

EP212/SC1. EXT. CELIA'S FLAT. DAY. 08:10

CELIA

[SAME STORY DAY AS EPISODE 213]

[AN OLD, RUNDOWN LOOKING HOUSE CONVERTED
INTO BEDSITS. UNWELCOMING.

ALWAYS SOMEONE ELSE'S NOISE IN THE
BACKGROUND: A RADIO, DOORS SLAMMING.
CONVERSATIONS AND ARGUMENTS BEHIND
CLOSED DOORS, OR ON LANDINGS ABOVE AND
BELOW.

HIGH UP, **CELIA SKILTON (40S)** LOOKS WARILY
OUT OF HER WINDOW]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC2. INT. CELIA'S FLAT. DAY. 08:10

CELIA

[CELIA WANDERS OVER TO A TABLE AND SETTLES TO THE TASK OF CRACKING EGGS INTO A BOWL. SHE REGARDS THE CONTENTS WITH SUSPICION – THE GLOOPY MESS HOLDS A HORRID FASCINATION.]

FROM SOMEWHERE COMES THE SOUND OF A BABY CRYING: IT MIGHT BE INSIDE HER HEAD, WE'RE UNCERTAIN HERE. IT'S AN INSISTENT WAIL THAT BUILDS AND UNNERVES HER]

CELIA:

Stop it. (BEAT. LOUDER) Stop it – stop it – stop it.

[SOMEONE BANGS ON A WALL AND YELLS AT HER TO SHUT UP]

CELIA:

(SHOUTS) Stop. It.

[THE BANGING REPEATS.]

ON CELIA, DISTRESS PEAKING, HITTING THE WALL WITH HER FISTS]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC3. INT. DANIEL & ZARA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.
08:15

DANIEL, ZARA

[DANIEL GETS READY TO LEAVE WHILE ZARA
PREPARES JOE'S LUNCHBOX]

DANIEL:

(LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW) I see next door's cat's been in the
flowerbeds. Again.

ZARA:

Let's not start the working week on a grumble...

DANIEL:

You're right. (JOKING) Getting some pepper spray, though.

[DANIEL GRABS JOE'S LUNCHBOX, GIVES ZARA A
PECK ON THE CHEEK AND LEAVES]

DANIEL (OOV):

Come on champ, you're going to be late.

[JOE'S HEARD THUNDERING DOWN THE STAIRS,
CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF THE
FRONT DOOR SHUTTING, ZARA PICKS UP A PILE OF
MAIL AND FLICKS THROUGH IT]

ZARA:

Junk... junk... junk...

[SHE STOPS AT A LEAFLET ON MENTAL HEALTH
AWARENESS WEEK, SKIM READS: MAKES TO
THROW IT OUT, BUT PUTS IT TO ONE SIDE AND
LOOKS AT THE NEXT ENVELOPE.

SHE STARES, CURIOUS AND TURNS IT OVER TO
LOOK AT THE BACK. SHE DROPS THE ENVELOPE
LIKE ITS TOXIC, SHOCKED.

CURIOSITY GETS TO HER. SHE PICKS IT UP AGAIN
AND OPENS IT. AS SHE READS THE CONTENTS
(UNSEEN) HER HANDS START TO SHAKE AND THE
EXPRESSION BLEEDS FROM HER FACE.

BEAT AND THEN ZARA STUFFS THE LETTER IN HER
HANDBAG, COMPOSING HERSELF

ON ZARA HEADING OUT ON AUTOPILOT]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC4. INT/EXT. DANIEL & ZARA'S HOUSE/ZARA'S CAR.
DAY. 08:20

ZARA

[ZARA IS SAT IN THE CAR. SHE STARES STRAIGHT AHEAD OF HER, LOST

SHE STARTS THE ENGINE AND FASTENS HER SEATBELT. SOMETHING ABOUT DOING THIS STOPS HER IN HER TRACKS – SHE'S SUDDENLY FIGHTING AN OVERPOWERING WAVE OF ANXIETY.

SHE'S IMMOBILISED: HER CHEST FEELS TIGHT, HER PALMS CLAMMY. SHE TRIES SOME DEEP BREATHS BUT IT'S A STRUGGLE.

SHE TRIES AGAIN – SHE GRIPS THE HANDBRAKE BUT FREEZES AGAIN

ZARA SWITCHES OFF THE ENGINE

ON ZARA TAKING MORE DEEP BREATHS, FIGHTING HER INNER TURMOIL]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC5. EXT. AL'S HOUSE/AL'S CAR. DAY. 08:35

AL

[AL LEAVES FOR WORK. HE MAKES TO GET IN HIS CAR THEN STOPS MIDWAY WHILST PUTTING IN HIS SATCHEL.

HE CONSIDERS; TAKES IN HIS SURROUNDINGS AS HE BREATHES DEEPLY, LOOKING RELAXED.

HE'LL WALK. HE TAKES OUT HIS SATCHEL AND LOCKS THE CAR.

ON AL, LIGHTING A ROLL-UP AND HEADING FOR WORK ON FOOT]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC6. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. RECEPTION.
DAY. 08:58

ZARA, KAREN, AL

[ZARA ENTERS AS KAREN HAS COME TO UNLOCK THE DOORS. SHE SEES A TAXI PULLING AWAY]

KAREN:

Morning – was that a taxi?

ZARA:

Yes. (THINKS) Car trouble.

[THEY WALK TO THE DESK]

KAREN:

Thought I had another AWOL for a moment, Al's not turned up yet –

ZARA:

(IN) Daniel's not in with a patient already, is he?

KAREN:

He's on home visits this morning, already scarpered.

ZARA:

(DAMPING ANXIETY) Oh yes, I forgot.

KAREN:

Then he's got a meeting at the CCG all afternoon so I'm not expecting him back. Going to be a ghost town at this rate – Valerie's doing her voluntary stuff at the old folks home later...

[ZARA ZONES OUT, ROOTED TO THE SPOT]

KAREN:

...Muggins here will have to pick up the slack...

[AL ARRIVES, SLIGHTLY BREATHLESS BUT STILL BUOYANT]

AL:

Morning, fellow colleagues – quick straw poll...

KAREN:

Just made it.

AL:

I walked.

KAREN:

What is this, leave your car at home day? Are you okay?

AL:

Fine, really relaxed. Now: arum lilies, or the other kind?

KAREN:

(BEMUSED) Because...?

AL:

I want something cheerful for mum's visit.

KAREN:

You want tiger lilies. Lots of colour – but the pollen can stain so you have to watch you don't brush against them – (TO ZARA) – right?

ZARA:

(REFOCUSING) What?

KAREN:

Tiger lilies. The pollen can stain.

ZARA:

I wouldn't put it past them.

[SHE LEAVES]

AL:

That has to be non-sequitur of the year. What's that about?

KAREN:

Car trouble.

[ON AL, BEMUSED AT KAREN'S NON-SEQUITUR
TOO]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC7. EXT. THE FLATS. DAY. 09:28

ROB, KELLY-MARIE

NSE OFFICER, NSE TENANTS, NSE NEIGHBOURS

[ROB AND HIS PARTNER ARRIVE TO FIND **KELLY-MARIE WEST (LATE TEENS)** AT THE FOREFRONT OF SOME WAITING TENANTS. SHE ACTS LIKE THEIR SPOKESPERSON: SELF-RIGHTEOUS, SELF-IMPORTANT]

KELLY-MARIE:

Finally. (WAVING HER PHONE) Half hour ago I rang to let you lot know Celia Schizoton was doing one up there again.

ROB:

Good morning, Miss West, how are we today.

KELLY-MARIE:

Suppose you had an important bacon sandwich to finish, did you? You should have a flaming parking spot in your honour you're round here that often.

ROB:

(IGNORING THIS) And she's not calmed down in that time?

KELLY-MARIE:

Full marks Jeremy Paxman – and for bonus points, how many of us do you reckon will get murdered in our beds by the mad cow?

[SOME GRUNTS OF AGREEMENT FROM THE OTHER TENANTS]

ROB:

(POURING OIL) You all know Celia has mental health issues, none of which means she is ever violent towards anyone.

KELLY-MARIE:

Yet.

ROB:

Just as you know it's the Community Psychiatric Nurse you should contact.

KELLY-MARIE:

Not my circus, not my clowns.

[ROB EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH HIS PARTNER:
THEY’VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE. ROB NOTES ONE
OR TWO NEIGHBOURS ALSO COMING OUT FOR A
GAWP]

KELLY-MARIE:

So do something now you’re here. Stig reckons she was waving a fork round at the window so get your Kevlar on.

ROB:

(ASIDE TO PARTNER) Keep pouring oil out here, I’ll go up and see her. She knows me.

[ON ROB GOING INSIDE, WATCHED BY A SMUG
KELLY-MARIE]

CUT TO:

**EP212/SC8. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. STAFF ROOM.
DAY. 09:30**

ZARA, MRS TEMBE, AYESHA, RUHMA, HESTON, AL

[ZARA'S MAKING HERSELF A DRINK AS MRS TEMBE AND AYESHA ENTER FROM RECEPTION]

AYESHA:

...So I figured if we're going straight from here to the bus, just grab a couple of power bars and –

MRS TEMBE:

(IN) We will do no such thing – I have taken the liberty of preparing us something nutritious and easy to eat. We shall need our energy.

AYESHA:

(HOPEFUL) Something hot and spicy? (MRS TEMBE NODS) Excellent! I'm really glad you're doing this with me. We're going to be so good.

MRS TEMBE:

There is always something fulfilling in helping others. Good morning, Doctor Carmichael.

ZARA:

Morning.

[HESTON AND RUHMA ENTER]

MRS TEMBE:

I meant to remind you –

RUHMA:

(IN) Sorry Ayesha, bad news.

AYESHA:

What's up?

RUHMA:

I've had a call from St Phil's – one of the midwives is sick, I've got to cover the evening shift?

AYESHA:

Brilliant.

RUHMA:

Nothing I can do about it. I'm really disappointed.

HESTON:

There'll be other opportunities.

RUHMA:

It's not that I don't want to – I really wanted to do this, especially as we're not observing Ramadan this year.

MRS TEMBE:

Really?

RUHMA:

Both the kids have got exams, we're all putting in long hours... I wanted to at least do something charitable.

HESTON:

We have made large donations to two local charities.

RUHMA:

But I wanted to do something personal. From the heart. (TO MRS TEMBE AND AYESHA) Sorry.

MRS TEMBE:

Even with just the two of us, we will make a difference.

HESTON:

I can take Ruhma's place...?

AYESHA:

You?

HESTON:

(WRY) I do have some medical training. Plus, I have knowledge of how tough life can be on the streets. After my experience with Viper?

MRS TEMBE:

That would be perfect.

[SHE LOOKS TO AYESHA FOR AGREEMENT]

AYESHA:

Better than nothing I suppose.

[SHE GETS AN ADMONISHING LOOK FROM MRS TEMBE AND RUHMA AS AL ENTERS]

AL:

Does anyone have a copy of "Now Voyager" going spare?

[TUMBLEWEED MOMENT. ALL EYES ON AL EXCEPT ZARA]

AL:

Film? 1942? Bette Davis?

MRS TEMBE:

‘Now Voyager, sail thou forth to seek and find’.

AL:

That’s the one. I’m stocking up on mum’s favourites for her stay.

MRS TEMBE:

It is wonderful – a two pots of tea and one box of tissues film.

RUHMA:

I think I’ve seen it. When the big romantic lead lights two cigarettes and gives one to Bette Davis?

MRS TEMBE:

It is so romantic. If unhealthy.

HESTON:

Everyone smoked in 1942.

AYESHA:

What for – the war effort?

MRS TEMBE:

(TO ZARA) They do not make such films anymore. Films to melt the hardest heart...

[ZARA REGARDS HER, DISCONNECTED]

ZARA:

Cinderella has a nervous breakdown but gets her prince anyway. With added nicotine.

[THE OTHERS LOOK AT HER EH? ZARA BEATS A RETREAT, WATCHED BY A CURIOUS MRS TEMBE]

AL:

(TO MRS TEMBE) So, you have a copy?

MRS TEMBE:

No. But if you do find one...?

[ON MRS TEMBE, HOPEFUL]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC9. INT. CELIA'S FLAT. LANDING. DAY. 09:31

ROB, CELIA

[ROB KNOCKS ON CELIA'S DOOR]

ROB:

(LIGHT) Celia? It's Sergeant Hollins – want to open the door for me?

[BEAT. NOTHING]

ROB:

Come on Celia, you know me.

CELIA (OOV):

Make the baby stop.

ROB:

You can't still hear it, can you? I've checked. I don't think there's one here.

CELIA (OOV):

It's not one of mine this time.

ROB:

I know. No one else here has got a baby either. Can you let me in? There's not much to be had from talking to a door.

[BEAT. THE DOOR OPENS A CRACK ON CHAIN]

CELIA:

There is one. It might be in the walls. Like a mouse. Or under the floorboards. You must check.

ROB:

Already done. You know I'm thorough, Celia. I always do what's right for you.

[CELIA SHUTS THE DOOR. ROB WAITS, LISTENING FOR THE SOUND OF THE CHAIN SLIDING FREE. THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN]

ROB:

How have you been?

[ON CELIA USHERING HIM INSIDE WITHOUT REPLYING]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC10. INT. CELIA'S FLAT. DAY. 09:32

ROB, CELIA

[CONTINUOUS.

ROB – AND WE – GET AN IDEA OF CELIA'S MIND
SET. AS SHE TALKS SHE RUBS HER WRIST]

CELIA:

You never caught the people who stole my babies, did you. That car's been back, you know.

ROB:

Which car is that?

CELIA:

The one they use – the baby stealers. I've seen it here. I have – oh...

ROB:

Is there something wrong with your wrist?

CELIA:

(DISMISSIVE) I was thumping the wall and hurt it – it doesn't matter: the car is back because there's another baby. You've got to stop it happening again. They mustn't take any more of them. Maybe they've hidden it to stop the stealers from finding it.

[SHE SEES HIM GLANCING AT THE BOWL OF EGGS]

CELIA:

I was making an omelette.

[ROB CLOCKS THE ABUNDANCE OF EGGSHELLS,
THEN BACK TO HER]

ROB:

Have you been checking again?

CELIA:

(DEFIANT) What if I have? That's where my babies ended up. They're perfect prisons for them. No doors, no keys. Not like here...

[SHE FLINGS OPEN HER ARMS TO INDICATE HER
LITTLE ROOM, MAKING HERSELF WINCE AND
HOLD HER WRIST AGAIN]

ROB:

Perhaps we should get that checked out.

CELIA:

No. No hospitals.

ROB:

Not even a quick trip to A and E? What if we got your support team – could they come and –

CELIA:

(IN) They're on holiday.

ROB:

All of them?

CELIA:

It's a group thing. They're climbing Everest. They asked me to join them, but I don't suit an anorak.

ROB:

With me it would be all the snow.

CELIA:

Yes! And ice? We're so alike.

ROB:

(QUICK) That's what I thought – see, when I hurt my wrist, I went to get it checked out straight away.

CELIA:

I don't do hospitals.

ROB:

Tell you what, how about you come with me, and let the police doctor see you? I think Doctor Reid's there today. She's really nice.

CELIA:

What about the baby?

ROB:

You did the right thing telling me, and we'll do some more checking.

CELIA:

Well... as long as I'm back before bed time.

[ON ROB, NODDING REASSURINGLY]

CUT TO:

**EP212/SC11. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. PRACTICE
MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY. 09:38**

MRS TEMBE, AYESHA

[AYESHA FOLLOWS MRS TEMBE INTO THE OFFICE]

AYESHA:

I'm just saying I think Heston might be more of a hindrance than a help.

MRS TEMBE:

And I think beggars cannot be choosers.

AYESHA:

I reckon someone like Sid could do more. Or Al.

MRS TEMBE:

Doctor Haskey? His mother will be arriving today so he is tied up.
Anyway, the people wanting our help will need sympathy, not a show off.

AYESHA:

But –

MRS TEMBE:

(IN) What were you saying about team effort? Volunteers are thin on the ground and Doctor Carter is willing to give up his free time.

AYESHA:

Can he really offer practical help, though.

MRS TEMBE:

(FIXING HER WITH A LOOK) The funding for the bus came with as few conditions as possible, Nurse Lee. If you deem it necessary to add conditions of your own...?

AYESHA:

(CHASTISED) I didn't mean... You're right. I'm grateful you made the decision. I want it to go well, that's all.

MRS TEMBE:

It will. With help from all your colleagues.

[ON AYESHA WALKING OUT, NOT ENTIRELY
CONVINCED]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC12. EXT. THE FLATS. DAY. 09:45

ROB, CELIA

NSE OFFICER, NSE TENANTS

[ROB LEAVES THE HOUSE WITH CELIA. SHE'S FASHIONED A MAKESHIFT SLING FROM A SCARF TO SUPPORT HER WRIST.

A COUPLE OF TENANTS STAND NEARBY, WATCHING AND SMOKING. CELIA'S OBLIVIOUS TO THEM]

ROB:

(ASIDE, TO OFFICER) Any luck with Mental Health Services?

[OFFICER SAYS 'NO SARGE']

ROB:

(MUTTERS) Flaming great. (TO CELIA) All set?

[CELIA LOOKS AT THE POLICE CAR AND TURNS HER BACK]

ROB:

Something wrong?

CELIA:

It's too much like the other car. The baby one. I can't.

ROB:

Right. (TO OFFICER) Looks like we're walking. (SOTTO) Drive behind us slowly, radio that we're coming in and clear it with the Custody Sergeant.

CELIA:

I know a short cut through the woods.

ROB:

I think we'll stick to the roads, Celia. I wouldn't want you tripping up.

CELIA:

(SIGHS) Alright.

ROB:

(TO OFFICER) Keep trying with the psych nurse: if you get lucky tell them we're taking her to the station for her own safety. (TO CELIA) Ready?

[THEY HEAD OFF]

CELIA:

They had custard creams the last time I was down the station.

ROB:

Did they now. I'm sure we can find some more for you.

CELIA:

Oh no, I'm on the rich tea, now. You can't hide something in a rich tea but you can a custard cream.

[ON ROB, LISTENING PATIENTLY AS THEY WALK]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC13. INT/EXT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE.
CONSULTING ROOM 2. DAY. 10:00

ZARA, MRS TEMBE

NSE PATIENT, NSE FACELESS HOODIE

[ZARA SEES OUT A PATIENT]

ZARA:

Yes, take care – goodbye.

[SHE CLOSES THE DOOR AND LEANS AGAINST IT.
HER GAZE GOES TO HER HANDBAG – THE LETTER –
THEN TO HER PHONE.

SHE WALKS TO THE DESK, PICKS UP THE PHONE,
BRINGS UP DANIEL'S NUMBER, HESITATES. SHE
GLANCES AT HER HANDBAG AGAIN. THE LETTER.
IT TAUNTS HER.

THERE'S A SHADOW AT THE WINDOW: ZARA
LOOKS UP AND GIVES AN INVOLUNTARY YELP:
LOOKING IN AT HER IS A FACELESS HOODIE WHO
IS THEN GONE IN A FLASH.

THE MOMENT IS BROKEN BY A KNOCK]

ZARA:

Yes?

[MRS TEMBE ENTERS]

MRS TEMBE:

I wanted to remind you about the lunchtime meeting about staffing – the
adjustment to accommodate the bus project, and Miss Pitman's voluntary
work and evening surgeries –

ZARA:

(IN) Yes, yes.

MRS TEMBE:

Since Doctor Granger is on home visits it will be myself, you and Doctor
Clay. (BEAT) Doctor Carmichael, is something wrong?

ZARA:

I'm fine.

MRS TEMBE:

(LEAVING) I will not keep you, then.

[ZARA GLANCES AT THE WINDOW AGAIN: NO SIGN OF ANYONE.]

[ON ZARA, FIGHTING DREAD AND PANIC]

CUT TO:

**EP212/SC14. INT. LETHERBRIDGE POLICE STATION. FME
OFFICE. DAY. 10:30**

ROB, CELIA, EMMA, EAMONN

[ROB KNOCKS AND ENTERS]

ROB:

I've got Celia Skilton with me – she's got issues with –

EMMA:

(IN, NODS) Schizophrenia, we've met before.

ROB:

Celia? (CELIA ENTERS, WARY) Doctor Reid says you know her.

EMMA:

Hello, Celia.

CELIA:

We walked here. I wasn't touched inappropriately once.

[SHE LEANS IN AND SUBTLY INDICATES ROB]

CELIA:

(SOTTO, AMAZED) Not even by him...

EMMA:

(CONFIDENTIAL) He's one of the good guys. Can I take a look at your arm?

CELIA:

(OFFERING HER HAND) I keep wondering if it's going to drop off, that hand.

EMMA:

Does it hurt? Can you wiggle your fingers?

CELIA:

I can do all sorts. (CONFIDENTIAL) That's my egg cracking hand. It's all in the wrist. (DEMONSTRATES BUT IT HURTS) Oh, blimey blithering...

EMMA:

It's only a sprain. Think we'll put on a support bandage, though.

[EAMONN DUNN (30S) APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY.
HE'S IN A SOFT CAST ON HIS ARM, WITH A
LANYARD HOLDING HIS ID CARD]

EAMONN:

Hello...?

CELIA:

It's you. Thought they'd taken you away.

EAMONN:

Only while my arm healed.

EMMA:

It doesn't look like it has. Should you be here?

EAMONN:

Too many cases, too few people to cope. I had to come back to work early.

EMMA:

Never mind health and safety regs?

EAMONN:

Do I have a choice. (OF CELIA) Not too serious I hope?

ROB:

Just a bit of upset –

CELIA:

(IN) They all want to have my babies but of course they can't.

EAMONN:

I had a chat with your social worker – she says you've not been cooperating.

CELIA:

(HUFFS) I'm a busy woman – I can't climb Everest willy-nilly.

EAMONN:

Have you been taking your meds regularly?

[CELIA MAKES TO SHRUG, DISRUPTING EMMA]

EMMA:

Can I just finish this and you can...

EAMONN:

Do my job?

EMMA:

That's fine with me.

[ON ROB, SENSING THE ATMOSPHERE]

CUT TO:

**EP212/SC15. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. CONSULTING
ROOM 2. DAY. 10:32**

ZARA

NSE PATIENT (PATIENT LINES OOV)

[ZARA DEALS WITH AN ANNOYING PATIENT.

HER P.O.V. – THE PATIENT TALKS, IN THE STYLE OF CHARLIE BROWN’S TEACHER: ALL ZARA HEARS IS A CACOPHONY OF NONSENSE, WHICH BECOMES MORE IMPATIENT IN TONE]

PATIENT:

...So of course by the time I've taken off the support stockings and got into bed, the pain starts up, like pins and needles, only we're talking knitting needles here – and I can't get comfortable, so my neighbour wondered if it was shingles or something, but I thought you don't get that in your legs and I'm just sick to the back teeth with it... Doctor? Doctor Carmichael...?

[ON ZARA, STRUGGLING TO COMPREHEND]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC16. INT. LETHERBRIDGE POLICE STATION. FME
ROOM. DAY. 10:32

ROB, CELIA, EMMA, EAMONN

[EMMA FINISHES DRESSING CELIA'S WRIST,
WATCHED BY EAMONN]

EAMONN:

How did you get here?

ROB:

Well –

EMMA:

(IN) Rob had no choice since there was no response from Mental Health Services.

EAMONN:

I meant transport. (TO CELIA) You don't like emergency vehicles, do you?

CELIA:

The blue lights are all wrong.

ROB:

We walked.

EAMONN:

(OF HIS ARM) Right. Only I can't drive, obviously. Slowed right down.

EMMA:

(TERSE) Stretched thin? Join the club.

EAMONN:

Meaning?

EMMA:

Meaning, police resources are commandeered more and more by mental health related call outs. They're picking up the slack.

EAMONN:

(COLD) That's what your attitude's for? Nice.

ROB:

Come on, now.

EMMA:

I read an article recently that said one call to the police every five minutes has a mental health angle to it.

EAMONN:

Really? All our calls are mental health related.

ROB:

I think what Emma means is, we're not always equipped to deal with the situation.

EAMONN:

Right, see: from our point of view, it's more a case of too many police officers are frightened or embarrassed by the behaviour of people with mental health problems.

ROB:

That's unfair.

EAMONN:

So the people who need your help, people like Celia, who need the most acceptance and understanding, are being marginalised.

[CELIA REGARDS THEM, ALMOST DELIGHTED BY THIS TENSION]

CELIA:

(TO EMMA) Are they fighting over me?

EMMA:

No Celia they're not, it's alright.

CELIA:

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

ROB:

I'm doing my best here.

EAMONN:

Course you are.

EMMA:

Celia's our priority now and she's ready to go.

CELIA:

No rich tea, then?

[ON ROB AND EAMONN, RESENTFUL, REGARDING EACH OTHER, THINGS UNSAID]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC17. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. STAFF ROOM.
DAY. 10:33

ZARA

[ZARA ENTERS WITH HER COFFEE MUG.

AS SHE RINSES IT, SHE SPOTS A MARK ON THE WORK SURFACE. SHE WIPES AT IT WITH THE CLOTH. IT'S STILL THERE. SHE RUBS AT IT, HARDER.

STILL THERE.

SEARCHING BENEATH THE SINK SHE FINDS CLEANING SPRAY AND NUKES THE MARK, THEN SETS TO WITH DETERMINATION – ALL HER WEIGHT ON IT.

ON ZARA WIDENING HER AIM, NOW CLEANING THE WHOLE SURFACE WITH A MANIC FERVOUR – TO NO SATISFACTION]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC18. INT. LETHERBRIDGE POLICE STATION.
CUSTODY AREA. DAY. 10:35

ROB, EMMA, CELIA, EAMONN

[ROB AND EMMA WATCH AS EAMONN PREPARES CELIA TO LEAVE]

EAMONN:

I'd really like you to go into hospital. Just while we sort out your meds.

CELIA:

I don't like.

EAMONN:

I think Doctor Sholt would be happy to see you, make sure you're okay.

CELIA:

(CONSIDERS) I do like Doctor Sholt. (TO ROB AND EMMA) She's German, but nice. (TO EAMONN) Those big Brexit bullies haven't kidnapped her yet?

EAMONN:

Come and see her. For me? Your support team have been worried.

CELIA:

They should be more worried about avalanches. I'll have to pack.

EAMONN:

That doesn't mean you can lock yourself in again. Remember last time? I do.

[THEY WALK OFF]

CELIA:

It's a bit untidy.

EAMONN:

Don't tell me: eggshells? (CELIA WON'T MEET HIS EYE) You haven't been shoplifting eggs again, have you?

CELIA:

No. That car's back and I hear babies.

ROB:

(TO EMMA) You have to admit he's very good with her.

EMMA:

So are you, and you've not had his training.

ROB:

You don't like him?

EMMA:

We've clashed before. He's got a chip on his shoulder about GPs.

ROB:

And the police!

[ON EMMA, PENSIVE]

CUT TO:

**EP212/SC19. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. PRACTICE
MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY. 14:00**

ZARA, MRS TEMBE, JIMMI

[ZARA, MRS TEMBE AND JIMMI SETTLE INTO THEIR
MEETING, WITH ZARA'S ANXIETY LEVELS
CONTROLLING HER RESPONSES]

MRS TEMBE:

So I propose that Amanda Vardalis will join the practice next week, offering
massage therapy for a trial period.

JIMMI:

Right. I'll let her know.

MRS TEMBE:

I shall inform Doctor Granger. (TO ZARA) What do you think?

[ZARA'S NOT FOCUSED]

ZARA:

(SNAPS TO) Fine, whatever.

MRS TEMBE:

Then I shall issue a short-term contract. Next item – Doctor Haskey is
taking time off as his mother is visiting, so I suggest –

ZARA:

(IN) This is straightforward admin nonsense, do you need to bother us with
it?

MRS TEMBE:

If we are to agree on using a locum in his absence –

ZARA:

(IN) Just deal with it! You don't need the partners to hold your hand.

JIMMI:

No, but we want a say in the budget.

ZARA:

What's with giving Al time off to watch old films with his mother anyway?

JIMMI:

Bit out of line.

ZARA:

We're cleaning the streets of Letherbridge with a bus one minute, scaring old people with Valerie the next – I know: let's all channel our inner Mother Theresa and go read to the blind?!

[MRS TEMBE AND JIMMI STARE AT HER. ZARA SEEMS TO HAVE HIT HER OWN NERVE]

ZARA:

Why can't everyone do their jobs? The ones we pay them for?
Unsupervised?!

[ON MRS TEMBE AND JIMMI, STUNNED BY HER OUTBURST]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC20. INT. CELIA'S FLAT. DAY. 14:10

CELIA, EAMONN

[CELIA MAKES A SHOW OF SORTING CLOTHES AND TOILETRIES WHILE EAMONN LOOKS ROUND]

CELIA:

How long will I be gone?

EAMONN:

We'll want to adjust your medication and see how you're coping. Not too long, hopefully.

CELIA:

I have been taking my tablets. Look out the window. Is the car there?

[SHE TRIES TO SNEAK EGGS INTO HER BAG WHILE HE LOOKS]

EAMONN:

When did all the car and baby business start again?

CELIA:

When the car came back.

EAMONN:

Okay, I need you to concentrate. What did we talk about? What do you need to remember?

CELIA:

That I never had any children.

EAMONN:

Because...?

CELIA:

(LIGHTBULB MOMENT) Because I can't have any. I was sterilised in an operation at a secret hospital –

EAMONN:

(PATIENT) Celia...

CELIA:

And they did it to stop aliens giving earth women babies. But I do hear them. Honest.

[EAMONN REGARDS HER, SLIGHTLY ADMONISHING]

CELIA:

I can hear one now.

EAMONN:

We both know that's...

[HE TAILS OFF. FROM SOMEWHERE NEARBY
COMES THE FAINT NOISE OF A BABY CRYING.
EAMONN LISTENS, STUNNED]

CELIA:

You hear it too?

EAMONN:

(INCREDULOUS) Yes.

CELIA:

It's here. We've got to find it before it's stolen like the others.

[ON EAMONN: WTF?!]

CUT TO:

**EP212/SC21. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. PRACTICE
MANAGER'S OFFICE. DAY. 14:11**

MRS TEMBE, ZARA, JIMMI

[END OF MEETING. ZARA SITS, SHUT INSIDE
HERSELF. MRS TEMBE AND JIMMI TACTFULLY DO
NOT LOOK AT HER]

MRS TEMBE:

(ON EGGSHELLS) So we agree a locum for this week...?

JIMMI:

Let's not jump the gun. I think we have enough staff to cover.

MRS TEMBE:

Very well. If there is no other business...?

JIMMI:

No I'm good.

[THEY GLANCE AT ZARA]

MRS TEMBE:

Then that is all.

[JIMMI LEAVES. ZARA SEEKS UNABLE]

MRS TEMBE:

Was there something else, Doctor Carmichael?

[ZARA GIVES A BRIEF SHAKE OF HER HEAD]

MRS TEMBE:

I always feel it necessary to involve partners where there are financial
implications for the practice. Since our current plans concern overtime...

ZARA:

(BRITTLE) Yes, I know. (BEAT. RELENTS) Sorry. These things must
be... I'm having a bad day.

MRS TEMBE:

(NODS) It is always frustrating when we feel things are out of our hands.

ZARA:

(SHARP) What do you mean?

MRS TEMBE:

Mrs Hollins mentioned your car trouble.

ZARA:

Yes. An irritating start to the day and you feel you're... as you said.

[SHE STILL DOESN'T MOVE]

MRS TEMBE:

Was there something else?

[BEAT. ZARA LOOKS LIKE SHE MIGHT BREAK –
BUT RALLIES HERSELF AND GETS UP.]

[ON MRS TEMBE WATCHING, CONCERNED]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC22. INT. THE FLATS. LANDING. DAY. 14:12

EAMONN, CELIA

[EAMONN GOES TO INVESTIGATE THE CRYING
BABY]

CELIA:

Check the walls.

[HE HOLDS UP A HAND FOR SILENCE, HEAD
COCKED, LISTENING.

ON CELIA WATCHING AS HE HEADS DOWNSTAIRS,
HER ANXIETY CREEPING UP NOW SHE'S ALONE]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC23. EXT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. REAR PATIO.
DAY. 14:30

ZARA, SID

[ZARA NURSES A COFFEE AND TAKES DEEP BREATHS, TRYING TO FORTIFY HERSELF AND FACE EVERYONE.

HER P.O.V. – HER SURROUNDS SEEM VAST AND OVERWHELMING, NOT TRANQUIL. SHE FEELS DIMINISHED AND CAN'T REGULATE HER BREATHING.

SID APPEARS WITHOUT HER SEEING]

SID:

Zara? (TENTATIVE) Hello...?

[AS HE MAKES TO TAP HER SHOULDER SHE TURNS. THERE'S A LOOK IN HER EYE HE'S THROWN BY]

SID:

I saw Mrs Medford this morning? You prescribed anti-inflammatories last month?

[ZARA STARES, HER BREATHING SHALLOW]

SID:

She's run the course of tablets and says they didn't help, and she's a month off her appointment with the consultant...

[ZARA'S STILL SILENT]

SID:

(PERTURBED) I prescribed a short course of something stronger... Sorry, have I disturbed you?

ZARA:

You always disturb me.

SID:

I, well... you're her main GP, and...

ZARA:

(IN) How long have you been here?

SID:

If you count my training period...

ZARA:

Long enough to have cut the cord is the answer. (BUILDING) Don't you feel embarrassed about running to someone every. Five. Minutes.

SID:

I don't –

[HE TAILS OFF. ZARA LOOKS UNHINGED]

ZARA:

(RABID) Everything, Doctor Vere. Every. Little. Thing. Wasting time over triviality. The crawling, dreary... insects... of your own insecurity. Get away from me.

[SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'LL CRY – BUT HALTS IT BY THROWING AWAY HER COFFEE, MUG AND ALL, THEN STALKS OFF ROUND THE BUILDING.

ON SID WATCHING HER: IT'S NOT A NORMAL ZARA TIRADE AND IT'S JARRED HIM]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC23A. INT. THE FLATS. LANDING. DAY. 14:31

EAMONN, KELLY-MARIE

[EAMONN CONTINUES TO CREEP ACROSS THE
LANDING.

THE SOUND OF THE BABY'S CRYING SEEMS TO BE
GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER.

HE GETS TO THE END OF THE LANDING AND TURNS
A CORNER.

AND SEES KELLY-MARIE STANDING OUT OF SIGHT
HOLDING HER PHONE.

SHE LOOKS UP AT HIM - CAUGHT OUT.

ON EAMONN - FURIOUS]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC24. EXT. STREET/POLICE CAR. DAY. 14:35

ROB

NSE OFFICER, NSE RADIO CONTROLLER (OOV)

[ROB AND HIS PARTNER ARE PARKED UP WHEN A CALL COMES THROUGH]

RADIO CONTROLLER (OOV):

Control to 7244.

ROB:

7244 receiving.

RADIO CONTROLLER (OOV):

Got a call about another domestic at 67 Mallison Road.

ROB:

Understood control, will respond. (TO OFFICER) Three guesses who this is about.

[ON ROB, STARTING THE CAR]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC25. INT. THE MILL HEALTH CENTRE. CONSULTING ROOM 2. DAY. 15:00

ZARA, DANIEL (OOV)

[INTERCUT WITH SCENE 26]

[ZARA HAS A FAN RUNNING AND ATTEMPTS TO REGULATE HER BREATHING. SHE SLUMPS, RAGGED AND TEARFUL.

HER MOBILE RINGS – DANIEL'S I.D. SHE SNATCHES IT UP, ANSWERS]

ZARA:

(PANICKED) Where are you?

DANIEL (OOV):

Hi – just leaving the meeting. It ended early, amazingly. Everything okay?

ZARA:

(HESITANT) Yes, fine. Are you coming back here?

DANIEL (OOV):

I'm not expected so I thought I'd pick up Joe, save you the journey.

ZARA:

(RELIEVED) That's good – great idea.

DANIEL (OOV):

I thought we could treat ourselves – how about you meet us at that new pizza place after work, then we go see that film Joe's been going on about?

[ZARA'S STRICKEN AT THE THOUGHT]

ZARA:

I've actually got some admin I've been neglecting and it won't wait.

DANIEL (OOV):

We wouldn't be out that late – I'm just thinking of a treat for Joe.

ZARA:

Which you can still do – have some father/son time together. He'd like that.

DANIEL (OOV):

Well, okay... I'll take him to the cinema first, then pizza.

ZARA:

Have a great time.

DANIEL (OOV):

I'll see you later.

ZARA:

Bye.

[SHE ENDS THE CALL.]

ON ZARA, FEELING A BRIEF RESPITE/RELIEF]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC26. INT/EXT. STREET/DANIEL'S CAR. DAY. 15:01

DANIEL, ZARA (OOV)

[INTERCUT WITH SCENE 25]

[DANIEL WALKS TO HIS CAR AS HE CALLS ZARA]

ZARA (OOV):

Where are you?

DANIEL:

Hi – just leaving the meeting. It ended early, amazingly. Everything okay?

ZARA (OOV):

Yes, fine. Are you coming back here?

DANIEL:

I'm not expected so I thought I'd pick up Joe, save you the journey.

ZARA (OOV):

That's good – great idea.

DANIEL:

I thought we could treat ourselves – how about you meet us at that new pizza place after work, then we go see that film Joe's been going on about?

ZARA (OOV):

I've actually got some admin I've been neglecting and it won't wait.

DANIEL:

We wouldn't be out that late – I'm just thinking of a treat for Joe.

ZARA (OOV):

Which you can still do – have some father/son time together. He'd like that.

DANIEL:

Well, okay... I'll take him to the cinema first, then pizza.

ZARA (OOV):

Have a great time.

DANIEL:

I'll see you later.

ZARA (OOV):

Bye.

[ON DANIEL HANGING UP, SUSPECTING NOTHING]

CUT TO:

EP 212/SC 27. EXT. THE FLATS. DAY. 15:03

ROB, EAMONN, KELLY-MARIE

NSE OFFICER

[ROB'S GETTING OUT OF THE CAR. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, EAMONN RAILS AT KELLY-MARIE]

EAMONN:

Have you any idea how stupid, irresponsible your actions are?

KELLY-MARIE:

Give me back my phone or I'll put your other arm in a cast.

ROB:

(STEPPING IN) Okay, let's dial it down shall we. What's happened?

EAMONN:

This.

[HE HOLDS UP A PHONE, PRESSING THE SCREEN. THE SOUND OF A BABY CRYING COMES FROM IT]

EAMONN:

She's been playing this to deliberately provoke Celia.

KELLY-MARIE:

Not provoke, don't be stupid.

EAMONN:

It's calculated to raise her anxiety levels and trigger an episode.

ROB:

Is this your phone?

KELLY-MARIE:

I were doing it to help her.

[ROB AND EAMONN EXCHANGE LOOKS: IT'S THE STUPIDEST THING THEY'VE HEARD]

ROB:

Help?

KELLY-MARIE:

Yeah: that thing you should be doing and haven't been for months.

EAMONN:

In what way, shape or form is this helping Celia?!

KELLY-MARIE:

I'm pregnant, and a baby's gonna make noise whether I can help it or not. I did it to help Eggy McBeglady up there get used to it.

EAMONN:

Her name is Celia, and you're making it worse for her. She has issues about children.

KELLY-MARIE:

She has them about everything! I wanted to make sure she doesn't have an epi every five minutes once I've dropped.

EAMONN:

This can't go on.

ROB:

He's right, it can't.

KELLY-MARIE:

I've got rights. We all have living here, not just her. She don't get special treatment. Now give me my phone. (TO ROB) That's theft.

[EAMONN LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO THROW THE PHONE AT HER – BUT A WARNING LOOK FROM ROB STOPS HIM]

ROB:

(TO KELLY-MARIE) You, calm down, go over there and give my colleague a statement. (TO EAMONN) You, with me.

[ON ROB, TAKING EAMONN TO ONE SIDE]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC28. INT/EXT. STREET/SHOPS. DAY. 15:04

AL

NSE SHOPPERS, NSE VENDORS

[AL IS LADEN WITH SHOPPING BAGS – CORIANDER POKING OUT OF THE TOP OF ONE OF THEM. HE GETS TO ANOTHER STALL, AL PERUSES THE BUNCHES OF FLOWERS. HE SETTLES ON A BIG, GAUDY SELECTION OF TIGER LILIES]

AL:

(TO VENDOR, HANDING OVER MONEY) Perfect – I'll have that lot. Don't worry about the change.

[HE STROLLS ON, STOPPING AT A SECOND HAND BOOK AND DVD STALL.

ON AL PERUSING THE STOCK, HAPPY]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC29. EXT. THE FLATS. DAY. 15:10

ROB, EAMONN, KELLY-MARIE

NSE OFFICER

[ROB LISTENS TO EAMONN'S CONCERNS]

ROB:

I agree it's a brainless thing for her to do – but can you prove she knew about Celia's obsession with babies?

EAMONN:

I wouldn't call it an obsession.

ROB:

Whatever it is then.

EAMONN:

Can't you charge her with – I don't know – breach of the peace? Harassment?

ROB:

I reckon it would be difficult to build a case.

[HE BECKONS KELLY-MARIE OVER]

ROB:

You pulled a really stupid trick doing this: we'll have to decide whether charges are brought...

KELLY-MARIE:

I'm not the problem here – I'm not the mental one.

EAMONN:

Yeah cos language like that really helps your case.

ROB:

Delete the recording from your phone.

KELLY-MARIE:

It's an app.

ROB:

Whatever it is, get rid.

KELLY-MARIE:

Few more months and I won't need it. I'll have the real thing.

[WITH A LAST LOOK AT EAMONN SHE GOES INSIDE]

ROB:

And then what?

[ON EAMONN, LOOKING UP AT CELIA'S WINDOW,
DESPAIRING]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC30. INT. CELIA'S FLAT. DAY. 15:11

CELIA, ROB (VO), EAMONN (VO)

[CELIA PACKS A SAD-LOOKING BAG. THE LAST ITEM: A CARTON OF SIX EGGS. SHE HESITATES, THEN OPENS THEM TO CHECK THE CONTENTS]

EAMONN (VO):

I don't know what a new-born in the house will do...

ROB (VO):

Nothing good is my guess. For Celia, I mean.

EAMONN (VO):

We'll have to try and find her somewhere else to live while she's in hospital. For the sake of everyone's sanity.

[ON CELIA HOLDING AN EGG TO HER EAR,
LISTENING: LOST TO HER DELUSION]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC31. INT. DANIEL & ZARA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.
18:15

ZARA

[ZARA, ALONE.

SHE'S TWITCHY, ALERT, FULL OF NERVOUS ENERGY, AS SHE DOWNS A LARGE GLASS OF WINE AND POURS ANOTHER.

THE PRISON LETTER SITS ON THE TABLE, EXERTING A PULL ON HER.

ON ZARA SNATCHING IT UP AND PACING]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC32. INT. AL'S HOUSE. KITCHEN/LOUNGE.
DAY. 18:16

AL

[AL'S HAM-FISTEDLY PUTTING THE LILIES IN A
VASE WHEN HIS PHONE RINGS]

AL:

Mum? Everything okay? Where are you? (BEAT) Where?! What do you
mean here? The train's not due until... (BEAT) They're never early!
They're trains! Okay – I'm on my way...

[ON AL RUSHING OUT, HALF-ARRANGED LILIES
FORGOTTEN]

CUT TO:

EP212/SC33. INT. DANIEL & ZARA'S HOUSE.
KITCHEN/LOUNGE AREA. DAY. 18:17

ZARA

[ZARA, GLASS IN HAND, GOES ROUND DRAWING THE CURTAINS AND SWITCHING ON LIGHTS EVEN THOUGH IT'S NOT DARK]

ZARA:

(MUTTERS) What the hell is wrong with you... Get a grip...

[HER ANXIETY THREATENS TO OVERWHELM HER AND SHE STRUGGLES TO CALM DOWN. SHE SITS, TAKES ANOTHER SWIG OF WINE. PICKS UP THE LETTER SHE RECEIVED THIS MORNING WITH SHAKING, CLAMMY HANDS]

[HOOK: ON ZARA, ALMOST LOSING IT ENTIRELY WHEN THE DOORBELL SUDDENLY RINGS]

END OF EPISODE