

THIS IS GOING TO HURT

EPISODE 1

POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT - BBC

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<p><u>INT. CAR - MORNING</u></p> <p>ADAM is asleep - a deep, deep sleep. We're close on his face and it's unclear where we are. His phone rings. We hear background hubbub. The phone continues to ring and starts to rouse him. He has that look of morning confusion, like when you wake up in a hotel room and don't quite know where you are. Confusion turns to panic as he (and we) see he's in the front seat of his car. He looks at the clock on the dashboard - it's too bleary for him to make out. He blinks it into focus. It's 8:06. On clock.</p> <p>ADAM answers his mobile.</p> <p>ADAM looks ashen. He filibusters while he wipes condensation from inside the car window to work out where the hell he is. ADAM's face suddenly transforms to one of relief as he realises, he's in the hospital car park.</p> <p>From ADAM.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p>	<p>ADAM Fuck.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Shit.</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) Hello?</p> <p>SHRUTI (THROUGH MOBILE) Hi, Adam it's Shruti, one of the SHOs. Sorry to disturb you erm... You're on the rota for labour ward today and MR. LOCKHART-</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) Err yeah, yeah, yeah erm... erm tell him I'm really sorry I think there's been an accident. I've been sat here for an hour...</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Urgh.</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MBILE) (CONT'D) And I'll be there in a minute.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:00:00</p>
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<p><u>EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING</u></p> <p>ADAM looks rough. He rushes up the ramp towards a campus of hospital buildings, talking into his mobile.</p> <p>A beat as ADAM listens.</p> <p>A beat as ADAM listens.</p> <p>ADAM talking on mobile almost takes out a proud NEW DAD holding a car seat. To NEW DAD.</p> <p>A beat as ADAM listens.</p> <p>ADAM sees a heavily pregnant WOMAN in her late 20s, ANDREA, leaning against the wall, wailing.</p> <p>ADAM runs off.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING</u></p> <p>ADAM rushes over to ANDREA who speaks in a EUROPEAN ACCENT.</p> <p>On ADAM approaching.</p>	<p>LONDON 2006</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) Well, I'm not dead, am I. Please tell me you haven't ordered a coffin?</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) Of course, I'm not having an affair! I wouldn't have the time. I just fell asleep last night when I went to the car. Who did you phone? Please tell me you haven't phoned the police.</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) Well, who did you phone?</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Oh, shit sorry.</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) Who did you phone then?</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) (INTO MOBILE) My mum?! Shit. Are you deranged? And what did she...</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) Don't go anywhere. I'm gonna call you right back.</p> <p>ANDREA Is coming out!</p> <p>ANDREA (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Is coming out!</p>	<p>Scene & Caption In: 10:01:00</p> <p>Scene: 10:01:33</p>
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<p>Off her look.</p> <p>On ADAM as he looks under her dress. There is, unmistakably, an arm hanging out.</p> <p>ADAM to CAMERA.</p> <p>ADAM helps her walk. It's a struggle.</p>	<p>ADAM Well, stroke of luck - you've come to the right place. Let's get you up to labour ward shall we? It's erm...bit of a walk I'm afraid just round the-</p> <p>ANDREA Argh!</p> <p>ADAM Actually, do you mind if I, have a quick check? I'm a doctor, probably should have said. I'm Adam and you are?</p> <p>ANDREA Andrea.</p> <p>ADAM Andrea.</p> <p>ANDREA (O.O.V) Yeah.</p> <p>ADAM Okay... Okay Andrea, so erm...baby's arm has come out.</p> <p>ANDREA That is normal?</p> <p>ADAM (TO CAMERA) Take a wild guess.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Baby is, is lying sideways. D'you understand that? Sideways. So, you need a caesarean section.</p> <p>ANDREA Ah caesarean.</p> <p>ADAM I've got a scalpel in my back pocket, you'll be fine. Shall we go?</p> <p>ANDREA Yeah.</p>	
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<p>She's in a lot of pain, hugely pregnant and generally unwieldy. The entrance they're heading for is at the far end of the building. ADAM has a flash of inspiration.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>EXT. MATERNITY WING</u> <u>SIDE ENTRANCE –</u> <u>MORNING –</u> <u>CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>There's an unmarked door at the side of the building much closer to them - ADAM leads ANDREA in there.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. MATERNITY WING</u> <u>SIDE ENTRANCE.</u> <u>CORRIDOR – MORNING</u> <u>- CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>They hobble into a part of the hospital that's clearly not meant for patients.</p> <p>To PORTER.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p>	<p>ADAM Yep. That's it... that's it. You okay? Erm Andrea, I know a shortcut. Let's go this way.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) / ANDREA (AT THE SAME TIME) I don't wanna hurry you Andrea... / Argh!! / ...but we gotta get going. You're doing brilliantly.</p> <p>ANDREA (CONT'D) Arrrrgh!!</p> <p>ANDREA (CONT'D) Arrrrgh!!</p> <p>ADAM That's okay deep breaths.</p> <p>PORTER Mind yourselves!</p> <p>ADAM Come on then quickly, hurry up.</p> <p>ANDREA Argh!!</p> <p>ADAM That's it we're nearly there. We're gonna go up in the staff lift. Nearly there, nearly there.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:02:27</p> <p>Scene: 10:02:31</p>
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<p><u>INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR – MORNING</u> <u>- CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>They enter a new corridor.</p> <p>They arrive at a paternoster lift.</p> <p>ANDREA looks terrified.</p> <p>ADAM ushers her into the paternoster but she loses her nerve and doesn't make it. They wait for it to go round again.</p> <p>At the second attempt they jump onto a compartment of the paternoster.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p>	<p>ANDREA Argh!</p> <p>ADAM Come on.</p> <p>ANDREA That is lift?</p> <p>ADAM It's safe. Come.</p> <p>ANDREA Really?</p> <p>ADAM Yeah, you can do it.</p> <p>ANDREA I can't.</p> <p>ADAM Yeah.</p> <p>ANDREA Oh my god.</p> <p>ADAM / ANDREA (CONT'D) (AT THE SAME TIME) Yeah. / No, no, no. / Yeah. No wait, wait, wait.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Wait for it. No, no, no. You okay, you ready? Three, two, one.</p> <p>ANDREA Argh!</p> <p>ANDREA (CONT'D) Argh!</p> <p>ADAM Keep breathing! Nice deep breaths.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:02:40</p>
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<p><u>INT. PATERNOSTER LIFT – MORNING - CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>ADAM and ANDREA are in a tiny lift compartment, ascending the floors.</p> <p>ADAM to CAMERA as he reaches in his pocket for a lanyard - with his ID card.</p> <p>ADAM shows ANDREA his ID.</p> <p>ANDREA makes a hesitant lurch forward but doesn't manage it.</p> <p>The lift continues to climb. Suddenly, everything goes dark and the mechanical sounds are significantly louder. It doesn't seem ideal. It's soon pitch black.</p> <p>ANDREA screams.</p>	<p>ADAM (CONT'D) When I say so, we're gonna jump out of the lift.</p> <p>ANDREA Are you a real doctor?</p> <p>ADAM Fair question.</p> <p>ADAM (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D) Though strangely one you've asked me <i>after</i> you showed me your vagina.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Right there you go. Yes? Okay so let's get ready. Ready? And... jump!</p> <p>ANDREA Arrrrgh!</p> <p>ADAM Don't worry, don't worry. The lift will go round and we'll have another go. You're doing really well.</p> <p>ANDREA What's happening?</p> <p>ADAM We're just going through the- through the roof bit before it goes down.</p> <p>ANDREA Arrrrgh!</p> <p>ADAM Alright? It'll be light again soon.</p> <p>ANDREA Something's wrong. Look!</p> <p>ADAM Okay.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:02:58</p>
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<p>A sudden blast of light as ADAM gets his phone from his pocket and turns on the torch function. We reorientate. A long loop of umbilical cord is dangling between ANDREA's legs. The rest of this conversation is lit by ADAM's phone.</p> <p>ADAM stands, faces ANDREA.</p> <p>ADAM to CAMERA.</p> <p>ADAM scoops up the cord and holds it. To ANDREA.</p> <p>ADAM dials the number that called him earlier. To himself.</p> <p>ADAM hangs up - they've reached the labour ward floor again.</p> <p>They are about to miss their chance to get off again. ADAM gives her a shove, and ANDREA stumbles out into an undecorated, non-patient-facing part of the hospital. ADAM leads ANDREA across a lobby to some double doors.</p>	<p>ADAM (CONT'D) Jesus Christ.</p> <p>ADAM (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D) We call this a cord prolapse. Ideally it would happen on labour ward, not in a mad lift.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Okay Andrea, everything's gonna be fine.</p> <p>ADAM (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D) I mean, it might be fine? If the cord gets cold, the baby stops getting blood. No more blood, no more baby.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Right hold it inside, you understand? Inside.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Come on, come on, come on.</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) Are you the SHO? Staff lifts now. Bring a hospital bed and a box of gloves. Literally now. Cord prolapse.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Right come on Andrea we need to get off. Get ready. Jump! Jump! Jump!</p> <p>ANDREA <i>I CAN'T!</i></p> <p>ADAM Fuck it.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Come on. Okay?</p>	
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<p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. MATERNITY WING</u> <u>SECOND FLOOR -</u> <u>MORNING -</u> <u>CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>ANDREA hobbles through a set of double doors with ADAM. We're now in a more patient-facing part of the hospital. ADAM looks cross that no one is there to meet him. He parks ANDREA against the wall.</p> <p>He goes to find help when SHRUTI (25, wearing scrubs and a stethoscope) clatters through with a bed. To SHRUTI.</p> <p>On SHRUTI.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p>	<p>ANDREA Arghhh!</p> <p>ADAM Andrea stay there.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Get her up on the bed. Knee-elbow position, replace the cord...</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...get her round to theatre. I'm gonna...</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) ...change into some scrubs. You consent her.</p> <p>SHRUTI (O.O.V) Ah...</p> <p>SHRUTI (CONT'D) ...consent her for?</p> <p>ADAM A deep tissue massage. It's a cord prolapse. Caesarean!</p> <p>SHRUTI Oh wh- when you say knee elbow...</p> <p>SHRUTI (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...position...</p>	<p>Scene: 10:04:06</p>
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<p>ADAM goes back to SHRUTI.</p> <p>SHRUTI looks away, embarrassed. ADAM takes hold of ANDREA.</p> <p>To SHRUTI as he helps ANDREA onto the bed.</p> <p>ADAM to ANDREA.</p> <p>From ADAM helping ANDREA.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. CORRIDOR.</u> <u>OUTSIDE LABOUR</u> <u>WARD - MORNING</u></p> <p>SHRUTI pushes the hospital bed. We see ADAM is kneeling on the bed behind ANDREA, who's crouched forward on her knees and elbows. He has his arm inside her in a veterinary position, with a sheet covering her. SHRUTI crashes the bed into the wall. To SHRUTI.</p> <p>Before ADAM can go mental, TRACY the midwife supervisor (black, early 40s), runs over, chucks a Sonicaid (small baby heart monitor) onto the bed.</p>	<p>ADAM My mistake, sorry. Your outfit looks a lot like what the doctors wear.</p> <p>ANDREA Arghhh!</p> <p>ADAM I'll do this, you push the bed.</p> <p>ANDREA / ADAM (CONT'D) (AT THE SAME TIME) Arghhh! / Get up on here.</p> <p>ADAM That's it.</p> <p>ANDREA Arghhh!</p> <p>ANDREA (CONT'D) ARGH!</p> <p>ADAM A bit less Alton Towers...</p> <p>SHRUTI / ADAM (CONT'D) (AT THE SAME TIME) Ah, I'm so sorry. / ...maybe?</p>	<p>Scene: 10:04:36</p>
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<p>To SHRUTI.</p> <p>To SHRUTI.</p> <p>TRACY starts to push them (more effectively) down the corridor.</p> <p>From SHRUTI, flustered.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD.</u> <u>CORRIDOR - MORNING</u> <u>- CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>TRACY pushes the hospital bed through the double doors into labour ward.</p> <p>As they round the corner, ERIKA, a patient (mid 20s, flame-red hair and an annoying ditziness about her) bounds out of the triage area towards ADAM.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p>	<p>TRACY Why don't I drive? You go and find the anaesthetist.</p> <p>ADAM It's the doctor that makes you go sleep-sleep.</p> <p>ANDREA (O.O.V) ARGH!</p> <p>TRACY I've found the husband, he's just coming up from reception.</p> <p>ADAM / ERIKA (O.O.V) (AT THE SAME TIME) It's okay Andrea... / Dr Adam! /...everything's gonna be fine. You'll have a baby in five minutes.</p> <p>ANDREA And is free?</p> <p>ADAM Yep free, completely free. We're not even allowed to accept tips.</p> <p>ANDREA ARGH!</p> <p>ERIKA Dr Adam! You should see me next, it's <i>really</i> urgent!</p> <p>ADAM Really?</p> <p>TRACY (O.O.V) Erika, darling, can you just take a seat for me...</p>	<p>Scene: 10:04:48</p>
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<p>We hear ANDREA's HUSBAND in the distance.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>ANDREA's (Romanian-speaking) HUSBAND appears, running after the moving bed. On ADAM.</p> <p>To ANDREA'S HUSBAND.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>To TRACY.</p>	<p>TRACY (CONT'D) ...please.</p> <p>ERIKA Tracy!</p> <p>ANDREA'S HUSBAND (O.S) Andrea?</p> <p>ERIKA How was...</p> <p>ERIKA (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...Mallorca? Did Mick like the hotel?</p> <p>ANDREA'S HUSBAND Andrea?</p> <p>TRACY (O.O.V) / ANDREA'S HUSBAND (CONT'D) (AT THE SAME TIME) Erika just go back to triage... / Andrea! / ...please.</p> <p>ANDREA'S HUSBAND (IN ROMANIAN) Ce Dumnezeu se-ntampla?! Translation: I don't understand what's going on? Are you okay?</p> <p>TRACY I did...</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...explain that the doctor would be...</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) / ANDREA'S HUSBAND (IN ROMANIAN) ...holding the cord <i>inside</i>. / Nimeni nu imi spune nimica! Nimeni nu imi spune- Translation: Nobody is telling me what's going on! Nobody is telling me-</p> <p>ADAM Probably didn't tell him that I'd be wearing her like Kermit the Frog.</p> <p>ANDREA'S HUSBAND I don't understand.</p>	
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<p>To ANDREA.</p> <p>ADAM to CAMERA.</p> <p>As ADAM disappears through the theatre doors, we hear ANDREA SCREAM one last time as everything...</p> <p>FADES TO BLACK:</p> <p>BLACK SCREEN: We hear a new born baby cry as the TITLES come in:</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. CHANGING ROOM - MORNING</u></p> <p>ADAM draws a tally mark on a sheet of paper stuck to the door of his locker. He exhales, empties his pocket, chucks it into his locker.</p> <p>ADAM to CAMERA.</p> <p>ADAM removes his shoes and walks leaving bloody footprints to a vending machine full of scrubs. He touches a white card on a card reader on the machine. The display shows "Daily allowance 4.3 units remaining". ADAM to CAMERA as we see his reflection in the glass.</p>	<p>ANDREA (O.O.V) ARGH!</p> <p>ADAM That's baby's heartbeat!</p> <p>ADAM (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D) Welcome to the NHS!</p> <p>ANDREA (O.O.V) ARGH!</p> <p>THIS IS GOING TO HURT</p> <p>Based on the book by ADAM KAY</p> <p>ADAM (TO CAMERA) This is obs and gynae. Also known as brats and twats.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) (O.O.V) You're generally sailing the ship alone. A ship that's massive and on fire and no-one's had the time to...</p> <p>ADAM (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D) ...teach you how to sail. It's literally life or death here.</p>	<p>Fade to Black: 10:05:25</p> <p>Titles In & Music In: 10:05:27</p> <p>Scene: 10:05:30</p> <p>Caption In: 10:05:32</p>
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<p>A pair of scrubs drop to a dispensing area.</p> <p>ADAM to CAMERA as he peels off his blood-soaked jumper and chucks it in the bin followed by his shirt.</p> <p>On the bin as ADAM's blood stained shirt lands inside.</p> <p>ADAM removes his jeans and throws them in the bin.</p> <p>ADAM takes off his boxers. To CAMERA.</p> <p>He bins them too.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM stands at the sinks and sees there's blood on his cock. He starts to wash it in the sink just as MR. LOCKHART walks into the changing room. He's in his mid-50s, a silver fox.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART opens his locker.</p>	<p>ADAM (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D) And you're constantly being splashed by bodily fluids. Not even the fun kind. But...</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...what other doctors can say...</p> <p>ADAM (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D) ...they end up with <i>twice</i> the number of patients they started with? Beat that, geriatrics.</p> <p>ADAM (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D) Clothes bill means I'm...probably running my job at a loss though.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Ah MR. LOCKHART.</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) Having fun there?</p> <p>ADAM I was jus-</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART Yeah, I'm not entirely convinced I want to know.</p> <p>ADAM I don't know if you heard, there was a massive cord prolapse before. Erm crash section, got the baby out in 90 seconds-</p>	<p>Music Out: 10:06:28</p>
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On ADAM.	MR. LOCKHART I heard that you rocked up ten minutes late, nearly killed a patient in the maintenance...	
	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...lift then did a caesarean section in...	
	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) ...casual wear.	
On ADAM.	ADAM It was more that I took a shortcut-	
	MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) Doctors aren't meant to take...	
	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) ...shortcuts, Adam. Remember when I asked you to be an acting registrar?	
On ADAM.	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Can you try acting? Like a bloody registrar?	
	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) I'll be in my office if you need me. Which I <i>strongly</i> suggest you won't. You've missed a bit.	
Looking down at ADAM's cock. MR. LOCKHART leaves the changing room and ADAM, deflated.		
CUT TO:		
<u>INT. LABOUR WARD</u> <u>CORRIDOR - MORNING</u>		Scene: 10:07:09
ADAM walks down the corridor past triage. We hear a lot of SCREAMING coming from one of the beds. A PORTER is cordoning off a corner of the area to make a makeshift room for a labouring mother. The ward is clearly bursting at the seams today.	PORTER Mind out please, mind out.	

<p>ADAM notices something through the window of a delivery room, then looks through it to see ANDREA, ANDREA's HUSBAND and NEW BABY - a picture of new born bliss. On ADAM as he allows himself a flash of pride.</p> <p>On ADAM. He turns to see ERIKA at the reception desk with RIA.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>ADAM almost trips over a bucket of water, collecting drips from the ceiling. On ADAM.</p> <p>As soon as ERIKA is out of earshot, RIA's face immediately flips from one theatre mask to the other. Buskin to Sock or whatever they're called.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p>	<p>ADAM Hm.</p> <p>RIA (O.S) Oh, I know.</p> <p>ERIKA (O.S) It's really urgent!</p> <p>RIA I know, petal. But I promise you the doctor...</p> <p>RIA (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...won't be long.</p> <p>ERIKA (O.O.V) Pinky promise?</p> <p>RIA Pinky promise with a little cherry on top.</p> <p>RIA (O.O.V) Why don't you head back to...</p> <p>RIA (CONT'D) ...where you were sitting?</p> <p>RIA (CONT'D) Moany old trout.</p> <p>ADAM Morning, Ria.</p> <p>RIA (O.O.V) Morning, Dr Kay!</p>	
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On ADAM as he approaches TRACY at the whiteboard.	TRACY (O.O.V) Oh, there he is. ADAM Ward round, Trace? TRACY Can I ask you something personal, darling? ADAM Is it, "Why d'you look like shit this morning?" TRACY I wasn't gonna ask it like that. ADAM I slept in my car last night. TRACY Well, it must be hard maintaining a relationship what with your job and your personality.	
ADAM to CAMERA.	ADAM (TO CAMERA) Tracy's the head midwife on today. I'd let her sew up my sister's perineum - which sounds weird now that I've said it, but it's actually the highest compliment I can give.	
On SHRUTI tangerine in her hand.	ADAM (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Oh remember to... ADAM (CONT'D) ...remove the thick shiny layer on the outside.	
On SHRUTI.	TRACY (O.O.V) Ignore him - his girlfriend's... TRACY (CONT'D) ...come to her senses...	
On SHRUTI.	TRACY (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...and dumped him. ADAM No one's dumped anyone.	
On ADAM.	TRACY (O.O.V) But if you do wanna smack...	

<p>On SHRUTI.</p> <p>To ADAM.</p> <p>TRACY walks off, ADAM goes to follow. As he passes SHRUTI.</p> <p>ADAM to CAMERA.</p> <p>SHRUTI unfolds a piece of A4 in her pocket.</p> <p>On SHRUTI.</p> <p>ADAM looks sheepish. His pocket BUZZES and he looks at his phone. There's an absolute inundation of emails on a chain that reads on screen:</p> <p>ADAM scrolls to see there's messages from numerous people including GREG.</p>	<p>TRACY (CONT'D) ...him I will turn a blind...</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...eye. D'you mind if we...</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) ...nip to Room Eight first, she's making pretty slow progress.</p> <p>ADAM Pop downstairs and review Mrs Buckstar quickly?</p> <p>ADAM (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D) Doctors speak a lot of code. So it's "epididymo-orchitis" rather than "gammy cock and balls". Review Mrs Buckstar, go to Starbucks.</p> <p>SHRUTI Which ward is Mrs Buckstar in?</p> <p>TRACY (O.O.V) He wants you to get him a fancy coffee without me...</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) ...knowing. Milk and one sugar for me please.</p> <p>ADAM'S MOBILE PHONE NOTIFICATION 56 Unread Emails Greg Weatherby Re: WHERE'S THIS STAG DO TONIGHT THEN?</p> <p>ADAM'S MOBILE PHONE NOTIFICATION Mark Campbell Re: Re: WHERE'S THIS STAG DO TONIGHT THEN? James Matthews Re: Re: Re: WHERE'S THIS STAG DO TONIGHT THEN? Mark Campbell Re: Re: Re: Re: WHERE'S THIS STAG DO TONIGHT THEN?</p>	<p>Graphics In: 10:08:42</p> <p>Graphics In: 10:08:43</p>
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<p>TRACY pushes ADAM's phone away, forcing him to put it away. TRACY opens the door of room eight. We follow TRACY and ADAM in.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. DELIVERY ROOM 8</u> <u>- MORNING -</u> <u>CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>The patient, CALLIE (mid-30s, mumsy) is sitting in bed doing a crossword. CALLIE'S MOTHER (60s) is fussing over her. Another midwife ANNA is writing in the patient's notes. She passes them to ADAM.</p> <p>A beat.</p> <p>To ADAM.</p> <p>CALLIE'S MOTHER passes ADAM an open bag of mints.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>ADAM takes the sweet and pops it in his mouth. CALLIE's MOTHER is fussing over her. ADAM has a look at the CTG machine.</p>	<p>CALLIE (O.S) I'm in labour...</p> <p>CALLIE (CONT'D) ...mother, not quadriplegic.</p> <p>ADAM Hi, I'm Adam, one of the doctors. I'm afraid I've got some bad news.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) You've spelt "pavilion" wrong.</p> <p>CALLIE'S MOTHER Erm... Would you like a sweetie dear?</p> <p>CALLIE The doctor's not gonna give me better care...</p> <p>CALLIE (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...because you offer him a Murray Mint.</p> <p>ADAM Um...in fairness, I might actually.</p> <p>CALLIE'S MOTHER Alright?</p> <p>ADAM You've got a little bit stuck at six centimetres. So I suggest we wang the dose up on the drip that's helping your contractions-</p>	<p>Scene: 10:08:49</p>
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<p>ADAM mimes Caesarean incision. CALLIE shoots him a look.</p> <p>On CALLIE.</p> <p>On CALLIE and her MOTHER.</p> <p>On CALLIE and her MOTHER.</p> <p>On CALLIE as her face and the temperature in the room both drop. She ignores TRACY and turns to ADAM.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p>	<p>CALLIE Is <i>wang</i> a medical term?</p> <p>ADAM Sure is. And if that doesn't work we'll erm...</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Anna, let's put the Synto on eighty-four and re-examine in four hours?</p> <p>ANNA It won't be me actually. I'll be home by then.</p> <p>CALLIE Really?</p> <p>ANNA (O.O.V) Well, I've been here...</p> <p>ANNA (CONT'D) ...fifteen hours - if I stay any longer they'll start charging me council...</p> <p>ANNA (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...tax.</p> <p>CALLIE Oh, right.</p> <p>TRACY (O.O.V) Don't worry darling...</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) ...I'll do it so, at...</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...least it'll be a familiar face.</p> <p>CALLIE Could you do the examination instead...</p> <p>CALLIE (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...doctor?</p> <p>ADAM Well, it does make more sense for Tracy to do it.</p>	
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To TRACY, sternly.	CALLIE'S MOTHER Where did you train?	
On ADAM.	TRACY (O.O.V) Would you like me to pop home and...	
	TRACY (CONT'D) ...get my degree certificates?	
To ANNA.	CALLIE'S MOTHER There's no way you could stay, is there?	
	ADAM Erm I'm not sure I like where this is going.	
	CALLIE Well, you're not saying I can't <i>choose</i> who does <i>intimate</i> examinations on me, are you?	
	ADAM I'm saying you won't be choosing based on the colour of their skin.	
	TRACY Adam.	
	CALLIE What?!	
On CALLIE.	CALLIE'S MOTHER (O.O.V) When did anyone...	
	CALLIE'S MOTHER (CONT'D) ...say anything about skin colour?	
On ADAM.	CALLIE (O.O.V) It's called patient...	
	CALLIE (CONT'D) ...choice.	
	ADAM Yeah, it's important to have a choice. Like, tonight I might choose to order a pizza rather than firebomb a mosque.	
The room stiffens up. CALLIE is furious.	TRACY (O.O.V) I think what Dr Kay meant...	

<p>ADAM realises he shouldn't have said this.</p> <p>On CALLIE and her MOTHER.</p> <p>On CALLIE as she turns away and goes back to her crossword. On ADAM as he heads out the room.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>ADAM shrugs and exits with TRACY.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD CORRIDOR / NURSING STATION - MORNING - CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>ADAM spits his racist mint into the bin as he and TRACY walk over to the nursing station.</p>	<p>TRACY (CONT'D) ...to say-</p> <p>ADAM What I'm saying is...</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...I know it's stressful being on labour ward but anything...</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) ...more like this and I <i>will</i> have to have you removed from the building is that understood?</p> <p>TRACY (O.O.V) Okay okay, let's crack on shall we?</p> <p>CALLIE (O.O.V) Wanker.</p> <p>ADAM That'd better be a crossword answer.</p> <p>CALLIE'S MOTHER (O.O.V) No, dear ...</p> <p>CALLIE'S MOTHER (CONT'D) ...she called you a wanker.</p> <p>TRACY What the hell was all that about?</p> <p>ADAM I guess white supremacists have babies too.</p> <p>TRACY Not her, you!</p> <p>ADAM Me?!</p>	<p>Scene: 10:10:38</p>
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On ADAM.	<p>TRACY (O.O.V) I don't need a white knight to...</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) ...defend my honour.</p> <p>ADAM Hang on. I'm the registrar-</p> <p>TRACY <i>Acting</i> registrar.</p> <p>ADAM I'm the most senior doctor here.</p> <p>TRACY Until somebody more senior turns up.</p> <p>ADAM Well, I'm running this ward now and it's up to me-</p> <p>TRACY No I'm running this...</p>	
On RIA, sniggering, then on ADAM.	<p>TRACY (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...ward, young man. And I'm more than capable of handling myself. And the moment that I...</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) ...can't, I'll let somebody know, and I don't want to spoil the surprise, it won't be you.</p>	
On ADAM his phone starts vibrating in his pocket.	<p>TRACY (CONT'D) (O.O.V) And don't tell the patients that you're kicking them out.</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) This is the NHS, not your golf...</p>	
On Bed Manager BENILDA (40s) as she appeared from nowhere with her clipboard.	<p>TRACY (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...club.</p> <p>BENILDA Which room are we kicking out?</p>	

<p>ADAM reads his message. It pops up ON-SCREEN:</p> <p>On ADAM.</p>	<p>ADAM'S MOBILE PHONE NOTIFICATION New message GREG What's the plan for tonight?</p> <p>TRACY (O.O.V) No we're not kicking anybody out, Benilda. They're all in labour so...</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) ...we thought we might wait until they had their babies.</p>	<p>Graphics In: 10:11:17</p>
<p>ADAM's mobile BUZZES again. Another message pops up ON-SCREEN:</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>His joke fails to land. BENILDA stares at ADAM then at her clipboard.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>BENILDA glares at him.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>To ADAM. TRACY presents him with a form.</p>	<p>ADAM'S MOBILE PHONE NOTIFICATION New message GREG ACTUALLY call me.</p> <p>BENILDA (O.O.V) Well, get a move on, the hospital's on red alert for beds.</p> <p>BENILDA (CONT'D) We're actually more than half-way to black alert.</p> <p>ADAM So like, dusky merlot alert?</p> <p>BENILDA Can you err...</p> <p>BENILDA (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...go to gynae? Your lady in bed seventeen's fit for home.</p> <p>ADAM Actually, in the middle of a ward round.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) But yeah, I mean I'll find a moment.</p> <p>TRACY (O.O.V) Before you do...</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) ...that, you'll need to fill out an incident form for Room Eight.</p>	<p>Graphics In: 10:11:23</p>

<p>It's the thickness of a magazine. BENILDA has somehow disappeared as quickly as she arrived.</p> <p>TRACY gets him a second form, throws it onto the desk.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD</u> <u>TRIAGE - MORNING</u></p> <p>The two-tone emergency alarm sounds. EVERYONE hurries towards the sound. ADAM walks over to join the pack. A huddle of scrubbed staff around a bed in the corner of the triage area. ERIKA is lying there unconscious.</p> <p>SHRUTI arrives, coffees in hand.</p> <p>The NURSES start to leave including SHRUTI.</p> <p>To SHRUTI.</p> <p>SHRUTI puts the coffees on the desk, spilling one everywhere.</p> <p>To SHRUTI as she arrives bedside.</p>	<p>ADAM Hang on, I didn't have to do one for the cord prolapse!</p> <p>NURSE 1 (O.O.V) Erika!</p> <p>NURSE 2 (O.O.V) ...third appendix this week with on-specific symptoms, sudden loss of...</p> <p>ADAM Okay everybody back to your jobs. We don't need the Polyphonic Spree. Shoo! Shoo!</p> <p>NURSE 3 Oh. Come on.</p> <p>ADAM Not you!</p> <p>SHRUTI Oh, my God I'm so sorry.</p> <p>ADAM Right surprise me. What's the management?</p> <p>SHRUTI Right err... Well, I would erm, check for a patent airway...</p>	<p>Scene: 10:11:51</p>
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Prepared by Anastasia Kyriacou (07958 664 704)

	ADAM'S MOBILE PHONE NOTIFICATIONS Greg Weatherby Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: WHERE'S THIS STAG DO TONIGHT THEN?	Graphics In: 10:12:55
SHRUTI running to catch him up.	SHRUTI (CONT'D) Adam!	
On ADAM.	SHRUTI (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Adam! D'you think I'm...	
ADAM finally turns to SHRUTI.	SHRUTI (CONT'D) ...rubbish?	
	ADAM Look, I wasn't great on my first week either.	
	SHRUTI I've been here two months.	
ADAM stops.	ADAM Two months?!	
	SHRUTI Well, I just haven't had a chance to do much hands-on stuff yet.	
	ADAM How many babies have you delivered?	
SHRUTI looks sheepish - clearly she hasn't done any.	SHRUTI Erm...	
	ADAM No babies have needed delivery in two months?	
	SHRUTI Everyone's always too busy to teach me.	
	ADAM You just need to be less of a wallflower. It's dog eat dog in this place.	
Awkward beat as he realises his metaphors have jumbled.	ADAM (CONT'D) And...the dogs eat wallflowers.	
SHRUTI takes this in.		

<p>ADAM walks off leaving SHRUTI confused.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD TOILETS - DAY</u></p> <p>CLOSE ON ADAM's shoes through the bottom of the cubicle door. Inside the cubicle, ADAM sits on the toilet seat talking into his mobile.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. ADAM AND HARRY'S FLAT. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>HARRY (mid-20s, handsome, Irish) in the kitchen of their small London flat.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD TOILETS / ADAM AND HARRY'S FLAT. KITCHEN - DAY</u></p> <p>Back with ADAM in the cubical looking terrified.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p>	<p>ADAM (CONT'D) (V.O) Sorry, sorry...</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...sorry, I've been elbow-deep in a patient...</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) ...I've had an ethnostate in Room Eight and someone else playing dead...oh, and I've got blood matted into my pubes.</p> <p>HARRY (THROUGH MOBILE) I love it when you talk dirty.</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) Right, so who did you say you were?</p> <p>HARRY (INTO MOBILE) My name's Harry.</p> <p>ADAM (THROUGH MOBILE) When you called my mother?</p> <p>HARRY (INTO MOBILE) I said I was your fuckbuddy.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:13:32</p> <p>Scene: 10:13:43</p> <p>Scene: 10:13:47</p>
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<p>HARRY in the kitchen.</p> <p>CUT BACK TO:</p> <p>ADAM still sat on the loo.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>HARRY picks up his breakfast.</p> <p>CUT BACK TO:</p> <p>ADAM on the loo.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>HARRY pours milk in his coffee and takes his breakfast to his desk.</p> <p>CUT BACK TO:</p> <p>ADAM still sat on the loo.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>HARRY at his desk in the kitchen.</p> <p>CUT BACK TO:</p> <p>ADAM's bleep goes off - he looks at the number.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>HARRY at his desk in the kitchen.</p> <p>CUT BACK TO:</p>	<p>HARRY (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) I said I was your flatmate.</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) But she knows we've only got one bedroom.</p> <p>HARRY (THROUGH MOBILE) Wild idea...</p> <p>HARRY (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) ...but you know you could just tell her about us?</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) You don't know her. She'll turn you into stone or something.</p> <p>HARRY (INTO MOBILE) Nah mums love me, it's like my superpower.</p> <p>ADAM (THROUGH MOBILE) How are we gonna...</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) ...fake our deaths then before Greg's stag do? I'm thinking avalanche, helicopter crash?</p> <p>HARRY (INTO MOBILE) Ah, it'll be a laugh!</p> <p>ADAM (THROUGH MOBILE) Carbon monoxide poisoning?</p> <p>HARRY (THROUGH MOBILE) What you don't think you should pop along?</p> <p>HARRY (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) Seeing as you're the best man.</p>	
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<p>ADAM's puts his pager away.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>HARRY at his desk in the kitchen.</p> <p>CUT BACK TO:</p> <p>ADAM's gets up and exits the toilet.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - DAY</u></p> <p>ADAM jogs up the stairs to the gynae ward.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. GYNAE WARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>ADAM rushes onto the Gynaecology Ward. Picking up a file from the desk he heads straight for Bed 17. It's occupied by MRS WINNICKA. She's in her mid-80s, wiry and with a heavy Polish accent. MRS WINNICKA waits for ADAM to look up from his notes.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p>	<p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) Crap. I was meant to go to gynae...</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) (THROUGH MOBILE) ...sorry. Call you later.</p> <p>HARRY (INTO MOBILE) Don't apologise. That's the longest call we've had in months. I was starting to get bored.</p> <p>ADAM Erm, good news Mrs W! You are finally free to go home!</p> <p>MRS WINNICKA Are you stupid?</p> <p>ADAM I was told you were good to go but you, you don't look great.</p> <p>MRS WINNICKA (O.O.V) Speak for yourself.</p>	<p>Music In: 10:14:12</p> <p>Scene: 10:14:19</p> <p>Scene: 10:14:28</p> <p>Music Out: 10:14:37</p>
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<p>ADAM's bleep goes off.</p> <p>ADAM checks his pager.</p> <p>ADAM draws the curtain and rushes back out.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - DAY</u></p> <p>ADAM sprints back down two flights of stairs. His phone rings - it's GREG. He thinks about it then puts it back in his pocket to ring out.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD - DAY</u></p> <p>ADAM enters the labour ward and makes his way to Room 4. His mobile BUZZES again.</p> <p>Another notification pops up ON-SCREEN from ADAM's mobile as he reads.</p> <p>ADAM ignores the message, puts hi mobile away. As he rounds his phone BUZZES again. This time it's a call from his MUM. He pulls a face, ignores it.</p>	<p>ADAM Erm... must have been a bit of a mix-up.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) I'll come back later. I need to see someone else now.</p> <p>MRS WINNICKA Hopefully a hairdresser.</p> <p>ADAM'S MOBILE PHONE NOTIFICATION Incoming Call GREG</p> <p>RIA Dr Kay you're needed in room four.</p> <p>ADAM Yes! I know!</p> <p>ADAM'S MOBILE PHONE NOTIFICATION 143 Unread Emails Greg Weatherby FW: Is your phone broken?! CALL ME.</p> <p>ADAM'S MOBILE PHONE NOTIFICATION Incoming Call MUM</p>	<p>Music In: 10:14:58</p> <p>Scene: 10:14:59</p> <p>Graphics In: 10:15:02</p> <p>Scene: 10:15:07</p> <p>Graphics In: 10:15:12</p> <p>Graphics In: 10:15:15</p>
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<p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. DELIVERY ROOM 4</u> <u>- DAY</u></p> <p>Montage: We cut between shots of ADAM rushing into the room, looking at the CTG, putting on gloves.</p> <p>A WOMAN, RACHEL, is in stirrups with midwife AGNIESKA by her side and husband GRAHAM pacing around. SHRUTI is there watching on. GRAHAM removes his shirt. To SHRUTI as ADAM puts lotion on the forceps blades.</p> <p>To RACHEL.</p> <p>ADAM places the forceps inside the patient, one either side of the baby's head.</p> <p>On SHRUTI watching ADAM.</p>	<p>ADAM (CONT'D) Never actually let the patient see the forceps. The only people happy with two-foot-long metal salad tongs inserted in their vaginas are people who aren't aware that there are two-foot-long metal salad tongs inserted in their vaginas.</p> <p>GRAHAM It's only a few more minutes, you just gotta- You gotta-</p> <p>RACHEL Shut up, Graham.</p> <p>GRAHAM Okay.</p> <p>RACHEL And put your shirt back on.</p> <p>GRAHAM Just breath...</p> <p>GRAHAM (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...that's what's important.</p> <p>GRAHAM (CONT'D) You're doing so good. You're doing so well. Yeah...</p>	<p>Scene: 10:15:21</p> <p>Music Out: 10:15:42</p>
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On ADAM.	GRAHAM (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...you're doing so well my little soldier.	
On GRAHAM as he turns to the music player.	RACHEL (O.O.V) Shut up Graham.	
GRAHAM turns some music on. He smiles to RACHEL. ADAM turns round to SHRUTI.	GRAHAM I'm gonna play this song okay.	Music In: 10:15:59
	ADAM Seen one before?	
	SHRUTI Yes.	
	ADAM See one, do one, teach one.	
To RACHEL.	GRAHAM Okay.	
SHRUTI looks pleased but nervous as she takes over the reins.	ADAM Come on.	
	RACHEL (O.O.V) Oh I don't like this one, change this song, change this song.	
GRAHAM changes the music.	GRAHAM Okay.	Music Out: 10:16:09
On ADAM and SHRUTI.	GRAHAM (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Yeah...	
To SHRUTI.	ADAM Wait for a contraction.	
GRAHAM trying to calm himself.	GRAHAM Okay.	
	ADAM And pull.	
On RACHEL.	GRAHAM (O.O.V) Just breathe. You gotta keep breathing.	
On ADAM.	RACHEL (O.O.V) Argh!	

<p>ADAM's phone starts to vibrate.</p> <p>ADAM answers his mobile.</p> <p>SHURTI looks at ADAM, scared to be left alone.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>EXT. STREET – DAY - CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>GREG, late 20s, dressed in a suit and tie, talks into his mobile carrying a coffee and a pastry.</p> <p>CUT BACK TO:</p> <p><u>INT. DELIVERY ROOM 4 – DAY - CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>A contraction happens. RACHEL starts to push. On SHRUTI as she pulls.</p> <p>Calling out to SHRUTI.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p>	<p>AGNIESKA Keep breathing.</p> <p>GRAHAM (CONT'D) (O.O.V) It's fine. Just find your centre baby, yeah. No stress.</p> <p>RACHEL Graham!</p> <p>GRAHAM Okay.</p> <p>ADAM'S MOBILE PHONE NOTIFICATION Incoming Call GREG</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) Doctor Kay speaking?</p> <p>GREG (THROUGH MOBILE) It's Greg. You've not answered any emails...</p> <p>GREG (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) ...in four days. No one even knows where we're meeting.</p> <p>AGNIESKA (O.O.V) Push, push, push, push...</p> <p>AGNIESKA (CONT'D) ...push.</p> <p>ADAM Pull as hard as you can.</p>	<p>Graphics In: 10:16:19</p> <p>Scene: 10:16:24</p> <p>Scene: 10:16:26</p>
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<p><u>EXT. STREET /</u> <u>INT. DELIVERY ROOM 4</u> <u>- DAY - CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>GREG on mobile.</p> <p>CUT BACK TO:</p> <p>Back in the delivery room.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>GREG talking on mobile.</p> <p>CUT BACK TO:</p> <p>ADAM on his mobile watching SHRUTI.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>GREG talking on mobile.</p> <p>CUT BACK TO:</p> <p>Back in the delivery room. ADAM to SHRUTI.</p> <p>SHRUTI is on her heels, leaning backwards and pulling.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>GREG talking on mobile.</p> <p>CUT BACK TO:</p> <p>Back in the delivery room.</p>	<p>ADAM (THROUGH MOBILE) (CONT'D) Now!</p> <p>GREG (INTO MOBILE) Oh God, tell me you're not having sex?</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) Just on labour ward right now.</p> <p>GREG (THROUGH MOBILE) And I know it's traditional for the...</p> <p>GREG (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) ...best man to humiliate the groom on his stag do...</p> <p>GREG (THROUGH MOBILE) (CONT'D) ...and traditionally that involves handcuffs and...</p> <p>GREG (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) ...a sex worker.</p> <p>ADAM Just put, put some oomph into it!</p> <p>GREG (INTO MOBILE) Welly's threatening to take over and drag us all to a strip club.</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) No, no, no we won't be going to...breast clinic.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:16:29</p>
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On ADAM.	SHRUTI (O.O.V) If this doesn't work will we...	
Over her shoulder to ADAM.	SHRUTI (CONT'D) ...have to do a caesarean?	
To SHRUTI.	ADAM It will work.	
On the phone, to GREG.	ADAM (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) Umm... look it's all gonna be civilised, don't worry.	
	GREG (THROUGH MOBILE) But...	
JUMP CUT TO:		
GREG talking on mobile.	GREG (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) ...you say 'don't worry' but you'll understand why I am still worried.	
	ADAM (THROUGH MOBILE) Tell everyone eight o'clock...	
CUT BACK TO:		
Back in the delivery room.	ADAM (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) ...upstairs at The Crown. I'll see you later. I really need to get back to...	
JUMP CUT TO:		
Back with GREG.	ADAM (THROUGH MOBILE) (CONT'D) ...this vagina.	
	GREG (INTO MOBILE) Yeah well, you're definitely not having sex then.	
GREG hangs up.		
CUT BACK TO:		
ADAM hangs up. GRAHAM to RACHEL.	GRAHAM Gotta stay breathing okay.	
ADAM heads over to SHRUTI.	ADAM That's it, that's it. You're doing brilliantly!	
	SHRUTI Thanks!	

On ADAM.	ADAM / GRAHAM (O.O.V) (AT THE SAME TIME) I was talking to the patient. Nice and slowly, nice and slowly. / You gotta stay calm. Gotta stay clam for the baby. / Don't let her tear.	
	GRAHAM (CONT'D) You're so beautiful.	
	RACHEL (O.O.V) Graham just stop.	
To SHRUTI. To GRAHAM.	ADAM Nice and slowly... Nice and- Dad, do you wanna...come down and see baby being born?	
	GRAHAM Oh my god! Where's its face?	
On ADAM.	RACHEL (O.O.V) What's the matter...	
In her panic, SHRUTI pulls on the forceps. The baby launches out, not in the careful way ADAM intended.	RACHEL (CONT'D) ...with his face? RACHEL (CONT'D) Argh!	
We hear the BABY CRY.	ADAM His face is fine.	
On GRAHAM.	ADAM (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Just on the front of his head not the back.	
To SHRUTI. She can't help smiling at her first delivery. ADAM passes the BABY to RACHEL. RACHEL smiles lovingly at her new BABY. ADAM smiles. A beat.	ADAM (CONT'D) Remember I said don't let her tear. ADAM (CONT'D) Adam's a good name.	
Pointedly to SHRUTI.	ADAM (CONT'D) Um you've got a bit of a tear going into the back passage, we'll get you round to theatre and err, have that repaired nicely for you. Won't take more than an hour or so.	

<p>ADAM rips off his apron, clearly peeved. SHRUTI looks disappointed.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. CHANGING ROOM</u> <u>- DAY</u></p> <p>Another tally mark on the locker door.</p> <p>A new set of scrubs: "REMAINING UNITS 2".</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM removes his top. Another pair of mucky scrubs hit the bin.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD</u> <u>NURSING STATION - DAY</u></p> <p>A freshly scrubbed ADAM walks up to the nursing station and spots a tear-soaked SHRUTI emerging from the office. She sees ADAM. She turns her back to wipe her tears. On ADAM.</p> <p>ADAM pulls out an incident form and hands it to SHRUTI.</p>	<p>SHRUTI (O.O.V) Adam I'm so sorry.</p> <p>SHRUTI (CONT'D) I wish I could've sewn it up myself, I've just never actually done it before-</p> <p>ADAM It's fine. Besides, my genitals were wondering why they hadn't been covered in blood for a few hours.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Better do an incident form.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:17:59</p> <p>Scene: 10:18:14</p>
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ADAM is about to sit down with his incident form when TRACY wanders down the corridor towards them with MR. LOCKHART.	MR. LOCKHART How are we doing here then?	
On BENILDA as she reappears, as if from nowhere.	ADAM (O.O.V) All under...	
	ADAM (CONT'D) ...control Mr. Lockhart.	
On ADAM.	MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) Miracles never...	
	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) ...cease.	
To MR. LOCKHART.	TRACY / BENILDA (O.O.V) (AT THE SAME TIME) Can you just have a quick look at the board. / I thought I told you to discharge that gynae...	
On TRACY and MR. LOCKHART.	BENILDA (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...patient.	
	MR. LOCKHART I see...	
On ADAM.	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...the miracles have ceased.	
To BENILDA.	ADAM No, but she's not even-	
On ADAM.	MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) Are my team...	
To BENILDA.	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) ...causing you trouble, Ms Mendoza?	
On ADAM. To MR. LOCKHART.	BENILDA (O.O.V) We're full on labour ward, post nates...	
	BENILDA (CONT'D) ...antenates, gynae. I don't know how we're supposed...	

<p>On MR. LOCKHART and TRACY then ADAM and back to MR. LOCKHART and TRACY.</p> <p>TRACY, BENILDA and RIA laugh. On ADAM rolling his eyes.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>To BENILDA.</p> <p>On BENILDA leaving. To MR. LOCKHART.</p> <p>On SHRUTI, looking pleased with herself.</p> <p>On SHRUTI.</p>	<p>BENILDA (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...to admit anyone from A&E. We've been on red alert all day and we're practically at black alert.</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART Burgundy alert then?</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) (O.O.V) I'm sure we can do something about that for you...</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) ...can't we Doctor Kay?</p> <p>ADAM Yeah we could pull out the patient's drips and chuck her out the window.</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) I knew you'd...</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) ...think of something. Leave it with us.</p> <p>SHRUTI (O.O.V) Can I help...</p> <p>SHRUTI (CONT'D) ...at all?</p> <p>ADAM You could pop down to the coffee shop, there's a vacancy for a barista.</p> <p>TRACY Shruti did her...</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...first forceps delivery earlier.</p> <p>SHRUTI Err yeah, yeah. She had been in second stage for over an hour and we-</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) Very good.</p>	
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<p>MR. LOCKHART heads down the corridor. ADAM follows. From SHRUTI. She sighs.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD</u> <u>CORRIDOR - DAY -</u> <u>CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>MR. LOCKHART and ADAM walk down the corridor.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART walks off. On ADAM.</p> <p>ADAM's bleep goes off. He looks at it, ignores.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD</u> <u>TRIAGE - AFTERNOON</u></p> <p>ADAM sighs as he walks into a hugely busy triage.</p>	<p>MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) Walk with me, Adam.</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) (V.O) Quick story for you. So there's this...</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) ...acting obstetric registrar and he walks into a room and he calls his patient a <i>Nazi</i>.</p> <p>ADAM Oh, you're making it sound much worse than it was. She was being racist to Tracy-</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) Every mother and baby on this...</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) ...ward is relying on your <i>good</i> decisions...</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...and your good <i>judgement</i>. Apologise to...</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) ...Tracy, apologise to the patient and send some people home.</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Oh and Adam?</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) Stop being shit.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:19:46</p> <p>Music In: 10:20:11</p> <p>Scene: 10:20:20</p>
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<p>Montage of ADAM seeing patients:</p> <p>ADAM calls a patient.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM calls another patient.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>Taking blood pressure.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM calls another patient.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM draws a curtain closed. And again. And again.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM downs an energy drink.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>CLOSE-UP on a needle taking blood.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM downs a cup of coffee.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM sitting down, his head in his hands, exhausted.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p>	<p>ADAM Rachel Glover.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Kerry Salsbury.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Caroline Morobeto.</p>		
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<p>ADAM examines a pregnant belly. And another. And another.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM pulls back a curtain. And another. And another.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM smears lubricant on his latex glove.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM yawns as he performs an internal examination.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM discards the bloodied latex glove in the bin.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>SHRUTI hands ADAM another cup of coffee.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>As ADAM pulls back another curtain, he notices his scrubs are covered in blood, again.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>Another pair of scrubs in the bin.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM at the desk doing paperwork, yawning.</p>			
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<p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM standing up doing paperwork, tired.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM drinking more coffee.</p> <p>JUMP CUT TO:</p> <p>ADAM picks up the last file. The only patient left waiting is ERIKA. She stands. A knackered ADAM looks for divine strength.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD.</u> <u>TRIAGE CUBICLE -</u> <u>AFTERNOON -</u> <u>CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>ADAM flicks through ERIKA's notes.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p>	<p>ADAM (CONT'D) So, you've recovered from earlier?</p> <p>ERIKA (O.O.V) Oh...</p> <p>ERIKA (CONT'D) ...yeah, oh God sorry, Doctor Adam, I dunno what came over me.</p> <p>ADAM So, remind me, how many weeks are you now?</p> <p>ERIKA Oh God, I hate maths. I couldn't even tell you in months!</p> <p>ERIKA (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Err... erm okay, so let's think. So...</p> <p>ERIKA (CONT'D) ...my birthday's in June. I'll be twenty-seven.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:21:03</p> <p>Music Out: 10:21:11</p>
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<p>To ADAM.</p> <p>ADAM looks at her notes.</p> <p>ERKIA laughs.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>ERIKA sticks out her tongue. ADAM takes a look.</p> <p>ERKIA starts laughing.</p> <p>ADAM laughs awkwardly. ADAM's bleep goes off he reads it and leaves.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD</u> <u>TRIAGE - AFTERNOON</u> <u>- CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>ADAM leaves the cubicle. He walks over to the desk.</p>	<p>ERIKA (CONT'D) Well it's gotta be like two thousand weeks?</p> <p>ADAM You're twenty five weeks.</p> <p>ERIKA Oh...you mean the baby!</p> <p>ADAM So erm, what's the..."problem"?</p> <p>ERIKA Well, I woke up this morning with a headache, and my tongue is...</p> <p>ERIKA (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...just like totally covered in spots!</p> <p>ADAM Right let's have a look.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Okay... I'm afraid that what you have is known as...taste buds.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) So is there someone at home we can call to come and collect you? Or...do you live here now?</p> <p>ERIKA Oh God no, who'd wanna live with me?!</p> <p>ADAM Right.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:22:31</p>
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<p>SHRUTI is there. He hands her ERKIA's file and answers his bleep. On ADAM as he picks up the phone and dials an extension.</p> <p>A beat as ADAM listens.</p> <p>A beat as ADAM listens.</p> <p>A beat as ADAM listens.</p> <p>ADAM hangs up. To SHRUTI.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>To SHRUTI.</p> <p>ADAM leaves.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD</u> <u>OPERATING THEATRE</u> <u>- AFTERNOON</u></p> <p>SHRUTI and the SCRUB NURSES are wearing gown, gloves and masks.</p>	<p>SHRUTI (O.O.V) Adam, that lady...</p> <p>SHRUTI (CONT'D) ...you just saw, her blood pressure's a bit high. D'you want me to send her for some bloods?</p> <p>ADAM Just send her home... No wait, erm...yes do the bloods.</p> <p>ADAM (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D) Yep?</p> <p>ADAM (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D) What's the trace like?</p> <p>ADAM (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D) Isn't the evening registrar here yet?</p> <p>ADAM (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D) Okay, fine.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Right, we're doing a caesarean for room eight.</p> <p>ERIKA (O.O.V) Doctor Adam, Doctor Adam sorry, sorry, I meant to say...</p> <p>ERIKA (CONT'D) ...my teeth have become a bit itchy.</p> <p>ADAM Send her home!</p>	<p>Scene: 10:23:08</p>
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<p>To SHRUTI as ADAM walks in.</p> <p>He heads over to CALLIE who is lying on the operating table. There are beeping machines, stark overhead lights, polished steel surfaces, and Persil-white walls. A drape acts as the traditional makeshift “curtain” that stops patients from seeing their insides. CALLIE’S MOTHER is sat next to her. To CALLIE.</p> <p>A beat.</p> <p>On SHRUTI.</p> <p>ADAM looks at SHRUTI then looks sideways.</p> <p>On CALLIE and her MOTHER, relieved.</p> <p>ADAM walks back to his side of the table. A beat. To SHRUTI.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p>	<p>ADAM (CONT'D) / NURSE (AT THE SAME TIME) One, two... / Don't ask to do it, I'm tired... / ...three, four, five... / ...and need to be gone ten minutes ago.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Erm so we're good to go. We'll have baby out in five minutes. And may I just say, I misspoke before and I'm very sorry.</p> <p>CALLIE All water under the bridge.</p> <p>CALLIE (CONT'D) But just checking it will be you doing this...</p> <p>CALLIE (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...operation and nobody else?</p> <p>ADAM Yes.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Yes it will yep.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Actually, fuck it. You've gotta learn sometime. You're up. Come on you've seen one?</p> <p>SHRUTI (O.O.V) Yeah.</p>	
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<p>ADAM and SHRUTI swap places. She goes round to the other side of the table, terrified but determined.</p> <p>SHRUTI doesn't answer.</p> <p>SHRUTI makes an incision in CALLIE's stomach. SHRUTI's doing well, though all very slowly and deliberately, with ADAM talking her through it.</p> <p>The utensil pops out.</p> <p>ADAM repositions it. SHRUTI notices that ADAM has his eyes closed. He jolts awake.</p>	<p>ADAM So, you know the routine, see one, fuck one up, teach one.</p> <p>SHRUTI Really? Thank you. Are you sure?</p> <p>ADAM Not especially. Come on.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Are you happy?</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Right. Come on.</p> <p>SHRUTI (O.O.V) This it?</p> <p>ADAM (O.O.V) Hurry up please.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) I think the anaesthetist's retiring next week.</p> <p>SHRUTI Adam.</p> <p>ADAM Stretch it. Come on. Harder than that. Right, through the peritoneal next.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Pop your finger in. You're not gonna damage anything.</p> <p>SHRUTI Okay.</p> <p>SHRUTI (CONT'D) Oh!</p> <p>SHRUTI (CONT'D) Adam? Adam?</p>	<p>Music In: 10:23:50</p>
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<p>SHRUTI cuts into the uterus and extends the incision with her fingers.</p> <p>SHRUTI pops the amniotic sac with a finger and scoops her hands under the baby's head.</p> <p>SHRUTI delivers the baby's head, with a bit of assistance from ADAM. There is undeniable excitement and pride on SHRUTI's face. The BABY lets out a cry.</p> <p>The ANAESTHETIST unpins the drapes that have been preventing CALLIE watching the operation. CALLIE sees her BABY and smiles.</p>	<p>ADAM Err yeah okay good, great so you're gonna make a U-shape in the lower segment of the uterus, and then you're gonna extend it with your fingers.</p> <p>SHRUTI What if there isn't a lower segment? You know like if it's before 32 weeks?</p> <p>ADAM Yeah, we usually save the Q&A session for afterwards. It would just be a horrible bloody mess, come on get on with it.</p> <p>SHRUTI Is that?</p> <p>ADAM Good.</p> <p>SHRUTI Now what?</p> <p>ADAM I think even you can guess what happens next. Come on.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) That's it. Just guide the head out, it's coming. Okay.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) That's it.</p> <p>SHRUTI One baby, coming up.</p>		
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<p>Then just like that, her face drops when she realises it's SHRUTI holding her baby, not ADAM. She starts yelling.</p> <p>On SHRUTI - she is blindsided by this and winded.</p> <p>CALLIE is yelling and screaming abuse. On ADAM and SHRUTI, unsure of how to respond. ADAM hasn't been in this situation before and doesn't quite know how to react - as usual, he reaches for a joke. To SHRUTI under his breath.</p> <p>From SHRUTI looking across at ADAM.</p> <p>ADAM chucks his gown in the bin.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. CORRIDOR</u> <u>OUTSIDE OPERATING THEATRE -</u> <u>AFTERNOON</u></p> <p>ADAM opens the door for SHRUTI. As she walks past.</p> <p>On SHRUTI.</p> <p>ADAM walks off.</p>	<p>CALLIE Err no get her off me! I'm not having a Paki...</p> <p>CALLIE (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...delivering my baby!</p> <p>CALLIE (CONT'D) (O.O.V) / CALLIE'S MOTHER (O.O.V) (AT THE SAME TIME) Get her off me! Stop touching me! / Look just put this down while- / You promised that you would do it! / You gave us your word. / Excuse me, get me out of this. Get me- take this, what is this. Get this off me.</p> <p>ADAM Adolf's a good name.</p> <p>CALLIE (O.O.V) Get it off me, Mum will you do something!</p> <p>ADAM You did really well.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) (O.O.V) One caesarean down, eight thousand to go.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) To be fair, they don't normally end like that. Erm write up the notes and mention that I closed the skin.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:25:33</p>
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<p>Out on SHRUTI.</p> <p>CUT BACK TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD</u> <u>OPERATING THEATRE</u> <u>- AFTERNOON</u></p> <p>The camera takes us back to the SCRUB NURSE who is cleaning CALLIE up post-op. We go in close on her skin incision. Her dolphin tattoo has been decapitated then sewn up so head is now sitting about an inch to the left of its body.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. CHANGING ROOM</u> <u>- EVENING</u></p> <p>ADAM opens his locker, puts another mark on the sheet, takes off his scrub top, realises he hasn't got any clothes. He puts his top back on and calls HARRY.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. ADAM AND HARRY'S FLAT.</u> <u>BEDROOM – EVENING -</u> <u>CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>HARRY is getting himself ready. His mobile rings, he answers.</p> <p>CUT BACK TO:</p> <p><u>INT. CHANGING ROOM</u> <u>- EVENING -</u> <u>CONTINUOUS</u></p>	<p>CALLIE'S MOTHER (O.O.V) Oh gosh, isn't he wonderful.</p> <p>ADAM Oh for-</p> <p>HARRY (INTO MOBILE) Cancellation's hotline? Press one for you need to stay at work, leaving me to make small...</p>	<p>Scene: 10:25:49</p> <p>Scene: 10:25:59</p> <p>Scene: 10:26:10</p> <p>Music Out: 10:26:14</p> <p>Scene: 10:26:18</p>
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<p>ADAM talks on his mobile</p>	<p>HARRY (THROUGH MOBILE) (CONT'D) ...talk with twenty public school dickheads I barely know.</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) That's unfair. There's only fifteen of them. And I'm just leaving now.</p> <p>HARRY (THROUGH MOBILE) No way!</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) Can you bring a change of clothes please?</p> <p>HARRY (THROUGH MOBILE) Yep, anything in particular?</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) Erm something smart-casual and not <i>totally</i> encrusted with a...</p>	
<p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. ADAM AND HARRY'S FLAT. BEDROOM – EVENING - CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>HARRY grabs a shirt from the wardrobe.</p>		<p>Scene: 10:26:35</p>
<p>CUT BACK TO:</p> <p><u>INT. CHANGING ROOM – EVENING - CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>ADAM laughs.</p> <p>ADAM hangs up. He grabs his things and slams his locker door shut.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p>	<p>ADAM (THROUGH MOBILE) (CONT'D) ...stranger's blood?</p> <p>HARRY (INTO MOBILE) Hula skirt and feather boa it is then.</p> <p>HARRY (THROUGH MOBILE) (CONT'D) See you in a bit.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:26:37</p>

<p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD</u> <u>NURSING STATION -</u> <u>EVENING</u></p> <p>On ADAM - he clocks TRACY is at the nursing station on the phone.</p> <p>ADAM keeps his head down and makes for the exit. TRACY puts the phone down.</p> <p>ADAM stops and turns to TRACY.</p> <p>On TRACY.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>TRACY smiles. ADAM chuckles and turns to leave.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p>	<p>TRACY (INTO PHONE) (O.O.V) You can't help being ill, darling, look....</p> <p>TRACY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D) ...I'll just get somebody else to pick her up.</p> <p>TRACY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Alright. Bye-bye.</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) Err, Adam?</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) (O.O.V) I saw what you did to that...</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) ...dolphin.</p> <p>ADAM A gentleman never discusses a...</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...lady's blowhole.</p> <p>TRACY Do you want my advice, Adam?</p> <p>ADAM Erm not really?</p> <p>TRACY (O.O.V) You see...</p> <p>TRACY (CONT'D) ...that is exactly your problem.</p> <p>ADAM Was pretty funny though, right?</p>	<p>Scene: 10:26:44</p> <p>Music In: 10:27:02</p>
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<p><u>EXT. HOSPITAL - EVENING</u></p> <p>Music montage. ADAM steps out of the hospital as MR. LOCKHART drives past in his Aston Martin. ADAM makes his way down the ramp to the hospital car park.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - EVENING</u></p> <p>ADAM unlocks his car, gets in and shuts the door.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. ADAMS CAR. CAR PARK – EVENING - CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>ADAM relaxes back against the headrest and shuts his eyes. We can see how he fell asleep in his car last night. After a long beat, his eyes snap open, engine on.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - EVENING</u></p> <p>ADAM pulls out of his parking spot.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>EXT. LONDON STREET - EVENING</u></p> <p>ADAM walks towards at a nice-looking bar.</p>		<p>Scene: 10:27:07</p> <p>Scene: 10:27:20</p> <p>Scene: 10:27:32</p> <p>Scene: 10:27:56</p> <p>Scene: 10:27:59</p>
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<p>He spots HARRY who is standing outside smoking and chatting animatedly with a couple of middle-aged WOMEN. He's wearing a t-shirt with GREG'S STAG on the front. HARRY's face lights up when he sees him.</p> <p>They kiss.</p> <p>Gesturing to the WOMEN.</p> <p>Another STAG leaves the pub in the same t-shirt.</p> <p>HARRY spins round - the reverse of the t-shirt says, "ONE LAST NIGHT OF PUSSY". ADAM looks less impressed.</p> <p>They head inside.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p>	<p>HARRY It's my second favourite doctor!</p> <p>ADAM Who's number one?</p> <p>HARRY David Tennant. First series.</p> <p>HARRY (CONT'D) How was work?</p> <p>ADAM Fine thanks. Who are they?</p> <p>HARRY No idea but they're better craic than your mates upstairs.</p> <p>ADAM Oh, come on. I'm sure you'll find something in common with them. There you go, you see, wearing the same t-shirt.</p> <p>HARRY Some guy called Welly brought them.</p> <p>ADAM Well they're not too terrible, considering.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Shall we just do this? Come on.</p>	<p>Music Out: 10:28:05</p> <p>Music In: 10:28:34</p>
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<p><u>INT. BAR - NIGHT</u></p> <p>They walk in hand-in-hand but as they enter the bar, ADAM quickly lets go of HARRY's hand. We're hit by the 90s Indie bangers. Laddishness abounds: a dozen or so posh boys in their late-20s, mostly wearing the "ONE LAST NIGHT OF PUSSY" t-shirts, plus some older hangers-on stood around awkwardly. ADAM looks around for GREG but GREG finds him. They hug.</p> <p>WELLY (28) barges over. Smacks GREG on the arse.</p> <p>On HARRY giving ADAM a look.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>WELLY grabs ADAM into a big bear hug.</p> <p>To ADAM taking a step back.</p>	<p>ADAM (CONT'D) Ah seven fifty eight there you go.</p> <p>GREG I knew you wouldn't let me down.</p> <p>ADAM No, you didn't.</p> <p>GREG Yeah fine, may have lost a small bet.</p> <p>WELLY Night. Mare. This place...</p> <p>WELLY (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...doesn't do Jagerbombs!</p> <p>GREG (O.O.V) Whatever will we do?</p> <p>WELLY Adster!</p> <p>ADAM Welly... please...don't do that.</p> <p>WELLY Where's your t-shirt?</p> <p>HARRY Yeah, Adster! Where's your t-shirt?</p>	<p>Scene: 10:28:36</p>
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On ADAM as WELLY throws him a t-shirt. He has no desire to wear it.	WELLY (O.O.V) Put it on.		
	WELLY (CHANTING) (CONT'D) Put it on, put it on, put it on, put it on...		
On ADAM as he reluctantly pulls his t-shirt off to put on the stag one.	WELLY (CHANTING) (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...put it on.		
To GREG as he grabs a pint from the bar.	WELLY (CONT'D) Yesss! Oh, and as for you. One pint of gin.		
	GREG No. I'm not gonna drink that!		
On ADAM as he moves away pulling on the stag t-shirt. HARRY close behind.	WELLY (O.O.V) What you will be because it's tradi-ti-on.		
	GREG (O.O.V) Well, how can it be a tradition? I've never got married before.		
	ADAM Right, I need a drink. Is this my stuff?		
	HARRY So, did your mum call?		
	ADAM She left a voicemail.		
On ADAM.	HARRY (O.O.V) Ah and you didn't...		
	HARRY (CONT'D) ...listen.		
ADAM changes into a pair of jeans that HARRY's brought him. ADAM gives HARRY an apologetic look.	ADAM No. I'm changing my number and moving to Venezuela.		
	HARRY You done there? Right come on, what d'you want?		
They walk to the bar together.	ADAM Twelve litres of vodka Red Bull should probably do it.		

To BARMAN.	HARRY Erm...		
ADAM's phone rings. An unknown number.	BARMAN Hi.		
On ADAM as he takes out his phone.	HARRY Can I get a bottle of sauvignon blanc and a rum and coke please.		
	BARMAN (O.O.V) Coming up!		
	ADAM This'll be Jakesy, he's probably gone to Poland by mistake.		
ADAM answers his phone.	ADAM (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) Hello?		
	MR. LOCKHART (THROUGH MOBILE) Kay.		
On ADAM as WELLY starts chanting in the background.	ADAM (INTO MOBILE) / WELLY (O.O.V) (AT THE SAME TIME) Mr. Lockhart. / Pint of gin! Pint of gin! / I'm just in a... / Pint of gin! Pint of gin! / ...supermarket. / Pint of gin! Pint of gin! Pint of gin!		
ADAM scuttles out the door to the staircase.	ADAM (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) Sorry, Mr. Lockhart, how can I- how-		
	MR. LOCKHART (THROUGH MOBILE) Err listen, the locum registrar hasn't turned up for the night shift.		
	ADAM (INTO MOBILE) Erm who's the- who's the senior reg?		
	MR. LOCKHART (THROUGH MOBILE) Err, I don't think he'd get here from Sydney in time. Well do say if you've got something more important on.		
	ADAM (INTO MOBILE) Um no. No, no, no, erm...no I can do it.		
	MR. LOCKHART (THROUGH MOBILE) Will the Mrs understand?		

<p>ADAM looks at HARRY through the doorway.</p> <p>MR LOCKHARD hangs up. From ADAM.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. BAR – NIGHT - CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>ADAM wanders over to HARRY at the bar.</p> <p>ADAM shakes his head. Maybe the lie isn't quite as bad if he doesn't say the words.</p> <p>A beat.</p> <p>A beat.</p>	<p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) She'll be fine with it.</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (THROUGH MOBILE) Good man.</p> <p>ADAM (INTO MOBILE) Yeah.</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART (THROUGH MOBILE) Bye.</p> <p>HARRY How long you gonna be? A couple of hours?</p> <p>ADAM Twelve. I'm so sorry.</p> <p>HARRY And there's no one else who could-</p> <p>HARRY (CONT'D) I'm sorry, it's really crap for you.</p> <p>ADAM You don't have to stay here, obviously.</p> <p>HARRY I'll be grand. I've never had a pint of gin before.</p> <p>ADAM Just a couple more years then I'll be a consultant, and it'll just be me, you and an Aston Martin.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:30:34</p>
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They kiss.	HARRY Oh, yeah it would be nice to live somewhere a bit more spacious.		
	ADAM We can shower in the glove compartment.		
	HARRY Right, go on you've got some babies to deliver.		
GREG scampers over.	ADAM You should have gone along with my avalanche idea.		
	GREG Okay err, your first best-manly duty is to rescue my dad. Welly's trying to get him to drink a shoe-full of Sambuca.		
	WELLY Sam-shoe-ca, shoe, shoe...		
On ADAM.	WELLY (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...shoe, shoe.		
	ADAM You're ganna hate me... There's a- a staffing emergency at the hospital, there's no doctors on labour ward-		
GREG passes him a bottle of beer.	GREG No!		
	ADAM So, I have to go back in.		
	GREG Drink this then you can't go in and-		
A beat of contemplation as ADAM seriously weighs this up.	ADAM I can't. I-		
	GREG Okay give me one good reason.		
	ADAM Err, err because I erm...		

<p>On ADAM who doesn't have one so GREG provides it. ADAM is lost for words.</p> <p>GREG walks off leaving ADAM wounded.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - NIGHT</u></p> <p>ADAM exits his car and realises he's still wearing his "ONE LAST NIGHT OF PUSSY" t-shirt.</p> <p>He takes the t-shirt off and turns it inside out.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT</u></p> <p>ADAM taps his card onto the scrubs machine. It says "DAILY ALLOWANCE 4.0 UNITS REMAINING" and refuses to give a pair. ADAM rifles around in the bin full of used scrubs. They're mostly blood-stained but he eventually finds a pretty clean-looking pair. They're very small on him but fit. Just about.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD CORRIDOR - NIGHT</u></p> <p>ADAM checks out his reflection in a window. On ADAM as he heads for the nursing station.</p>	<p>GREG (O.O.V) Because you'd rather be at work.</p> <p>GREG (CONT'D) Yeah, have a good night, mate.</p> <p>ADAM Fucks sake.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:31:53</p> <p>Music Out: 10:31:54</p> <p>Scene: 10:32:09</p> <p>Scene: 10:32:37</p>
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MR. LOCKHART bellows out from behind him.	MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) D'you want the good news or the bad news?	
ADAM turns to MR. LOCKHART.	ADAM Erm...the good?	
On ADAM.	MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) I was...	
	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) ...worried you'd say that. It's all bad I'm afraid. The wards are stuffed to the gills, there's no SHO and the midwife in charge is Tracy.	
	ADAM Well, she was working during the day?	
On ADAM.	MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) The other one.	
	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) "Non-Reassuring Trace".	
ADAM gently shudders and MR. LOCKHART passes him a bleep. On ADAM.	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Right, I'm off home but call me whenever.	
	ADAM I won't.	
On ADAM.	MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) Good man.	
MR. LOCKHART looks at ADAM's tight scrubs.	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) You're very intent on showing me your penis today.	
	ADAM They need to increase the credits on the scrub machine-	
	MR. LOCKHART Can practically tell who did your circumcision. Made a right meal of it.	
ADAM looks down at his crotch as MR. LOCKHART walks out.		

<p>ADAM heads to the nursing station. He stumbles over the bucket of drips - it's now overflowing, with large bed pads on the ground around it to mop up the overspill. Finding his feet he goes to the desk. NON-REASSURING TRACE is there (Irish, late 50s).</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>We hear the sounds of a WOMAN in labour.</p> <p>ADAM heads to room eleven.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD</u> <u>CORRIDOR - NIGHT</u></p> <p>ADAM enters room eleven to a WOMAN in labour. The door closes behind him. After a beat ADAM exits covered in blood and in the background the MOTHER is holding her crying BABY. ADAM is now splattered with blood. He walks down the corridor and into the coffee room.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p>	<p>ADAM Hi Trace. How can I help?</p> <p>NRT Ah doctor, thank god you're here.</p> <p>NRT (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Can you see room...</p> <p>NRT (CONT'D) ...eleven for me. I'm desperately worried...</p> <p>NRT (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...about her.</p> <p>NRT (CONT'D) Quick as you can!</p>	<p>Scene: 10:33:38</p>
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<p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD</u> <u>COFFEE ROOM - NIGHT</u> <u>- CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>On ADAM as he all but sleepwalks in. SHRUTI is sitting filling in a form. She's talking on her mobile.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>SHRUTI spots ADAM. She switches to Hindi to wrap up her call.</p> <p>A beat – SHRUTI listens.</p> <p>The two-tone emergency buzzer goes off.</p>	<p>SHRUTI (INTO MOBILE) (O.O.V) Yeah, yeah it was...</p> <p>SHRUTI (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) ...amazing. No, I didn't...</p> <p>SHRUTI (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...take a photo, it's someone else's baby!</p> <p>SHRUTI (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) Yeah, I know, mum said the exact same thing!</p> <p>SHRUTI (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) (O.O.V) A- a- actually I- I- I'm not gonna make it home this weekend but erm, but we can-</p> <p>SHRUTI (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) (IN HINDI) "मैं तुम्हें कल फ़ोन करूंगी। हूँ हूँ" Translation: I'll phone you tomorrow.</p> <p>SHRUTI (INTO MOBILE) (CONT'D) M-hm yeah um, I love you too. Okay bye. Bye.</p> <p>ADAM What the hell are you still doing here? Don't you have a depressing flat to go back to?</p> <p>SHRUTI These incident forms are longer than you think.</p> <p>ADAM Just go home. I'll do yours when I do mine.</p> <p>SHRUTI This is yours.</p> <p>ADAM Oh, no way!</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) I wouldn't break a sweat. Non-Reassuring Trace's on, a patient's probably farted.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:34:02</p>
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<p>There's an ear-piercing, guttural SCREAM. ADAM jumps up: something's very wrong. SHRUTI follows after him.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD</u> <u>TRIAGE - NIGHT -</u> <u>CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>ADAM and SHRUTI run in. ADAM swipes back the curtain to find ERIKA, the hypochondriac from earlier, writhing around on the bed in agony. The room is full of STAFF, including NON-REASSURING TRACE.</p> <p>On ADAM as he palpates her abdomen. This feels different to other emergencies - ADAM is very worried. ERIKA screams in pain.</p> <p>To ROOM.</p> <p>ADAM to CAMERA.</p> <p>ERIKA is pushed away.</p>	<p>NRT Twenty-five weeks, first baby...</p> <p>NRT (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...blood pressure through the roof.</p> <p>ERIKA (O.O.V) ARGH!</p> <p>ADAM Grade one caesarean section, get anaesthetics round to theatres now, tell paed's it's for a twenty-five-weeker with placental abruption. Severe pre-eclampsia.</p> <p>ADAM (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D) Turns out I probably shouldn't have sent her home.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Erika, listen. I'm very worried about your baby. Placenta's coming away, I need to deliver you <i>immediately</i> to save baby's life.</p> <p>ERIKA It's too early.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:34:45</p>
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<p>ERIKA SCREAMS in pain. ADAM and NON-REASSURING TRACE push her bed out of triage.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD</u> <u>OPERATING THEATRE</u> <u>- NIGHT</u></p> <p>ADAM enters from the scrub area in gown and gloves. ERIKA is cleaned and draped, with SHRUTI scrubbed in and standing opposite. AMIE the anaesthetist, is at the head end. ADAM walks over to speak to ERIKA.</p> <p>On SHRUTI and then ADAM.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>To ERIKA.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p>	<p>ADAM I'm gonna perform a caesarean section. Do you understand?</p> <p>ERIKA (O.O.V) ARGH!</p> <p>ERIKA (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ARGH!</p> <p>NRT Do you want your consultant in?</p> <p>ADAM I've got this thanks, Tracy.</p> <p>ERIKA Is my sister here?</p> <p>NRT (O.O.V) We've called her and she'll be here in time to say hello to your baby.</p> <p>ERIKA (O.O.V) Or goodbye.</p> <p>AMIE Why don't you count down from twenty for me.</p> <p>ERIKA (O.O.V) Twenty, nineteen, eighteen.</p> <p>ADAM Come on.</p> <p>ERIKA (O.O.V) Seven-</p>	<p>Scene: 10:35:15</p>
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<p>To AMIE.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>ADAM to CAMERA.</p> <p>In silence, ADAM makes his way quickly and assuredly through the layers of the operation - it's like CALLIE's operation on 8x fast forward. He gets to the uterus.</p> <p>ADAM cuts vertically down the thick, premature uterus. It's difficult to get through but he manages to deliver the baby - it's a tiny scrap of a thing. He cuts the cord and passes it to the midwife, who rushes it over to the paediatricians. ADAM looks over to the paediatricians resuscitating the baby, waiting to hear a cry. Nothing. We snap out of ADAM's distraction suddenly as...</p> <p>ADAM delivers the placenta and swabs blood from the uterus. A lot of blood is coming out. He struggles to get it under control with stitch after stitch.</p>	<p>ADAM You happy?</p> <p>AMIE (O.O.V) Ready when you are.</p> <p>SHRUTI Adam, have you done a twenty-five week caesarean before?</p> <p>ADAM (TO CAMERA) I've seen one.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Pull. Quick. And retractor in.</p> <p>SHRUTI Adam? Adam? Adam!</p> <p>ADAM Err sorry. Swabs please. Let's start the suction.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) Ahh... come on. Shit.</p>	<p>Music In: 10:36:15</p>
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On ADAM. To ODP. On ADAM as he continues to stitch and stitch. This operation is not going to plan at all - we can see it from his eyes, his sweat, from the large numbers of swabs he's passing back, soaked in blood. It's impossible for him to see what he's doing because of the blood, it's like he's operating underwater. ADAM is stitching desperately. For the first time, he looks absolutely out of control - just as SHRUTI was when he first met her that morning. He's losing the battle. ADAM to CAMERA. To ADAM. A long beat. ADAM nods.	<p>AMIE Pressures aren't great here. What's the blood loss like?</p> <p>ADAM Ah it's um a litre, litre and a half?</p> <p>AMIE (O.O.V) Can you bleep the on-call...</p> <p>AMIE (CONT'D) ...haematologist? I'm gonna need some more blood products.</p> <p>AMIE (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Find out who's the anaesthetic consultant.</p> <p>ADAM Need more swabs.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D) I can't see anything. It's too thick to stitch. So much blood. Shit I can't, I can't get in- fuck! This is insane I can't, I can't see a thing. Shit. Fuck.</p> <p>SHRUTI Adam. You can do this.</p> <p>ADAM (TO CAMERA) I can't. I can't do this. This woman's gonna die and it's my fault.</p> <p>SHRUTI Should we get Mr. Lockhart in?</p> <p>ADAM Yeah. Yeah, please.</p>		
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<p>To NON-REASSURING TRACE.</p> <p>On ADAM and SHRUTI.</p> <p>On ADAM.</p> <p>MR. LOCKHART comes into theatre wearing scrubs. He doesn't say a word. We focus on the pool of blood around ADAM's feet. From ADAM, distressed.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. DELIVERY ROOM 8 - NIGHT</u></p> <p>ADAM walks in and hunches over the sink. After a beat he starts retching.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD COFFEE ROOM/ CORRIDOR - NIGHT</u></p> <p>ADAM walks into the coffee room and finds MR. LOCKHART alone, writing up his operative notes. A long beat.</p>	<p>SHRUTI Tracy, will you call M. Lockhart and ask him to come in please?</p> <p>NRT (O.O.V) I called...</p> <p>NRT (CONT'D) ...him before you started.</p> <p>ADAM Why did you do that? Didn't-</p> <p>PAEDIATRICIAN (O.O.V) Okay good, we've got some output.</p> <p>ADAM Thank you.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:38:22</p> <p>Scene: 10:38:45</p> <p>Music Out: 10:38:52</p>
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Another long beat. MR. LOCKHART doesn't answer. He looks up eventually.	ADAM (CONT'D) I'm really sorry.	
On ADAM.	ADAM (CONT'D) It was really busy and I genuinely thought that she was crying wolf.	
	MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) She was crying severe early...	
	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) ...onset pre-eclampsia. Which you'd have known if you'd done so much as a blood test.	
On ADAM.	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) (O.O.V) And then for some reason you attempted an operation any <i>consultant</i> would struggle with?	
	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) Oh you can buy Tracy a box of chocolates by the way for calling me in.	
	ADAM Can I just sa-	
On ADAM.	MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) No!	
A beat of silence. ADAM almost closes his eyes. MR. LOCKHART passes ADAM the notes.	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) Amend your entry from when you first saw this patient this afternoon. Write that you discussed with me over the phone and that I advised...	
On ADAM.	MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D) (O.O.V) ...you to send her home.	
	ADAM What! No you don't have to...do that.	
On ADAM.	MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) Well you didn't have to come in tonight.	
MR. LOCKHART gets up to leave.	ADAM I did.	
On ADAM.	MR. LOCKHART (O.O.V) Yeah, you did.	

<p>After a moment, SHRUTI walks in, back in her own clothes. She's holding a banana and a chocolate bar. She puts them down in front of ADAM. ADAM looks like he's about to cry. He nods to SHRUTI, she smiles and leaves.</p> <p>ADAM alone – on the verge of breaking down but trying to hold himself together.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. CHANGING ROOM</u> <u>- NIGHT</u></p> <p>ADAM is getting changed, top off. He looks at the piece of paper with the tally marks and rips it down. ADAM checks his mobile, there's a new message.</p> <p>ADAM closes his phone.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LABOUR WARD</u> <u>CORRIDOR - NIGHT</u></p> <p>ADAM, in his inside-out stag t-shirt, heads towards the labour ward double doors. He pauses outside a room. Looking in through the window, we see it's a high-dependency room - with more monitors than we've seen elsewhere in labour ward.</p>	<p>SHRUTI Hi um, just something to keep you going.</p> <p>ADAM'S MOBILE PHONE NOTIFICATION New message H Welly took us to a strip club. Please save me...</p>	<p>Music In: 10:40:30</p> <p>Scene: 10:40:40</p> <p>Graphics In: 10:41:05</p> <p>Scene: 10:41:18</p>
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<p>Lying in bed is ERIKA, looking exhausted and pallid but otherwise well. Sat next to her, holding her hand is her sister, PAULA. There's an empty plastic cot at the side of the bed.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. NEONATAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT</u></p> <p>ADAM zombie-walks into Neonatal Intensive Care. He walks up to BEN, a paediatric nurse in his mid-20s sat at the nursing station. BEN instantly takes against ADAM.</p> <p>ADAM can't look at him.</p> <p>Hold on ADAM, he doesn't rise to it. ADAM continues to look down.</p> <p>ADAM walks along the corridor and pauses to look through the window.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. NEONATAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS</u></p>	<p>ADAM Hi, I'm one of the obstetric erm registrars.</p> <p>BEN Are you lost?</p> <p>ADAM Erm... I'm looking for err baby Van Hegan, the twenty-five-weeker.</p> <p>BEN Oh! Are you the one who err...</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) Well, you're not gonna knock over the incubator, are ya'?</p> <p>BEN (CONT'D) (O.O.V) Bed five.</p>	<p>Scene: 10:41:40</p> <p>Music Out: 10:41:55</p> <p>Scene: 10:42:27</p>
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<p>ADAM walks slowly over to the incubators. He looks pretty broken. He stands by the BABY and talks to him. There are more tubes and wires than you can count. This is clearly a very sick little baby. A beat. Then ADAM whispers.</p> <p>ADAM walks slowly out of the unit.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. NEONATAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS</u></p> <p>Back in the corridor, ADAM closes the door to intensive care and walks along the corridor. He looks pretty broken. He passes BEN.</p> <p>ADAM ignores him and wanders out.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. LONDON STREET - MORNING</u></p> <p>A London side-street.</p> <p>ADAM walks down to an unappetising strip club. Whatever appeal it might have to a drunk reveller at midnight is lost to a sober, exhausted gay guy in the cold morning light. It looks, in a word, depressing. He enters.</p>	<p>ADAM</p> <p>I'm really sorry. I was really tired and I just wanted to get home and this place is insane and... I fucked up... I mucked up. Sorry. I tried my best.</p> <p>ADAM (CONT'D)</p> <p>Just promise me you'll have a normal head scan.</p> <p>BEN</p> <p>Enjoy your last night of pussy!</p>	<p>Scene: 10:43:14</p> <p>Music In: 10:43:27</p> <p>Scene: 10:43:34</p>
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<p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>INT. STRIP CLUB - MORNING</u></p> <p>ADAM goes inside and walks down the stairs to the basement. “Depressing” doesn’t quite cover it. He’s descending into hell. It smells of booze, vomit and possibly semen. The wilted, depleted STAG DO are almost the only customers, spread across a bunch of tables. A STRIPPER dancing on stage goes through the motions and stares into the middle distance. He sees HARRY, having a natter with another stripper. ADAM finds a seat and sits down closing his eyes</p> <p>CUT TO:</p> <p><u>PTSD FLASHBACK</u></p> <p>FLASHBACK: Blood splashing during ERIKA’s caesarean.</p> <p>CUT BACK TO:</p> <p><u>INT. STRIP CLUB - MORNING</u></p> <p>ADAM jolts awake and sees GREG and WELLY swaying in front of a stripper.</p> <p>CUT TO:</p>		<p>Scene: 10:43:55</p> <p>Scene: 10:45:03</p> <p>Scene: 10:45:03</p>
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PTSD FLASHBACK

FLASHBACK: EKRIA
screaming in the corridor.
ERIKIA in bed looking
exhausted and pallid.
ERIKIA back in the
corridor holding her tiny
baby.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. STRIP CLUB -
MORNING**

ADAM fighting to keep his
eyes open. Slowly he lays
down on the small sofa.
The sounds of the club
get quieter and quieter
until he's finally. Asleep.

CUT TO BLACK:

CUT TO END CREDITS:

Scene:
10:45:10

Scene:
10:45:10

Cut to Black:
10:45:50

End Credits In:
10:45:54

Directed by LUCY FORBES

Produced by HOLLY PULLINGER

Written by ADAM KAY

Executive Producers NAOMI DE PEAR
 JAMES FARRELL
 JANE FEATHERSTONE
 ADAM KAY
 BEN WHISHAW

Adam BEN WHISHAW

Cast in order of appearance


Shruti AMBIKA MOD
Andrea ANDREEA PADURARU
Tracy MICHELE AUSTIN
Erika HANNAH ONSLOW
Andrea's Husband MARCEL DORIAN

	Mr. Lockhart Ria Callie Callie's Mother Anna	ALEX JENNINGS PHILIPPA DUNNE ALICE BAILEY JOHNSON MARION BAILEY SARAH DURHAM	
	Benilda Harry Mrs. Winnicka Rachel Agnieska Graham Greg Welly Non-Reassuring Trace Amie Paula Ben	YASMIN WILDE RORY FLECK BYRNE SARA KESTELMAN HEATHER AGYEPONG AGATA JAROSZ ANDREW NOLAN TOM DURANT-PRITCHARD JAMES CORRIGAN JOSIE WALKER GRACE COOKEY-GAM ROSIE AKERMAN MICHAEL WORKEYE	
	Head of Production	MAGALI GIBERT	
	Head of Communications	ALEX WELLS	
	Development Producer	KATIE CARPENTER	
	Director of Development	ALICE TYLER	
	Head of Legal & Business Affairs	LAURA CROWLEY	
	Head of Finance	MATT WESLEY	
	Production Sound Mixer	NINA RICE	
	Costume Designer	EMMA REES	
	Hair & Make-Up Designer	NIAMH MORRISON	
	Line Producer	GERALDINE HAWKINS	
	Composers	JARVIS COCKER SERAFINA STEER	
	Editor	SELINA MACARTHUR	
	Casting Directors	NINA GOLD and MARTIN WARE	
	Production Designer	DICK LUNN	
	Director of Photography	BENEDICT SPENCE	
	Associate Producer	LUCY FORBES	
	Executive Producers for the BBC	PIERS WENGER MONA QURESHI	

	<p>Production Manager Production Coordinators Assistant Production Coordinator Production Secretary Production Assistant Clearance Coordinator</p> <p>Production Accountant 1st Assistant Accountant Post-Production Accountant Cashier</p> <p>Script Consultant Script Editor Script Supervisor</p> <p>Medical Advisors Mr. ROGER MARWOOD FRCOG Dr. RUTH MACSWAN MRCOG Dr. RUPA RUBINSTEIN MRCPCH LISA LIVINGSTON</p> <p>1st Assistant Director 2nd Assistant Director Crowd 2nd Assistant Director 3rd Assistant Director Executive Assistant Floor Runners</p> <p>Stunt Coordinator Casting Assistant Publicist Unit Photographer</p> <p>Location Manager Assistant Location Managers Unit Manager Location Assistants</p> <p>COVID-19 Production Manager COVID-19 Assistant Director COVID-19 Coordinator COVID-19 Production Secretary COVID-19 Base Runner COVID-19 Production Assistants</p> <p>Unit Cleaner</p>	<p>ROY FORBERG FRANCESCA BUDD CECILY COLAHAN EMMA CLARKE TOM THORNLEY YASMIN AMIN EMMA TAYLOR</p> <p>SPENCER ARCHER RACI WILKINSON MATT DALTON JACK CONNOR</p> <p>DAN SWIMER BEN HOUGH VICKY GEGENBAUER</p> <p>Dr. NICKI ROBERTS MRCOG Dr. SEB KAUPP-ROBERTS MRCOG GLORENCE SANTOS SOPHIE MONTGOMERY</p> <p>MATT JENNINGS TOBY EVANS PATRICK WAGGETT SAM PARNELL DAYA SINGH TAAK REILLY CARTY BEN ROBLES-ACOSTA</p> <p>DEAN FORSTER NELL HEWETSON RYAN DAVIES ANIKA MOLNÁR</p> <p>SUSANNAH BOOKER LINDA FALLIS FRANCESCA CROFT BEN OMOREGIE CHARLIE GROUT-SMITH CHARLES GEORGE CRISTINA ARCAY</p> <p>JENNA MILLS IRENE MAFFEI EMILY WYLIE ALICIA BARBECHO RODRÍGUEZ MARIE SOPHIE DRIFFIELD EREN KAPLAN IHSAAN KHAN-BROWN OSCAR JULIAN MARIN RIAÑO</p>	
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	<p>Focus Puller Clapper Loader Camera Trainee Digital Imaging Technician Video Playback Operator Key Grip B Camera Operator Steadicam Operators</p> <p>Gaffer Best Boy Electricians</p> <p>Lighting Desk Operator Lighting Rigger</p> <p>Boom Operator 2nd Assistant Sound</p> <p>Supervising Art Director Art Director Standby Art Director Assistant Art Decorator Graphic Designer Assistant Graphic Designer Production Buyer Petty Cash Buyer</p> <p>Set Decorator Prop Master Prop Storeperson Prophands</p> <p>Standby Props</p> <p>Construction Managers Construction Coordinator</p> <p>Costume Supervisor Assistant Costume Designer Costume Assistant Costume Standby Costume Trainees</p> <p>Make-Up Supervisor Make-Up Artists</p> <p>Make-Up Trainee</p> <p>Prosthetic Effects by</p>	<p>DANIEL VILLANUEVA JONNY TREHERNE MONAYA ABEL PAUL FLINT JACOB WARD CASSIUS MCCABE JAMES BOYES SIMON WOOD JESS DOXEY</p> <p>PETER BISHOP WILLIAM POPE MATTHEW SIMMONS GREG PROBERT JAMES LEECH ADAM DILLEY CHARLIE BARNHAM</p> <p>SARAH HOWE NICHOLAS A. AGER</p> <p>ANDREA MATHESON ANDREA STERN ANDREW HOWARD ERIN SHIEN SMITH CHRIS BARBER GINA BROWN MARY-ANN FOSTER ANTONIA MCKENZIE</p> <p>ANNA KASABOVA SIMON BRADBURY-PHILIP JODY CRIPPS NEIL VATCHER IAN WARWICKER PALLY KAINTH CHICO FOLEY JOSEPH LOCK</p> <p>DAN MARSDEN LUKASZ SWIDER MILLY WEBSTER</p> <p>ALICE WOODWARD EMMA KATE WOOD LOUISE HOLSGROVE JULES HINDESS MADELEINE EDIS ZOE-MARIE DOBBS</p> <p>SOPHIE COPPOLA IAN GRUMMITT TERESA REYNOLDS MACKENZIE DYE</p> <p>MILLENNIUM FX</p>	
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	<p>Sister Production Executive Sister Production Manager Sister Senior Legal Executive Sister Business Affairs Coordinator Sister Assistant Communications Manager</p>	<p>HSINYI LIU CAT MORGAN MARNIE WILKES ANASTASIA VILLAROSA SUMAN RANDHAWA</p>	
	<p>Location Facilities Location Catering</p>	<p>ON-SET CLARKSON CATERING</p>	
	<p>Unit Medic H&S Consultancy</p>	<p>STEVE BOSTEN FIRST OPTION</p>	
	<p>Transport Captain Unit Drivers</p>	<p>ANDY READ PAUL NEOPHYTOU NATHAN JAMES DEREK AHAIWE</p>	
	<p>Minibus Captain Minibus Drivers</p>	<p>ANDY DOYLE LEIGH MASON LEE MELHADO AIDAN DOYLE</p>	
	<p>Post-Production Supervisor Digital Intermediate Coordinator Post-Production Paperwork 1st Assistant Editor ScreenSkills Edit Trainee</p>	<p>PETE OLDHAM CALLINA PEARSON ANASTASIA KYRIACOU JAMES KELLY ANDREW REYNOLDS</p>	
	<p>Colourist Assistant Colourist Online Editor</p>	<p>TOBY TOMKINS TOM MATTHEWS RICHARD HARRIS</p>	
	<p>Visual Effects Additional Visual Effects</p>	<p>JELLYFISH PICTURES SUB-ZERO ANIMATION</p>	
	<p>Main Title Design</p>	<p>HUGE DESIGNS</p>	
	<p>Re-Recording Mixer Sound Designer Dialogue Editor Music Editor Foley Supervisor Crowd ADR Casting Director</p>	<p>JAMIE SELWAY STEVE BROWELL ADAM HORLEY SAM OKELL SRDJAN KURPJEL PHOEBE SCHOLFIELD</p>	
	<p>Score Performed by JARV IS... ADAM BETTS JARVIS COCKER EMMA SMITH</p>	<p>JASON BUCKLE ANDREW MCKINNEY SERAFINA STEER</p>	
	<p>Music Supervisor Music Consultant</p>	<p>MAYY BIFFA DANNY LAYTON</p>	

	 <p>The end card features a black background with the following text and logos: 'SISTER' in blue, 'in association with' in white, 'for' in white, 'BBC' in white, 'in co-production with' in white, 'amc+' in green, and 'ALBERT Carbon Neutral Sustainable Production' in white. Handwritten text in the top right corner reads 'TERRIBLE PRODUCTIONS'. At the bottom, it says '© Sister Pictures Ltd MMXXII Ltd'.</p>	<p>End Card with Logos In: 10:46:21</p> <p>Music Out: 10:46:23</p> <p>Cut to Black: 10:46:24</p>
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