

1

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 1.

1

Dimly lit, but we open on the bright notepad app of a smart phone. FRANKIE, lying in bed, is tapping out her list for the day. It reads 'Book MOT. Mrs Warren Inco pads. Mr Thomas insulin' and she's adding 'Team mileage claims'. An arm snakes over her waist and she grins. We hear what she hears.

IAN
(muffled)
That your birthday list?

FRANKIE takes out her ear plugs.

IAN (CONT'D)
That your birthday list?

FRANKIE
Continence pads and insulin.

IAN
I don't half spoil you.

She sniggers as he kisses her.

FRANKIE
Don't make me late. Ian, don't make
me late. Ian!

But IAN's well into a snog and she quite fancies it herself...

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Baz must've had a good send off...
You stink of beer.

IAN
And you love it.

And she does.

CUT TO:

2

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BATHROOM. DAY 1.

2

FRANKIE turns the light on. She's already taken a step into the room when what she's seeing registers with her. A man lies in the bath. He's wound all round, haphazardly but more or less mummy style with police 'Police Line. Do not cross' tape. He's sleeping soundly, snoring softly, fully dressed. This is BAZ, Ian's best mate, soon to leave the police force.

FRANKIE hesitates, looks at the shower cabinet longingly... decides she can't risk it. She looks at the loo... thinking she can do a wee without waking BAZ... Then sees that there's no loo paper. Looks around, wondering what to do...

Then she sees that the roll of loo paper has been placed under BAZ's head, like a cushion. She knows that to move it will wake him.

FRANKIE
Oh, cheers, Baz.

CUT TO:

3 INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY 1.

3

FRANKIE's in uniform and hurries in, wanting the loo but trying to blank out the longing, looking for her bag. She's halfway across the room before she sees the state it's in. She pauses. Looks around, appalled. There are take-away boxes, beer cans, some spilt curry, trampled-on poppadoms, mugs and a saucer with several fag ends in it.

*

CUT TO:

4 INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 1.

4

FRANKIE is flinging the curtains open. IAN's squinting against the light, protesting.

IAN
Love - I'm not on till this evening-

FRANKIE
Fags. Fags in my sitting room -

IAN
Ah, yeah -

FRANKIE
Curry on my carpet. Sweaty plod in my bath. What the hell did you get up to?

IAN
Nothing, love. I'll clean it up.
All of it. Everything.

FRANKIE
I'm bursting for the loo, you idiot. If I have an accident on the way in - you're dead.

She goes and he calls after her, hopefully, lamely.

IAN
We didn't wake you, did we, love?
That was good, eh?

CUT TO:

4A **EXT. AERIAL TOP SHOT. ROAD NETWORK. DAY 1.**

4A

Transition.

CUT TO:

5 **EXT. ARTERIAL ROAD. DAY 1.**

5

It's raining. A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN is sitting in a queue of traffic. She has her radio tuned in to Radio 4 and all we can hear is John Humphrys and the swish of windscreen wipers. A car edges into the next lane of traffic. THE WOMAN is distracted by the throb and volume of its music. She glances across, annoyed, expecting to see a lad in a beaten up Fiesta. Instead she sees FRANKIE, in her District Nurse's uniform, singing along with the radio. It's 'A Bat Out Of Hell' and her expression is fearsome. FRANKIE meets THE WOMAN's eyes and a grin breaks through. She waves happily. THE WOMAN does a little surprised finger wave back. And as they drive on, FRANKIE's 'rocking' in her seat, trying to ease the bladder discomfort, biting her lips, in pain.

CUT TO:

6 **EXT. ANGIE'S HOUSE. DAY 1.**

6

FRANKIE pulls up sharply in her car and stumbles out, towards the front door. ANGIE (40's, a palliative care nurse) is coming out of that door, going to work, as FRANKIE hobbles towards her, legs clenched tight.

ANGIE

Hello! What you up to - Oy!

But FRANKIE's plunging past her, waving an apology.

FRANKIE

Sorry sorry sorry - desperate.
Pain, pain, pain!

Bewildered, ANGIE sees that FRANKIE's car is slewed haphazardly across the drive, more abandoned than parked. She turns to look into the house, an amused question on her lips. But the loo door slams.

CUT TO:

6A **EXT. STREET. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. DAY 1.**

6A

Establisher.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. DAY 1.

7

JEAN (60) is coming out of the house, but calling back into it.

JEAN

Make sure you know who's at the door before you open it. And remember to eat.

She starts to close the door but has another thought.

JEAN (CONT'D)

And don't go climbing on any chairs. I'll do the windows tomorrow.

She slams the door and hurries off. FRANKIE drives past, looking for a parking space. She beams at JEAN and waves. JEAN waves back, cheerful, hiding her tiredness. But as she turns away, the mask slips. She's knackered.

CUT TO:

8

INT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 1.

8

FRANKIE's watching, amused and fond, as MR THOMAS (late 80's) serenades her as she prepares to give him his insulin. He's perched on his bed, trousers around his hips. She's looking at a urine test (plastic dip strip) as he flings his arms around flamboyantly, singing, as if in death throes (it's the words of the penultimate verse of 'Frankie and Johnny').

MR THOMAS

(singing)

Well, roll me over on my left side,
Roll me over so slow,
Roll me over on my left hand side,
Frankie,
Them bullets hurt me so.
I was your man, but I done you
wrong.

FRANKIE's pleased with the test.

FRANKIE

Spot on again. Right, where's it to be, Mr Thomas, thigh, tummy, bum?

MR THOMAS

Like the song said (sings) 'Roll me over on my left side, Frankie.'

He leans on his left side and slaps his right thigh. She laughs.

MR THOMAS (CONT'D)
(singing)
I was your man, but I done you
wrong.

On his face, as FRANKIE gives the injection.

FRANKIE
Sorry if my hands are cold.

MR THOMAS
Funny sort of job.

FRANKIE
I'm a funny sort of woman.

CUT TO:

9

INT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 1.

9

FRANKIE's writing up her notes in a yellow folder as MR THOMAS comes in.

MR THOMAS
Jeanie left me meat pie - fancy a
bite?

FRANKIE
Steak and kidney for breakfast? No,
thank you.

MR THOMAS
Breakfast? What's the time, then?

He looks at the wall clock. It's 8.30.

MR THOMAS (CONT'D)
Bloody thing's stopped.

FRANKIE
No, it's half eight. How long have
you been up?

MR THOMAS shrugs and then launches into poetry.

MR THOMAS
My day or night myself I make,
whene'er I wake or play, and could
I always stay awake it would be
always day.

FRANKIE
Well, you remember to eat
regularly. Little and often, yes?

MR THOMAS

(cheerful)

I know, I know. No sugar, no booze,
nothing that makes life worth
living.

FRANKIE gets up as MR THOMAS puts his pie in the oven.

FRANKIE

Apart from Jean's meat pies, eh?
I'll see you tomorrow. Be good.

He stares at the cooker and thumps the oven switch.

MR THOMAS

Now bloody what?

The oven light hasn't come on. FRANKIE glances at the cooker
circuit switch, high up on the wall, and sees that it's up.
She flicks it down and the oven light comes on.

FRANKIE

Helps to turn it on.

MR THOMAS

Who made it, then?

FRANKIE

What?

MR THOMAS

(irascible)

'What?' The pie, what else? That's
what we're talking about, isn't it?

FRANKIE

(taken aback)

Oh. Right. I thought you said Jean
made it.

MR THOMAS

Did she? That was good of her.

FRANKIE goes, amused by the circuitous conversation.

CUT TO:

9A

EXT. AERIAL TOP SHOT. REDLAND. DAY 1.

9A

Transition.

CUT TO:

9B

EXT./INT. DN OFFICE. MAIN RECEPTION. DAY 1.

9B

FRANKIE's heading into the building, on her mobile (to Ian). As she walks through the main reception she's upbeat and crisp.

FRANKIE

(on phone)

Good morning. This is your friendly wake up call. I do hope you're ready to jump into action like my very own superman. Carpet stain remover and all other cleaning materials, under the sink. Bye.

She ends the call, briskly as she walks on:

CUT TO:

10

INT. DN OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY 1.

10

This is the biggest room and it has three old desks (a computer on each), a couple of small bookcases and filing cabinets etc. It's the room where they catch up with their paperwork.

The team are all there, apart from FRANKIE; ANDY, MARY, PAULA and KAREN. All good humoured and fast, in passing, not a set piece... Everyone's checking the computers for emails, etc but PAULA's looking for a note she made.

ANDY

(to Paula)

We can't visit her if we don't even know her name -

KAREN

Telling her off won't help - she wrote it all down -

ANDY

On a haematology specimen bag! What use is that? And then she threw it away!

PAULA

Don't go on. You know how rude Dr Faceache is, I get flustered.

MARY

What's this?

She holds up a Hematology Specimen bag (stapled to a form). ANDY, PAULA and KAREN react.

ANDY

There you go!

PAULA

I told you I didn't chuck it.

MARY

And you're not supposed to staple these things.

MARY turns it sideways, reading round the edge, as FRANKIE enters. They acknowledge her but continue.

MARY (CONT'D)

(reading)

Mrs Hales, 27, 36 weeks gone,
raised BP...

PAULA

I remember! She's just moved here from some Army place. Her husband's in Iran.

MARY

(reading)

Afghanistan.

PAULA

Yeah, and her midwife's off sick -

FRANKIE

(attempting Scots accent)

This isnae Tannochbrae. There must be more than one midwife in the city?

PAULA

She said the team's stretched to breaking -

ANDY

(explaining)

Dr Evans, cocking up our lives again. Poor attempt at the accent, by the way.

FRANKIE

(to Paula)

I hope you didn't say we'd take her on?

ANDY grabs the bag and reads the address.

PAULA

You know what she's like - you can't say anything to her. She'd look down her snotty nose and you'd just, like, die.

ANDY
Oaktree Estate.
(to Frankie)
Which I think you'll find is in
your part of town.

FRANKIE
Well, it just had to be, didn't it?
Twelve visits today. Twelve! Give
us the address...

FRANKIE groans.

CUT TO:

11 **INT. FRANKIE'S CAR. / EXT. DN OFFICE. CAR PARK. DAY 1.** 11

FRANKIE is starting her car up. The radio comes on. It's
Radio 2, it's 9.30 and Ken Bruce is starting his show.

KEN BRUCE (V.O.)
Another great Tuesday morning, only
four days to the weekend, and we're
all just raring to go, are we not?

FRANKIE
A little late, a little stressed
but on the whole, Kenneth, yeah.

KEN BRUCE (V.O.)
And to get us all in the mood to
take the world by its scruff...

The first track of his show plays. It's 'We Love To Boogie'
by T Rex.

FRANKIE
(joining in, turning the
music up, happy)
Now you're talking, my man! The
tracks of my years. Oh, yeah!

And she seat-bops and sings along as she pulls out into the
traffic.

CUT TO:

11A **EXT. AERIAL TOP SHOT. HOUSING. DAY 1.** 11A

Transition.

CUT TO:

12

INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY 1.

12

It's a new build house, neat and bright. HEATHER is 27, heavily pregnant and FRANKIE is taking her BP, as HEATHER chats brightly (a tad too brightly). There's a large 'oils on canvas' family portrait on the wall, a soldier, HEATHER and a little girl. Another framed family photo is on display.

HEATHER
Royal Engineers. Bomb disposal.
Well, IED's.

FRANKIE
Brave man.

HEATHER
Army barmy.

There are footsteps on the stairs and FRANKIE's surprised as RUBY (8, the girl in the photo) enters, in her pj's.

FRANKIE
Hello! No school today?

RUBY
I'm poorly.

HEATHER
Every virus going, Ruby comes down with it. I really appreciate this, Nurse.

FRANKIE
Frankie. Not a problem. It's only taken a few minutes.
(finishing)
Are you going to look after your Mum for me?

HEATHER
We look after each other. And she's very good - too good sometimes! Every time I take a nap she does the same. Old before her time.

CUT TO:

13

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 1.

13

IAN is sitting in his boxers, in the detritus of last night, looking rough, sipping coffee. He has a sudden panicky thought, jumps up, goes to his trousers which are lying over the back of a chair and gropes with rising alarm in the pockets. Then, relax, he's found what he was looking for.

He brings it out, a ring box. Opens it. Three months salary at least has been spent on this engagement ring.

CUT TO:

13A **EXT. JEAN'S BLOCK OF FLATS. DAY 1.** 13A

Establisher.

CUT TO:

14 **INT. JEAN'S BLOCK OF FLATS. DAY 1.** 14

FRANKIE comes in and walks to the lifts. There's a notice by them: 'Lifts under service'. She sighs.

CUT TO:

15 **INT. JEAN'S BLOCK OF FLATS. STAIR WELL. DAY 1.** 15

FRANKIE toils up the stairs, with her bag. She looks up. They go on forever.

CUT TO:

16 **INT. JEAN'S BLOCK OF FLATS. STAIRWELL LANDING. DAY 1.** 16

FRANKIE's waiting at a door, she can hear someone coming to answer. She puts on a smile, recovering from the climb up the stairs. The door opens and it's JEAN.

FRANKIE

Oh. Hello again.

JEAN

Come in.

FRANKIE

I've got the right flat, haven't I?

CUT TO:

17 **INT. JEAN'S FLAT. SITTING ROOM. DAY 1.** 17

Continuous action: The room is neat and pleasant, not cluttered, stylish. JEAN and FRANKIE come in, with FRANKIE somewhat confused.

FRANKIE

Mr Winters...

JEAN

Jack, yes.

The penny drops.

FRANKIE

You're Mr Winters's wife! I didn't realise.

JEAN

He's in the bedroom, ready.

But FRANKIE's still catching up with the implications of this as she takes off her coat.

FRANKIE

So, you're caring for your father and a sick husband. I didn't realise.

JEAN

(flatly)

Why should you. Go on in.

She turns away, FRANKIE watches her back for a second and then heads towards the bedroom.

CUT TO:

18

INT. DN OFFICE. STAFF ROOM. DAY 1.

18

This is where they gather to eat and drink and chat, a shabby but homely mix of table and chairs and an old sofa. KAREN's skimming through a celeb magazine as she eats her lunch - a fruit yoghurt and a bar of chocolate. PAULA's looking over her shoulder. ANDY's eating fresh fruit but a packet of Hobnobs is lined up as his pudding. It's a cosy scene, companionable and relaxed. FRANKIE's entering with her lunch box as ANDY passes a verdict on the yoghurt.

ANDY

Look at the colour of it. Lurid pink. Can't be natural.

KAREN

(indignant)

It is. It's healthy. A hundred and twenty calories.

ANDY

And most of that sugar and fat.

KAREN

And fruit. See. On the pot. A raspberry.

ANDY

Oh, well, that's alright then.

FRANKIE opens her lunch box as MARY enters with coffee for everyone.

PAULA

Look - Cheryl Cole's got a handbag just like mine.

MARY

Obscene the money people spend on nonsense like handbags.

FRANKIE

Problem solving, team. We've got a woman who's not young herself, looking after a terminally ill husband and a frail and forgetful father on the other side of town. How best to help?

MARY

Who's this?

FRANKIE

Jean Winters. Her husband's terminal CA, her dad's Walter Thomas.

KAREN

Old Mr Thomas? He's lovely.

FRANKIE

And demanding and needs care.

They get on with their lunches. There's no big reaction from any of them.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I'll get an assessment but that'll take a month. Any bright ideas until then?

ANDY lobs an apple core into the bin.

ANDY

Howzat!

PAULA

(still looking at the photo)

Oh, no, it's not mine. I've got a gold padlock and a zip on both sides.

FRANKIE

(heavily sarcastic)

Well, thanks for listening and for all your advice.

ANDY

So, don't ask a question to which
there is no known answer.

FRANKIE

'How can we help Jean Winters?'

MARY

What can we do? Short of sticking
her dad in a home -

FRANKIE

They don't want that.

ANDY

Can they pay for help?

FRANKIE

I doubt it.

ANDY

There you go then. Hey - haven't we
got a GP meeting this affie?

FRANKIE looks at the clock, 1.45. She jumps up, alarmed.

CUT TO:

19 **INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY 1.**

19

The vacuum cleaner stands in the middle of the floor, the
washing-up is all piled into soapy steaming water, IAN is
putting beer cans into a recycling box, a scene of industry.
He breaks off to make a phone call. CU of the mobile
'Franks'. It rings and rings and rings.

CUT TO:

19A **EXT. AERIAL TOP SHOT. ROAD NETWORK. DAY 1.**

19A

Transition.

CUT TO:

20 **INT. FRANKIE'S CAR. / EXT. ARTERIAL ROAD. DAY 1.**

20

FRANKIE's driving, ANDY's feeling nervous - his foot pressing
an imaginary brake and his knuckles white as he braces
against the dash board.

FRANKIE

You're a terrible passenger.

ANDY

Only when I'm sitting next to a boy racer.

FRANKIE's phone plays IAN's ringtone, Alesha Dixon singing 'The Boy Does Nothing'. ANDY looks down at it, and FRANKIE warns him.

FRANKIE

Don't.

After a moment, and another round of 'The Boy Does Nothing', the ringtone stops. A silence and then:

ANDY

I may be speaking out of turn, but you do know he's arranging another surprise birthday party?

FRANKIE

(amused)

Every year. This'll be my fourth surprise.

ANDY

So... you're not going to answer because?

FRANKIE

Because I know why he's ringing. To say 'Sorry, babe. Honest' and then he'll make me laugh and I'll find myself telling him not to worry about clearing up.

ANDY

I'm so glad I'm not a woman. Must be exhausting.

FRANKIE

Ah but, remember, us girlies manage to do two things at once.

ANDY

(not following)

Like?

FRANKIE

Like being really really pissed off with him, really really laughing at him and really really, no, really fancying the pants off him.

ANDY

(a wince, too much information)

Three things.

FRANKIE laughs and puts her foot down. ANDY clutches the dashboard.

FRANKIE

Four.

CUT TO:

21

INT. HEALTH CENTRE. STAFF OFFICE. DAY 1.

21

FRANKIE and ANDY pull up chairs as the clock hands reach two o' clock but DR EVANS goes in for the kill anyway.

EVANS

Hurrah! At last. Let's get started, shall we? Mr Banswell.

FRANKIE

Fine, nicely stable, on the new insulin regime.

EVANS

Mrs Isadora Harker.

FRANKIE

Referred to the community psychiatric nurse and we're carrying on with the -

EVANS

(breaking in)
Psych nurse? And how long is that going to take?

ANDY

(cheerful)
Months. If not years.

EVANS

(to Frankie)
Have you seen Heather Hales?

FRANKIE

Yes, she's fine. Elevated BP but nothing alarming. Can we talk about Jack Winters and Walter Thomas?

EVANS

Winters. Terminal CA, isn't he?

FRANKIE

And his wife is nursing him at home. But I've just discovered that her dad is Mr Thomas and she's trying to look after both of them - impossible.

EVANS

Mr Thomas.
(trying to remember)
Pernicious anaemia?

FRANKIE

And diabetes. Mild dementia.

EVANS

What's the problem?

ANDY grins. FRANKIE sighs, repeats ploddingly.

FRANKIE

His daughter can't look after both
of them.

EVANS

What can I do about that? Precious
little. Next on my list, Theresa
Price.

FRANKIE glances at ANDY, he wryly makes a 'told you so' face.

CUT TO:

22

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 1.

22

The curry stain is still there. Pan up and go into:

CUT TO:

23

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 1.

23

Slap bang wallop into the middle of a row between IAN and
FRANKIE. The kitchen's spick and span. IAN's in police
uniform, ready to go out. He's indignant and hurt.

IAN

I'm sorry. How many times do I have
to apologise? I've spent hours
doing the house and you don't even
say thank you.

FRANKIE

You've just pushed the Hoover round
- I bet you've not done the loo or -

She stops. Appalled at her own words, her own part in this
bickering. The silence is unnerving for IAN.

IAN

What?

FRANKIE

I just heard myself. Sorry,
frustrating day. I shouldn't take
it out on you.

IAN

I'm used to it.

FRANKIE

Am I that bad?

IAN

No, just...

FRANKIE

What?

IAN

If you were a pie chart, work would
be 90%, and I'd be a little sad
crumb of the boring pastry.

FRANKIE

Nah - you're a big fat mouthful of
stuffed crust. With a hint of
smelly old anchovy.

IAN

(gentle)
I love you.

FRANKIE

When I'm angry?

IAN

No. No punch line. I love you.

FRANKIE

And I love you. I'm not getting
middle aged and crabby, am I?

IAN starts to say 'no' but has a sudden thought.

IAN

My God. I've just realised. You
will be, won't you?

FRANKIE

What?

IAN

You'll be forty minus four.

FRANKIE

Also known as 36.

IAN

Yeah, old enough to be a granny!

FRANKIE
(deadly cold)
Keep digging.

IAN
I mean, think about it - shagging a
middle aged woman! Desperate or...
(what?)

He sees her expression, decides not say any more.

CUT TO:

24

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 1.

24

FRANKIE's pouring herself an outsize glass of wine. IAN's in the hall, gathering up keys and mobile etc, amused but fighting his corner.

IAN
It was a joke, honest. Fine. It's
special duty, traffic control at
Colston Hall. Be back soon as we're
stood down. About one.

FRANKIE ignores him. He has one last try.

IAN (CONT'D)
I'll try not to wake you. Put your
ear plugs in.

Music blasts out from the kitchen. He goes. We see that FRANKIE's grinning, naughty. She licks a finger and marks the air as if to say 'One to me.'

FRANKIE turns the music up. It's Pixie Lott, 'All About Tonight'.

Outside, IAN opens the letter box and shouts through -

IAN (CONT'D)
And turn that music down.

FRANKIE laughs, dances, madly, wildly, all the way to the front door. She can see him at the letter box. She puts the chain on noisily, then bends down to his level.

FRANKIE
Make me.

She dances back into the kitchen. The door opens behind her but is stopped by the chain. She does a happy V sign in the air, in case he can see.

CUT TO:

25

IAN's chuckling as he closes the door, takes his key out of the door and walks away. She's won this time but he'll get her, oh, yes. These two are forever winding each other up.

CUT TO:

26

The alarm is buzzing like a mad buzzing thing. FRANKIE has her ear plugs in and it takes a while to wake her. Feeling the worse for wear she shuts it off. Falls back, taking the ear plugs out. Realises that she's alone. Looks at the empty pillow beside her. Reacts, surprised. Sits up and looks at her mobile, nine calls. She pulls a face at herself, wondering what she's missed. She gets up.

CUT TO:

27

FRANKIE mooches down the stairs, mooches past the front door on her way to the kitchen. Pauses. Returns. Oooh. The chain is still on the door. FRANKIE realises she locked IAN out. Guilt, and then a bit of an appalled snigger, and then guilt again. Maybe the tease went a bit far after all.

CUT TO:

28

FRANKIE's pulling away from her house. She notices IAN's car parked up. She slows down and looks in as she passes. IAN's fast asleep in the driver's seat, his head back, mouth open. FRANKIE gazes at him, wondering whether to wake him or not. And then, drives on.

CUT TO:

29

FRANKIE's taking a sample of HEATHER's blood. RUBY is watching, fascinated.

FRANKIE

(to Ruby)

You don't miss your pals at school?

RUBY shrugs.

HEATHER

She's only just started there, so
she doesn't feel like she's missing
much.

FRANKIE withdraws the vacuum pump and puts a pad of cotton
wool on the pin prick.

FRANKIE

All done.
(teasing)
You next, Ruby?

RUBY grins and shakes her head. FRANKIE hands HEATHER a
little disposable container.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Mid stream, if you please.

HEATHER

(echoing)
If I can.

HEATHER goes.

FRANKIE

I bet you get a bit bored stuck
inside all day.

RUBY

A bit.

FRANKIE

Still feeling poorly?

RUBY

Not all the time.

FRANKIE

What is it, tummy, head,
everything?

RUBY

No. Just this tingly thing in my
fingers and toes. And I get woozy.

FRANKIE's thoughtful about this little cluster of symptoms,
interested.

RUBY (CONT'D)

But then I get a bit sick to my
stomach. I get the tingle first and
then the wooze and then the sick.

FRANKIE

And when does it happen?

RUBY shrugs.

RUBY

If I laugh a lot. Or run. And when
I go upstairs. And in the shower.

FRANKIE waggles the stethoscope at her.

FRANKIE

Want a go?

But just then her mobile rings. She answers it, checking the display - no name displayed.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Frankie Maddox... Hi Jean... right,
ok.

FRANKIE winces as JEAN squawks down the phone.

CUT TO:

30

INT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. HALL. / KITCHEN. DAY 2.

30

FRANKIE has just come in, she is about to 'yoo hoo' when she hears raised voices. She listens, and notices smoke in the air.

JEAN (O.S.)

I told you, dad! I told you and
told you and told you!

MR THOMAS (O.S.)

(cross)

I wanted a pie. You never make me a
pie.

JEAN (O.S.)

I said, don't use the oven - and
you had a pie yesterday!

FRANKIE opens the kitchen door.

FRANKIE

Hi.

JEAN's too frazzled to take a breath.

JEAN

You just missed the bloody fire
brigade.

FRANKIE sees, on the table, a pile of wet and burnt tea towels.

MR THOMAS

I didn't call them.

JEAN

No, Dad, your poor neighbours did.
Again.

(to Frankie)

I was worried about him taking a
chest full of smoke.

MR THOMAS

I'm alright.

JEAN

He was coughing and I panicked.

FRANKIE

I'll have a listen to his chest.

MR THOMAS

You will not.

JEAN

You'll do as you're told dad. Not
that you ever do. He knows he's not
to use the oven.

FRANKIE

I think that might be my fault. I
turned it on yesterday. At the
wall.

JEAN

What?

FRANKIE

He had a pie.

JEAN

It was already cooked.

FRANKIE

Yes. He put it in the oven and I
thought... you know, he wanted it
warm. I just turned it on.

JEAN

Thanks. Great. Fabulous. I leave
that up so that he can't ... oh,
what's the use?

(to MR THOMAS again)

And anyway, it's an oven, dad, not
a washing machine.

FRANKIE

Why don't we sit down? Come on,
here, Mr Thomas, come and sit down.

And at last JEAN takes a breather. Sits down, exhausted.

JEAN

I'm 60. I can't spread myself this thin any more.

MR THOMAS

What's all this smoke? I can't be doing with all this carry on, every bloody day.

He goes out into the garden. FRANKIE meets JEAN's eyes.

FRANKIE

Cuppa?

CUT TO:

31 **EXT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. GARDEN. DAY 2.**

31

MR THOMAS is in his greenhouse, lost in the familiarity of the work, at peace.

JEAN (V.O.)

I'm at breaking point. I can't go on much longer like this.

CUT TO:

32 **INT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY 2.**

32

JEAN and FRANKIE are at the table, with tea.

FRANKIE

No one could.

JEAN

I'm so tired.

FRANKIE

I can see. Listen, I'm requesting a case conference, so we can get him assessed.

JEAN

No, thanks, but no.

FRANKIE

It's the only way we'll get any help for you. Maybe a carer once a day, to get him up in the morning or settle him down at night.

JEAN

I don't want anyone to...

FRANKIE

What?

JEAN

I don't want anyone to know. That we need help.

FRANKIE

Why not?

JEAN

They'll take him away. They'll put him in a home.

FRANKIE

No, they won't.

JEAN

They will. The social workers and all them. It's what they did with mum.

FRANKIE

Your Mum needed full time nursing. Your dad's just a bit frail.

JEAN

I won't have him going into one of those places.

FRANKIE

Neither will anyone else. That's why we need the assessment. If you don't get help you'll be ill and then what'll he do? And Jack? Please, trust me, I'll get you the help you need. By hook or by crook.

JEAN

What sort of help are we going to get, with all the cut backs?

FRANKIE

Pah! I laugh at cut backs. I sneer at them.

The two women smile, tension lifted.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

So, I'll start the wheels rolling?

JEAN

If you're sure they won't take him away, kicking and screaming.

FRANKIE

I'm sure. Positive.

A beat.

JEAN

OK. Thanks.

A voice breaks in, querulous. MR THOMAS is in the doorway, peeved.

MR THOMAS

When you two have finished gassing.
I've had bugger all to eat all day.

CUT TO:

33

EXT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. / INT. FRANKIE'S CAR. DAY 2.

33

FRANKIE and JEAN are standing by FRANKIE's car.

JEAN

He was a lovely dad, you know.

FRANKIE

He still is.

JEAN

Yes. He is. He tries to be.

A sense that she has something else to say but can't quite manage it.

FRANKIE

You alright?

JEAN

Yes.

(brighter)

Anyway. Best get myself sorted.
I've got another man waiting for me
on the other side of town.

FRANKIE

Now you're just boasting.

FRANKIE gets in the car, turns the radio on, and it's 'Is That All There Is' by Peggy Lee. FRANKIE sits watching JEAN as she plods back into the house, wearily.

KEN BRUCE (V.O.)

Oh, for heaven's sake, woman, pull
yourself together. Cheer up. And
stop burning things down. Get a
grip.

FRANKIE

Kenneth The Bruce. It's not often
you're wrong but you're right
again.

She glances at her watch, reacts (she's late) takes a deep breath, and sets off on her next job.

CUT TO:

34 OMITTED

34

35 INT. DN OFFICE. STORE ROOM. DAY 2.

35

FRANKIE's restocking her bag, ready for the next day, a busy scene, getting insulin syringes from one cupboard, wipes from another, then dressings, maybe a catheter. As she works ANDY comes in with his bag, and puts it next to hers, and does the same sort of thing. During all this:

ANDY

I am ready for a beer. Coming?

FRANKIE

No, (got to) go home and face the music.

ANDY

Happy music or Leonard Cohen?

FRANKIE

Erm. Probably John Cage. Three hours of silence.

(confession)

I locked him out.

ANDY

What? When?

FRANKIE

Last night. Didn't mean to. Just...
It was a joke. Hard to explain.

ANDY

What did he do?

FRANKIE

Slept in the car.

ANDY's chuckling.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

It's not that funny.

ANDY

Yeah it is. Like the time you threw his car keys in the river.

FRANKIE

I gaily tossed them to him. If he's got all the catching skills of a house brick, it's not my fault.

ANDY

The man's a saint.

CUT TO:

35A **EXT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. DAY 2.**

35A

Establisher.

CUT TO:

36 **INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 2.**

36

FRANKIE's trying to do some paperwork at the kitchen table. She hears the front door open. She steels herself to be cool. But the inner door doesn't open. She glances at it. She turns back to her paperwork. The door opens a crack. She tries not to look over. And then it's flung open, making her jump and involuntarily scream. IAN is there, completely resplendent in police uniform but wearing a scary mask.

IAN

Hello, little girl.

CUT TO:

37 **INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 2.**

37

The scary mask is on the floor and IAN and FRANKIE are in bed, post coital, happy and a bit silly.

IAN

I really wanted to get a Dr Who mask.

FRANKIE

In bed with Dr Who... suppose it depends which one.

IAN

No, one of the monsters. The Ancient One.

FRANKIE

Yeah?

IAN

'Cos you and him...

The penny begins to drop.

FRANKIE

Go on.

IAN

Well, you know... you'd have a lot
in common.

FRANKIE jumps on top of IAN and they roll around happily,
fighting and laughing.

CUT TO:

38

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 2.

38

IAN's sitting on his side of the bed, looking at the
engagement ring. As FRANKIE comes out of the shower he
reacts, guiltily, shoves the ring in the drawer of his
bedside table, slams it shut and turns to face her, smiling
too broadly.

IAN

Alright?

FRANKIE

What?

IAN

Nothing. Alright?

FRANKIE

(puzzled)

Yeah.

IAN

Good.

He goes past her into the shower, and gives her a sudden
sexless hug on the way. She stands for a moment after he's
gone, thinking about this. The shower starts, off, and she
glances around checking that he's not going to return. She
goes to the drawer. Opens it. Looks at the ring box... Can
hardly believe her eyes... She starts to open it but he
breaks into song in the shower and it startles her. She puts
the box back quickly and shuts the drawer.

CUT TO:

39

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 2.

39

IAN's snoring gently. FRANKIE's lying awake, smiling in the
darkness, hugging her happiness to herself.

CUT TO:

39A **EXT. AERIAL TOP SHOT. HOUSING. DAY 3.**

39A

Transition.

CUT TO:

40 **INT. HEALTH CENTRE. CORRIDOR. DAY 3.**

40

FRANKIE is talking to DR EVANS in a corridor as the world goes on around them. It's a snatched consultation.

FRANKIE

Mr Thomas wants to stay where he is. And that's what his family wants too.

EVANS

But if his daughter's exhausted, and his neighbours have called the fire brigade out twice already-

FRANKIE

One was just a toaster setting off the alarm. We've all done that. All they need is a bit of help. A few hours a day -

EVANS

You just told me that the Care Agency can't give you any hours!

FRANKIE

So we'll just have to kick up a stink. You could request an assessment from occupational therapy -

EVANS

I could but there are more pressing cases, people with no relatives at all.

FRANKIE

There must be something we can do.

EVANS

(weary)

Why do you always insist that there's something we can do? Sometimes there isn't. Apart from putting the old guy into a care home.

FRANKIE

(exasperated)

That's where we started.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

He won't go. And she doesn't want that either.

EVANS

You do know that the longer you indulge this old man, the more pressure you put on his daughter?

DR EVANS walks away. FRANKIE watches her go, exasperated.

FRANKIE

(calling)

His wife went into care and it wasn't a good experience.

EVANS

This isn't a good experience. Sitting in that room listening to aches and pains and people with insurance claim bad backs all day isn't a good experience. Life's full of it.

FRANKIE would love to throw a brick at her head. FRANKIE heads off, at speed, cross.

CUT TO:

41 **EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY 3.**

41

FRANKIE's sitting in a traffic jam. She sees HEATHER going into a cafe, holding RUBY's hand. It reminds her of her concern for RUBY.

CUT TO:

41A **EXT. AERIAL TOP SHOT. CITY STREETS. DAY 3.**

41A

Transition.

CUT TO:

42 OMITTED

42

43 **INT. CAFE. DAY 3.**

43

RUBY and HEATHER look up, smiling, as FRANKIE approaches their table. She pretends surprise.

FRANKIE

Hello.

(to RUBY)

No school again?

HEATHER

She went in, but they called me to say she wasn't feeling well.

FRANKIE

(jokey)

Not more wooze, is it?

RUBY grins.

HEATHER

It's just going on and on this time. Usually she's poorly for a few days but this time...

FRANKIE

Ever had a diagnosis?

HEATHER

(No) Been to three different GP's and they all say the same. 'It's a virus', 'It'll go when it goes.' Etc, etc.

FRANKIE

The old 'It's a virus' cop out, eh?

HEATHER

She's not her usual happy self, either.

RUBY

(indignant)

I am!

FRANKIE

Ok, how about I get you an appointment with a consultant?

HEATHER

Do you think it's that serious?

FRANKIE

Probably not, but it's beginning to worry you, isn't it? So we may as well find out for once and for all. Now then, I'm going to order myself a big fat cream cake and you -

(to Ruby)

- are not to tell anyone, ok?

RUBY grins.

CUT TO:

44 **EXT. CAFE. / INT. FRANKIE'S CAR. DAY 3.**

44

FRANKIE's parked up and on her mobile.

FRANKIE
Paediatrics, please. Hi, could I
speak to Mr Lasco? Frankie Maddox.

CUT TO:

45 **EXT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. DAY 3.**

45

FRANKIE's getting out of her car, concerned... The front door
is ajar.

CUT TO:

46 **INT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. HALL. / KITCHEN. DAY 3.**

46

FRANKIE steps warily into the kitchen but is mightily
relieved to see MR THOMAS at the table, making a sandwich,
cutting a loaf.

FRANKIE
Morning, Sir.

MR THOMAS jumps, alarmed, immediately on guard.

MR THOMAS
What the hell do you want?

FRANKIE
It's me, Frankie -

MR THOMAS
Get out of my bloody house -

FRANKIE
Mr Thomas, it's me, the district
nurse.

MR THOMAS
Bugger off, I don't want you here -

FRANKIE
I've got to do your insulin -

MR THOMAS
(yelling)
Get out! Get out! Get out!

FRANKIE
Ok, ok, I'm going.

But as she turns to go, alarmed by his rage, he throws a hand out and hits the side of her head. The blow knocks her into the door jamb and she cries out.

MR THOMAS
That'll teach you. I was in the
Army. I'm not some poor old codger
you can rob.

He advances on her with the bread knife. FRANKIE stumbles to the door, clutching her head, shocked.

CUT TO:

47

EXT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. DAY 3.

47

FRANKIE is sitting on the wall of a neighbour's house as JEAN pulls up in her car. FRANKIE goes to meet her, a red welt obvious on her forehead. JEAN, fed up, gets out.

JEAN
Life's never dull, is it?

FRANKIE
I'm so sorry.

JEAN
(a sigh)
It's alright. Not your fault.

FRANKIE
I stopped to talk to Dr Evans, so
I'm later than usual. Maybe his
blood sugar's low.

JEAN
No, not your fault. He gets like
that.

She pushes up a sleeve - a huge ugly bruise. FRANKIE stares at it, appalled.

FRANKIE
Jean. That's - (awful)

JEAN
It's only just started. Well, a few
weeks ago.

FRANKIE
I wish you'd told us.

JEAN
I meant to but... He's my dad. How
could I? And he doesn't know he's
doing it.

FRANKIE

This can't go on, Jean.

JEAN

I can manage.

FRANKIE

I'll have to speak to Social Services.

JEAN

(panic)

No - that's why I didn't tell you.
I don't want them barging in.

FRANKIE

I have no choice. What if he hits a child, or someone who hits him back?

JEAN

He never goes out! He won't get the chance - that's it. They'll lock him up now.

FRANKIE

It won't come to that.

JEAN

He hates those places. It broke his heart when we couldn't manage Mum any more. We'd visit her every day, and it was terrible. She was never in her own clothes, they'd say hers were in the wash or lost... and she was so sad and... all the life went out of her. She lost so much weight, we knew she wasn't eating and no one cared... He'll go downhill just like my Mum did.

JEAN is near to tears. She sees MR THOMAS at the window. He waves cheerfully and she manages a smile, waves back.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Butter wouldn't melt.

FRANKIE follows her gaze.

JEAN (CONT'D)

He nursed my mum for years. And now when he needs looking after...

FRANKIE

You're doing a great job. He thinks the world of you.

JEAN

I couldn't bear to see him go into a home. Please, don't tell anyone about this. Please.

FRANKIE

OK, but he needs to be assessed.

JEAN

No. Please. Once they get their foot in the door... please, leave things as they are. Please.

FRANKIE wavers.

CUT TO:

48

INT. DN OFFICE. STAFF ROOM. DAY 3.

48

Lunchtime again, all the team are there but MARY (a part-timer) is putting her coat on to go home. KAREN's on her second yoghurt and the others have their usual, but FRANKIE is eating a bag of chips, protesting, mouth full, laughing, in the face of MARY's disapproval.

FRANKIE

It's a veg. It's hot. Stop looking at me like that!

MARY

If she'd got into good habits when she was younger....

KAREN

(teasing)
Too late now.

PAULA

36! Have to start checking for osteoporosis soon.

KAREN

Chubby people don't usually get it.

She isn't chubby so this is clearly a joke and no offence taken.

FRANKIE

Oy! What is this?

ANDY notices the mark on FRANKIE's forehead. She sees he's looking and quickly brings her hair across it.

ANDY

Good morning?

FRANKIE

Yeah. Fine. Great. Why?

PAULA

I've had a hell of a time. If I'd known it was all leg ulcers and ingrown toenails...

FRANKIE realises that ANDY's watching her. She gets up, screwing up her chip paper, bright and busy.

KAREN

Yeah, I sometimes wonder why I didn't go into midwifery.

ANDY watches FRANKIE leaving, thoughtful.

MARY

All those screaming women, no thanks.

CUT TO:

49

INT. DN OFFICE. FRANKIE'S OFFICE. DAY 3.

49

FRANKIE's putting her coat on, readying to go out, as ANDY enters.

ANDY

How did you do it?

FRANKIE

What?

ANDY

You know full well what.

FRANKIE

Oh, this. It's nothing.

ANDY

How did you do it?

FRANKIE

Walked into a door.

She hears herself and grins, apologetic.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

No, really, I did.

ANDY quietly closes the door. FRANKIE knows this isn't going to be easy.

ANDY

Ok. Which door?

FRANKIE sees that he's calm but determined.

FRANKIE
In confidence?

ANDY
If that's what it takes.

FRANKIE
I'm a bit shaken actually. I did walk into a door. But I was sort of knocked into it. And he didn't mean to.

ANDY
Please tell me it wasn't Ian.

FRANKIE laughs in surprise.

FRANKIE
Ian? Good God, no. It was Mr Thomas. If it was Ian he'd be in ITU by now.

ANDY
Mr Thomas.

FRANKIE
He was probably a bit light-headed, needing his insulin, and he gets a bit confused -

ANDY
Hang on... what's all this 'in confidence' thing? You have done an incident report?

FRANKIE
No, there's no need. It's nothing -

ANDY
Have you told anyone at all?
(when the answer's no)
Franks! You can't pretend it's not happened.

FRANKIE
He's old, confused, I startled him -

ANDY
Then make a note of it. Make sure everyone else knows.

ANDY looks in her eyes.

FRANKIE
No need. He's a softie really. Give over - I'm not concussed.

ANDY brings a pen torch from his pocket and continues talking as he shines it in her eyes, checking the pupil reaction.

ANDY
So something happens tomorrow,
you're ill, and one of the others
visits him...

FRANKIE
(of the torch)
Talk about overkill.

ANDY
(continuing)
Don't you think you owe it to them
to warn them?

Satisfied, he puts the torch away.

FRANKIE
I won't be ill. I'm never ill.

ANDY
Or if he hurts someone else and
you've done nothing to stop him?

FRANKIE
He won't.

ANDY
Or hurts himself? If he lashes out
at someone not quite as
understanding?

FRANKIE
I went through all this with Jean,
and he never goes anywhere or...
(trailing off)

ANDY
Great. Everyone else knows where to
draw the line, but Frankie
Maddox... oh no.

FRANKIE
I don't want to make things worse.

ANDY
You have to protect the team,
Frankie, and you have to protect
yourself.

FRANKIE
If it happens again...

ANDY shakes his head, wonderingly.

ANDY
Hopeless. Bloody hopeless.
(fierce)
Get him assessed. The least you
should do.

CUT TO:

50

EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE / INT. HALLWAY. DAY 3.

50

FRANKIE's in her car, gathering her things together. She checks the mark on her forehead and pulls her hair over it, and then gets out. As she's walking towards the house RUBY opens the door, eyes wide, panicky. FRANKIE doesn't take this in at first.

FRANKIE
Hi Ruby red shoes, I've just made a
very special appointment for you -

RUBY
Mummy's crying. She's been trying
to get you.

HEATHER comes to the door, distressed.

HEATHER
Something's gone wrong. I'm
bleeding.

FRANKIE steps in.

FRANKIE
(calm)
OK. That might be nothing to worry
about. How much?

HEATHER
Looks like a lot.

FRANKIE sharpens, but still calm. RUBY sits on the stairs, shakey. FRANKIE smiles at her, hiding her concern.

FRANKIE
No big panic, Heather. Deep
breaths. It's going to be alright.

HEATHER
I'm sorry to be a nuisance.

FRANKIE
You're not. This is what I'm for.
Why God made me.

She winks at RUBY.

CUT TO:

50A **EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY 3.**

50A

Establisher.

CUT TO:

51 OMITTED

51

52 **INT. HOSPITAL. SCAN ROOM. DAY 3.**

52

(Just a dressed side ward, in effect).

HEATHER is on the examination couch and the scan is showing a healthy baby, heart beating. HEATHER smiles at RUBY, relieved.

RUBY
Hello Molly.

FRANKIE
I thought you didn't know if it was
a boy or a girl?

HEATHER
We don't.

RUBY
From the minute they told me, I
just knew.

FRANKIE
(to the scan TECHNICIAN)
Don't you say a word.

A sense of relief and happiness as HEATHER sits up, FRANKIE hands her paper towels to wipe off the jelly, and RUBY grabs her bag etc, ready to go.

CUT TO:

52A **EXT. AERIAL TOP SHOT. CONGESTED CITY STREETS. DAY 3.**

52A

Transition.

CUT TO:

53 **EXT. ARTERIAL ROAD. / INT. FRANKIE'S CAR. DAY 3.**

53

East bound. FRANKIE's driving on a dual carriageway, speaking on the hands-free (blue-tooth). HEATHER and RUBY are in the back. HEATHER's holding RUBY's hand and she's looking out at the traffic, happy enough.

It's a very slow moving queue of traffic, a jam, leading into a roundabout. They're in the outside lane, surrounded by traffic.

FRANKIE
Hi, Andy. Any problems?

ANDY (V.O.)
None at all. We've split your calls
up between us. How's the Mum?

FRANKIE glances in the mirror and HEATHER smiles at her.

HEATHER
(calling to ANDY)
Dying for a cup of tea.

ANDY (V.O.)
You're driving a patient -

FRANKIE
No. Yes. Off duty. Don't go on.
I've got Ruby an appointment with
paediatrics tomorrow. She waved to
the new baby and do you know, I
think the new baby may just have
waved back!

No response from RUBY. FRANKIE moves the mirror so that she can see RUBY. Her eyes are closed and her head has fallen back against the head rest.

ANDY (V.O.)
How's your head?

FRANKIE
Fine, thanks, how's yours?
(then, worried)
Ruby?

HEATHER
She's asleep...

And then HEATHER realises that something's wrong. She gives RUBY a little shake.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Ruby...

FRANKIE
(to Andy)
Hold on, Andy, don't hang up.

HEATHER is panicking, trying to wake RUBY.

HEATHER
Oh, my God!

FRANKIE glances around at the traffic and starts to scramble out, putting on her hazard lights.

FRANKIE
Hold on.

HEATHER
She's not breathing! She's stopped
breathing! My God!

FRANKIE
I'm coming - can you hear us, Andy?

CUT TO:

54 **INT. DN OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY 3.**

54

ANDY's on the phone.

ANDY
Frankie - yeah - where are you?
I'll call paramedics -

CUT TO:

55 **EXT. ARTERIAL ROAD. DAY 3.**

55

East bound. The light is fading fast and the rush hour traffic is static. FRANKIE is going around to the other side of the car, to RUBY.

FRANKIE
We're on the dual carriage-
Reception drops.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Hello? Oh, damn it -

She opens RUBY's door and now she and HEATHER are either side of her.

HEATHER
Oh, God! Help us.

FRANKIE checks RUBY's carotid pulse, and finds none.

FRANKIE
Undo her belt.

But HEATHER's shaking RUBY, panicking. FRANKIE reaches across, shoving her arm between RUBY and HEATHER, and releases the belt.

HEATHER
Is she dead? Oh, God, please, no.

FRANKIE grabs RUBY under the arms and hauls her onto the road. HEATHER scrabbles out of her side of the car, oblivious to the traffic all around her, caring only for RUBY.

CU of RUBY as FRANKIE drags her from her seat and more or less drops her onto the road with a thump. The shock is enough - RUBY gasps and is back in the land of the living. FRANKIE bends over her, rubbing her cheeks.

FRANKIE
Hey there, Ruby Tuesday...
(to HEATHER)
She's back with us.

HEATHER
Thank God, oh, thank God.

RUBY is drowsily waking up, disoriented. She struggles to sit up.

FRANKIE
Ruby, lie still darling. You're
alright, but lie still...

RUBY's eyes roll back in her head and she drops into unconsciousness again. FRANKIE immediately feels for her pulse as she reaches for her mobile.

HEATHER
She's gone again - wake up. Ruby!
Wake up.

EMERGENCY SERVICES (V.O.)
(on loudspeaker)
Emergency, which emergency service
do you require?

FRANKIE
(on phone)
Ambulance.

Pause while she's connected.

AMBULANCE SERVICE (V.O.)
(on loudspeaker)
Emergency ambulance, tell me
exactly what has happened?

FRANKIE
(on phone)
This is a cardiac arrest call. I'm
Lead District Nurse Frankie Maddox
and I'm on the Colton Dual
Carriageway with an eight year old
child in cardiac arrest.
(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Request paramedic or police escort.
Please advise.

She's already kneeling next to RUBY and hands the phone to HEATHER.

AMBULANCE SERVICE (V.O.)

Your number is 07700 900287, and
you have a cardiac arrest. One
moment please.

FRANKIE is doing chest compressions and HEATHER holds the phone to her ear. Another car has stopped and a MAN is leaning over them.

FIRST AIDER MAN

I'm a first aider can I help?

FRANKIE

Chest compressions, I'll do the
mouth to mouth. You're on six. 24
more please.

The FIRST AIDER MAN joins her next to RUBY.

AMBULANCE SERVICE (V.O.)

This is ambulance despatch, we have
a paramedic on the way to you.
Which side of the dual carriage way
are you on?

And now we hear the conversation as the camera pans up from ground level, past all the lines of traffic.

FRANKIE

Eastbound. We're stuck in traffic.

AMBULANCE SERVICE (V.O.)

We're doing everything we can to
get through.

The FIRST AIDER sits back and FRANKIE gives two breaths, mouth to mouth.

FRANKIE

Right. Thirty more please. 'Nelly
The Elephant.'

FIRST AIDER MAN

I know.

He starts again. HEATHER's sobbing her heart out, other cars have stopped, people are getting out.

FRANKIE

Can someone look out for the
ambulance?

RUBY comes to again, groans and lashes out weakly at the weight on her chest.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
We have respiration and heart beat.

She looks down the hard shoulder.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
OK. We're going to come in under
our own steam.

AMBULANCE SERVICE(V.O.)
A police motor cycle is on its way
and an ambulance.

FRANKIE
Sorry. Can't wait.
(to RUBY)
Sweetheart, we're going to put you
back in the car.
(to HEATHER)
You get in.

HEATHER hurries around to her side of the car.

CUT TO:

56

EXT. ARTERIAL ROAD. DAY 3.

56

A police car pulls up on the other side of the barrier and dual carriageway. The policeman driving it puts his blue light on, and gets out. He leaps over the central barrier. As he gets near to FRANKIE's car he sees them manhandling RUBY into the back seat, and FRANKIE running back to the driver's seat. Already the cars immediately in front of FRANKIE's car are doing their best to edge out of the way, so that she can get through. The YOUNG PLOD starts yelling at the drivers where he is, many of whom have no idea of what's happening behind them

YOUNG PLOD
Right, pull over... over here...
clear a lane - come on. Move!

CUT TO:

57

EXT. ARTERIAL ROAD. DAY 3.

57

Crane shot. As the YOUNG PLOD gets a swathe cut between the cars, FRANKIE's car edges forward and he runs in front, banging on rear windows, gesticulating wildly, losing it.

YOUNG PLOD
Come on! Move!

CUT TO:

58 **EXT. ARTERIAL ROAD. / INT. FRANKIE'S CAR. DAY 3.** 58

RUBY's awake but exhausted and sore. HEATHER can't take her eyes off her. The YOUNG PLOD is running ahead of them, making their way clear.

FRANKIE
(to herself))
Good bloke. You can do it, come on.

HEATHER
How far to the hospital?

FRANKIE
At this rate three minutes. Off at the next roundabout...

CUT TO:

59 **EXT. ROUNDABOUT. DAY 3.** 59

The YOUNG PLOD clears the last few feet before the roundabout he steps aside and FRANKIE drives past, bipping her horn. The open road is in front of her and a sign to the hospital. The YOUNG PLOD stands watching, and then, as he walks back down the way he's come, past all the cars, he's greeted with applause and a couple of honked horns. He grins, bashful, takes a silly bow.

CUT TO:

60 **INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. DAY 3.** 60

RUBY is on a gurney and is being run down the corridor, an oxygen mask at her face. HEATHER is trying to follow but she's struggling, crying, very, very pregnant. As they run past a wheelchair FRANKIE grabs it and rams it behind HEATHER's legs. HEATHER sort of slumps into it and FRANKIE runs on with her.

CUT TO:

61 **INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. DAY 3.** 61

A total contrast. Silent and empty, apart from FRANKIE, waiting for news from the cardiac unit. She looks at her phone, there's a text that reads'?????'. She makes a call.

FRANKIE

Hi Andy. We made it. They've got her all wired up but they're 90% sure it's super ventricular tachycardia. Looking at giving her a pacemaker tomorrow.

CUT TO:

62 OMITTED

62

63 INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 3.

63

FRANKIE's trying to resist the temptation to look at the engagement ring again. She's gazing down at the closed drawer, her fingers itching to open it. We hear the front door open.

IAN (O.S.)

I am bloody starving. Shall we go out for a steak?

CUT TO:

64 INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 3.

64

The table is set with some care, flowers or candle, wine and matching glasses for once. IAN's looking on in amazement as FRANKIE puts a large steak on his plate.

IAN

Alright. Fess up. What you done?

FRANKIE

What?

IAN

You never cook dinner.

FRANKIE

I do so.

IAN

Not dinner dinner. Pasta and crap. Not proper dinner.

FRANKIE

Maybe I've turned over a new leaf.

IAN

No, seriously, Franks, what you done?

FRANKIE

It's my birthday tomorrow. And I know you'll have arranged a surprise for me.

IAN

Who told you?

FRANKIE

No, I don't know what the surprise is, but it's always something.

(wry)

Usually a party.

IAN

Bit predictable, eh?

FRANKIE

There's nothing wrong with that. And I wanted to make a fuss of you, before you make a fuss of me. Cos I love you.

IAN

Ah, babe.

CUT TO:

65

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 4.

65

FRANKIE wakes up, no alarm clock ringing yet. She peers at the clock, 6.58. She cancels the alarm, stretches. And then she sees something else, a bunch of flowers and a birthday card.

She reads the card aloud, fondly.

FRANKIE

'You are the wind beneath my wings. You make everything possible and even the grey days bright. Now get up and get rid of that curry stain.'

She grins.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

'All my love, for ever and a day, Ian.'

CUT TO:

66

INT. DN OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY 4.

66

FRANKIE comes in and hears a row blistering away in the General Office.

PAULA

I don't think you should tell me
off in front of everyone, actually,
Mary.

MARY

I'm not telling you off, I'm just
explaining why it matters.

KAREN

I thought there was a system for
official warnings and things.

ANDY

Get over yourselves, girls. Who's
on about any sort of 'warning'?

FRANKIE appears in the doorway.

FRANKIE

I thought you'd all be out on the
road by now.

ANDY

We've got to make home visits to
five clinic patients from
yesterday.

MARY

She -
(to Paula)
- 'forgot' to take their specimens
to the labs.

PAULA

Why did you say 'forgot' like that?
Like '*forgot*'?

MARY

Happy birthday, chick.

Everyone remembers. Guilty.

ANDY

Yeah, happy bathday Frankie.

MARY

Here you go... a big silly card..
and a pressie...

FRANKIE

I'll save it for tonight, eh?

CUT TO:

67

INT. DN OFFICE. FRANKIE'S OFFICE. DAY 4.

67

FRANKIE's sorting through a pile of paper, harassed, as ANDY comes to the doorway.

ANDY
You still here?

FRANKIE
No, I'm on the by-pass, getting a speeding ticket. Oh, god, I've lost them. How could I lose them?

ANDY
If it's the mileage claims, all done.

FRANKIE
What, entered and everything?

ANDY
Time sheets and monthly report too, while you were being heroic on the by-pass.

FRANKIE
I love you, Nurse Peat.

ANDY
Are you going to manage to take a few hours off and enjoy your birthday?

FRANKIE
Later. I said I'd call in on Heather. Take her a nightie and stuff. And they're starting Mr Thomas's assessment so...

ANDY
(pleased)
Miracles and wonders!

FRANKIE
What? I do listen to you sometimes.

ANDY
So you filled in an incident report?

FRANKIE
No. No need. It was an accident.

ANDY
It bloody wasn't.

FRANKIE
Oh, shut up.

ANDY

You want them to assess him with
only half the information.

FRANKIE

I refer the honourable member to my
earlier response.

ANDY turns away as FRANKIE has a thought.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You couldn't call the Army, could
you?

ANDY

Aye. I'll ring Whitehall right
away. One two one two, isn't it?

FRANKIE

He's in Afghanistan, Stephen Hales.
How hard can it be?

ANDY

Hen, do you even know which
regiment he's in?

FRANKIE

He disarms bombs and IED's. But
don't you put yourself out for him.

She goes. ANDY reacts, exasperated.

CUT TO:

67A **EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY 4.**

67A

Establisher.

CUT TO:

68 **INT. HOSPITAL. SIDE WARD. DAY 4.**

68

FRANKIE is reading HEATHER's BP chart. The stuff she brought
from HEATHER's house is nearby, including a framed photo of
STEPHEN. RUBY is watching TV in an armchair.

FRANKIE

They've got you on half hour BP
checks. Good.

HEATHER

(wry)
Yeah, thanks for telling them.

FRANKIE
I thought someone should know.

HEATHER
It's up, isn't it?

FRANKIE
Not surprising. Right. From now on
you don't budge from that bed.

HEATHER
(amused)
And Ruby?

FRANKIE
You can take it in turns.

HEATHER
But won't they mind?
(meaning the nurses)

FRANKIE
You're kidding? Two people in one
bed? If the bosses find out, it'll
be an NHS directive this time next
week.

HEATHER
Are you sure you can give us all
this time?

FRANKIE
Positive. And it might just make up
a tiddly bit for being so slow to
get Ruby to a consultant.

HEATHER
Like I said, she wasn't your
patient.

FRANKIE
(mock martyred)
The world is my patient.

They grin, liking each other. Just then the doors open and a
porter brings in a wheelchair.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Hey, Ruby - you're on!

CUT TO:

A silent scene, long shot maybe, FRANKIE's getting a drink
from a vending machine.

HEATHER's beside her, her eyes locked on a wall clock. FRANKIE sees how distracted she is, gives her arm a little squeeze.

CUT TO:

70 **INT. HOSPITAL. SIDE WARD. DAY 4.**

70

RUBY is being settled back into bed, still sleepy, and HEATHER's chivvying FRANKIE out of the door.

HEATHER
Go home. Go on. We're fine.

FRANKIE
You've got my number?

HEATHER
Go. It's all done.

FRANKIE
I'll pop back in the morning.

HEATHER
We'll be home by then. Goodbye,
goodnight, and thank you.

FRANKIE is laughing as she's bundled out of the door and into the corridor.

CUT TO:

71 **EXT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. / INT. FRANKIE'S CAR. DAY 4.**

71

FRANKIE's pulling up. She gets her things and there's a sense of her 'girding her loins' for this.

72 **EXT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. DAY 4.**

72

FRANKIE walks towards the house, as the front door opens. SHEILA, a senior social worker, is coming out, and behind her is MR THOMAS, bewildered. JEAN is holding his arm, very upset. Behind her is DR MEHTA (30's, Indian). FRANKIE sees that SHEILA (Social Worker) is watching a vehicle pull up. It's a hospital transport mini bus, with a nurse on board. JEAN leaves MR THOMAS and grabs FRANKIE.

JEAN
Stop them - don't let them.

FRANKIE
(to SHEILA)
What are you doing?

SHEILA

Don't make it any harder, please.

JEAN

They're locking him up.

MEHTA

We're taking your father into care under section four of the mental health act.

FRANKIE

Where are you taking him?

SHEILA

St Joseph's.

JEAN

You promised me this wouldn't happen.

MEHTA

(to Frankie)

He's very disoriented. Didn't know his daughter. He picked a knife up and threatened us.

JEAN

He was confused! He didn't mean it.

SHEILA

(gently)

Very confused, yes. We can't leave him here.

FRANKIE knows they're right to do it. She's sad but calm.

FRANKIE

(to Jean)

It's an emergency thing, not the full twenty eight days, let him go for now and then we'll sort it.

MR THOMAS

Why are they taking me away?

FRANKIE

I'm sorry. We can't leave you in the house alone.

MR THOMAS

(but) Jean's here. My Jeanie. Aren't you, lovey? Tell them.

JEAN can't bear to speak.

FRANKIE

Jean has to go home.

MR THOMAS

Liar! Liar! She wouldn't leave me
all alone.

FRANKIE

Her husband needs her.

MR THOMAS

I need her. Stuff him. Let him make
his own tea. Jean! Jeanie! I don't
want to go.

He's lead on. SHEILA steps forward and stops JEAN following.

SHEILA

Let him get settled in. Seeing you
like this is only going to upset
him.

It's obviously true, they turn to watch as MR THOMAS is
gently guided into the hospital mini bus, a NURSE helping
him.

JEAN

(quiet)
Oh, Dad.
(to Frankie, bewildered)
Stop them. You promised...

FRANKIE

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have. This
is the only thing we can do. And
the best.

JEAN

(more in sorrow than
anger)
You cow. You right royal cow.

CUT TO:

73

INT. LOCAL PUB. DAY 4.

73

The pub's very quiet because it's still early. IAN's hanging
a birthday banner, champagne is sitting in a bucket, a chair
has been dolled up as a Posh and Becks type throne. ANDY
enters with a great bundle of heart shaped helium balloons.

ANDY

That's the last message I run for
you.

IAN

You look sweet.

ANDY

Wolf whistled from one end of town
to the other. No more than a sex
object.

CUT TO:

74

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 4.

74

A montage: FRANKIE's tired and feels like crying but she's getting ready for the party, she's already in her 'Pretty Woman' dress and is starting to apply make-up. She has a large glass of wine and takes a big swig.

Her face is almost done. She regards a set of false eyelashes and then regards her reflection... hmmm. Not sure. She sighs.

She puts on a track on her MP3 player. Waits until it starts. Dances back to her mirror.

Puts her hair up (or whatever) aided by anticipation, music and wine, her mood is lifting.

Now she's all done. Fab. Big hair, big lips, big eyes. She blows a kiss at her reflection, has a thought and goes to the ring drawer. Nothing there. She does a mad little dance of glee.

CUT TO:

75

EXT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 4.

75

FRANKIE is all dolled up for the party and she looks fab as she comes out of the house. Very, very glam. She's so happy. She's making a call on her mobile, waiting for IAN to answer as the TAXI DRIVER is walking away towards his cab (he's just knocked on the door).

FRANKIE

(on the phone)

On my way, sweet thing. Get ready
to be completely knocked out by my
fabulousness.

The TAXI DRIVER grins, glancing around at her.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

If I'm late it'll be because the
driver's ploughed into a shop
front, dazzled by all my bling.

The TAXI DRIVER laughs, gets in the cab.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Love you.

She hangs up. The phone immediately rings.

CUT TO:

76 **INT. HOSPITAL. SIDE WARD. NIGHT 4.** 76

HEATHER is on her mobile, mid contraction, trying to keep her voice down. RUBY's asleep in the bed.

 HEATHER
 I'm sorry. I didn't know who else
 to ring.

CUT TO:

77 **INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT 4.** 77

FRANKIE, in her party gear, walks purposefully towards the side ward, enjoying all the turning heads, but her mind on HEATHER.

She opens the door to the side ward.

CUT TO:

78 **INT. HOSPITAL. SIDE WARD. NIGHT 4.** 78

Side ward. Continuous action: HEATHER is holding her belly, gasping for breath. RUBY is sleeping. A nurse is gathering up HEATHER's notes.

 HEATHER
 Here we go... I just knew it...

 FRANKIE
 How often?

 HEATHER
 Seven minutes. I'm not leaving
 Ruby.

 FRANKIE
 She's well away.

 HEATHER
 But if she wakes up -

 FRANKIE
 Heather, you need to be in
 maternity.

 HEATHER'S NURSE
 They're waiting for us.

HEATHER notices that FRANKIE is somewhat glam.

HEATHER

Look at you. Been Gok Wanned?

CUT TO:

79 **INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT 4.**

79

FRANKIE's on her mobile, right next to a 'No mobile phones' notice. Intercut with following scene.

FRANKIE

You really have tracked him down?

CUT TO:

80 **EXT. LOCAL PUB. NIGHT 4.**

80

ANDY's on his mobile.

ANDY

He's already on his way home. Soon as they knew there was concern about her BP.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

That's great. Where is he now?

ANDY

Somewhere between Afghanistan and Brize Norton and here -

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Not good enough. Does he know about Ruby's pacemaker?

ANDY

No - how could he?

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Do they not have phones?

ANDY

Erm, he's been on an Army transport plane. She's been in hospital.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Right, well, they both need him here right now. They *all* need him here.

ANDY

I don't know what you want me to do about it-

FRANKIE (V.O.)

See if there's any way they can speed it up - get someone to meet him when he lands. I don't know -

ANDY

The plan is he'll get a train -

FRANKIE (V.O.)

That baby could be here by the morning. This is my fault. If I'd got Ruby to A&E instead of faffing around trying to get a consultant-

ANDY

Oh, do give up on the guilt stuff, it's a bit wearing. I've done my best, and so have you, alright?

ANDY ends the call. He starts to go back into the pub but then, exasperated with himself, he turns and heads towards his car, making another call.

CUT TO:

81

INT. HOSPITAL. SIDE WARD. NIGHT 4.

81

HEATHER's in well established labour, carrying on with gusto. FRANKIE's holding her hand, encouraging her. FRANKIE's hair is down now, HEATHER's been sick on her party dress, her tights are laddered.

MIDWIFE

Good, good. You're doing really well. The baby's head is well down now but we really need to examine you.

FRANKIE

(explaining)
See how dilated you are.

HEATHER

Ruby?

FRANKIE

Fast asleep.

MIDWIFE

We'll tell you the minute Ruby wakes up.

FRANKIE

We need to get you to the delivery room, Heather.

HEATHER
Oh, here we go. Oh, God, oh, God,
it's strong... I want Stephen... I
want Stepheeeeeeen...

Leave the scene with her pushing.

CUT TO:

82 **EXT. TRAIN STATION. /INT. ANDY'S CAR. NIGHT 4.** 82

ANDY pulls in to the Railway Station.

CUT TO:

83 **INT. LOCAL PUB. NIGHT 4.** 83

IAN's on his mobile,

IAN
But how long? An hour?

Inter cut with:

CUT TO:

84 **INT. HOSPITAL. DELIVERY ROOM. NIGHT 4.** 84

FRANKIE's talking very quietly into the mobile as HEATHER
rests between contractions.

FRANKIE
Two, tops.

He checks the time, exasperated.

IAN (V.O.)
It's eight now.

FRANKIE
Place doesn't close till one, does
it?

IAN (V.O.)
But...

FRANKIE
I know, but she's all alone, love.
Having a baby with a sick child in
the same hospital. I'll just hold
her hand for a bit...

IAN (V.O.)
Just for a bit.

FRANKIE
Yeah. Promise. And Ian...

IAN (V.O.)
(sulky)
What?

FRANKIE
(It'll) Be worth the wait.

FRANKIE's about to put the phone away but finds the midwife looking at her.

MIDWIFE
Off, please.

FRANKIE
Oh, yes. Sorry.

She turns it off.

CUT TO:

85 **INT. HOSPITAL. DELIVERY ROOM. NIGHT 4.**

85

A medley of shots, to a track from 'The Miserable Rich', preferably 'Ringing The Changes':

FRANKIE is rubbing HEATHER's back as she has a contraction.

HEATHER's walking around, restless and sweating. She stops for a contraction, grabs FRANKIE's arm.

CUT TO:

86 **INT. LOCAL PUB. NIGHT 4.**

86

Continuing medley. The party's full on, KAREN and PAULA are having a great time with some GUYS and ANGIE's bringing drinks from the bar. MARY's wishing she could go home and get an early night. IAN watches it all, a bit sourly. MARY meets his eyes and smiles consolingly. He just about manages to crack one back.

CUT TO:

87 **INT. RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT 4.**

87

ANDY looks around at everyone coming off a train. No sign of a soldier. He checks the arrivals board.

CUT TO:

88 OMITTED 88

89 INT. HOSPITAL. DELIVERY ROOM. NIGHT 4. 89

FRANKIE and a MIDWIFE help HEATHER to find a comfortable position, kneeling on the bed. She's half laughing and half crying, growing tired now.

FRANKIE watches as a MIDWIFE encourages HEATHER to use the gas and air. She sneaks a glance at her wrist watch. Eleven o' clock. She winces.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. RAILWAY STATION. / INT. ANDY'S CAR. NIGHT 4. 90

ANDY's dozing, facing the exit from the station. A crowd of people come through the doors, disgorged from the latest train. He glances at them, yawns. STEPHEN, in combat dress, comes out of the station, eager to get home, but not in any mad rush (after all, he's not been watching the show). He sees a long queue for the taxis and sets off towards it. ANDY closes his eyes again and then realises what he's seen. He jerks awake. In a fumbling panic he gets out and runs towards STEPHEN.

CUT TO:

91 EXT./ INT. LOCAL PUB. NIGHT 4. 91

IAN's on his mobile, drunk and sorry for himself. He's gazing at the engagement ring.

IAN

Message number, I dunno, forty seven? Fifty three? Anyway, it's me, and I just want to say, there's this ring here. Diamond. And that's what tonight was all about. Stupid me, eh? You don't care about anyone or anything but you and your wonderful job. Know what? I wouldn't bloody marry you if you were the last bloody woman in the world.

He ends the call, closes the ring box with a snap and shoves it into his pocket, with an air of 'that showed her'.

CUT TO:

92

INT. HOSPITAL. DELIVERY ROOM. NIGHT 4.

92

The baby's born, received by the MIDWIFE, lots of 'oohs and ahhhs' and stuff.

FRANKIE

Well done! Fabulous woman.

MIDWIFE

Congratulations, Mum, you have a little girl.

FRANKIE

She's gorgeous.

HEATHER

Hello darling. Hello. Oh, look at you..

(kiss)

And that's from your daddy. Your lovely daddy.

And she starts to cry. FRANKIE smiles ruefully at the MIDWIFE and says quietly.

FRANKIE

Afghanistan.

CUT TO:

93

INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT 4.

93

STEPHEN and ANDY are belting down the corridor, STEPHEN's in front of ANDY but less familiar with the hospital and having to check the signs as he goes.

CUT TO:

94

INT. HOSPITAL. DELIVERY ROOM. NIGHT 4.

94

HEATHER's cradling the baby but very tearful and snotty, her eyes red, her nose blocked, wiping her nose as she talks, wiping her eyes, laughing and crying at the same time. A MIDWIFE is clearing up around them, ANOTHER MIDWIFE is writing up the notes.

HEATHER

He wanted to be here, he so wanted to be here, you see. And I want him home. With us. Our little family... Oh, I'm sorry, Frankie.

FRANKIE

You go ahead. Cry and blow, cry and blow. Find a rhythm.

HEATHER laughs, breathless. The door slams open and STEPHEN's there. A lovely silent moment of shock and disbelief. And then he's with her, his arms around her, and the baby, laughing, crying, all that.

CUT TO:

95

INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. / WAITING AREA. NIGHT 4.

95

FRANKIE's walking away towards the front door. Her hair's a right mess, her make up has just about disappeared. She looks like she's had sex in a hedge with two rugby teams. As she passes the abandoned waiting area;

ANDY

How was your birthday, then?

FRANKIE glances at the time. It's five past midnight. She grins at him.

FRANKIE

Wonderful.

ANDY joins her.

ANDY

Sorry you got stuck working.

FRANKIE

It was fabulous. Amazing. Perfect.

ANDY

That vomit down your dress?

FRANKIE

Is this the best job in the world or what?

ANDY

Thumped one day, puked on the next?

FRANKIE

Hey, think they'll call the baby after me?

ANDY

Why would they do that?

FRANKIE

Well... why not?

As they walk away from us:

ANDY

You're drunk on emotion, you are.
Have you spoken to Ian?

FRANKIE

Not for a bit. Is he a bit pissed off?

ANDY

Make the call.

FRANKIE

He is, isn't he? And here's me practising how to say 'yes please' all week.

ANDY

What?

FRANKIE

He was going to propose. I found the ring.

ANDY

Bloody hell. No, seriously, Franks, make the call.

FRANKIE

Nah, best face to face. He can shout a bit and then he'll see the funny side, and it'll be fine.

CUT TO:

96

EXT. LOCAL PUB. NIGHT 4.

96

It's all in darkness. ANDY is waiting in the car and FRANKIE is peering in the pub windows. She turns and shrugs. He shakes his head, rueful.

CUT TO:

97

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 4.

97

FRANKIE's lying on the bed, on her mobile. Her party gear is crumpled on the floor. 'Frankie and Johnny' starts to play softly.

FRANKIE

I know you're upset. I know you're disappointed. I'm so sorry. I'm really really really sorry. I can't say it enough. But it's like you said, isn't it?

CUT TO:

98

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT 4.

98

CU IAN, lying in another bed. He listens to FRANKIE on his mobile, his face expressionless, still a bit drunk but rapidly sobering up. The music plays under as in last scene.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

We understand about each other's work. Don't we? Ian? You there? Ian?

IAN

You've not listened to your messages yet?

FRANKIE (V.O.)

What? No. It's all been mad and bloody marvellous this end.

(a beat)

Why?

IAN tries to clear his head.

FRANKIE (V.O.)

Ian? Sweetheart?

IAN ends the call. Lies back. We see that behind him, PAULA is lying awake, staring at the ceiling.

Music under credits: Frankie and Johnny.

END OF EPISODE 1