

1 **2/1. INT. DARWIN. OUTSIDE THEATRE 2 (FLASH FORWARD OF SCENE 1 44) - DAY [14.01]**

ZOSIA comes out of theatre. Hands gloved and bloodied. Something big has obviously just happened. N/s STAFF walk past staring. She just stands there. Doesn't know what to do.

Then she hears something. Faint at first but getting louder. It's the hum of the strip lights. She looks up at the lights. Something on her face. Fear. She can't take her eyes off the lights as the sound gets louder. And louder. And louder.

CUT TO:

2

2/2. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 1 - DAY [08.01]

2

SUPER: SIX HOURS EARLIER.

Open on ZOSIA. Close on her concentrating face. Her and JAC in surgery. They are performing a VATS pneumothorax surgery. ZOSIA is leading and is hyper-focused on her work. She has inserted a telescope inside the N/s PATIENT's chest. JAC holds a stapler.

ZOSIA

So there's our cyst. Grasper.

N/s NURSE hands her the grasper.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

Okay, I've got a hold of it.

(To JAC)

Staple, please.

JAC staples the cyst.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

Nice. Talc please.

N/s NURSE hands ZOSIA a syringe filled with talc.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

And spraying into the pleura.

She sprays it. JAC looks up to the monitor as the talc drifts through the frame.

JAC

Perfect. Like a little snowstorm.

JAC looks to ZOSIA, impressed. ZOSIA looks up to the monitor and allows herself some satisfaction. Nailed it.

CUT TO:

3

2/3. EXT. WYVERN ENTRANCE - DAY [08.35]

3

SACHA walking through the carpark with DOMINIC and ISAAC. DOMINIC has a carrier bag filled with 8ish plastic containers of food.

DOMINIC

Today chicken curry. Tomorrow it's a lamb stew. Thursday is a chickpea thing.

ISAAC

No, that's Friday.

DOMINIC

Does it matter?

ISAAC

Meat-free Friday.

Good point.

DOMINIC

Yes. Thursday's the moussaka then.

SACHA

Very organised.

DOMINIC

We're breaking the shackles of the canteen.

SACHA

Inspiring stuff.

ISAAC has more pressing concerns.

ISAAC

Have you spoken to Ric?

SACHA

Not yet.

DOMINIC

I can't get my head around it.

SACHA

We all know if a complaint is made, it has to be taken seriously...

DOMINIC

Even when it's made by an F1 who's known Ric for, like, an hour?

SACHA

Even then.

DOMINIC sees something out of the corner of his eye.

DOMINIC

Whoa.

He's seen something. They follow his gaze to see ESSIE, dishevelled, bleary-eyed, clearly hungover. Still in last night's going-out clothes. She's getting out of a car driven by N/s HOT GUY, leaning back in to give him an awkward kiss.

The car drives off and ESSIE mooches past them, taking a bite out of a greasy bacon roll as she does. With her mouth full:

ESSIE

Morning.

And she goes inside.

DOMINIC

Fair play to her.

But SACHA isn't as amused.

CUT TO:

4

2/4. INT. DARWIN - DAY [08.50]

4

ZOSIA and JAC walking back onto the ward.

ZOSIA

What's next?

JAC

Coffee.

ZOSIA

No, I mean what extra can I do?

JAC

A VATS pneumothorax surgery isn't enough for one day?

ZOSIA

It was amazing, but I want to do more. Whatever you've got.

JAC

Sure you're up for it after yesterday?

ZOSIA

Completely sure.

As JAC answers, ZOSIA hears something. It's quiet, but noticeable. The hum of the strip lights. We hear it too.

JAC

Okay, I'm writing an editorial on frozen elephant trunk surgery and I need someone to help with the research.

ZOSIA is distracted by the sound. She looks up to the strip lights. Just as JAC says:

JAC (CONT'D)

Think you can handle that?

The noise disappears and ZOSIA snaps back to focus.

ZOSIA

When do you want it?

JAC

End of the week.

ZOSIA

No problem. What else is there?

JAC weighs it up as OLIVER arrives with a chart.

JAC

You can get that paperwork in order  
for my catch-up with Hanssen.

OLIVER

He's not here. Off sick.

JAC

Words I thought I'd never hear.

HANSSEN is NEVER sick. OLIVER nods. Then:

OLIVER

Caitlin Callahan. Sixteen year-old  
girl, collapsed in PE. Came through  
ED. They fitted a chest drain.

She nods to ZOSIA.

JAC

There you go.

OLIVER holding out the chart. ZOSIA smiles. Takes it.

CUT TO:

5

**2/5. INT. KELLER - DAY [09.05]**

5

ESSIE, now in uniform, emerges from the Staff Room. She's self-medicating with a can of coke. And she's looking as if a long day at work is just the worst thing that could possibly happen.

Then she sees something.

ESSIE

Oi!

And she runs. Spilling some of her drink in the process. As she bolts out of the ward, she puts it down roughly without breaking stride.

CUT TO:

6

2/6. INT. KELLER - DAY [09.08]

6

ESSIE is running down the corridor. Fast.

ESSIE

Hey!

She's chasing a boy - PARKER, 14ish - and PARKER is a lot quicker. He's dodging chairs and patients deftly. But ESSIE is close behind. She's panting, though, sweating, battling her hangover. She doesn't manage to dodge a chair and it slows her down.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

Ow. Stop!

But she shakes it off and keeps chasing. PARKER scoots around a corner - but it's a dead end. A locked door. He turns to go back but ESSIE is there. She's got him. But she can barely talk, she's panting so hard.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

Give it back.

PARKER

I don't know what you're talking about.

ESSIE

You want me to call the police?

PARKER

Okay, I know exactly what you're talking about.

She's still puffing. Getting this out between breaths.

ESSIE

You're stealing money from a patient's bag.

PARKER

Not a patient.

ESSIE

Right. So how would you describe her?

PARKER

As my mum.

On ESSIE, sweaty and out of breath - what?

CUT TO:

7

2/7. INT. DARWIN. WARD. BAY 2 - DAY [09:20]

7

ZOSIA, bright-eyed and energised, at CAITLIN's bed. CAITLIN is 16, very self-assured, and clever. In her school PE kit.

ZOSIA

Caitlin Callahan. My name is Dr March.

CAITLIN

Hello.

Their eyes turn to a bloke just standing up from his chair. This is CASH - late 30s/early 40s, cool in a hot nerd kind of way, holding a sketch book that he's been drawing in.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)

This is my Dad.

CASH

Cash, hi.

CAITLIN

Short for Casimir.

ZOSIA

Polish?

CASH

Well done.

ZOSIA

Warrior?

CASH

Actually a king. In fact there were a number of Polish kings called Casimir, all the way back to 1016...

CAITLIN

Dad. She was just being polite.

As in: shut up about the history. CASH knows he's fallen into the same trap he always does.

CASH

No history lesson.

CAITLIN

Probably best at this stage.

ZOSIA will examine CAITLIN.

ZOSIA

So you collapsed at school?

CAITLIN

Playing netball in PE and  
everything just went fuzzy.

ZOSIA

First time it's happened?

CAITLIN

I mean netball. What's the point?

ZOSIA

Awful game. First time it's  
happened?

CAITLIN

Yep.

ZOSIA

Any heart disease in the family?

CAITLIN

I don't think so.

CASH

No.

ZOSIA

Any palpitations?

CAITLIN

No.

ZOSIA

Do you drink?

CAITLIN

No.

ZOSIA

Smoke?

CAITLIN

Yes.

CASH

What?

CAITLIN

Kidding.

She's absolutely got him there, and ZOSIA loves it. Her and CAITLIN have a little bond already.

ZOSIA

Take a few deep breaths for me.

As ZOSIA listens to CAITLIN'S breathing, her eye drifts to CASH'S notebook. It's filled with comic-style drawings.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)  
They're great.

CASH is immediately shy, closes the book.

CASH  
They're just sketches.

CAITLIN  
We're writing a comic together.

CASH  
She's writing it. I'm just doing  
the drawings. The story,  
everything, it's all her. Isn't it,  
Princess?

CAITLIN  
Don't call me that.

CASH knows he's not supposed to call her that but actually  
loves it. ZOSIA's finished her examination.

ZOSIA  
(To N/s NURSE)  
Okay, let's get an echocardiogram  
as well as routine bloods, chest X-  
ray, ECGs.  
(To CAITLIN and CASH)  
We'll have you diagnosed, treated,  
and back on the netball court  
before you know it.

CASH  
That's efficient.

Indeed, it's a little too keen. Something just a bit odd  
about ZOSIA.

ZOSIA  
I'm very good at my job.

Job done.

CUT TO:

8

## 2/8. INT. KELLER. WARD. SIDE BAY - DAY [09.25]

8

ESSIE, still puffing, is bringing PARKER back onto the ward where DOMINIC and ISAAC watch - DOMINIC in the process of scrawling BROKEN AGAIN on a piece of paper and taping it to the computer screen.

They lead a round of applause for ESSIE as she comes back in. PARKER takes it as his due and makes a little acceptance speech.

PARKER

Wow. This is unexpected. I guess first I have to thank our lord and saviour Jesus Christ for giving me -

ESSIE

Okay, that'll do.

PARKER

Are you still puffing?

ESSIE

I've got a few more years on you.

PARKER

Still. I'd rate your aerobic capacity as poor.

ESSIE

Noted.

PARKER

And are you hungover?

ESSIE ignores that.

ESSIE

Hand it over.

PARKER

What's that then?

ESSIE's look. Come on mate.

PARKER (CONT'D)

No, it's fine. It's my pocket money. I wouldn't normally take it but I needed a book for school.

ESSIE's scepticism.

ESSIE

Since your Mum's off having a CT scan, we've only got your word for that, haven't we.

PARKER

Which is my bond.

ESSIE

What book did you have to buy?

PARKER

A Beginner's Guide To  
Pickpocketing.

He's so cheeky. And ESSIE, to be honest, is a little bit charmed by it. Still, she keeps her poker face.

ESSIE

I'll make sure she gets it back.

A flash of anger suddenly crosses PARKER's face.

PARKER

And that'll be the last I see of  
it.

That's a weird thing to say, and ESSIE notes it.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Sorry. You're right.

And he hands it over.

ESSIE

Got there in the end, didn't we.

ESSIE's won this round, and we get the sense that PARKER isn't happy about it.

ESSIE saunters back to where DOMINIC hands her her half-drunk can of coke. She takes it gratefully.

DOMINIC

Just let us know if we're going to  
see that bacon roll again.

CUT TO:

9

## 2/9. INT. AAU. WARD - DAY [10.09]

9

FLETCH in a bed, ready to go home. He has his arm in a sling. RAF just doing his final examination before discharge, with MORVEN helping.

RAF

Any pain?

FLETCH

Mate, I am in absolutely prime  
nick, incredible recovery.

RAF's scepticism.

FLETCH (CONT'D)

Look at this.

He wiggles his feet.

RAF

How's the shoulder?

FLETCH

Sling's just for show. Let me go,  
would you.

RAF

As soon as we've done the  
paperwork.

FLETCH

Come on.

RAF

You think we want you here? There's  
four kids at home that frankly I'm  
a bit sick of.

MORVEN

And he's got his eye on someone.

FLETCH

What, the diva?

MORVEN

Her name is Kim.

RAF

Be quiet.

MORVEN

I was sure you were going to ask  
her out.

RAF

That would be totally  
unprofessional.

FLETCH rolls his eyes.

RAF (CONT'D)

And, even if I wanted to, I've got a complete mesocolic excision to prepare for this afternoon.

MORVEN hears that. Oh my goodness.

MORVEN

Are you serious?

RAF

Ms Campbell and I have been looking a long time for a suitable patient and finally we've got one.

MORVEN

Is that why you were working late together last night?

She's asked that very innocently, but RAF is embarrassed, remembering his kiss with SERENA.

RAF

Yeah. That's why.

MORVEN

How advanced is the cancer?

RAF

Stage two.

MORVEN

And you'll be dissecting up to the superior mesenteric artery?

RAF

Yep.

MORVEN is very excited by this.

MORVEN

That'll be brilliant for your fellowship application.

FLETCH looks to RAF.

RAF

Yeah. That might be on hold for now.

FLETCH jumps in, saving him.

FLETCH

Meanwhile an almost perfectly healthy 41 year-old man continues to be an unnecessary burden on the National Health Service.

RAF  
Shouldn't be long.

RAF actually quite enjoying tormenting FLETCH as he heads off. MORVEN finishes up as quick as she can to follow him.

MORVEN  
Mr Di Lucca. That complete mesocolic excision. If you need an assisting...

RAF  
That would be me. Ms Campbell's leading this one.

MORVEN  
Or I could hold a retractor for you. I've never seen it done and I just want to help any way I can.

RAF  
Actually, there might be something.

MORVEN  
Anything.

And RAF hands her a chart.

RAF  
Aiden Hammond. Fell down some stairs, cracked his head. Needs regular obs, keep a close eye on him.

He gives her a jolly pat on the back and points to AIDEN, who's just shaking FLETCH's hand before sitting down on the bed next to him. MORVEN looks at AIDEN. She's not pleased.

MORVEN  
Babysitting?

RAF  
I knew you'd jump at it. Start with the stitches.

MORVEN - what a let down.

CUT TO:

10

2/10. INT. KELLER. WARD. SIDE BAY - DAY [10.35]

10

ESSIE with KIM and PARKER. KIM is just putting the money back into her bag.

ESSIE

I had to chase him half way around the hospital.

PARKER

Showing a surprising turn of speed. Honestly. I was impressed.

KIM

Give us a break, would you.

(To ESSIE)

I'm very sorry. So is Parker.

They look to PARKER.

KIM (CONT'D)

As he will now demonstrate for you.

PARKER

I'm sorry.

KIM

If you want money, just ask me, darling.

PARKER

Good one, yeah. I'll remember that.

And there's just an edge to that which ESSIE notes. SACHA arrives with his iPad so he can show KIM her scans.

SACHA

Ms Whitfield.

(Sees PARKER)

Oh, hello.

ESSIE

This is Ms Whitfield's son. Parker.

SACHA

Hi.

(To ESSIE)

Are you alright?

ESSIE

Fine.

She's still feeling the effects of her chase, but SACHA presses on.

SACHA

(To KIM)

We're still waiting on a few results but what we have shows that you have a haematoma just here, under the hip. And that has developed into a large abscess. You said you fell over?

KIM

Tripped on the rug. Idiot. Always meant to put carpet down but you know.

SACHA

And you were in AAU yesterday? For a fall?

He's gesturing to the cuts and bruises on her face.

KIM

Just a clutz.

SACHA

But you didn't mention the hip then?

KIM

Why would I?

SACHA

Just that, an abscess like you have would take four or five days to develop.

KIM

And now it has.

SACHA

Yeah, but weren't you in pain?

KIM a little awkward here. But she's saved by her phone ringing.

KIM

I guess I didn't really notice. Glass of bubbles cures all ills, right?

KIM looks at the phone before cancelling the call.

KIM (CONT'D)

Avery from work. Ringing about this cocktail thing tonight at the gallery. Who calls their child Avery, honestly?

PARKER

Er, hello... Parker?

ESSIE smiles.

ESSIE

What do you do for work?

KIM  
I'm in PR.

ESSIE  
Champagne and posh lunches?

KIM  
Someone has to do it, sweetheart.

That's fun banter between them. ESSIE likes KIM. KIM just moves in the bed and winces in pain.

SACHA  
Are you in pain?

PARKER  
She's fine.

That's quite sharp and ESSIE notes it.

KIM  
(To PARKER)  
Um, excuse me.  
(To SACHA)  
Quite a bit actually.

SACHA  
We'll get you something for that.  
(To ESSIE)  
10mg morphine.

PARKER worried about that. Doesn't like it at all.

SACHA (CONT'D)  
Now, as I was saying, your bloods show a high white cell count and a high CRP which points to a significant infection. You're going to need surgery to drain that abscess.

KIM  
I don't have to go back downstairs, do I?

ESSIE  
Where, to AAU?

KIM  
Yeah.

ESSIE  
No, we should be able to manage it here.

KIM  
And am I going to get to the gallery?

PARKER  
Crucial question.

She ignores that barb. ESSIE notes it though.

SACHA  
I wouldn't mind doing a heart ECG.  
Then there are delays in previous  
ops... you might want to cancel.  
Sorry.

He nods, and off he and ESSIE go. As they do, ESSIE just turns around and looks back at PARKER and KIM - is something going on there?

ESSIE  
What do you think's going on there?

SACHA  
A social life to rival yours, it  
looks like.

He's quite happy with his little gag, but ESSIE wonders...

CUT TO:

11

2/11. INT. PULSES - DAY [10.40]

11

ZOSIA heading away with a couple of takeaway coffees. OLIVER just arriving to get his.

OLIVER

Ah. I was going to get you one.

ZOSIA

Why?

OLIVER

Because it's a nice thing to do.

ZOSIA

Okay, thanks. Well - next time?

OLIVER nods. She's going, but:

OLIVER

Are you doing okay, though? You were just getting started when I left Albie's last night. And you've been working pretty long hours.

ZOSIA

I'm a junior doctor.

OLIVER

I know. But yesterday... it was a big day for you. Still feeling okay?

ZOSIA

Sorry, you know we've broken up, right? Because it feels like you think my life is somehow your business.

OLIVER's face: what?

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

Thanks for the chat.

She doesn't wait for a response.

CUT TO:

12

**2/12. INT. KELLER. STAFF ROOM - DAY [10.45]**

12

DOMINIC is stacking the fridge with neatly-labelled (DOMINIC - MONDAY, ISAAC - TUESDAY etc.) plastic containers of food while ESSIE rummages for paracetamol. She'll find it and fill a glass of water to take it.

DOMINIC

A week's lunches. Fully catered.

(Pointing to two stacks)

Dom. Isaac.

ESSIE

When did you cook all this?

DOMINIC

Last night after we got back.

ESSIE

Wild.

DOMINIC

We can't all be out on benders, can we?

That with a look - ESSIE still nursing a hangover. But before she can say anything, SACHA enters.

SACHA

We've got a slot for Ms Whitfield's ECG.

ESSIE just swallowing her paracetamol, nods.

ESSIE

I'll do her obs.

SACHA about to go, but he has to say something.

SACHA

Good night?

ESSIE

Yes thanks.

SACHA

Good.

ESSIE

Good.

SACHA

It just seems a bit... out of character. The tattoo, the nights out, the... ah... the 'male friend'?

ESSIE's withering look.

\*  
\*

ESSIE

Thanks Dad.

SACHA

I'm just saying.

DOMINIC incredibly uncomfortable being the third wheel in this conversation.

DOMINIC

I might just... (go)

But ESSIE ignores it so he's stuck.

ESSIE

Well, I suppose when you find out you can't have children, you start thinking where's the fun in clean living?

SACHA

What?

ESSIE

Yep. I've been having fertility tests. At the Rowland. And a few days ago I found out that there is practically zero chance that I will ever be able to conceive a child. With or without their help.

She's defiant.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

So there you go. Last laugh to you.

And out she goes, leaving a very awkward silence between DOMINIC and SACHA.

CUT TO:

13

**2/13. INT. WYVERN MAIN RECEPTION / LIFT - DAY [10.48]**

13

ZOSIA, holding the two coffees, enters the lift to find TRISTAN already in there. The morning after they had a cognac together. Little smiles of recognition.

TRISTAN

How's the head?

ZOSIA

Fine. Why wouldn't it be?

She's deadpan. A bit of a silence as they wait for the door to close.

TRISTAN

What do you think of brown shoes  
with a navy suit?

ZOSIA

Sorry?

He extends his leg to show a very smart brown shoe. He's not flirting, just being his charming self. A man who prides himself on an inexhaustible well of small-talk.

TRISTAN

My instinct is always black shoes  
with blue trousers but do you know,  
I rather like it.

ZOSIA

You should trust your instinct.

That's a bit of a shut down. And TRISTAN quite likes it.

Just as the doors start to close, a hand stops them. GUY's. He gets in. Notes the vibe between ZOSIA and TRISTAN as the doors close and the lift starts to move.

GUY

Tristan. How'd you hit them on the  
weekend?

TRISTAN

Not bad. Putting a mess but what  
can you do?

GUY

Exactly. Now, I've got a few CVs  
for you to look at. Couple of  
Americans and a rather brilliant  
young Australian.

ZOSIA's face - god this tedious management chat.

GUY (CONT'D)

We just need to thrash out whether we want someone who's a specialist in skull base surgery or someone capable of developing an expertise in functional surgery.

TRISTAN

Can't we have both?

GUY laughs at that. They are so matey. ZOSIA rolls her eyes. As the lift doors open.

GUY

I suppose we can. Then all that's left is figuring out how much we're going to need Theatre 2.

They head off together, but we stay on ZOSIA's face. What the hell did he just say about Theatre 2?

CUT TO:

14

2/14. INT. AAU. WARD - DAY [10.50]

14

MORVEN, not enthused, is just putting her torch away after checking AIDEN's pupils. He's a well built tradie type in tradie clothes. 30ish, pretty rough. He's holding a bloodied bit of gauze to his head. FLETCH is in the next bed.

MORVEN

Let's have a look then.

He removes the gauze to reveal a nasty laceration.

MORVEN (CONT'D)

How'd you do that?

AIDEN

At work, fell down some stairs. The nurse cleaned it up a bit.

MORVEN has her stitches etc. at the ready and will get stitching.

MORVEN

Okay, I'll stitch that up first. What did you hit it on?

AIDEN

Cracked it right on the volute.

MORVEN

The what?

FLETCH

Morvs, come on. A volute is the scroll at the bottom of a stair.

(To AIDEN)

How could she not know that, honestly.

FLETCH's grin and glance to AIDEN - they're in this together.

MORVEN

So what do you do?

AIDEN

I'm a joiner. Stairs mainly.

MORVEN

Like Snug.

AIDEN

Who?

MORVEN

Snug the joiner. From Midsummers...

Blank look from AIDEN.

MORVEN (CONT'D)  
Shakespeare?

AIDEN  
Haven't read a word.

MORVEN's disbelief.

MORVEN  
So how far did you fall?

AIDEN  
Four or five steps. I was just  
finishing them off. Really lovely  
job, white oak.

FLETCH  
Quality timber, that is.

MORVEN's look to FLETCH is withering.

AIDEN  
And would you believe it, I slipped  
on a nail.

MORVEN  
Did you lose consciousness?

AIDEN  
I don't know. I was on my own.  
Don't think so.

MORVEN  
Any vomiting?

AIDEN  
Nope.

MORVEN  
Any historical head injuries?  
Concussions?

AIDEN  
The odd knock playing rugby at  
school, but nothing major.

MORVEN  
Got a headache?

AIDEN  
No, not really.

MORVEN  
Not really or no?

That's pretty sharp - she's not in the mood.

AIDEN  
(To FLETCH)  
She's a bit hard, this one.

MORVEN  
You can talk to me.

Put in his place.

MORVEN (CONT'D)  
Do you have a headache?

AIDEN  
No. I am sharp as ever.

MORVEN  
At least one of us thinks so.

Burn. MORVEN is just flat-out cold though - all business.  
She's finished. To a N/s NURSE:

MORVEN (CONT'D)  
U&Es, FBCs and a head CT.  
(To AIDEN)  
I'll get you a brochure on head  
trauma to read. And now let's do a  
neuro exam.

MORVEN just going about her business.

CUT TO:

15

2/15. INT. DARWIN. WARD. NURSES' STATION - DAY [11.06] 15

ZOSIA has handed JAC's coffee over to her and reported what she heard in the lift. JAC not happy.

JAC

We use Theatre 2 constantly. If we lose it we'll have to cut our list. He wants it full time?

ZOSIA

I don't know. I think that was an option.

JAC

He's out of control.

ZOSIA

I can talk to him...

JAC

No, leave it with me.

ZOSIA

Please. I want to help.

There's an intensity to ZOSIA here.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

Let me help.

JAC

Dr March. Leave it.

ZOSIA left wanting to help.

CUT TO:

16

**2/16. INT. KELLER. WARD. SIDE BAY - DAY [11.20]**

16

ESSIE back with KIM. She's there to just do obs but she's actually got something on her mind.

ESSIE

Might be a bit longer, sorry.  
Theatres are very full today. How's  
your pain?

KIM

Fine.

ESSIE

Is the morphine helping?

KIM

Getting there.

ESSIE

Parker gone?

KIM

For a walk.

ESSIE

Sorry about earlier. Chasing him. I  
thought...

KIM

Don't apologise. He could do with a  
clip over the ear.

ESSIE

Handful, is he?

KIM

Not the word I'd use, but yes.

Conversation is probably over, but ESSIE has something she  
has to get at.

ESSIE

He was funny about that money, you  
know. Didn't want to give it back.

KIM

He's fourteen. He thinks everything  
belongs to him.

ESSIE

But even more than that. It's like  
he didn't trust you to have it.

KIM beginning to get a little anxious here.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

I don't know, but it felt like he thought he should be the one in control.

(Gently)

You can tell me if something's not right. I'm here to help.

She's so kind, so gentle, that KIM feels she has no choice.

KIM

He has issues with boundaries sometimes.

ESSIE just keeps looking at her, silent, and KIM fills that silence.

KIM (CONT'D)

I'm working on it but... well, it's not easy. If I'm honest, sometimes I struggle to cope with him.

And here she takes it just a step further.

KIM (CONT'D)

As you can see.

ESSIE takes that in - is KIM implying that PARKER is responsible for her injuries?

ESSIE

What are you saying?

KIM

I'm not saying anything, I'm just trying to explain.

SACHA arrives at the worst possible time.

SACHA

Okay, Ms Whitfield, we can take you down for your scan now.

There's a N/s NURSE pushing an empty wheelchair for her.

KIM

Lovely.

ESSIE

Ms Whitfield.

SACHA

Sorry, were you...?

KIM

Nope. Off we go.

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That said straight to ESSIE, who knows that she's missed her chance now.

CUT TO:

17

2/17. INT. DARWIN. WARD. NURSES' STATION - DAY [11.25] 17

ZOSIA has found TRISTAN tapping away on his phone. He keeps tapping even as he talks to her.

ZOSIA  
Sorry, Tristan.

He just holds up a finger - give me a moment.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)  
Busy suspending someone else?

That's deliberately provocative and TRISTAN rather likes it. He looks up from his e-mail, meets her eye with a smile.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)  
You think everyone wouldn't know  
about Mr Griffin?

TRISTAN  
Dr March, I'd expect more than  
snide comments from one of Holby's  
greatest success stories.

ZOSIA momentarily off balance from that.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
I was made aware of how you handled  
yourself when the press was  
circling a while ago. I think it  
was magnificent.

ZOSIA  
Thank you.

ZOSIA is single-minded though. On a mission.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)  
Yet you still want to take Theatre  
2 away from us.

TRISTAN  
Ah, back to business. No decision  
has been made either way.

ZOSIA  
I hear you spent time on Keller  
yesterday. Why not Darwin today?  
Do you even know what we do in CT?

TRISTAN  
As far as I can tell, you spend a  
lot of your time winding up board  
members.

ZOSIA  
Do you?

TRISTAN  
I have an inkling.

ZOSIA  
So you're going to give our theatre  
away based on an inkling. Aren't  
you worried you might be missing  
something?

TRISTAN  
Am I?

ZOSIA  
Find out. Cancel golf, spend the  
day with us.

That's cheeky. And TRISTAN likes it. But when he looks at  
her, her face betrays nothing but pure focus.

TRISTAN  
Maybe I will.

ZOSIA holds his eye - she's got what she wants.

CUT TO:

18

2/18. INT. AAU. WARD - DAY [11.35]

18

MORVEN doing a neuro exam on AIDEN, whose shirt is off now. And it is an impressive sight. Which FLETCH has noticed.

MORVEN

Now arms like this.

She holds them up in front as if she's clutching a barbell. Grabs the right forearm.

MORVEN (CONT'D)

Don't let me pull it away.

She pulls at his arm. He resists. His biceps bulge.

AIDEN

You'll have to work a bit harder than that.

She's very close and he quite likes it. FLETCH, in the next bed, is admiring AIDEN's physique.

FLETCH

Aiden, mate, I've got to say it...

MORVEN

Again.

She pulls at the other arm. More impressive biceps. As she does this, her eyes drift over to the other side of the ward, where RAF is talking to a very sick looking N/s PATIENT. There are a couple of other people around. It all looks like a very big deal.

FLETCH

I was married a long time. Bit of a ladies man, back in the day. Straight as a die, is what I'm getting at.

MORVEN, though, pulls her gaze back from the other side of the ward to continue with the neuro test.

FLETCH (CONT'D)

But I cannot help but notice that what you're carrying there is an extremely impressive rig.

AIDEN

Cheers, mate.

FLETCH

Spend a bit of time in the gym, do you?

MORVEN just completely blocking out FLETCH's nonsense, focusing on her job. She'll swap back to the right arm and will push it.

MORVEN

Don't let me push it towards you.

AIDEN

A bit.

MORVEN

And again.

She pushes. He holds her eye and smiles.

AIDEN

Enough to manage this, no worries.

(Winces)

Ah.

MORVEN

Does that hurt?

AIDEN

Just sore guts.

MORVEN

Did you have that before the fall?

AIDEN

Nope. You reckon I knocked it?

MORVEN

Maybe.

RAF has finished across the ward and arrives.

RAF

Mr Hammond. I'm Mr Di Lucca. Dr  
Digby looking after you?

AIDEN

Beautifully.

RAF looks to MORVEN - so?

MORVEN

Looks like a pretty straightforward  
head trauma, so I've stitched it up  
and got him in for a head CT. But  
he is getting some abdominal pain.  
So I was thinking I'd do an  
abdominal CT as well, check for a  
bleed or a ruptured spleen.

RAF

Good.

He heads away from the bed. MORVEN follows.

MORVEN

Was that her?

RAF

Yep.

MORVEN

Don't need anyone to re-check the  
scans maybe?

FLETCH calls out from his bed.

FLETCH

Excuse me! Can someone send me  
home, please?

RAF's look.

RAF

Looks like you've got more than  
enough to get on with.

MORVEN - stuck doing normal work when she wants to be in the  
big leagues.

CUT TO:

19

2/19. INT. DARWIN. WARD. BAY 2 - DAY [11.55]

19

ZOSIA has CAITLIN's results. She has a picture of the echocardiogram on an iPad to show CAITLIN.

ZOSIA

An atrial septal defect. Or a hole in the heart. It's probably been there since birth.

CASH

How did we not know?

ZOSIA

You'd have no cause to unless there were symptoms.

CASH

Can you fix it?

JAC appears for an update.

JAC

Hello.

(To CAITLIN)

Jac Naylor, CT consultant.

ZOSIA

ASD.

JAC nods - got it. ZOSIA turns back to CAITLIN and CASH.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

Yes. We can fix it. It's surgery, and we can do it this afternoon.

CAITLIN and CASH taking all this in.

CAITLIN

And then I'll be okay?

ZOSIA

Yes. But the blood bank tells me you're missing both Lutheran antibodies in your blood.

CAITLIN

Firstly, what is that? And secondly, is it a problem?

ZOSIA

It doesn't really matter what it is.

That's just the tiniest bit dismissive - ZOSIA doesn't appreciate someone interrupting her train of thought. JAC notes it.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

But it is a small problem. We need some blood on stand by in case you need a transfusion during surgery. Yours is very rare and it's not the sort of thing blood banks have on hand.

CAITLIN

That sounds like a big problem.

ZOSIA

We just need to find a donor. Normally we'd find a match within the family.

She looks to CASH.

CASH

Me?

ZOSIA

Or siblings, or Mum...

CASH

No siblings. And Caitlin's mum isn't with us anymore.

A flicker of sadness there. TRISTAN appears by the bed.

TRISTAN

Excuse me, sorry.

JAC

Can I help you?

He explains to CASH and CAITLIN.

TRISTAN

Tristan Wood. Chairman of the board here at the hospital. I'm just shadowing on Darwin today.

JAC

No you're not.

TRISTAN

I was invited by Dr March.

JAC's ferocious look to ZOSIA. ZOSIA meets it, determination in her eyes.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Pretend I'm not here.

ZOSIA

(To CASH)

So it looks like you're the one.

CASH

You'd have to take my blood?

CAITLIN rolls her eyes. Scoffs.

CASH (CONT'D)

What?

CAITLIN

He's scared of needles.

CASH

Caitlin, there's no need to air our  
dirty laundry.

CAITLIN

If a little prick's too much to ask  
to save your daughter's life,  
that's cool.

She's playing him beautifully and it's actually nice.

CASH

Fine.

(To ZOSIA)

Of course I will give as much blood  
as I can.

(To CAITLIN)

If I die on the table that'll be on  
your conscience, princess.

CAITLIN

Dad. [Don't call me that]

But it's warm between them as ZOSIA, JAC and TRISTAN walk  
away from the bed.

JAC

Dr March. Could I have a word?  
Excuse us would you, Tristan.

She turns on her heel and goes. ZOSIA follows, mission  
clearly in her mind.

CUT TO:

20

## 2/20. INT. ECG CORRIDOR - DAY [12.02]

20

An N/s NURSE is pushing KIM through the corridors in a wheelchair.

KIM

You know, I could get used to this, getting pushed around everywhere.

(Then, a thought:)

Never make your steps though, would you. Swings and roundabouts, I guess.

They have arrived at the scanning place. The N/s NURSE says something along the lines of 'just going to see if they're ready', and leaves KIM in the corridor in her wheelchair.

KIM's eyes move about, looking for something to read. They land on RAF, just appearing in the corridor, chatting to an N/s DOCTOR. KIM doesn't want him to know she's not well, so she clammers out of the wheelchair, wincing as she puts weight on her leg, and manages to push it out of sight as RAF turns to see her.

RAF

Kim.

KIM acts as if she's only just seen him. Brightly:

KIM

Hello.

RAF

What are you...?

KIM

Oh, just here with a friend. Avery.

RAF

Right.

KIM

I know, who calls their child Avery. She has to have a scan, terrified she's got everything and'll be dead in a week.

RAF

Sounds like a handful.

KIM

She's a nightmare, to be honest. But, you know, friends since we were twelve so I'm stuck with her.

She's lying pretty elaborately but doing it with such panache that RAF doesn't suspect a thing.

RAF

How's the arm?

KIM

Coming along.

RAF

And this... [face]

Looking good.

KIM

I put a bag over it to go outside.

RAF

Are you saying my handiwork's  
shoddy?

KIM

No, I'm saying my face looks  
hideous.

RAF

As if...

Small moment of frisson there.

RAF (CONT'D)

I came looking for you yesterday,  
actually.

KIM

What for?

Does he tell her? For a moment he might, then:

RAF

Just to say goodbye. But you'd  
gone.

KIM

I am very elusive.

RAF

That you are. Anyway, I'd better...

KIM

Yep, off you go. Lives to save.

RAF

It was good to see you.

KIM

Good to be seen.

What a terrible line. But she styles it out until RAF disappears round the corner. We see he's kicking himself.

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And she drops to a chair - her leg was killing her.

CUT TO:

21

2/21. INT. DARWIN. CORRIDOR - DAY [12.06]

21

JAC giving ZOSIA a bit of a dressing down.

JAC

Did I not say leave it to me?

ZOSIA

It's a great opportunity. Impress him and he'll realise he can't take a theatre off us.

JAC

It's not as easy as that.

ZOSIA

It seems to be working for neuro...

JAC

Yes! Because Guy plans things meticulously. He's a strategist. He uses smoke and mirrors to make himself look like a god. He doesn't invite someone in to observe on a whim.

ZOSIA

So we have to be brilliant.

JAC looking at her: are you delusional?

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

We will keep our theatre. I promise.

She's unshakeable. So determined that it almost rattles JAC a little. TRISTAN appears, just finishing a quick email on his phone, oblivious to what's going on.

TRISTAN

Okay. What's next?

JAC not happy.

CUT TO:

22

2/22. INT. CT SCANNER ROOM - DAY [12.20]

22

AIDEN (head stitched and dressed now) is in a gown heading into the Scanner Room. MORVEN escorting him (or pushing him in a wheelchair). He has his head trauma brochure.

AIDEN

Cracking read this. I'm on the second go. Savouring it.

She gives him nothing.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

No Shakespeare, but he was a bit overrated, wasn't he?

He's being cheeky here. Winding her up.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Wrote the odd good play, but you know, could he do it on a rainy Tuesday in Stoke.

He's throwing out his best material but getting nothing.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

I'm getting the impression you'd rather be somewhere else.

MORVEN

No.

AIDEN

It's okay. Probably more exciting jobs than baby-sitting an ugly joiner.

MORVEN

You're not ugly.

AIDEN

Now we're getting somewhere.

He's throwing his flirt out there, but he's smart enough and non-sleazy enough to realise it hasn't landed and he's actually made her uncomfortable.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Sorry. That was bad form.

A pause.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Don't meet many girls making stairs. I'm bit out of touch with the flirting. Sorry.

MORVEN

It's a complete mesocolic excision.

Clearly he has no idea what that is.

AIDEN

Wow.

(Then)

I don't know what that is.

MORVEN

It's an operation they're doing today. A new way of dealing with colonic cancer with significant lymph nodes involvement. It's a massive deal.

AIDEN

And you're stuck with me.

MORVEN

It's fine. On you hop.

She's not warm. But she's not as hostile anymore. And for the first time he takes in the scanning machine.

AIDEN

That's it?

MORVEN

That's it. Head CT now and we'll come back for the abdominal one later on.

AIDEN

I go in that tube.

He looks very nervous.

MORVEN

Is that okay?

AIDEN

Fine, yeah. Very okay.

MORVEN

Because some people get claustrophobic.

AIDEN

Do they? Pathetic.

MORVEN can tell he's putting it on. But he's getting on the slide to go into the machine.

MORVEN

Do you?

AIDEN

Only massively. But it's alright, I've got a coping technique.

MORVEN

Good. Just let us know if you want to stop.

AIDEN panicked anew.

AIDEN

You'll be able to hear me?

MORVEN

Yeah, there's a microphone.

AIDEN

Okay. It's just that... my coping technique... it's... I suppose flamboyant's the word you'd use.

MORVEN

I'm sure I'll manage.

She's heading into the Scanner Room as he is moved into the scanning machine. MORVEN nods to the N/s CT SCANNER OPERATOR and AIDEN starts going in.

MORVEN (CONT'D)

Okay, going in...

And through the microphone she hears him singing Elton John's "Rocket Man".

AIDEN

(Sings)

*And I think it's gonna be a long long time...*

Looks between her and the N/s CT SCANNER OPERATOR. What is that?

AIDEN (CONT'D)

(Sings)

*Till touch down brings me round again to find...*

She smiles. How can you not laugh at this guy?

AIDEN (CONT'D)

(Sings)

*I'm not the man they think I am at home oh no no...*

AIDEN in the tube, singing.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

(Sings)

*I'm a Rocket Man.*

MORVEN listening, smiling. He really hits the next bit hard.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

(Sings)

*Rocket man! Burning up his fuse up  
here alone...*

She's a bit charmed.

CUT TO:

23

2/23. INT. DARWIN. WARD. BAY 2 - DAY [12.25]

23

CASH is on a chair now as ZOSIA prepares to take his blood. Tourniquet is on. TRISTAN lingers. An N/s NURSE there.

CASH looking queasy as ZOSIA prepares the needle.

ZOSIA

Ready?

Not in the least.

CASH

Absolutely, yeah.

CAITLIN

Fine, I'll hold your hand.

She's getting out of bed.

ZOSIA

Wait.

But it's too late. She's disconnected her chest drain. She starts gasping.

CASH

Whoa, Cait, are you okay?

ZOSIA

It's alright.

CASH

She can't breathe.

ZOSIA calmly reconnects the chest drain tubes to the bottle.

ZOSIA

It's okay, Caitlin. Deep breath.

CAITLIN's breathing returning to normal. ZOSIA checks the monitors, talks to the N/s NURSE.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

Stats back up to 99.

(To CAITLIN)

Better?

Caitlin nods. Disaster averted as ZOSIA helps CAITLIN back into bed.

CAITLIN

What was that?

ZOSIA

You disconnected your chest drain which disrupted the negative pressure holding your lungs against the chest wall. Just be careful with moving around quickly.

TRISTAN is impressed with how smoothly ZOSIA has handled it.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

Now, let's get your blood going.

CASH

She's okay?

ZOSIA

She's fine.

CAITLIN

Yeah, I'm fine, Dad. You've got no excuses.

She gives him a little smile, and that is enough to put CASH at ease.

CASH

Do it.

ZOSIA quickly and deftly inserts the needle and takes the sample. As she does, CASH looks straight at CAITLIN, doing everything he can to not look at the needle. ZOSIA distracts him with a nod to his sketch book.

ZOSIA

What's it about?

CASH

A girl, Thea, discovers a portal to another dimension in the back of her fridge...

He throws effortlessly to CAITLIN - they've done this pitch before.

CAITLIN

But when she goes through it, she throws the universe off balance and has to figure out how to fix it.

ZOSIA looks impressed.

CASH

Brilliant, right?

ZOSIA

Wow. Can I just ask? Why a fridge?

CASH

I'm pretty good at drawing fridges.  
It's my day job.

ZOSIA

Drawing fridges?

CASH

Doing the illustrations in the  
manuals.

ZOSIA

Someone actually draws them?

CASH

Yep.

(Proud)

I'm a bit of a whitegoods  
specialist.

ZOSIA has finished taking blood.

ZOSIA

There we go.

CASH

That's it?

ZOSIA

That's it. Thanks everyone.

She shares a smile with chuffed CASH and her and TRISTAN head out.

TRISTAN

That was brilliant. The way you  
fixed her... what was it?

ZOSIA

Chest drain.

TRISTAN

Very impressive.

ZOSIA

Enjoying yourself?

TRISTAN

You know, I rather am.

That's not intended to be flirty. But it's not completely not-flirty either.

ZOSIA

Well. That's what I'm here for.

As she says this she walks past GUY, barely giving him a look. But he heard. And he's not happy about it.

CUT TO:

24

2/24. INT. KELLER. WARD. NURSES' STATION - DAY [12.30]

24

ESSIE has the chart and is quizzing SACHA.

SACHA

She tripped on the rug.

ESSIE

So she says.

SACHA

We can only go on what she says...

ESSIE

Yeah, but there are more ways to tell us than just telling us.

SACHA

What?

ESSIE

She said something before, about Parker and boundaries. And he was so funny about that money. Possessive almost. I wonder if she's trying to tell us that there's something else going on.

SACHA

Like what?

ESSIE

Like maybe, that Parker's the one responsible for her injuries.

That's a big call from ESSIE. SACHA looks around to make sure no-one is listening.

SACHA

He's fourteen.

ESSIE

You've been doing this long enough to know that doesn't matter.

SACHA

Just be careful, Essie.

ESSIE nods. Unconvincing.

SACHA (CONT'D)

And Essie. If you want to talk about... what you said earlier...

ESSIE's face: you're not the one I'd choose to discuss this with.

ESSIE

Thanks, but I'll cope.

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She goes.

CUT TO:

25

2/25. INT. DARWIN. STAFF ROOM - DAY [12.35]

25

ZOSIA flicking through some research when GUY finds her. She knows he's there but keeps reading.

ZOSIA

Did you know that specialists have reported high risks of neurological complications after frozen elephant trunk surgery?

GUY

Be careful, Zosia.

ZOSIA looks at him, trying to figure out what he's talking about.

ZOSIA

Nope. No idea.

GUY

Tristan. I think perhaps you should consider whether the flirting is the best way to go about things.

ZOSIA

Flirting? With Tristan? Please. As if I'd go there. Anyway - what do you think you do with him?

GUY

What?

ZOSIA

"How'd you hit them on the weekend?" Just kiss and be done with it.

GUY

Fine. I use as much charm as I can to get what I want.

ZOSIA

And I'm doing what I can to make sure cardiothoracics keeps its theatre. If you don't like it... well, who cares.

A standoff. The battle lines are drawn.

CUT TO:

26

2/26. INT. AAU. WARD - DAY [12.40]

26

MORVEN just finishing FLETCH's paperwork. AIDEN sits in the next bed.

MORVEN  
You're done.

FLETCH  
Superb.

MORVEN  
I'll get Sarah to help you get dressed.

FLETCH  
Hello.

That's a bit cheeky.

MORVEN  
Don't get cocky. You're not as mobile as you think.

FLETCH  
No, fully understand. Just happy to get home and relax by looking after four children.  
(To AIDEN)  
Aiden, it has been a delight.

AIDEN  
Likewise.

FLETCH  
You get out of here, give me a bell. Hit the karaoke. I'm told you're a bit of a rocket man.

This said with a grin. AIDEN mortified (but loving it).

MORVEN  
Fletch!

FLETCH  
("Innocent")  
What?

MORVEN  
I'm sorry.

But she's not as sharp as she was earlier - there's a little thawing. Perhaps even a smile. And AIDEN is along with it.

AIDEN  
I feel a bit betrayed right now.

FLETCH

Don't be ashamed, mate. You smashed it. The recording's brilliant.

AIDEN

(Shocked anew)  
There's a recording?

MORVEN

No!

FLETCH

Now, bit of privacy.

Grinning, he pulls the curtain across so he can get changed.

MORVEN

(To AIDEN)  
I swear there's no recording.

AIDEN

I'm speechless.

MORVEN

I've got no excuse. I'm so, so sorry.

AIDEN loving it, smiling at MORVEN, he flirts a little.

AIDEN

I'm sure you'll find a way to make it up to me.

And that hits MORVEN like a train. Suddenly the reality of what she's doing hits her - he's flirting. And she's sort of flirting back. She has to get out of there. But AIDEN is oblivious.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

How about Friday? There's that ping pong bar in town. Plenty of tables, few drinks, world's greatest sport, what do you say?

She's suddenly very cold:

MORVEN

No.

It's very blunt. And AIDEN rides it out.

AIDEN

Okay.

MORVEN

We've still got your abdominal CT to do and someone will be around to take you down for that.

AIDEN

Why can't you do it? I've still got  
Tiny Dancer in the bag.

MORVEN

I've got other patients to deal  
with.

And she goes as fast as she can. Intercepts RAF as he  
crosses.

MORVEN (CONT'D)

Mr Di Lucca. Are you sure there's  
nothing that needs doing for your  
complete mesocolic excision?

RAF

I don't think so...

MORVEN

Anything. I'll do anything. I just  
have to be in that theatre.

RAF

Okay, you can catheterise her.

MORVEN

Thank you so much.

RAF

What about Mr Hammond's abdominal  
CT?

MORVEN

I'll get someone to take him down.

RAF

Be sure you do.

AIDEN calls out as RAF heads off.

AIDEN

Dr Digby...?

But she just flat out blanks him.

CUT TO:

27 2/27. INT. DARWIN. WARD. NURSES' STATION - DAY [12.45] 27

ZOSIA heading back onto the ward. Runs right into JAC. The last person she wants to see. But JAC is all business as she hands her a chart.

JAC  
Mr Callahan's bloods.

ZOSIA looks at the chart. Then looks at JAC.

ZOSIA  
What?

What's in the results?

CUT TO:

28

**2/28. EXT. PEACE GARDEN - DAY [13.00]**

28

ESSIE finds PARKER. He has a mobile phone open on the table and he's working at it with little tools.

PARKER  
Is she okay?

ESSIE  
Fine. Just having a scan. What have you got there?

PARKER  
**Fixing the screen** for a mate. \*

ESSIE  
You know how to do that?

PARKER  
It's not hard.

PARKER keeps working.

ESSIE  
She's pretty banged up, your mum.

PARKER  
Yeah.

ESSIE  
Significant abscess with a serious infection.

PARKER  
Okay.

ESSIE  
She's unlucky to get that from slipping off a chair.

PARKER's sharp look - that isn't what happened.

PARKER  
She tripped on the rug in the sitting room.

ESSIE  
Of course, sorry.

PARKER is a little suspicious. Was she trying to catch him out?

ESSIE (CONT'D)  
Even then, she's been in quite a bit over the last while.

PARKER  
She falls over a lot.

ESSIE

Or is someone else involved?

PARKER

Like who?

ESSIE

Someone who's maybe angry,  
frustrated...

PARKER realises she's accusing him.

PARKER

Are you joking?

ESSIE

I'm asking. It's okay if sometimes  
you get angry...

PARKER

This isn't my fault.

ESSIE

No-one's saying it's your fault.

PARKER

If anyone's to blame, it's her.  
She's the one with the problems.

ESSIE is reading this as defensive behaviour.

ESSIE

I know that sometimes it could feel  
like that. But I am concerned about  
the number of falls she's having.

PARKER

And there's no other reason you can  
think of that someone might fall  
over a lot?

What does he mean by that? Is he trying to tell her  
something?

ESSIE

What do you mean? What other  
reason?

PARKER is shutting down now. He's not going to tell her  
anything.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

Parker.

PARKER

(Re: phone)  
I've got to finish this.

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He goes back to work. ESSIE has hit a brick wall.

CUT TO:

29

2/29. INT. DARWIN. RELATIVES' ROOM - DAY [13.05]

29

JAC and ZOSIA have CASH sat down so they can tell him something in private.

ZOSIA

You're not a match.

CASH

But... that can happen, can't it?

ZOSIA

It can.

CASH

You'll still find someone, won't you? She'll be okay?

ZOSIA

Yes. We've called the nearest blood bank and we're confident they'll find a donor shortly.

CASH relieved at this.

JAC

The thing is, it's not just that you're not a match.

How does she say what she has to say? Through this JAC/CASH exchange ZOSIA's attention is again drawn by the sound of the strip lights. She looks to the lights.

JAC (CONT'D)

Mr Callahan. Was Caitlin adopted?

CASH

No.

JAC

Or IVF, was there a donor involved?

CASH

No.

ZOSIA manages to concentrate, to block out the sound of the strip lights buzzing, and to drag her focus away from the lights.

JAC

Then I am very sorry to have to tell you this. But you're not Caitlin's father.

CASH's deep worry. Doesn't quite know what to say. But he's not as shocked as we'd expect.

CASH

Yes I am.

ZOSIA

No. You're not. You're AB. Caitlin is O. I don't want to go into the genetics but the short answer is that it's basically impossible for you to be her father.

JAC

We'll give you a moment.

But as they prepare to leave, CASH stops them.

CASH

I know, alright. Of course I know. Leah was pregnant when we got together. It wasn't a secret. Two minutes old, I made a choice. I would be her father.

(Then:)

What choice? There was no choice. She was my daughter. She *is* my daughter.

ZOSIA is struck by this.

CASH (CONT'D)

You can't tell her why I'm not a match. I'll do it one day, I promise. But when she's ready. Not now.

He's so anxious and stressed and desperate. JAC looks to ZOSIA, but ZOSIA is looking intently at CASH. Completely focused.

ZOSIA

Mr Callahan. We would never tell her. I promise.

CASH looks at her, so grateful.

CUT TO:

30

2/30. INT. KELLER. WARD. SIDE BAY - DAY [13.10]

30

ESSIE back to KIM to follow up on what PARKER has told her.

ESSIE

Ms Whitfield, can we have a quick chat?

But KIM is very drowsy.

KIM

(Slurred)

Yeah...

ESSIE

Ms Whitfield?

But KIM can only really moan, she can't talk.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

What on earth...

Alarms beep - her HR is dropping.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

Sacha!

SACHA will arrive as ESSIE does a quick examination.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

Kim, can you hear me? Kim?

But KIM is almost entirely unresponsive. SACHA is there.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

HR 42, B/P 80/40.

SACHA

What did you give her?

ESSIE

Nothing. Only the morphine.

SACHA

Okay, 2mg Naloxone.

ESSIE will go about doing that. She finds the Naxolone. She prepares it. Injects it.

They wait. Looking at her stats anxiously.

ESSIE

Come on.

Nothing still. A long pause. They share a look.

SACHA

She's still bradycardic.

ESSIE

Another 2mg?

SACHA

Wait a minute.

More waiting. No response still.

ESSIE

Sacha...

SACHA

Wait.

More waiting. ESSIE is getting the next dose out, preparing it. She has it ready. Looks to SACHA.

SACHA (CONT'D)

Okay.

She injects the next dose. Then:

ESSIE

HR rising.

The relief. They share a look. Thank god.

CUT TO:

31

2/31. INT. DARWIN. BACK CORRIDOR - DAY [13.12]

31

JAC and ZOSIA walking away from the Relatives' Room.

JAC  
Issues...

But ZOSIA doesn't register - she's on a mission.

ZOSIA  
I'm thinking a pericardial patch closure?

JAC raises an eyebrow but doesn't push it.

JAC  
Why not a device closure?

ZOSIA  
Because the defect is very large and there's no rim on the lower aspect for the device to land on, so a device closure would be unsafe.

JAC nods. Very good.

JAC  
Prepare for that.

JAC goes as TRISTAN approaches.

TRISTAN  
Did I miss anything?

ZOSIA  
No.

TRISTAN  
Surgery coming up?

ZOSIA  
Yes. A pericardial patch closure.

TRISTAN  
And that is...?

ZOSIA  
You'll see.

TRISTAN  
Ah. Suspense. I like it. And you took the father aside to run him through it?

ZOSIA  
Among other things.

TRISTAN'S look: oh?

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

It's a bit of a delicate personal situation.

TRISTAN's face - go on.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

I can't go into it, sorry.

TRISTAN

Not at all. One of the more difficult parts of the job, I imagine.

ZOSIA

What's that supposed to mean?

TRISTAN

Just that the emotional side of things can be rather confronting at times.

ZOSIA

For me in particular?

She's paranoid here. And TRISTAN is a little confused as to why.

TRISTAN

No. Why would -

ZOSIA

Because of my bipolar. Because I can have trouble managing my emotions. Is that what you mean?

Not at all what TRISTAN was getting at.

TRISTAN

That's absolutely not what I mean.

ZOSIA looks at him as if she doesn't quite understand.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

As I said earlier, I'm proud of both you and Holby. Keep doing what you're doing.

ZOSIA, unaware of her odd behaviour, remains supremely confident.

CUT TO:

32

2/32. INT. KELLER. WARD. SIDE BAY - DAY [13.14]

32

SACHA has managed KIM's situation.

ESSIE  
HR 90. B/P 120/80.

SACHA

Okay, keep an eye on her and if nothing changes we'll take her into theatre in half an hour. Essie?

Walk with me. As they walk away with the chart.

SACHA (CONT'D)  
How much morphine did you give her?

ESSIE  
10mg. Exactly what you ordered.

SACHA  
Are you sure?

ESSIE  
Sacha.

Of course she's sure.

SACHA  
If I didn't know better, I'd swear she's had a double dose.

ESSIE  
Maybe she has.

What? Things are coalescing in ESSIE's mind.

SACHA  
Did you make a mistake?

ESSIE  
No.

SACHA's look doubts that.

ESSIE (CONT'D)  
I've got a hangover. I haven't turned into an idiot. Think about it. She's been falling over a lot at home. Then we give her morphine, she passes out, she can't hear me.

SACHA begins to get the idea.

SACHA  
She had some in her system already.

ESSIE  
Yeah. Some of her own.

SACHA

You think she's an addict?

ESSIE

I think she's definitely using. And I think that explains why she keeps falling over.

SACHA

She's out of it.

Yep.

SACHA (CONT'D)

Lucky you didn't accuse the son of anything.

Um, she did. SACHA sees it in her face.

ESSIE

What else was I meant to do?

SACHA

Leave it.

ESSIE

Oh yeah, and if something else happens, and we knew and didn't say anything...

Beat.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

I'll fix it.

ESSIE knows she's going to have to make an apology.

CUT TO:

33

2/33. INT. DARWIN. WARD. BAY 2 - DAY [13.20]

33

ZOSIA with CAITLIN and CASH. ZOSIA is explaining the procedure she's going to carry out, she's almost a bit impatient.

ZOSIA

It's like fixing a bike puncture.  
We take a piece of your pericardium  
and we stitch it over the hole.

CASH

When is it happening?

ZOSIA

We're just waiting on the blood  
bank for some of your blood type.

CAITLIN

I thought that was coming from Dad.

ZOSIA

He wasn't a match.

CAITLIN

But he's my dad.

A moment here. The moment that they could tell. CASH anxious about it, despite ZOSIA's earlier assurances.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)

How can my dad not be a match?

ZOSIA

(Lightly)  
It's never a hundred per cent.

CASH is riding every moment with CAITLIN, stressed and anxious.

CASH

I'm sorry, love.

CAITLIN

It's okay.

And that just kills him even more. ZOSIA gives an almost-imperceptible look to CASH - she's got his back.

CUT TO:

34

**2/34. EXT. PEACE GARDEN - DAY [13.25]**

34

ESSIE finds PARKER, who will concentrate on putting the phone back together as much as possible. ESSIE calmly places a little red pill on the arm of the chair he's sitting on.

He looks at it. Recognises it. He looks at her. And suddenly he's a little boy.

ESSIE

That's morphine. It's an opioid.  
One of the stronger ones around.  
You might also have seen Tramadol,  
Diazepam even. All similar. Take  
too much of them or take them for  
too long and it'll cause  
grogginess, loss of co-ordination,  
loss of appetite.

All sounding familiar to PARKER. ESSIE is so gentle here.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

Parker, how long has this been  
going on?

PARKER

She's trying to stop.

ESSIE

How long?

PARKER

Since the accident.

ESSIE

What accident?

PARKER doesn't go into it.

PARKER

She started acting weird. Slept a  
lot, she was out of it most of the  
time. Fell over. Stopped cooking.

Now ESSIE thinks back to the money he was pinching.

ESSIE

This is why you don't want her to  
have the money. It just disappears.

Yep. Poor PARKER.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell someone?

PARKER scoffs at that.

PARKER

Who am I going to tell?

ESSIE

Me.

PARKER

You thought I was beating her up.

ESSIE

You could talk to Social Services.

PARKER

And get taken away?

ESSIE

That's not what they do. They can get your mum the help she needs.

PARKER

She can do it.

ESSIE

Not on her own.

PARKER

How do you know?

ESSIE

I know. Trust me, okay. I know.

PARKER nods - he knows what she means. ESSIE has a pen out and is writing something down for PARKER.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

You can call me. Whenever you want.  
I'll do what I can to help.

She hands him the phone number.

PARKER

Thanks, but I don't need your help.

He has packed up his things and leaves ESSIE, knowing that she's got this one all wrong.

CUT TO:

35

2/35. INT. DARWIN. WARD. NURSES' STATION - DAY [13.30]

35

JAC just filling in some paperwork when TRISTAN approaches.  
MO is there.

TRISTAN  
Ms Naylor.

JAC looks at him. This had better be quick.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
It's about Zosia.

JAC  
Dr March.

TRISTAN  
Of course. Yes. Dr March. I've been  
made aware of her situation.

JAC knows exactly what this means.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
Nothing underhand, just doing my  
due diligence. Is it something I  
should be concerned about?

JAC  
I don't understand.

TRISTAN  
Her condition.

JAC  
By condition you mean the mental  
illness which is treated and  
medicated and completely under  
control.

TRISTAN  
Well, is that how these things  
work, I don't know.

JAC  
This morning I had a headache. I  
took two paracetamol and now it's  
fine. Are you concerned about me?

TRISTAN  
I'm not sure that's quite the same  
thing.

JAC  
It's exactly the same thing. She  
has bipolar, she treats it, she  
comes to work.

TRISTAN

I know there have been PR issues  
for the hospital in the past...

JAC's icy look. PR is the last thing she wants to hear about.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I would like to avoid a repeat of  
that if I could.

JAC has sized him up now. He is just looking to cover his own  
arse at every opportunity. Icily:

JAC

You don't have to worry about my  
team.

TRISTAN

Good. Thank you.

TRISTAN goes. JAC just watches him. She doesn't like it at  
all. MO chimes in.

MO

Not as far as I could throw him.

JAC agrees.

CUT TO:

36

2/36. INT. AAU. WARD. NURSES' BASE - DAY [13.32]

36

MORVEN on her way back to the ward, buzzing from the work she's just done in theatre. FLETCH is just leaving, in his normal clothes. Walking slowly, his feet a little further apart than usual. And he has a stick to help him occasionally.

MORVEN

Look at this!

FLETCH

Not bad, hey. How was the op?

MORVEN

Amazing. Watching Ms Campbell doing something so innovative... just being part of it was absolutely brilliant.

FLETCH

You might want to tone that down a bit out here. You know, with Aiden...

MORVEN

What about Aiden?

FLETCH

Abdominal CT showed a growth.

MORVEN scrabbling for his chart.

MORVEN

What sort of growth?

FLETCH

We've got to send it off, and who knows what they'll come back with, but from the looks of it...

She has the scan up in front of her. And she knows.

MORVEN

Cancer.

FLETCH

They reckon T4 bowel cancer. Invading the bladder and small bowel too.

MORVEN

But it could be diverticular disease, couldn't it?

FLETCH

You're asking the wrong man.

MORVEN knows it's unlikely in any event. She is gutted. She wasn't there for it.

MORVEN  
Who told him?

FLETCH  
Doomsday.

MORVEN  
No. Why did you let him?

FLETCH  
There was no-one else around.

MORVEN gutted that she missed it.

FLETCH (CONT'D)  
Credit to you, though, sending him for the CT. That was a good catch.

MORVEN  
Thanks.

He goes. And she doesn't feel like a very good doctor.

CUT TO:

37

2/37. INT. DARWIN. WARD. BAY 2 - DAY [13.34]

37

ZOSIA and JAC arrive at CAITLIN's bed where CAITLIN and CASH are poring over his sketchbook.

ZOSIA

Caitlin. We're ready for you.

CAITLIN and CASH let out a bit of a groan of annoyance.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

Is that a problem?

CASH

On a bit of a roll. She's just had the most brilliant idea. Look at this.

He holds up his pad. But ZOSIA is concentrating on the obs.

ZOSIA

Sorry, I just have to...

CASH and CAITLIN both nervous. But CASH being strong for his daughter.

CAITLIN

Can Dad come in with me?

ZOSIA

Sorry.

CAITLIN

Please? I want him in there.

CASH

I'll just sit in the corner.

ZOSIA concentrating on the obs, trying to have this conversation at the same time.

ZOSIA

We really can't, I'm afraid.

CASH

You must have observers in there all the time.

ZOSIA

That's different.

CAITLIN

It's okay, Dad.

CASH

(To CAITLIN)

Hang on.

(To ZOSIA)

CASH (CONT'D)

How is it different? Is that board member bloke going to be in there?

ZOSIA

Yes, but -

CASH

So why can't I be in there as well?  
I'm family, I've got a right to be there.

ZOSIA's approaching hypomania and dedication to be brilliant makes her over-explain here.

ZOSIA

Because there's protocol about who's in the room. Surgeons, anaesthetist, perfusionist, scrub nurses.

(the following isn't cruel, ZOSIA is just in her own world)

Occasionally observers, like Mr Wood, but never family. Be they genetic or non-genetic. It doesn't matter - you can't be in there.

Suddenly ZOSIA freezes. Did she just say what she thinks she said? Has she made a terrible mistake? She looks at the faces. JAC is shocked. And the horror on CASH's face is indescribable. A long, horrible, silence. ZOSIA knows she's stuffed up.

CAITLIN

What did you say about 'genetic'?

ZOSIA

I'm sorry.

CAITLIN is struggling for breath.

CAITLIN

What do you...? Dad, what did she...?

Now she's having trouble breathing.

CASH

Caitlin. What's happening to her?

She's panting for breath, wheezing, panic in her eyes. ZOSIA snaps out of it, back into doctor mode.

ZOSIA

She's hypotensive.

JAC

Oxygen and let's get her into theatre.

They start to move CAITLIN away. CASH looks to JAC. Then to his daughter, who is staring at him, disappearing out of the ward. And he knows that this is the moment their relationship changes forever.

CUT TO:

38

2/38. INT. KELLER. STAFF ROOM - DAY [13.36]

38

SACHA finds ESSIE. She is very low.

SACHA

I've drained Ms Whitfield's  
abscess. She'll be back on the ward  
in a bit.

But ESSIE has been thinking of something else.

ESSIE

He's fourteen, Sacha. He has to  
pinch money off his mum so he can  
eat.

SACHA

Poor kid.

ESSIE

And all he needs is a mother.

In the silence - the thing that ESSIE will never be.

SACHA

Have you looked at any  
alternatives?

ESSIE

I don't want to talk about it,  
Sacha.

SACHA

Adoption, fostering.

ESSIE

I said I don't want to talk about  
it. I'm sick of talking about it. I  
just want to do something.

That strikes her for a beat. Then DOMINIC enters, again into  
an awkward moment.

DOMINIC

I'll come back.

SACHA

If you could.

But ESSIE has gone to the fridge and started unloading  
DOMINIC's cooked meals.

DOMINIC

Whoa. Hang on. What's this?

ESSIE

This is me doing something.

DOMINIC  
With my lunches?

ESSIE  
You're a young man with a good job  
and the means to buy yourself lunch  
every day. Be grateful for that.

And off she goes.

DOMINIC  
But that's... that's my moussaka.

But she's gone.

CUT TO:

39

2/39. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2. SCRUB ROOM - DAY [13.38]

39

Furious JAC is scrubbing in when ZOSIA appears and starts to do the same.

JAC

No way. Absolutely not.

ZOSIA keeps scrubbing in. So does JAC.

ZOSIA

She's my patient.

JAC

I don't care. You're not going in there.

ZOSIA

Why not?

JAC

Is that a serious question?

ZOSIA

I don't see how anything I've done affects my ability to operate.

JAC aghast. Can't parse ZOSIA's behaviour.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe I didn't manage that very well, fine, we can talk about it. But the most important thing right now is not their feelings, it's that we do a brilliant job of this procedure and we keep our theatre. We need to focus on that.

She actually has a point.

JAC

You don't touch anything unless I say so.

JAC still not a hundred percent about it. But she goes in. ZOSIA back to scrubbing.

CUT TO:

40

**2/40. INT. KELLER. WARD. SIDE BAY - DAY [13.40]**

40

PARKER sits by KIM's empty bed, waiting. ESSIE's on him with the food containers. She puts them down in front of him.

ESSIE

That should keep you going for a while.

PARKER a bit confused. ESSIE looks him in the eye and is totally honest.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I didn't listen to you.

She leaves him with his food. He's a bit taken aback.

CUT TO:

41

2/41. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [13.43]

41

JAC operating on CAITLIN. ZOSIA assisting. Present are: N/s ANAESTHETIST, N/s SCRUB NURSE, N/s PERFUSIONIST.

TRISTAN watches. The tension between JAC and ZOSIA is obviously very, very high.

JAC

Okay, cutting the pericardium.

ZOSIA

Do you want me to -

JAC

No.

ZOSIA

I can do it.

JAC

Dr March I am so angry right now. I think it's best that you're quiet. Pericardium open.

(To N/s ANAESTHETIST)  
Heparin please.

N/s ANAESTHETIST will inject heparin.

JAC (CONT'D)

Purse strings please.

N/s SCRUB NURSE passes JAC a purse string.

JAC (CONT'D)

Putting a purse string on the aorta.

ZOSIA

(To N/s SCRUB NURSE)  
Can I have a purse string for the right atrium please?

JAC snaps.

JAC

Do not give it to her. Here.

JAC has her hand out. N/s SCRUB NURSE hands the purse string to JAC.

JAC (CONT'D)

And one on the right atrium.

JAC works and ZOSIA stands there, all but useless.

CUT TO:

42

2/42. INT. KELLER. WARD - DAY [13.45]

42

ESSIE and DOMINIC walking away from a N/s PATIENT.

DOMINIC

Because I'd taken considerable care  
to make sure they were perfectly  
nutritionally balanced.

ESSIE

Are you telling me the canteen  
chips aren't?

DOMINIC

I'm telling you that if I get  
scurvy, it's your fault.

ESSIE

I'll bear that in mind.

And they arrive at the Nurses' Station, where the dodgy computer is open and PARKER is sitting on the desk giving instructions to an N/s ELECTRICIAN.

PARKER

No, no, that one. Get that one out.

ISAAC

I told him it was okay as long as  
he didn't touch anything.

PARKER

Had a quick look inside, reckon  
it's a fuse in the power supply.  
Got a spare one in my bag, Mick  
here'll pop it in.

He gives ESSIE a smile here.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Won't be long.

N/s ELECTRICIAN looks up and before he even looks for it, PARKER has handed him the screwdriver he needs. He's totally in control. ESSIE is really chuffed.

CUT TO:

43

## 2/43. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [13.58]

43

CAITLIN's heart is stopped and the right atrium is open. JAC holding a piece of pericardium and stepping away from CAITLIN, placing it on a saline gauze. ZOSIA stands on the opposite side of the table to JAC.

JAC  
Scissors, please.

N/s SCRUB NURSE hands her scissors. JAC narrates for TRISTAN's benefit.

JAC (CONT'D)  
I've removed a small piece of the pericardium, and we'll be using it to patch the hole.

She begins to trim the patch with scissors. Meanwhile, ZOSIA has gone to work in CAITLIN. She has picked up suturing stuff to the surprise of N/s SCRUB NURSE and will get to work, hyper-focused. It's a beat or two before JAC notices.

ZOSIA  
(To CAITLIN)  
If we stitch here, it'll be quicker. We'll get you out in no time.

JAC  
Dr March, what are you doing?

ZOSIA  
I'm stitching the hole together.

JAC  
From the wrong side of the table?

ZOSIA  
I can do it.

JAC  
I'm trimming this piece of pericardium to use as a patch. Like we planned.

ZOSIA looks up at her, as if she hasn't understood.

ZOSIA  
No, no, no, this is much better. Stitching the defect together is quicker and the less time the aorta is cross clamped the less chance of mortality.

JAC  
You know as well as I do that if we stitch, she's more prone to arrhythmia.

ZOSIA  
It'll work.

JAC  
It's not what we agreed.

ZOSIA is intense.

ZOSIA  
It doesn't matter what we agreed!  
She's my patient. This is a far  
better way of doing it.

JAC is realising that this is not normal behaviour for ZOSIA,  
who is bordering on hypomanic.

JAC  
I think you should scrub out.

ZOSIA  
It's okay, I promise.

JAC  
I don't think it is.

ZOSIA  
This is faster, it's safer, she's  
only sixteen for god's sake, we  
can't have her on bypass forever.

JAC  
Dr March.

ZOSIA  
Shut up.

JAC  
Stop, please.

ZOSIA  
Shut up. Shut up. Shut up! It'll  
work if you just leave me alone to  
do it!

Silence. Tension skyrockets. JAC realises that this has gone  
beyond normal insubordination. She knows that she needs to be  
a bit gentler than usual here.

JAC  
Take your hands out of the patient.

ZOSIA  
No. I have to do it. Everything  
depends on it. We have to be  
brilliant. That's what we said. We  
have to be brilliant.

JAC  
Hands out of the patient.

It's a standoff. JAC is moving towards her. Not taking her eyes off her.

ZOSIA

We have to be brilliant.

JAC

Dr March.

She takes hold of ZOSIA's wrists. She knows that ZOSIA isn't well. ZOSIA just looks at her, as if she doesn't know what's happening. She stares into JAC's eyes for a long time.

Then takes her bloodied hands out of CAITLIN. JAC is still holding them.

TRISTAN watches. He's not happy with it. JAC lets ZOSIA's hands go.

JAC (CONT'D)

Go.

ZOSIA goes. We're with her. JAC watches her. The rest of the theatre staff look on, stunned. TRISTAN darkens.

JAC regroups.

JAC (CONT'D)

Scissors please, and I'll get rid  
of these stitches.

CUT TO:

44

**2/44. INT. DARWIN. OUTSIDE THEATRE 2 - DAY [14.01]**

44

ZOSIA comes out of theatre. Hands gloved and bloodied. Something big has obviously just happened. N/s STAFF walk past staring. She just stands there. Doesn't know what to do.

Then she hears something. Faint at first but getting louder. It's the hum of the strip lights. She looks up at the lights. Something on her face. Fear. She can't take her eyes off the lights as the sound gets louder. And louder. And louder.

CUT TO:

45

2/45. INT. AAU. WARD - DAY [14.30]

45

MORVEN standing in the ward. Watching AIDEN. He notices her. She and goes to him.

MORVEN

Hi.

AIDEN

You heard?

MORVEN

I'm so sorry I wasn't here.

AIDEN

Don't be silly, you've got a job to do.

He's heartbreakingly accommodating.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

How was your thing?

MORVEN

I was basically a tea lady in there. Anyone could have done it. I only put my hand up because I wanted to get away...

AIDEN

From me?

MORVEN

Yeah but not like that.

AIDEN

I'm sorry about the ping pong. It was out of line, to even think about a date. I mean, you're my doctor.

MORVEN

It wasn't that.

She's just got to tell him.

MORVEN (CONT'D)

My husband died. Not long ago.

AIDEN

I am so sorry.

MORVEN nods - thank you.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

What was his name?

MORVEN

Arthur. And since... I haven't  
really... I mean to even think  
about going on a date...

AIDEN

I get it.

MORVEN

And I feel bad, like I led you to  
that.

AIDEN takes that in.

AIDEN

Don't feel bad. It was brilliant.  
You're still a very solid performer  
in that regard.

That's a nice thing to say. Lightens it a bit. Then:

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Probably good you weren't here  
actually.

MORVEN

Really?

And here he takes it light - really making her feel better.

AIDEN

Yeah. I mean if you were, you know.  
If you saw me get that news... I  
would have got the pity date. Know  
what I mean?

And she goes along with it. Pleased that their rapport has  
returned.

MORVEN

I do. I do know what you mean.

AIDEN

No-one wants a pity date.

MORVEN

That's true. But I think, and I  
don't want to pull rank, but I  
think if anyone was going to be  
getting a pity date...

AIDEN

Fair play, yeah, you're probably  
right.

They smile at each other. The black comedy is a relief. And  
it opens them up enough for AIDEN to ask:

AIDEN (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you something?

AIDEN has been thinking about this. Deep breath.

AIDEN (CONT'D)  
I know the other doctor said we  
have to wait for the biopsy  
results, but you've seen the scan,  
right?

Right.

AIDEN (CONT'D)  
You're pretty sure what it is,  
aren't you?

MORVEN  
Aiden...

AIDEN  
Please. Just... be honest with me.  
What do you think it is?

MORVEN can hardly look at him.

MORVEN  
Cancer.

AIDEN  
How bad is it?

MORVEN  
It would have been better if we'd  
caught it earlier.

AIDEN  
Right.

He takes that in.

AIDEN (CONT'D)  
Better get that pity date in then.

He manages a smile. So does MORVEN. But it's very  
bittersweet.

CUT TO:

46

2/46. INT. KELLER. WARD. SIDE BAY - DAY [14.45]

46

ESSIE doing her post-surgery obs on KIM. She's not all that happy with her. SACHA there.

SACHA

Any nausea?

KIM

No.

SACHA

And you're comfortable enough?

KIM

Bit of pain.

ESSIE and SACHA share a look here.

SACHA

I think we need to have a conversation about that, Ms Whitfield. When you came in today, did you have any medication in your system?

KIM

No. Why would I?

SACHA

Because your symptoms were consistent with a morphine overdose.

KIM realising she's rumbled.

ESSIE

We know you have a dependency on prescription painkillers.

KIM

I'm trying to stop.

ESSIE

I know. And I know how hard it must have been. But you let me think Parker was assaulting you.

KIM

I never said that.

ESSIE

But that's what you wanted me to believe.

KIM

What I do with my son is my business.

ESSIE

Not if we think you're not coping.

ESSIE is so gentle but she has to do this.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to have to call Social Services.

KIM

No. Please don't. They'll take him away.

ESSIE

No they won't.

KIM

Come on. Single mum, addict... I can't lose him.

ESSIE

You won't.

KIM

I know I should have told you about the pills. I'm not stupid. I know I have to get off them and I'll try, I promise you, I'll try.

This is really resonating with ESSIE.

KIM (CONT'D)

I can be his mother. I can do it properly if you just please give me a chance.

ESSIE impossibly torn. KIM sees PARKER arriving. Brightens.

KIM (CONT'D)

Hi, darling.

PARKER

Are you okay?

KIM

I am. Yes. Good as new.

SACHA

Surgery was a success and she should be able to go home soon.

KIM

Isn't that good?

PARKER just nods. To him, going home isn't all that great. ESSIE is watching this.

ESSIE

We'll leave you to it.

PARKER  
Fixed your power supply.

He hands her the 'Broken Again' sign.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Got Mick to tweak it a bit as well.  
Should be quicker now.

ESSIE's appreciation - this kid is amazing.

ESSIE  
Thank you, Parker.

PARKER  
I couldn't find a feedback box, but  
if you want my opinion, your IT  
staff are completely useless.

ESSIE can't help but smile.

ESSIE  
I'll pass that on.

She feels a real connection to him.

CUT TO:

47

2/47. INT. DARWIN. NURSES' STATION - DAY [15.00]

47

JAC has emerged from theatre, comes across MO on the ward.

MO  
How'd it go?

JAC  
Fine. Where is she?

MO  
Who?

JAC  
Zosia.

MO  
I thought she was assisting you.

JAC  
I had to throw her out.

MO  
Why?

JAC  
She started stitching for a device closure when I was literally holding a piece of pericardium to patch it.

MO  
She'd never make that mistake.

JAC  
No. She wouldn't.

MO  
You think...?

JAC  
She was brilliant in surgery this morning. VATS pneumothorax. She absolutely smashed it.

MO knows what this is about.

MO  
Hyper-focus.

JAC  
How did I not see it?

MO  
She's good at hiding it.

JAC  
And now I've got no idea where she's gone.

JAC (CONT'D)

I've got to do post-surgical on  
Caitlin, can you try and find her?

MO nods. And JAC goes. MO worried.

CUT TO:

48

2/48. INT. AAU. LOCKER ROOM - DAY [16.00]

48

MORVEN in the Locker Room. She's in her normal clothes, and just closing her locker. She stops for a moment. Just stares at the locker. RAF pops in.

RAF

That was good work today.

MORVEN

Thanks.

RAF

We're going for a drink if you fancy it. Be a good chance for you to talk to Ms Campbell about your future.

It's a great opportunity.

RAF (CONT'D)

She was very impressed with you.

She thinks about it for a long time.

MORVEN

Actually.

MORVEN is already walking past him on her way out.

MORVEN (CONT'D)

I've got something I need to do.

MORVEN is determined.

CUT TO:

49

**2/49. INT. DARWIN. WARD. BAY 2 - DAY [16.15]**

49

JAC is at her gravest as she apologises to CASH and CAITLIN.

JAC

So we're expecting a very normal recovery.

CAITLIN

Thank you.

JAC

I also want to offer our complete apology for Dr March's behaviour earlier. You told us something in confidence, and we betrayed that confidence. It's unacceptable.

CASH

Where is she?

JAC

She's been taken ill.

CASH

I want her to apologise.

JAC

On behalf of the hospital, again, I am very sorry.

CASH

I want Dr March to say it.

CAITLIN

Dad, she doesn't have to do that.

CASH

Yes she does.

CAITLIN

It's fine, Dad.

CASH

Caitlin, let me handle this. They had no right -

CAITLIN

You think I hadn't wondered about it?

Silence. CASH looks at her.

CASH

What?

CAITLIN

Come on. I know when you and Mum got together...

CASH

Yeah, but -

CAITLIN

I knew you were abroad beforehand.  
And I don't look anything like you,  
do I?

No. CASH knows it.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)

So it's always been there. I guess  
I just tried not to think about it  
too much.

CASH

Why didn't you ever say anything?

CAITLIN

Because it doesn't matter.

And she says that so simply that it breaks CASH's heart.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter.

CASH

I love you, Princess.

And for once, she is happy to hear it.

CUT TO:

50

2/50. INT. KELLER. WARD. SIDE BAY - DAY [16.30]

50

ESSIE pulling aside the curtain.

ESSIE

Okay, Kim. Here's the situation...

But KIM is gone. PARKER too. What?

ESSIE (CONT'D)

Sacha.

SACHA turns and she indicates the empty bed.

SACHA

Where have they gone?

ESSIE

I don't know. Have we got an address?

She looks at the chart.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

BS54. Does that even exist?

SACHA

(Realises)

Fake address, isn't it.

ESSIE

Which I should have picked up when they came in.

SACHA

So they're on their own now?

ESSIE

Yeah. They're on their own.

Her frustration.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

I could not have played it worse.

SACHA

It's okay.

ESSIE

No wonder they've gone. I accused him of abusing her. Wrong. I gave her more morphine. Wrong. I let my own personal feelings get in the way. I had a hangover for crying out loud! Is it any surprise I've stuffed it up.

He just lets her blow off steam.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

Maybe it's a good thing I'm never  
going to be a mother. I'm just not  
a natural.

SACHA

Don't say that.

ESSIE

Well, if this is the way I handle  
it.

SACHA is sympathetic. ESSIE's phone beeps. She reads the message, and gives a little gasp.

SACHA

What?

ESSIE

(Reads)

Sorry we had to go. Your kids are  
lucky to have you. Parker. P.S.  
work on your stamina.

SACHA

Well someone thinks you're a mum  
already.

ESSIE is touched.

CUT TO:

51

**2/51. INT. DARWIN - DAY [16.35]**

51

JAC rejoins MO.

JAC

Anything?

MO

Mobile's going straight to voicemail. No answer on the landline. So she's either not home or she's ignoring it.

JAC

Did you get onto her psych?

MO

He can't say anything, but between the lines, she hasn't been in touch.

Dead ends all round.

JAC

So where the hell is she?

CUT TO:

52 2/52. INT. ALBIE'S - DAY [17.40]

52

TRISTAN. With ZOSIA. Quite cosy. Clinking glasses.

ZOSIA  
Thanks for joining me.TRISTAN  
Quite a day, Dr March.ZOSIA  
Impressed?TRISTAN  
More concerned.ZOSIA  
You didn't find it exciting?TRISTAN  
I'm not sure that's the word I'd  
use.ZOSIA  
We saved a young girl's life today.  
Without us, she would have been  
dead in a few years. Can you get  
your head around that?

She's close now. It's loaded. TRISTAN not hating it.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)  
To have that power. In our hands.  
Every single day. That's why we  
have to keep that theatre. You have  
to change your mind. You have to.TRISTAN  
We'll see.

ZOSIA thinks she could be losing him. So changes tack.

ZOSIA  
You know what? You're right. I did  
make a mistake today.

She holds his gaze and goes a hundred percent at him.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)  
The brown shoes are actually  
incredibly sexy.

She puts a hand on his leg. He looks at her. She looks back.

CUT TO:

53

2/53. INT. AAU. WARD - DAY [17.50]

53

"Rocket Man" playing. MORVEN heads into the ward where AIDEN is alone in his bed. She's carrying something.

She arrives at his bed, arranges a little table.

AIDEN

What's this?

She says nothing, just hands him a ping pong bat. He looks at her quizzically, but she's placing a little portable ping pong table on the bed table.

\*  
\*  
\*

Satisfied, she produces her own bat and a ball.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

Where did you get this?

MORVEN

Gift shop has all kinds of tat.

AIDEN

Tat? This is the sport they play in heaven.

He's out of bed, and MORVEN has her bat ready to serve.

MORVEN

Ready?

AIDEN

Ready.

She serves. They play. They smile.

CUT TO:

54

**2/54. INT. KELLER. SISTERS' OFFICE - DAY [17.51]**

54

"Rocket Man" continues. ESSIE on the phone.

ESSIE

Hello, my name is Estelle Harrison.

Deep breath.

ESSIE (CONT'D)

I'd like to enquire about becoming  
a foster parent.

She's done it.

CUT TO:

55

## 2/55. EXT. HOLBY CARPARK - DAY [17.53]

55

TRISTAN has the back door of a cab open and is about to pour ZOSIA into it. She's laughing and shrieking as she stumbles a little on the curb.

TRISTAN

Careful there.

ZOSIA

Hopeless. Can't control myself.

TRISTAN thinks all his Christmases have come at once. Until:

JAC

Zosia.

She's there, and she's not happy. TRISTAN is clever enough to read the situation - and he's caring all of a sudden.

JAC (CONT'D)

I think you'd better go home.

TRISTAN

Oh, thank goodness you're here.

JAC doesn't buy it for a second.

JAC

(To ZOSIA)

Get in.

JAC manages to get ZOSIA into the back of the cab.

TRISTAN

She's had a bit too much, I think.

I was making sure she got home  
safely.

And JAC can't let that lie pass. She just fixes him with a terrifying look.

JAC

You're a liar.

And she gets into the cab.

CUT TO:

56

2/56. EXT. HOLBY / INT. TAXI - DAY [17.55]

56

JAC gets in with ZOSIA.

ZOSIA

What did you just do?

JAC

Nothing.

ZOSIA

I was going to get our theatre.  
We're going to keep our theatre.

JAC

Zosia, look at me.

She gets her attention.

JAC (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

ZOSIA

Yes.

JAC

Are you okay?

ZOSIA

Yes, I told you.

JAC

Zosia.

And this time she looks at her so hard, draws on everything their relationship has to try to get through to her.

JAC (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

And ZOSIA looks back at her for a long moment. JAC doesn't look away. And ZOSIA finally cracks. In a very small voice.

ZOSIA

No. I'm not.

And then bursts into tears.

ZOSIA (CONT'D)

I'm really not.

She collapses, sobbing, into JAC's arms. And JAC holds her.

JAC

It's alright.

ZOSIA

I'm not. I'm not okay.

JAC

It's alright. I promise it will be  
alright.

ZOSIA sobs. JAC holds her. They're going to get through it  
together. The cab pulls away.

END OF EPISODE.