND RUFUS SIT ON OPPOSITE ARMCHAIRS.
HE'S TWITCHY. SHE'S TENSE]

RUFUS:

Can I watch the telly?

BECKY:

You should be at school.

RUFUS:

Just half an hour... Then I'll turn it off.

BECKY:

I should be at work. I only came back because I left some papers behind this morning.

RUFUS:

That was silly!

[SHE BREAKS...]

BECKY:

Well, actually, you were making such a fuss over your games kit, and not eating your breakfast, and Grandad didn't help, and I had too many things on my mind, and I just forgot! Alright?!

RUFUS:

You mustn't shout!

BECKY:

And you don't get to tell me what to do!

[HE STARES BACK AT HER FOR A MOMENT, THEN TURNS FROM HER, PICKS UP THE REMOTE, AND TURNS ON THE TELLY]

BECKY:

Turn that off.

[HE IGNORES HER]

BECKY:

Rufus!

[HE TURNS UP THE VOLUME.]

SHE LURCHES FORWARD, AND SWITCHES THE TV OFF AT THE WALL.

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE MIGHT ACTUALLY ATTACK HER. THEN HE GRABS AN IPAD FROM THE SIDEBOARD, AND STORMS OFF TO HIS ROOM]

BECKY:

No screens in your room! Rufus! No screens in your room!

[BUT HE'S GONE.

OUT ON HER BITTER FRUSTRATION]

CUT TO:

**EP140/SC15. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, CONSULTING
ROOM 4. DAY. 11:51**

AL, EMMA, RUHMA

[AL GLANCES AT EMMA, AND BACK AT RUHMA,
WHO SITS IN QUIET DEFIANCE.]

AL SCRATCHES THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, AND THEN
TAKES A BREATH TO SAY SOMETHING...

... BUT EMMA GETS IN FIRST]

EMMA:

Um... Ruhma... I think both of us can understand where you're coming from on this.

[SHE GLANCES AT AL FOR SUPPORT, BUT HE STAYS
OUT OF THE FRAY]

EMMA:

It's perfectly understandable that you've made a deep connection with your patients, and commendable how far you've gone out of your way to help them.

[RUHMA LISTENS CAREFULLY, BUT SAYS
NOTHING]

EMMA:

But we have to deal with some of the legal and professional issues which... arise. Without compromising your position, can you help us understand a little more about the situation you found yourself in?

[OUT ON RUHMA, CONSIDERING HER OPTIONS]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC16. EXT. BECKY'S HOUSE. DAY. 11:52

AYESHA, BECKY, DOUGLAS

[AYESHA AND DOUGLAS ARE STILL IN HER CAR,
PARKED ON THE DRIVE OF BECKY'S HOUSE]

AYESHA:

Shall I go and see how she is?

DOUGLAS:

You're very kind.

[AYESHA, GETS OUT OF THE CAR, AND
APPROACHES THE HOUSE.]

THE DOOR OPENS BEFORE SHE GETS THERE]

AYESHA:

Can I come in?

BECKY:

Where's Dad?

AYESHA:

In the car.

BECKY:

Best leave him there a bit. Give him a chance to calm down.

[AYESHA HIDES HER AMUSEMENT...]

AYESHA:

That's... what he said. More or less.

[SHE GLANCES BACK AT DOUGLAS, WATCHING
FROM THE CAR, AND THEN STEPS INTO THE HOUSE,
FOLLOWING BECKY]

CUT TO:

**EP140/SC17. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, CONSULTING
ROOM 4. DAY. 11:54**

AL, EMMA, RUHMA

[AL HAS THE STATEMENT OUT, WHERE HE HAS
MARKED SECTIONS WITH POST-IT NOTES]

AL:

I've been through your written statement; looking at the chain of events, there are several gaping holes.

EMMA:

Al...

AL:

Most significantly, this woman, Besa – I can't see how she got the treatment she did on a dodgy NHS number. It doesn't work. There are too many checks in the system. Which leads me to the conclusion that the NHS number is legitimate – it simply does not belong to her.

[RUHMA BEGINS TO SQUIRM, BUT SHE MAINTAINS
HER SILENCE]

AL:

So, how did you end up providing NHS services to her using that number?

[IT'S A GOOD QUESTION]

AL:

You're not the kind of person who does that sort of thing. You're not the kind of person who even knows how to do it. My hypothesis, therefore, is that somebody helped you get that number.

EMMA:

This isn't an interrogation, Al...

AL:

(TO RUHMA) There are other people involved, aren't there?

RUHMA:

You don't think I could do this by myself?

AL:

No, I don't. No offence. But there is a conspiracy here. The question is, how big is the conspiracy? How wide does it go?

EMMA:

Al!

RUHMA:

It was me. There's no conspiracy. There's no need to go looking for anyone else. It was just me.

[SHE LOOKS AL IN THE EYE, BUT CAN'T HOLD IT.
SHE LOOKS AWAY.

OUT ON AL, VINDICATED]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC18. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, STAFF ROOM.
DAY. 11:56

VALERIE, ZARA

[ZARA HEADS INTO THE STAFF ROOM FOR A COFFEE.

VALERIE'S ALREADY THERE, HAVING JUST MADE HERS, AND TURNED TO HEAD BACK TO RECEPTION. ZARA SEES VALERIE. AND STOPS.

VALERIE SEES ZARA. SHE STOPS TOO.

FOR THE BRIEDEST OF MOMENTS, THEY STARE EACH OTHER DOWN. THEN THEY BOTH RECOMMENCE THEIR JOURNEYS.

THEY STUDIOUSLY IGNORE EACH OTHER, AND HAVE JUST BRUSHED SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, WHEN ZARA DECIDES ENOUGH IS ENOUGH...]

ZARA:

Actually...

[THEY BOTH STOP]

ZARA:

Just for the record. I have always been careful about what I eat and what I drink. The key to a healthy lifestyle is restraint – nothing off limits, and nothing to excess.

VALERIE:

Well...

ZARA:

And I don't require a lecture from you about some faddy, unscientific, nonsense-diet. Are we clear?

[FOR A MOMENT IT LOOKS AS THOUGH SHE'S MADE HER POINT.

BUT VALERIE GETS IN A LAST WORD...]

VALERIE:

It's not a diet.

ZARA:

I don't care!

[VALERIE TAKES A STEP BACK, AND THEN HOLDS
HERSELF STRAIGHT, IN DEFIANCE]

VALERIE:

You are what you eat.

[ZARA GIVES HER A WITHERING LOOK]

VALERIE:

(PERSISTING) If, for example, you have a bad mood, and a short fuse...

ZARA:

What?

VALERIE:

I'm just saying! I've been reading a wonderful Blog – it's called "Mood Food." I really think, Zara, that a more careful consideration of what you eat could go a long way to improving your outlook on life.

[AND WITH THAT, VALERIE CONTINUES ON HER
WAY OUT TO RECEPTION.]

OUT ON ZARA, FUMING]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC19. INT. BECKY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY. 11:57

AYESHA, BECKY

[AYESHA AND BECKY SIT IN THE KITCHEN]

AYESHA:

Can I just clear up one thing – I did not examine your son. That's not why I was here. I would never do that without permission.

BECKY:

Dad set the whole thing up.

AYESHA:

He's just worried.

BECKY:

He's always worrying.

AYESHA:

Well... maybe he's got good reason...

BECKY:

Like what?!

AYESHA:

I don't know. You tell me. But something's not working – you've just thrown out an old man with a broken ankle. And your son skipped school today because your Dad thinks he's got ADHD.

BECKY:

Attention deficit?

[IT HITS BECKY LIKE A BLOW]

AYESHA:

That's why he asked me to examine him.

BECKY:

I never even... Do you think that's why...?

AYESHA:

Can we talk about your Dad?

BECKY:

That would explain everything, really. I thought it was just me – too busy to cope. No father figure. No discipline. That's why I asked Dad to live with us. But if it's all just... biochemical.

AYESHA:

We don't know what it is. If it's anything at all.

BECKY:

There are drugs, aren't there? Not the zombie ones – just stuff to balance what's going on in his brain. Get everything back to normal.

AYESHA:

Becky...

BECKY:

I want you to look at him. We'll get him on a sensible, balanced regime. I'll call him. And then I really must get back to work.

[OUT ON BECKY, SLIGHTLY MANIC]

CUT TO:

**EP140/SC20. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, CONSULTING
ROOM 4. DAY. 11:58**

AL, EMMA, RUHMA

[RUHMA WATCHES AS AL AND EMMA DISCUSS HER CASE, BUT SHE'S NO LONGER TAKING IT IN]

EMMA:

What difference does it make?

AL:

If it's just her, then we're in "rogue nurse" territory, but the practice is pretty much off the hook. But, if there are others involved, and they're also... within this building... then we're all doomed.

EMMA:

Don't be ridiculous. The practice can't be held liable for the actions of one midwife!

AL:

... and all the others who helped her!

RUHMA:

Enough! This is not about me, or the practice...

AL:

Well, you say that...

RUHMA:

Al! If you can't understand, both of you, why these women need our help, then Heaven help the NHS!

EMMA:

That's not what we're saying.

RUHMA:

Yes, it is. You're just worried about processes, and liabilities, and your jobs! I give up. We're done. I'm done. I resign. I can't do this job any more. I need to be somewhere where I can actually achieve something!

[OUT ON EMMA AND AL'S SHOCKED REACTION]

CUT TO:

**EP140/SC21. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, PRACTICE
MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY. 12:01**

DANIEL, MRS TEMBE

[MRS TEMBE LOOKS UP AS DANIEL ENTERS]

MRS TEMBE:

Doctor Granger.

DANIEL:

Mrs Tembe, I know we left it with you, but we were... I was wondering if you needed any assistance finding us someone for while you're gone.

MRS TEMBE:

Well, that is most kind of you. But I think everything is under control. I have an excellent candidate, ready and willing to take the reins.

DANIEL:

That's what I said. And... er...

MRS TEMBE:

Yes?

DANIEL:

Who is it?

MRS TEMBE:

My replacement?

DANIEL:

Yes.

MRS TEMBE:

Regrettably, you and Doctor Carmichael will have to wait until certain formalities have been completed. I would not like to give you a name, and then have to disappoint you.

DANIEL:

But there is a name?

MRS TEMBE:

Oh, yes. There is a name.

[OUT ON MRS TEMBE'S INSCRUTABILITY]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC22. INT. BECKY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY. 12:02

AYESHA, BECKY

[THERE'S A PILE OF PAPERS ON THE KITCHEN TABLE, AND BECKY FRANTICALLY WORKS HER WAY THROUGH THE PILE]

BECKY:

It's Rufus, he moves things around. I've got a case conference this afternoon, and the papers should be here, somewhere.

[AYESHA HAS BEEN WATCHING WITH CONCERN]

AYESHA:

I'm not sure Rufus is the problem here. Not all of it, anyway.

[BECKY LOOKS UP BRIEFLY, BUT THEN GOES BACK TO HER SEARCH]

AYESHA:

He might have ADHD. Or he might not. I'm not an expert. I've got no special training. To me, he just looks like an ordinary eleven-year-old boy.

BECKY:

He's not ordinary.

AYESHA:

Okay, but before we go down the medical route with Rufus, can we just have a little chat about how things are, at home, generally?

[THAT GETS BECKY'S ATTENTION]

BECKY:

It's not my fault.

AYESHA:

I'm not blaming anyone...

BECKY:

Do you have any idea?! I'm trying to hold down a serious job. I've got Rufus constantly on my back, demanding this, demanding that – just... demanding. All the time. And Dad, hobbling round the house. No use to anyone. Can't even get Rufus to school in the morning. Have you seen the state of this place?! He hasn't even put the breakfast stuff in the dishwasher!

[AYESHA GLANCES ROUND THE RATHER NICE KITCHEN. THERE'S A SMALL PILE OF WASHING UP LEFT ON THE COUNTER]

AYESHA:

He is getting on a bit. And his ankle...

BECKY:

Yeah, yeah... his ankle. Always something.

AYESHA:

He's not a housemaid, or a child-minder!

BECKY:

Do you know how hard it is being a single mum?

AYESHA:

(SHOCKED) Excuse me?

BECKY:

It's a slog. Non-stop. Every day...

AYESHA:

Hang on a minute!

[AYESHA STOPS HERSELF...]

AYESHA:

Sorry.

[BUT THEN SHE LOOKS ROUND THIS BEAUTIFUL KITCHEN, AND SHE CAN'T HELP HERSELF...]

AYESHA:

No, actually... I know loads of single moms. Moms who really struggle. And they don't complain half as much as you!

[OUT ON AYESHA, INSTANTLY REGRETTING HER OUTBURST]

CUT TO:

**EP140/SC23. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, CONSULTING
ROOM 4. DAY. 12:03**

AL, EMMA, RUHMA

[RUHMA GATHERS UP HER STUFF, AND PREPARES
TO LEAVE.

EMMA AND AL ARE SHOCKED]

AL:

Hang on! You can't just leave.

RUHMA:

It's not a formal panel.

AL:

I don't mean now, I mean you can't just resign. That's ridiculous! You're a trained, experienced midwife! How're you going to help anyone if you just walk out?

RUHMA:

I know what I need to do, and I can't do it here.

AL:

So you're just going to turn your back on all those women who need you. All your training, and you give up!

RUHMA:

Do you ever listen to anyone other than yourself?!

[EMMA CAN'T HELP A WORRIED GRIN]

AL:

There's not much point when other people are talking nonsense!

EMMA:

Al, stop it! Both of you.

[RELUCTANTLY, THEY BOTH RESTRAIN
THEMSELVES]

EMMA:

(TO RUHMA) Really? You'd give up your career?

AL:

Exactly!

EMMA:

Not helping, Al...

AL:

She's a brilliant midwife! If she uses this as an excuse to throw that all away... it's a betrayal, of everything she stands for. What we all stand for.

EMMA:

Not exactly the language I'd use. But he has a point, Ruhma. You're not thinking this through.

RUHMA:

And you haven't listened to a word I've said. Either of you.

EMMA:

I don't understand. All the passion you put into your work, the joy you get from it...

AL:

Plus, there is a national shortage of midwives. Babies need you!

[EMMA SHOVES AN ELBOW IN HIS DIRECTION.
DESPITE HERSELF, RUHMA GRINS]

RUHMA:

All I said was that I couldn't stay here. I don't want to stop being a midwife. I want to be a midwife where I'm most needed. The Home Office, or a charity, working directly with these women.

[SHE TURNS TO AL]

RUHMA:

Do you have any moral objections to that?

[OUT ON RUHMA'S CHALLENGE]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC24. INT/EXT. BECKY'S HOUSE, HALLWAY.
DAY. 12:04

AYESHA, BECKY, DOUGLAS

[BECKY STRIDES FURIOUSLY DOWN THE HALLWAY, AND HOLDS THE DOOR OPEN FOR AYESHA]

BECKY:

Get out.

[AYESHA SIGHS]

AYESHA:

(CALM) You can't keep kicking me out, Becky.

DOUGLAS:

Me neither.

[HE'S STANDING IN THE PORCH, LEANING HEAVILY ON HIS CRUTCHES. AND NOW HE SWINGS HIMSELF INSIDE THE HOUSE]

BECKY:

Do you know what she said to me?!

DOUGLAS:

No, but it was probably half of what you deserved.

[SHE SHRINKS BEFORE HIM]

DOUGLAS:

I love you, Becky. And I'm so proud of what you've achieved. I love my grandson to bits, even when he's being a right pain in the backside. And when you invited me to come and live with you...

[HE BEGINS TO WELL UP]

DOUGLAS:

But it can't go on like this. The situation is intolerable. Next time you show me, or my friends (OFF AYESHA) , the door, I will walk away. And then where will you be?

[OUT ON DOUGLAS, STANDING FIRM]

CUT TO:

**EP140/SC25. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, CONSULTING
ROOM 2. DAY. 12:06**

MRS TEMBE, ZARA

[THERE'S A POLITE KNOCK ON THE DOOR. ZARA LOOKS UP FROM THE SCREEN. SHE LOOKS TIRED]

ZARA:

Come in.

MRS TEMBE:

(COMING IN) Benjamin Galadima.

ZARA:

Who?

MRS TEMBE:

Benjamin Galadima. He is the temporary Practice Manager who will take my place while I am away.

ZARA:

Do I know him?

MRS TEMBE:

I do not think so. He is... quite young. I have been mentoring him as part of an NHS management scheme. We are fortunate to have him.

ZARA:

And the secrecy?

MRS TEMBE:

What secrecy, Doctor Carmichael? He has only just confirmed his availability.

ZARA:

Of course. And if I, or one of the other Partners, felt that he was a little young, or inexperienced, for such a responsibility...?

MRS TEMBE:

I am afraid it is probably too late to find anybody else at such short notice.

ZARA:

Well, it is now.

MRS TEMBE:

How fortunate, then, that Mr Galadima is such a fine candidate. I am confident that you will barely notice that I am away.

[OUT ON MRS TEMBE'S SMILE]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC26. INT. BECKY'S HOUSE, HALLWAY. DAY. 12:08

AYESHA, BECKY, DOUGLAS

[AYESHA STANDS BACK AND WATCHES AS BECKY AND DOUGLAS ARGUE]

BECKY:

You overstepped your authority – how dare you seek to procure a medical opinion on my son?!

DOUGLAS:

You placed me in loco parentis!

BECKY:

Under no circumstances would I place you in loco parentis...

DOUGLAS:

(WITH VENOM) In absentia!

AYESHA:

Oh, for goodness sake, you sound like a pair of lawyers!

[SILENCE.]

THEY BOTH TURN TO HER. OH]

AYESHA:

I might have guessed.

[BUT THERE'S AN UPSIDE TO THIS...]

AYESHA:

Right, so, lawyers are meant to be smart, yes? And... er... logical.

DOUGLAS:

I think “objective” is the word you’re looking for.

AYESHA:

Exactly. So, Becky, you’ve got this... client. She works hard. Single Mom. She’s got a boy, and he’s a bit...

DOUGLAS:

Boisterous?

AYESHA:

That’s the one. What’s your objective advice, to your client? How should she deal with her boy? He’s nearly a teenager, and it’s just going to get worse if she doesn’t do anything about it.

[RELUCTANTLY, BECKY GOES ALONG WITH THIS...]

BECKY:

She should get the boy a medical appointment.

AYESHA:

Maybe. She could take him to the doctor. Get an initial assessment for ADHD, or something. See a specialist. That's probably a good idea. But more than that? Before that?

BECKY:

Yeah, alright, I get the point.

AYESHA:

Say it.

BECKY:

She should talk to him. Find time for him.

AYESHA:

That's what I'd recommend. And what about her Dad?

BECKY:

Oh... Stop it!

AYESHA:

(SMILING, SLIGHTLY TEASING NOW) I'm serious. This client of yours, she's got her elderly father living with her.

DOUGLAS:

Less of the “elderly”!

AYESHA:

He's getting on a bit. His health's a bit dodgy...

DOUGLAS:

And the old fool recently broke his ankle.

AYESHA:

Yeah. What's with him? The old guy.

[BECKY LOOKS AT HER FATHER]

BECKY:

He's... um... He probably finds the whole situation just as stressful as she does.

AYESHA:

Yeah.

BECKY:

His daughter probably thought she'd get a live-in baby-sitter, and a cleaner. And when the boy gets too much for her, she probably finds an excuse to stay late in the office, and hope that he's in bed by the time she gets home. When he tries to talk to her about it, she pretends not to hear. And when he asks someone for help, she kicks him out.

[IT HURTS]

BECKY:

She's a bit of a cow, really! I should have some serious words with her.

[OUT ON BECKY, CONTRITE]

CUT TO:

**EP140/SC27. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, CONSULTING
ROOM 4. DAY. 12:11**

AL, EMMA, RUHMA

[RUHMA'S BACK IN THE CHAIR, BUT THEY NONE
OF THEM KNOW WHAT TO DO NEXT...]

AL:

(AS SPIKE MILLIGAN) So... What are we gonna do now?

[THE WOMEN LOOK AT HIM AS IF HE'S MAD]

AL:

Spike Milligan? "What are we gonna do now?" Never mind.

EMMA:

What are we going to do? (TO RUHMA) Do you really want to leave?

RUHMA:

I want to help.

EMMA:

(TO AL) Can we twist this somehow? Get Ruhma off the hook, and... do something?

AL:

We're meant to be gathering the facts. And they're not helpful.

EMMA:

(TO RUHMA) What if you go on the offensive – put in a complaint, right at the top, about how pregnant asylum seekers are treated?

RUHMA:

I'm not really a campaigner. I'd rather be doing something, on the ground.

AL:

You've got to be realistic – if you cross the line again, you'll get taken out.

RUHMA:

What about in the detention centres? If I was official. Dealing with women who've already been detained...

EMMA:

(ENTHUSIASTIC) Yes! (TO AL) We could suggest it – it would be like something positive coming out of this. She could do it part-time, and stay with the practice. It would look good – the partners will love it.

AL:

Accentuate the positive. Frankly, anything that keeps you here, and keeps you in midwifery, that's what I say. And that's what the powers-that-be ought to be saying.

EMMA:

You should probably expect an informal slap on the wrist as well...

[BUT RUHMA IS SOLD...]

RUHMA:

Do you really think they'll agree to it?

AL:

Might do.

EMMA:

I think we stand a good chance.

RUHMA:

Thank you. Both of you. That would be wonderful.

[OUT ON RUHMA'S DELIGHT]

CUT TO:

EP140/SC28. INT. BECKY'S HOUSE, HALLWAY. DAY. 12:12

AYESHA, BECKY, DOUGLAS, RUFUS

[DOUGLAS AND BECKY HAVE ARMS ROUND EACH OTHER'S SHOULDERS, RECONCILED.
AYESHA HAS HER HAND ON THE DOOR, ABOUT TO LEAVE, WHEN SHE SPOTS RUFUS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS...]

AYESHA:

Bye, Rufus.

[HE COMES DOWN THE STAIRS]

RUFUS:

Have you cured Grandad?

DOUGLAS:

She's done wonders.

[BECKY PUTS HER ARM OUT TO RUFUS TOO, AND HE GIVES HER A SILENT CUDDLE]

BECKY:

(TO RUFUS) I'm sorry.

[DOUGLAS TURNS TO AYESHA]

DOUGLAS:

Have you ever considered a career in the law?!

AYESHA:

Hah!

DOUGLAS:

You'd wipe the floor with most counsels!

BECKY:

(TO AYESHA) Thank you.

AYESHA:

No problem.

[SHE TURNS TO GO, BUT BECKY HAS SOMETHING ON HER MIND...]

BECKY:

Just because I live in a nice house... I mean, life can be hard whatever your circumstances.

[AYESHA HESITATES. IT'D BE EASY TO JUST
AGREE AND TO LEAVE.

BUT SHE DOESN'T WANT TO LET THIS GO...]

AYESHA:

You should see some of the places I visit...

BECKY:

Even so...

AYESHA:

No. Honestly.

[SHE LOOKS ROUND THEIR COMFORTABLE
SURROUNDINGS...]

AYESHA:

It's a different world, Becky.

BECKY:

But...

DOUGLAS:

(IN) I think we can all appreciate that.

[DOUGLAS AND AYESHA SHARE A LOOK]

AYESHA:

(TO DOUGLAS) Good luck!

[HE ACKNOWLEDGES HER MEANING, AND
GLANCES AT HIS DAUGHTER.

RUFUS IS WRIGGLING OUT OF HIS MOTHER'S
EMBRACE]

RUFUS:

Can I watch telly now?

BECKY:

In a minute.

[BUT RUFUS WRIGGLES FREE, AND HEADS FOR THE
LOUNGE. BECKY GOES AFTER HIM]

BECKY:

Rufus!

[AYESHA AND DOUGLAS ARE LEFT ALONE IN THE HALLWAY.

DOUGLAS MANAGES A WEARY SMILE...]

DOUGLAS:

Work in progress. On several fronts.

[OUT ON AYESHA'S GRIN]

CUT TO:

**EP140/SC29. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, CORRIDOR
OUTSIDE CONSULTING ROOM 4. DAY. 12:23**

AL, DANIEL, EMMA, ZARA (OOV)

[EMMA FOLLOWS AL OUT OF CONSULTING ROOM 4,
STATEMENT UNDER BOTH THEIR ARMS. HE TURNS
TO HER AS THEY WALK TOWARDS THE STAFF
ROOM]

AL:

Well, I reluctantly concede that Mrs Tembe made a fine choice picking you for this little task.

EMMA:

You weren't so bad yourself, with your forensic details.

AL:

I was pretty good, wasn't I? But she wasn't to know that. I still maintain that Mrs Tembe's just trying to get me onside.

EMMA:

That's just the cynical world you live in, Doctor Haskey.

[THEY BOTH HUSH SLIGHTLY GUILTY AS DANIEL STEPS OUT OF ROOM 3 AND KNOCKS ON THE DOOR OF ROOM 2]

ZARA (OOV):

Come in!

[HE ACKNOWLEDGES AL AND EMMA WITH A DISTRACTED SMILE, THEN STEPS INSIDE.
EMMA AND AL RESUME THEIR CONVERSATION, AS THEY WALK INTO THE STAFF ROOM...]

EMMA:

Back in the real world, Mrs Tembe can see right through you!

[AL'S NOT SURE THAT HE LIKES THAT]

CUT TO:

**EP140/SC30. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE, CONSULTING
ROOM 2. DAY. 13:04**

DANIEL, ZARA

[CONTINUOUS. DANIEL STANDS AT THE DOOR]

DANIEL:

Lunch?

ZARA:

(EXCITED) Yes, but come in, and shut that door.

[SLIGHTLY BEWILDERED, HE OBEYS]

ZARA:

Come over here, and look at this.

[DANIEL STEPS ACROSS TO THE DESK, AND LEANS
OVER TO SEE ZARA'S PC SCREEN]

ZARA:

That is Ben Galadima. Mrs Tembe's protégé. Our new temporary Practice Manager.

DANIEL:

Seriously? What school does he go to?!

ZARA:

It's not a school uniform. It's a cheap suit.

DANIEL:

Are you sure it's him?

ZARA:

Oh, yes. I've been checking him out on-line. And it gets better – where do you think he got his extensive management experience?

DANIEL:

No idea.

ZARA:

Groceries! He's a Supermarket Manager! Or he was. He joined the NHS a couple of years ago, and now he's being mentored by Mrs Tembe. A Supermarket Manager!

[SERIAL HOOK: OUT ON ZARA'S DISBELIEF]

END OF EPISODE