



I Production Company
A STUDIOCANAL COMPANY

Trust Me

Episode 1

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Title Sequence

1 **INT. ALLY'S BATHROOM, EDINBURGH - DAY A 08.00**

1

VERY CLOSE: FINGERS take a newly-printed BIRTH CERTIFICATE from a laser printer.

The smoking certificate is folded, unfolded, then folded again to make it look creased and old -

The same HANDS practice a FORGED SIGNATURE again and again on a piece of paper.

A brand new CREDIT CARD peeled from a bank letter -

- then signed on the back.

GLOVED FINGERS hold the paper full of practiced signatures before burning it with a match.

Scratchy new blue nylon SCRUBS pulled on, so near we can see the stitching, the face still only glimpsed.

MASCARA being rolled on to long LASHES, LIPSTICK painted onto lips.

A MEDICAL PAGER clipped onto her scrubs pocket.

A STETHOSCOPE nestling against the tiny hairs of an elegant white neck.

A DOCTOR'S ID BADGE pinned to the V neck.

Finally, the bathroom mirror closes to reveal our first clear shot of a female doctor, mid-thirties, attractive, checking her reflection.

We look directly into her eyes, the camera as her mirror.

But this woman isn't a doctor

CUT TO:

2 **INT. CATH'S KITCHEN - DAY 1 17.40**

2

A modest one bedroom ex-council flat in a run-down estate. The ceilings are low, the room cramped and cluttered.

Evening news burbling on the radio - a 'PM' report about medical recruitment and the crisis in Emergency Medicine.

The same woman - CATH HARDACRE - serves some plain pasta and cheese to her young daughter, MOLLY.

Cath looks tired - a hardworking single mum trying to listen to the modest adult delights of Radio 4 while taking care of her kid alone.

Knock at the door.

MOLLY

Daddy!

CUT TO:

3 INT. CATH'S DOORWAY - DAY 1 17.41

3

Cath with her ex-husband KARL - mid-thirties, handsome in an intense way. He's not drunk, but Cath guesses he's had a pint or two to prepare for this awkward moment.

Molly's Paw Patrol rucksack is already packed and waits on the stairs but Karl makes no move to pick it up.

CATH

Thought you weren't coming. Doesn't it start at six? She's really looking forward to it.

Karl hesitates in the doorway.

CATH (CONT'D)

You can come in -

KARL

Yeah, about that -

CUT TO:

3A INT. CATH'S KITCHEN - DAY 1 17.43

3A

Karl with Cath at the kitchen table.

KARL

You know I hate letting her down.

Cath doesn't reply, still fuming.

KARL (CONT'D)

Suppose things are really tight at the moment for everyone. All this austerity-

CATH

Oh for God's sake. I'd have more respect for you if you'd just say you lost it.

KARL

New clutch is ninety minimum. Then there's labour -

CATH

It's McDonald's and crappy film. That's all. And bless her she's happy with that.

KARL

I'm sorry. Can you tell her?

Cath goes to her bag and pulls out her purse. Digs in and pulls out thirty quid. Tosses it across to Karl.

Molly runs in at the same moment with her backpack, sees her father.

MOLLY

Daddy!

Karl grabs the money as he turns to give her a hug.

CUT TO:

3B INT. CATH'S FLAT - DAY 1 17.45

3B

Molly and Karl leaving.

KARL

Thanks. I'll pay you back.

CATH

Sure

(to Molly)

Be good for your Dad.

MOLLY

Can I get a milkshake?

Karl pretends that this is a big secret from bad old Mum.

KARL

Shhhh. Don't tell Mum.

MOLLY

OK!

Cath watches her daughter leave with 'good time' Dad, using money she needed.

CUT TO:

4 INT. MEDICAL WARD, SHEFFIELD - DAY 2 11.00

4

Cath walks through her ward - hair scraped back in a practical ponytail, wearing her dark blue nursing sister's uniform.

Everything about her look says serious, hardworking and uncompromising.

Around her STAFF NURSES search inside drug trollies, CONTRACT CLEANERS push on mops and Gap styled JUNIOR DOCTORS ponder cardiac monitors.

However Cath's attention has been caught by the blinking ORANGE CALL LIGHT above the nearby, still curtained cubicle - currently being ignored by everyone.

Cath makes her way through the oblivious staff and pulls open the curtain -

CUT TO:

5 INT. MEDICAL WARD, CUBICLE - DAY 2 11.01

5

- to reveal a full frontal view of a STARK NAKED ELDERLY WOMAN standing by the side of her bed.

Her hair is grey, long and hanging down, her breasts completely flat, her belly wrinkled and creased, almost covering her grey pubic hair. It's not a sight you see everyday, unless you work in the N.H.S.

However, experienced nurse Cath takes this display in her stride, covers the woman up with a blanket, her voice a combination of gentle authority and genuine compassion.

CATH

Streaking now, Maggie? You'll be giving my poor men heart attacks.

But the woman doesn't really respond - her eyes have the thousand yard stare of the chronically confused.

- and is about to put her back into bed when she realises that the sheets and mattress are all soaking wet with the woman's urine.

MAGGIE

(repeating, upset)

Sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry.

CATH

It's OK. Really. It's those awful water tablets they insist on putting you on. I blame those doctors.

(then)

C'mon. Sit here for me.

Cath places an arm around her patient and gently helps her onto the chair by her bed.

The woman just sits there - staring out into the distance, dressing gown around her, rocking gently.

Cath snaps some gloves on and begins to strip the sheets of her soiled bed.

Suddenly another PATIENT ALERT sounds. Cath hears RUNNING FOOTSTEPS on the hard floor outside, hears the low urgent voices and smells trouble. She drops the sheets.

CATH (CONT'D)

I'll be back.

CUT TO:

6 INT. MEDICAL WARD, CUBICLE 2 - DAY 2 11.03

6

Seconds later, Cath pushes her way into the cubicle. The male patient is dead - spread-eagled on the bed, mouth open, not breathing.

A female junior doctor, HATTIE kneels by his right hand, failing to insert a cannula, her hands shaking so much, she drops it on the floor. A STUDENT NURSE (LILY) stands helplessly by the bed.

Cath moves in and takes over - her voice and movement calm and measured. She knows what to do.

CATH

(to nurse)

Lily. Take the head off the bed.

Lily nods and carries out the instruction as Cath moves in and starts CPR - pushing firmly on the breastbone of the patient.

More staff arrive - Cath uses their names and gives them roles - just like you should do.

CATH (CONT'D)

Sue, makes sure the crash call has gone out. Alex - help Lily with ventilation. Let's get the notes ready too.

SUE/ALEX

Yes sister.

The JUNIOR DOCTOR looks up at Cath, pathetically grateful that someone has helped her.

HATTIE

What do you want me to do?

CATH

Go and call a doctor.

CUT TO:

7 INT. PUB - NIGHT 3 20.30

7

An almost empty, suburban mega pub off an anonymous roundabout. It's busy at the weekends with families but tonight, the loudest thing is the chatter of a fruit machine desperately trying to lure in a punter or two.

SAM KELLY pushes a Diet Coke over to Cath. Sam's in his late twenties, Gap jeans and old indie band T shirt, scruffily attractive. Is Cath on a date? But Sam has a REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK in front of him.

Cath pushes a FILE over.

CATH

I've kept a record. Names, dates.

Sam turns the pages. He sees DETAILS of PATIENTS - a dossier PHOTOCOPIED HOSPITAL NOTES and handwritten records of Dads, Uncles, Grandmas.

SAM

All these people...(dead)?

CATH

(confirming)

All these people.

SAM

Christ.

A beat of hesitation.

SAM (CONT'D)

If this is true -

CATH

It's true -

SAM

Then yeah, I'm interested. And you're prepared to go public?

CATH

(misunderstanding him)

It's all here, I promise you.

SAM

I can see that. But a story like this lives or dies on the personal angle? What I'm saying is, this -
(holds dossier)
- isn't enough. We need you too. Pictures. A feature. Cath Hardacre, witness to the truth.

Cath takes this in.

SAM (CONT'D)

I warn you it's going to be tough. Blow the whistle like this and the Trust will do everything to try and discredit you.

CATH

But if it's the truth -

SAM

- then the only option they have is to play trash the witness. I just want you to know what you'd be getting into.

CATH

And if I'm anonymous?

SAM

No go. There's no credibility, the story will die on its arse. I need you.

Cath considers.

CATH

I've got a kid. I can't risk losing my job.

SAM

Who can?

(then)

You clearly believe in what you're doing. Don't you think these people deserve the truth?

Cath doesn't reply. Can she really go public with this? Risk it all? Sam breaks the awkward silence.

SAM (CONT'D)

Cath Hardacre. No relation to Arthur?

CATH

My Dad.

SAM

I interviewed him. Memories of the Steel City, all that. Last of the great trade unionists. All TV and shopping now.

CATH

He stood up for what he believed in. And so do I.

The memory of Arthur and his attitude reminds Cath of her own ideals. Black and white. Play by the rules.

CATH (CONT'D)

This was a mistake. I'm sorry I wasted your time. You're right. They need to be heard. But I should have taken all this to the Trust. I need to do this the right way.

She stands up.

SAM

Your call.

(pushing over business card)

If you change your mind -?

Cath hesitates.

SAM (CONT'D)

Take it. And good luck.

CUT TO:

8 INT. NURSING HOME, LOUNGE - DAY 4 10.00

8

A residents' lounge in a Sheffield residential home - TV too loud, clashing with the piped delights of Vera Lynn's Greatest Hits.

Cath sits by the window with ARTHUR HARDACRE - late 70s, but still whippet thin and bright eyed. However his right hand shakes constantly, evidence of the Parkinson's Disease that means getting out of a chair unaided is a battle he can no longer win.

Arthur brandishes a copy of a local paper with his good hand.

ARTHUR

It's a bloody scandal. Forty more laid off this week. And what do they do about it? Nothing.

CATH

(under her breath)
They should call them out.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

They should call them out! Only language they understand! Roll over once and they'll just keep on shafting you forever -

A young Care Assistant glances over disapprovingly. Cath mouths "sorry" to her.

CATH

So, how have you been Dad? Dr. Ferguson had you on those new pills?

But Arthur just stares back at her.

ARTHUR

Who the hell are you?

CUT TO:

9 INT. SHEFFIELD HOSPITAL, BOARDROOM - DAY 5 09.00

9

A long boardroom table. Cath faces the Nursing Director and the Patient Liaison Officer. Two cheap suits, two fake smiles.

Cath's FILE is open on the table.

PATIENT LIAISON OFFICER
Obviously this places the Trust in a very difficult position. These kind of allegations -

CATH
There have been others. I can get details for -

PATIENT LIAISON OFFICER
(over)
- are serious, but have all been investigated fully by the Trust. We're satisfied the clinical management on the wards has been satisfactory. As do the C.Q.C in their inspection of the unit

Cath is about to come back but she's interrupted -

NURSING DIRECTOR
However there have been other incidents. Concerns have been raised about you by other members of staff.

CATH
(gobsmacked)
I'm sorry?

NURSING DIRECTOR
In the last six months, I have received three separate reports of bullying from your junior staff -

CATH
That's ridiculous -

NURSING DIRECTOR
(relentless)
- including use of disrespectful language, refusing to let staff leave on time -

CATH
I expect my nurses to complete the tasks I set them.

NURSING DIRECTOR
Even if that means breaching the working time directive? Which is of course a legal requirement?

CATH
Who? Who's complained?

PATIENT LIAISON OFFICER
I'm afraid they have a right to
confidentiality -

CATH
So I can't know who's accusing me?

PATIENT LIAISON OFFICER
That is Trust policy.

CATH
And is it Trust policy to allow
patients to lie for hours in soiled
sheets? To leave them without food or
water? Or to send them home to die?

NURSING DIRECTOR
I'm sorry you feel that way, Sister
Hardacre. But it doesn't change the
decision of this panel. You're
suspended pending a formal
investigation. You'll receive written
notice in due course. If the
allegations I've listed are upheld
then the likely outcome is dismissal
for gross misconduct.

Cath can't believe it.

CUT TO:

10 INT. WARD LOCKER ROOM, SHEFFIELD - DAY 6 09.05

10

A few weeks later...

Cath empties her locker and places her stuff in a bag. A pair
of CROCS, some RIGHT GUARD, a frayed white NHS towel. That's
it.

Suddenly, here, the emotion gets too much for her. She starts
to cry. What the hell is she going to do now?

The sound of the door opening, fellow nurse chatter
approaching.

Cath quickly grabs her bag, slams the locker shut and hurries
out, head down, past her ex colleagues and away from her old
life.

CUT TO:

11 OMITTED

11

12 INT. CATH'S KITCHEN - EVENING 7 18.30

12

Cath at the kitchen table. Opened RED BILLS around her. Rent
demands. Remains of Heinz on toast for another imposed
austerity dinner.

Cath holds Sam's BUSINESS CARD.

Cath picks up the phone and calls him.

SAM

Hi. You've reached Sam Kelly,
Sheffield Express. Leave a message.

She's about to speak when there's a loud and insistent KNOCK on the door. Cath tries to ignore it, but it comes again, louder this time.

She kills the call without speaking and pushes back her chair.

CUT TO:

13 INT/EXT. CATH'S FLAT/HALLWAY - EVENING 7 18.32

13

Cath opens the door and comes face to face with DR. ALLY SUTTON - her hand raised to hammer on the door yet again.

The two women are the same age, same build. Not identical by any means, but they could be sisters.

Tonight Ally wears a typically short cocktail dress, too much make up and holds a bottle of Prosecco by the neck. Her hair is highlighted and waved, her party heels, ankle sprain high.

ALLY

I knew it!

Ally pushes her way in -

ALLY (CONT'D)

So let's see this so called
tonsillitis. Open up and say Ah for
the doctor -

- and tries to physically make Cath open her mouth in a ridiculously inappropriate way. Cath can't help but laugh and fends her friend off.

CATH

It's not been the greatest of -
(months)

ALLY

I *knew* you'd try and bail on me,
Hardy! Your best friend's leaving
party and you're seriously spending
Friday night on the couch? Dead or
alive, you're coming with me.

CUT TO:

14 INT. ALLY'S SUBURBAN HOUSE, SHEFFIELD - NIGHT 7 20.00

14

A CAKE in the shape of New Zealand.

Cath has 'dressed up' - which involves a clean pair of jeans and a cheap Primark top. She clearly doesn't do (or can't afford) glitz.

The South Island at her mercy, Ally brandishes a scalpel sharp chef's knife. She's now totally pissed.

Above her head a banner says 'Screw The NHS'

ALLY

I want to thank you all for coming to see me off. Clearly Dr. Alison Sutton finally leaving the country is something worth celebrating.

A cheer/laugh from the room.

ALLY (CONT'D)

I'm going to miss you all. However when a sheep farmer as gorgeous as this one asks you to marry him, you don't say no.

A very handsome, very fit and very embarrassed Kiwi - GRANT - manages to smile as twenty pissed women of a certain age obediently, semi-ironically wolf whistle him.

ALLY (CONT'D)

But one thing I won't miss is what I refer to as *my terrible bloody job*. Believe me - *do not* let your worst enemy become an ED doctor. No matter how drunk they are.

Cheers from the partisan medical crowd.

ALLY (CONT'D)

So I'd like to say goodbye to all the piss heads, drug casualties, weak-ankled whingers and "people who just thought they'd get it checked out" at eleven thirty on a Friday night.

More cheers. Cath smiles along but isn't drunk and isn't really in the mood.

ALLY (CONT'D)

I got out! After twenty years at the sodding coal face, I finally got out. So I'd like to propose a toast.

(toast)

Screw the NHS!

A huge CHEER from the party as they repeat it with her, healthcare professionals all joyfully savouring every word.

EVERYONE

Screw the NHS!

CUT TO:

15 INT. ALLY'S STUDY, SHEFFIELD - NIGHT 7 22.00

15

A few hours later. In the background, the distant thump of party music. Cath looks through a pile of high-end SHOPPING BAGS. Holds up an expensive looking taupe SUIT.

CATH

I can't just take all this.

ALLY

You have to. Lovely Grant won't even let me pack it. Says Zara isn't remotely practical on the veldt. You've no idea how long I had to fight for bloody Boden.

CATH

I don't need charity.

ALLY

It's yours or I dump it in Cancer Research. E-Bay it all and splurge on another lesbian skirt if you want, I don't care.

Ally pours out another glass of Prosecco.

CATH

Isn't that enough?

ALLY

Can we stop it with the teetotal guilt trip?

(then)

I can't believe they did that to you. Bastards! Bloody NHS. Best years of our lives. You give it your youth and then it betrays you. Worse than any man. Worse than Patrick! You should have stopped me!

CATH

I did. You ignored me.

ALLY

You're my best friend. *Of course* I would have listened to you. *And* I warned you about bloody Karl!

CATH

He tries hard -

ALLY

(over her)

When the best thing you can say about a man is that he doesn't hit you, you know you've got a problem. You're still giving him money, aren't you?

CATH

Of course not -

ALLY

Liar! I can always tell. X-ray bloody eyes. Just for once, look after number one.

(then, genuine)

Cath, I'm going to miss you. *Please* come with me.

CATH

That's definitely the Prosecco talking.

ALLY

I can't just leave you like this. What are you going to do?

CATH

Find another job? Care assistant?

ALLY

But you're a great nurse. God knows you've got more common sense than half the bloody doctors I work with. More sense than me. Why didn't you train?

CATH

My Dad knew what was good for me.

ALLY

Bloody men. *Please* come with me.

Cath allows herself to enjoy the compliment a little, then shakes her head.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Anything you ever need from me, I mean *anything*, then it's yours.

CUT TO:

16 INT. ALLY'S STUDY, SHEFFIELD - NIGHT 7 23.00

16

Cath is now alone in the study, the party music a little more distant. The bags of clothes are lined up on the bed ready to be taken.

She spots a file dropped into the WASTEPAPER BASKET. It catches her eye - incongruously official looking to be just *dumped*.

Curious, Cath picks it up and looks through it.

She sees university details. **G.M.C. certificate, B.M.A. membership.** All fit for the bin.

Cath sees more than just unwanted clothes. Suddenly she sees an entire unwanted life, just waiting to be taken.

Anything she wanted?

But can she?

CUT TO:

17 **INT. CATH'S FLAT - DAY 8 09.00**

17

Sequence - Cath's flat

A montage of brief moments:

- Ally's stolen folder lies on Cath's kitchen table.
- Cath poring over a thick medical textbook as Molly watches TV.
- Cath reading Ally's CV in bed, highlighting crucial phrases with a pink pen. Her medical school. Her initial jobs in medicine and surgery.
- Checking the vacancies section of the British Medical Journal.
- Examining Molly's chest with a stethoscope. Molly finds it ticklish, squirms away. Cath makes her start again.
- Watching an online medical tutorial on her laptop, mirroring the movements with her own hands.
- Practicing Ally's signature again and again.
- Finally hesitating over an advert for a job in Edinburgh. Can she really do this?

CUT TO:

18 **EXT. PARK - DAY 9 15.00**

18

A local play park filled with screaming kids. Cath and Karl with a plastic cup of takeaway coffee each.

CATH

The interview is on Wednesday. I'd start the next week.

KARL

So where does that leave me? The train fare up there's what? Seventy quid?

CATH
More like a hundred.

KARL
Shit. You know I can't afford that.

Molly waves at them from the top of a slide, cutting into the conversation.

CATH
This job. It's more money straight away.

KARL
No. I want to see her. I have a right to see her.

CATH
You do. And I could have just upped and left with her. And there's not one person who knows us that would have blamed me. But here I am. Talking to you.

(then)
Yearly increments. Decent overtime too. Which is why it makes sense for us to travel. We'll come down. To you. If you're short, maybe I can help -

KARL
I don't need charity, right? I've never asked.

CATH
Sure. I'm doing this. For Molly.

KARL
(thinking about it)
I want to be part of her life, yeh?

Cath pushes home her advantage.

CATH
You're her father. I want to be fair. But this is a real opportunity. For both of us.

KARL
You know I'd do anything for her, don't you?

CATH
We both would.

CUT TO:

18A INT. NURSING HOME, LOUNGE - DAY 10 12.00

18A

Ally with Arthur. He sits in a chair. She arranges his things on the bedside table. There's an old picture of his wife.

CATH

So I wouldn't be that far away. It'd be a new chance for me. New start. Molly too.

Arthur is oblivious. Cath knows this is a soliloquy, not a conversation.

CATH (CONT'D)

I think I'm going to be a doctor. Taken me long enough.

She moves round to face him.

CATH (CONT'D)

Something to prove.

Arthur doesn't reply. Cath gives him a hug, a kiss on the cheek.

CATH (CONT'D)

Bye Dad.

CUT TO:

19 INT. CATH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 10 21.00

19

Sequence - Cath's flat

- Cath laying out Ally's clothes neatly on the bed.

- Trying them all on, one after another, realising they fit and suit her.

More than that, they *transform* her.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. EDINBURGH WAVERLEY - DAY 11 13.00

20

From above - a Virgin train pulls into the station. Moving higher we start to see the Scott Monument, Prince's Street, the streets of the New Town.

CUT TO:

20A EXT. EDINBURGH - DAY 11 13.05

20A

Close on Ally as she exits into a new city. Is she really going through with this?

New people, stranger's voices. A new world. A new identity. Can she?

A moment then she hails a passing cab.

It stops and she leans in to the window.

ALLY

South Lothian hospital please.

CUT TO:

20B **EXT. EDINBURGH HOSPITAL/ENTRANCE - DAY 11 13.20**

20B

Ally pays off the cabby and steps towards the main entrance of the hospital.

It's a modern build but with elements of an older more traditional building on the same site.

Framing the building, Arthur's Seat and the Pentland Hills remind us that we're not in Sheffield anymore.

It's familiar to Ally - Doctors, nurses and patients coming and going. But she also knows this is the moment of truth.

A beat or two. She steels herself, then walks forward.

She's going to do this.

CUT TO:

21 **INT. CONSULTANTS' OFFICE - DAY 11 13.30**

21

A windowless office. Organised chaos. Drug company calendars pinned to the walls with needles, overflowing complaint files on shelves, grey Windows PC, eight years out of date.

Brigitte is in her mid-forties, energetic and skinny from the twenty-year workout of a career on her feet in an Emergency Department. Her accent is soft, middle-class Edinburgh, hiding a sharp sense of humor.

She takes a swing of water from a reusable BOTTLE marked 'Brigitte', then looks up from the CV on her desk to the interviewee in front of her.

BRIGITTE

So why the hell are you here?

ALLY

I'm sorry?

BRIGITTE

This is a bloody great CV. You're a highly qualified doctor. Established. Then you just emigrate and arrive on my doorstep begging for work?

ALLY

(even)

I was looking for a new challenge.
Professionally.

BRIGITTE

But here? This is a backwards step,
surely? Let's be honest, we both know
this isn't exactly a centre of
excellence. Which means you've either
killed a patient, or worse, really
pissed off someone off?

Imposter Ally's face drops - unable to think of a reply. It registers her confusion and growing panic but Brigitte mistakes it for irritation.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Three nights in a row can do
that to you. OK. Rewind. Start again.
You're clearly good at this. So why
here?

'Ally' pulls herself together. However her next speech appears to be a struggle for her. Is she lying, or is this a truth she's genuinely ashamed to acknowledge? Either way, her words are halting and difficult.

ALLY

You're right, there... was something.
I... needed a change. I was married,
there were problems. We separated
but... I've a daughter. I didn't want
her growing up in the middle of all
that. I... felt like I just needed a
fresh start. So here I am.

Ally forces a brave smile and now it's Brigitte's turn to play from the back foot, feeling like she's forced an unwilling confession from an abused woman.

BRIGITTE

Shit. OK. I'm sorry. Thank you for
your honesty.

(then)

And now? Are things...?

ALLY

I'm putting the past behind me.

Brigitte feels like *shit*.

BRIGITTE

Foot in mouth disease. Chronic case.
Someone should shoot me.

(then)

Look, you're by far the best candidate
we've had.

(MORE)

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

In fact, to be honest, you're the only decent middle grade candidate we've had.

Brigitte still can't quite believe her luck.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Are you *sure* you want to work here?

ALLY

Very much.

CUT TO:

21A **EXT/INT. EDINBURGH/TAXI - DAY 12 13.00**

21A

Ally and Molly in a taxi - riding through the streets away from the station. Molly's face pressed hard against the window - staring out at her new home.

Two big SUITCASES on the floor of the cab.

Ally watches her daughter's excitement and enjoys it.

CABBY

So what's this job?

Ally looks up-

ALLY

I'm a doctor. Accident and Emergency.

CABBY

That right? Aye, Good on you. Was in there last month myself.

(whisper)

Hemorrhoids. Occupational hazard.

CUT TO:

22 **EXT/INT. EDINBURGH STREET/ALLY'S FLAT - DAY 12 13.20**

22

A rented flat in a street of Victorian grey stone.

Mums with high-end buggies. Decent cars parked on the street.

Smart, tidy, desirable.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. ALLY'S FLAT - DAY 12 13.22**

23

Ally steps into her new accommodation. It's spacious, light and airy. There's a fireplace, tall wooden Victorian windows. Somewhere you'd actually want to live.

Ally puts the suitcases down and takes a moment to enjoy it all.

There's also no sign of her daughter. Ally's excitement turns to panic.

ALLY

Molly?

No reply. Ally pokes her head out towards the small kitchen.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Molly?

Still nothing.

CUT TO:

24 INT/EXT. ALLY'S FLAT/SHARED LANDING - DAY 12 13.23

24

Ally, still looking for Molly.

ALLY

Molly?

MONA

(OOV)

She's up here, love.

CUT TO:

25 INT. MONA'S KITCHEN - DAY 12 13.24

25

Ally finds Molly at the kitchen table - already halfway through a plate of Jaffa Cakes.

MONA McBRIDE, mid-fifties, pops a tea tray down on the table. No nonsense, working-class Scots common sense.

She nods Ally to the chair. No discussion.

MONA

Milk and sugar?

CUT TO:

26 INT. MONA'S KITCHEN - DAY 12 13.27

26

Moments later, a scene of genuine Scottish hospitality. Ally finds her MUG being refilled instantly, Molly the plate of caramel wafers never ending.

Mona loves to talk. Ally soon realises that for Mona, a new neighbour is an event to be savoured, like a good cuppa or a family bereavement.

MONA

..always try and look after you young doctors when you move in, right enough.

(MORE)

MONA (CONT'D)

Last year I had a lovely Asian couple.
Dr. Singh and his wife? So where are
you working?

It takes Ally a beat to realise the monologue has finished.

ALLY

Emergency medicine. A and E -

MONA

Good for you. I've had surgeons,
anaesthetists, one funny wee
gynaecologist. Good for you. So
where's the other half work?

ALLY

It's just me and my daughter. We're
not together.

MONA

Happens I suppose. You modern types.

Mona senses Ally doesn't want to talk about it. She changes the
subject.

MONA (CONT'D)

Now, this damn mole keeps on catching.
My doctor says it's nothing but to be
honest I don't trust her any further
than I can throw her.

Mona points to the hairy mole on her arm.

MONA (CONT'D)

Now does that not look like cancer to
you?

CUT TO:

27 INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY 13 08.30

27

Ally's nervous face framed close in a digital camera
viewfinder.

The camera FLASHES.

CUT TO:

28 INT. SEMINAR ROOM - DAY 13 08.33

28

Close on Ally's BRAND NEW ID swinging from a South Lothian
Trust lanyard as she enters the Trust induction session. Ally
sits a little apart from the lounging ranks of bored junior
doctors - most in little groups, checking phones, staring into
space.

Ally watches a good-looking female doctor carefully apply lip
gloss using her mobile phone camera as a mirror.

A suited manager makes an exit from the platform to no acknowledgement at all.

TRUST CHAIR

Thank you Ian. Very informative. Now we have Alex Constantine, Directorate Manager, who is here to discuss fraud within the NHS.

Ally looks up. No-one else does.

CUT TO:

29 INT. SEMINAR ROOM - DAY 13 08.34

29

ALEX CONSTANTINE is in his late thirties and much better looking than the average Trust employee - even Lip Gloss Doc is paying some attention.

ALEX CONSTANTINE

Drug fraud, Theft of property, Data leaks. In all we lose over seventeen million a year throughout the NHS. If you see anything suspicious, report it. If you're thinking of stealing anything, I'm watching you. Thanks.

The final words are delivered as a joke but as he walks off the small stage, Ally feels his eyes staring into hers - as if he can read her mind. She looks away.

TRUST CHAIR

Thank you Alex and thank you all for your attention. That's it. Any questions?

Just a mass scraping of chairs as the meeting breaks.

CUT TO:

29A OMITTED

29A

30 INT. ED/MAJORS/RECEPTION - DAY 13 09.31

30

Ally stands in the ED waiting room, nervously fingering her ID card. Two RECEPTIONISTS by the desk. A DRUNK - already discharged - sleeps it off on a bank of green plastic chairs. A couple of early morning injuries wait patiently but it's quiet - for now.

Two POLICE OFFICERS walk in - and greet a couple of paramedic mates.

Ally watches Brigitte and Andy head towards her.

ANDY

Can't she orientate herself?

BRIGITTE

Fine. Swap you for a directorate meeting.

ANDY

You're OK.

BRIGITTE

Be nice. She's gorgeous, ridiculously overqualified and for some reason has decided to work in St. Elsewhere.

ANDY

Got to be a catch.

BRIGITTE

Or maybe for once our poor benighted department is not being shat on from a great height? Just look after her? Please?

Andy spots Ally waiting. Brigitte leaves him to it.

ANDY

Dr. Sutton?

Ally doesn't respond for a heartbeat, still watching the coppers - then suddenly remembers that *she's* Dr. Sutton. She snaps her head up to see a forty something male consultant in scrubs looking at her -

ALLY

Oh... Hi -

ANDY

(hand outstretched)

Andrew Brenner. Andy. Brigitte's at a directorate meeting. She asked me to give you the tour.

Andy's soft Glasgow accent underlines his understated authority.

ALLY

Sure, great. Ally.

ANDY

Brigitte filled me in. You're sure about this? Not too late to turn and run? I won't say a word.

Andy grins at her, creasing the laughter lines around his eyes. Ally smiles back, liking him already.

ALLY

Is it really that bad?

ANDY

Like Braveheart with bad tempered pensioners. And that's just Friday night.

As he speaks, a PARAMEDIC CREW hurry through the door with an elderly man on a trolley.

LYNN

(to Andy)

COPD. More short of breath this morning.

Andy checks the man over. He looks OK.

ANDY

Pop him in three. Be there in a minute.

(to Ally)

Shall we make it quick?

CUT TO:

31 INT. RESUS - DAY 13 09.33

31

The resuscitation bays - areas for the sickest patients, crammed with medical equipment, walls lined with the tools of the trade. Right now, it's empty and eerily quiet - the only sound a small digital radio burbling Melody FM.

Andy rattles off the tour knowing that the person listening already knows absolutely everything you're telling them.

ANDY

Resus. Pretty standard layout.

(pointing to cupboard)

Just got a new I/O kit which is kept in this cupboard confusingly marked "I/O Kit"

(then)

Jason sponsored-cycled his way to Land's End and back just so he could buy a new toy.

ALLY

Jason?

ANDY

Golding. One of the other consultants. Part time ITU, full time triathlete. Don't mention carb loading you'll be there all day -

They pass a young nurse - also dressed in scrubs but in a lighter blue colour - doing a routine check of a resus trolley. KAREN's in her late twenties, attractive but with a no nonsense edge.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Karen, this is Dr. Sutton. New staff grade.

(re Karen)

One of our senior nurses.

ALLY

Ally.

A friendly wave of a hand.

ANDY

Try and be nice to her. You know we need all the help we can get.

KAREN

I'm nice to everyone.

ANDY

I heard that rumour.

Karen gives back a good-natured one fingered salute - Andy has the knack of teasing the nurses without pissing them off - not an easy skill.

CUT TO:

32 INT. MAJORS - DAY 13 09.34

32

A heartbeat later and Ally and Andy are in 'Majors' - two rows of beds for the seriously ill, a nurses station and a fairly constant stream of activity - nurses, porters and patients - entering and leaving.

ANDY

Major bays here. Obviously. You know, I'm actually boring myself -

And suddenly the mask drops and he smiles for the first time. It's a killer too.

ANDY (CONT'D)

OK. What do you actually want to know?

ALLY

Where do I get my coffee?

The right answer. Andy grins at her.

ANDY

Thank Christ for that. For a minute there, I thought you were going to be one of the serious ones. I'll show you. If you're very lucky, I might even make it -

That grin again. Then his MOBILE rings - the theme from "MASH". Andy checks the caller ID. It doesn't bring great joy to his face.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Shit. Sorry -

(into phone)

Hi. Yes, I know, I told them that
before I left this morning -

Ally senses a private personal conversation and tunes out - as Andy talks, we follow her gaze as she takes in the sights and sounds of her new workplace.

ANDY (CONT'D)

OK. Does she have temperature?

(to Ally)

Sorry. Child minder.

Ally silently signals 'go ahead' as she watches paramedics arrive to be greeted by nurses. This is new to her - far busier and more chaotic than the ordered ranks of the surgical ward. Phones ring constantly, some picked up, others ignored. Monitors call out, lost in the clamour.

Patients and relatives come and go, some pushed by chatty porters, others looking so pale and cold they could almost be dead already.

Ally feels her heart rate rising as reality bites. She felt confident, prepared even. Not now.

ANDY (CONT'D)

*I'm a bit tied up here. Have you tried
her Mum?*

Andy's irritated tone jerks Ally back to attention. He shields the phone and turns to Ally.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Look, this is going to take a while.

You obviously know all this crap so

why don't you just start in minors?

(seeing Charlie)

Charlie!

Charlie doesn't turn.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(mock formal)

Dr. McKee!

A fresh faced junior - DR. CHARLIE MCKEE - finally looks over. Maybe twenty five.

CHARLIE

Sorry -?

ANDY

Take Ally to minors. Show her the system?

Andy turns back to the phone. Ally follows Charlie, disappointed suddenly to be discarded.

She risks a glance back at Andy and sees him talking intensely into the phone, annoyed at feeling that weird flash of jealousy again.

Never going to happen.

CUT TO:

33 INT. MINORS - DAY 13 09.36

33

'Minors' has a subtly different vibe to the Majors end - busy with the walking wounded, the patients often chatting to each other as they wait. More like an inner city GP waiting room. It's early and they're mainly dealing with the 'fall out' from last night's festivities.

CHARLIE

Voila. Le system.

He indicates to a series of clear plastic boxes that are screwed to the wall. Each one contains a collection of green A4 sized 'casualty cards' - the notes for each patient.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

From left to right - triage in here.
Then they go into waiting for doctor.
That's where you pick 'em up from.
Waiting for x-ray here, waiting for treatment there -

KAREN rolls her big eyes at him and then greets Ally.

KAREN

I warn you, Charlie here can be a little OCD -

CHARLIE

I prefer methodical. Believe me, all the best people are on the spectrum these days.

A little flirty look between the two of them. Karen obviously has a little thing for Charlie.

KAREN

All you really need to know is that round here there's only one rule. Consultant or Fl, no-one gets to pick from the box of delights.

Karen indicates to the 'waiting for doctor' box and the five or six sets of slim green notes waiting to be seen.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Everyone takes the next card. Which means this one must be yours -

Karen picks the next card from the box and hands it to Ally.

Her first patient

CUT TO:

34 INT. ED WAITING ROOM - DAY 13 09.38

34

Ally clutches the card as she scans the waiting room. Bored punters stare at a widescreen TV.

ALLY

(reading name)

Alan Turner?

But she realises she's hardly raised her voice at all and no one has noticed.

ALLY (CONT'D)

(too loud)

Alan Turner?

And a HUGE MAN jumps up and hurries to join her. He's a rough, unwashed and sweaty biker, but like most bikers is a lovely and polite man.

ALAN

Sorry doctor. My fault. Bloody TV's too loud.

ALLY

It's this way.

CUT TO:

35 INT. ED CUBICLE - DAY 13 09.40

35

A tiny Minors cubicle.

ALLY

My name's Doctor Sutton. So.. what happened?

ALAN

Whacked it against something. Last night. Bloody stupid I know. Wasting your time here, but the wifey insisted.

He holds out his right hand - the knuckles are bruised and swollen.

ALLY

We're going to need to order an x-ray -

ALAN

Already had one. Nurse sent me. Karen isn't it?

ALLY

OK, great. Let's take a look.

CUT TO:

36 INT. MINORS - DAY 13 09.43

36

Moments later, Ally has the x-ray of a hand up on the screen. She stares at it, looking, then -

ALLY

There. Fractured. Fifth metacarpal.

A passing Charlie swings by her shoulder.

CHARLIE

(agreeing, light)

I concur. Classic boxer's fracture. You should see the other guy, right?

And he moves on. Ally realises she was right. Maybe she can do this?

She checks Charlie has gone and then pulls out her pocket handbook, flicks to the right page and checks out what she needs to do.

There it is - in black and white. Fractured fifth metacarpal.

Is it really this easy?

CUT TO:

37 INT. ED CUBICLE - DAY 13 10.30

37

Alan now has a splint on his busted hand.

ALLY

So this needs to stay on until they see you in fracture clinic next week. Regular painkillers. And don't punch anyone else.

ALAN

(busted)

I'll do my best. That's it?

ALLY

That's it.

Alan moves away. Ally watches him go, a strange feeling coming over her. She's helped hundreds of people, but today was the day nurse Cath Hardacre just treated *her* first patient.

And it feels *good*.

CUT TO:

38 INT. EDINBURGH CHIPPY - DAY 13 17.15

38

Ally and Molly queue in a cosy local chippy, off a side street in the city centre. It's warm and welcoming, windows steamed up already.

Around them Edinburgh natives wait patiently - chatting away.

The chippy owner hands Ally their fish and chips.

CUT TO:

38A EXT. CALTON HILL - SUNSET DAY 13 17.45

38A

Ally and Molly at the top of Calton Hill, eating their fish and chips from the paper, the city of Edinburgh laid out in front of them. The view stretches all the way across the Firth of Forth.

MOLLY

I like it here.

ALLY

Me too. It's different. Sometimes it's fun to have a fresh start. It's like dressing up. So who am I?

MOLLY

You're Ally now, but I can still call you Mummy.

ALLY

Well done. You're good at this. Have a chip.

Ally passes her an extra chip.

MOLLY

When's Daddy coming?

Ally hesitates.

ALLY

Your Dad has to work for a bit longer. But we can go down and see him whenever you want.

MOLLY

OK.

And like all small kids, she just accepts it. Ally watches her for a beat, another lie skipping out of her mouth without even thinking about it.

ALLY

Finished?

Molly nods, hands her the chip wrapper.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Let's go home.

CUT TO:

38B **EXT. EDINBURGH STREETS - DAY 14 07.00**

38B

Another new day.

Ally walks into work in bright sunshine, checking her new iPhone, every inch the successful professional.

CUT TO:

39 **INT. ED RECEPTION - DAY 14 07.02**

39

Ally walks into work, smiles hello at the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

Hiya. Nice top. Zara?

ALLY

All Saints.

RECEPTIONIST

Get you.

Just one of the girls.

CUT TO:

40 **INT. ED MINORS CUBICLE - DAY 14 14.00**

40

Ally already looks more confident as she skillfully wraps a BANDAGE around an elderly lady - MRS KIERNAN's - right leg.

MRS KIERNAN

'Course it were last Christmas when I lost my Bobby. Fifty years we were married.

Ally knows how to let people talk. She keeps working.

ALLY

I'm sorry.

MRS KIERNAN

Don't be! God he used to irritate me. Always had a bloody opinion about everything. Always right. Sat in that chair railing at the television every night.

ALLY

Sounds familiar.

MRS KIERNAN

I used to say to him, one of these days I'll put arsenic in your tea and finally get some peace. You know what he used to say? I'd drink it! Old git. Well, now he's gone. Heart attack they said, just like that. And I've got my precious peace and quiet.

Ally looks at her patient. The tears are rolling down her cheeks as she remembers her 'awful' husband.

MRS KIERNAN (CONT'D)

(crying)

I'm sorry, darlin', I didn't mean to -

ALLY

It's OK. Really.

Ally puts a hand on her shoulder, then leans in and gives her a hug. The old woman grabs on tight, able to let it all go to a stranger, relief and embarrassment all mixed into one.

Karen walks in, sees them. Looks at Ally in surprise. A doctor hugging a patient? Not a common sight.

CUT TO:

41 INT. MINORS - DAY 14 14.30

41

Later, Mrs. Kiernan is better now - Ally leads her out of the cubicle, hobbling slightly on her newly bandaged leg.

Karen takes in the neat bandaging and addresses the elderly patient.

KAREN

Someone's obviously trained her well. None of the other doctors do their own dressings.

Karen takes a closer look.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Neat! Almost nurse standard.

(twinkling)

Almost!

Mrs. Kiernan moves away.

KAREN (CONT'D)

She OK?

ALLY

Just got a bit emotional.

KAREN

I noticed. Dressings and a bleeding heart? You'll be after my job.

She spots another elderly patient wandering into the wrong area.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Oh no you don't! This way -

Out on Ally, realising that she can be caught out when she least expects it.

CUT TO:

42 INT. ED RECEPTION - DAY 14 17.20

42

Ally dressed in civvies and leaving the department.

BRIGITTE

Ally!

She turns to see Brigitte approaching, a hospital PRESCRIPTION in her hand.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Sorry. I know you're off. Pharmacy just sent this back. Mrs. Kiernan was one of yours, right?

Brigitte shows her the prescription. She doesn't even look at it, just brandishes it towards her while taking a slug from her WATER BOTTLE - a reusable one with *Brigitte* on it - a plain label sticker with felt tip.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Signature's wrong or something? Name doesn't match the GMC number?

To her horror, Ally realises she's signed it *C Hardacre*.

ALLY

(correcting signature)

Sorry. Can't quite get used to this new -

(explaining)

I went back to my maiden name. After the divorce. Sometimes, it just slips out.

Brigitte hesitates. Time slows for Ally but Brigitte is embarrassed to be reminded of her previous faux pas -

BRIGITTE

Of course. How's everything...?

Brigitte trails off as Ally signs the prescription again.

ALLY

Good. Fine. Thanks.

BRIGITTE

If you ever need to talk, bitch, scream a little. I'm available. A drink after work..?

ALLY

Thanks. I should get Molly. But definitely. I'd like that.

JENNY

Brigitte? Medics on the phone -

BRIGITTE

At last!

And she's gone.

CUT TO:

43 INT. ALLY'S FLAT - NIGHT 15 19.00

43

Ally at a laptop computer on her kitchen table. Her screen is running a dry online tutorial. Ally takes notes and places them neatly in a large ARCH FILE.

Her kitchen table is littered with medical textbooks. There's a life-size skeleton made of cardboard hanging from the kitchen door. Her ARCH FILES full of written notes are breeding.

Suddenly a mail window pops -

Ally opens the window showing CATH HARDACRE's email inbox. She deletes them, only pausing when she sees one from journalist Sam Kelly:

ON SCREEN - *Been trying to get hold of you. Call me on 07700900488. Sam.*

Ally hesitates for a second, then deletes the email.

CUT TO:

43A EXT. MEADOWS - NIGHT 15 19.55

43A

Ally heads into town on her way to work. A different feel now the clock has moved on 12 hours.

It's Friday night - shouts and screams in the distance, people on the piss, accidents waiting to happen, fights about to start...

Trouble coming...

CUT TO:

44 INT. ED WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 15 19.57

44

Ally walks into her main area to face her first night shift. In stark contrast to the day shift, the department is already surfing on the edge of total chaos -

- PARAMEDICS attempt to hand over a confused elderly woman who's grabbing at her sheets and screaming.

- Every PHONE in the department seems to be ringing at once.

- An annoyed RELATIVE verbally abuses one of the nurses.

- Drunk and aggressive PATIENTS spill over from minors, shouting and being restrained.

In the middle of it all on-call consultant Andy attempts to steer the ship to shore, signing prescriptions for pain relief, directing nurses as they move patients. He sees Ally -

ANDY

Welcome to hell. There's an ankle needs tweaking in Resus.

Andy is all business now, the hassled captain of a ship that's letting in water. No time for flirting now.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Bit of a mess, skin's looking vulnerable. We need to get it pulled ASAP. OK? Thanks.

- and he's gone as another STAFF NURSE grabs him.

CUT TO:

45 INT. RESUS - NIGHT 15 19.58

45

Resus is full - three bays occupied, a nurse in each. The first two are filled with two unconscious patients on ventilators - one a trauma case, the other a sick medical patient. Staff in blue scrubs bustle around them - anaesthetists and surgical juniors.

Ally sees Karen with a tubby young man on the last resus bed - JAMIE. Jamie is fully conscious and making a low moaning sound.

As Ally gets closer, she realises that Jamie's right foot is clearly broken and twisted at almost ninety degrees to the rest of his leg.

She lifts the covering and sees that the skin is broken - exposing the red muscles and glistening silver tendons. Ally swallows down the bile.

KAREN

He's had ten of morphine with the crew. You giving it a pull?

ALLY

Shouldn't.. we get an x-ray first?

KAREN

Skin's already looking a bit stretched. Andy wanted it tweaked first. Don't want it falling off in x-ray, do we Jamie?

JAMIE

No indeed we don't.

Jamie tries to stay tough but despite ten of morphine, he's clearly bricking himself and can't bear to look at his almost ex-ankle.

KAREN

I'll get the plaster trolley and we'll get cracking. Literally.

Karen leaves the bay and Ally gingerly approaches the ankle. Clearly this is happening right here, right now. Ally is starting to understand the difference between driving from the backseat and taking the wheel for the first time.

ALLY

Hi. It's Jamie, right? I'm Dr. Sutton.

JAMIE

What you going to do?

ALLY

We need to straighten this ankle out quickly to preserve the blood supply to the foot.

Ally places her hands gingerly on his ankle

ALLY (CONT'D)

So I'm just going to -

JAMIE

Shit!

ALLY

- gently take the weight here and -

Jamie shouts out in pain as Ally lifts the broken ankle - the foot literally flaps loosely as she lifts it.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Sorry. But I really have to do this -

Jamie cries out. Ally tries to push down the panic she's feeling.

ALLY (CONT'D) JAMIE
I'm sorry. I'll be as quick as Stop! Shit! Stop!
I -

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Please doc - Don't touch it.

ALLY
I'm sorry -

- and Jamie's mashed foot re-sets with an sickening WET CRUNCH.

Jamie's hands relax just a little. He dares to look down at his foot, which suddenly looks normal again.

Karen re-enters with a cardboard tray with two syringes of MORPHINE and MIDAZOLAM. She stops when she realises Ally has already done the job.

KAREN
Now doesn't that look better?
(to Ally, approving)
Very nice job. But most people give a little analgesia?

ALLY
Sorry. I just thought we needed to get a move on -

KAREN
S'fine. Your call, totally -
(quieter)
Although you are clearly one hard ED bitch. We are going to get on.
(to Jamie)
Let's get this plastered for you shall we?

And Ally has done it. But has she revealed herself to Karen?

CUT TO:

46 INT. MAJORS - NIGHT 15 21.30

46

Andy joins Ally and a female ORTHOPAEDIC SURGEON - checking Jamie's ankle x-ray on the screen. It now has a cast on. Andy looks over her shoulder.

ANDY
(re: x-ray)
Pretty good. Going to fix it?

ORTHOPAEDIC SURGEON
(uncertain)
Might do for our close contact cast
trial?

Andy turns to Ally.

ANDY
What did they do at your last place?

Ally hesitates for a beat, realises she has to say something.
Makes a choice. Fifty fifty.

ALLY
Fix it. Every time.

ORTHOPAEDIC SURGEON
(nodding)
Personally, I think you're right.
Results with the cast have been
terrible. But it's Pradeep's pet
project.

CUT TO:

46A INT. ED/MAIN AREA - NIGHT 15 00.40

46A

Ally and Andy side by side at the PCs - the chaos swirling
around them - nurses leading patients towards x-ray, junior
doctors fielding phone calls.

ANDY
Look, I'm supposed to be looking after
you, you know, pastoral needs or
whatever they call it...
So if you ever need to talk about the
job... Or you know, life or
anything...

He's awkward now - a chink of vulnerability that Ally rather
likes. She smiles.

ALLY
Then I know where you are, right?
(then)
Did Brigitte say something?

ANDY
She filled me in. Told me to look
after you. Apparently you're far too
good for us.

ALLY
(light)
It's true.

A little moment between them. Andy pushes on a little further.

ANDY

Could even do it one evening. Over a pint. You drink pints, right?

ALLY

Exclusively.

ANDY

Tennants, right? With a chaser?

ALLY

How did you know?

Ally suddenly remembers that this isn't sensible. She can't do this. Not here. Not when she's an imposter.

A PHONE CALL breaks the moment - a different tone to the others. This is the ACUTE TRAUMA phone (aka THE BAT PHONE) - Ally sees that everyone suddenly stops and looks at it.

ANDY immediately goes over and picks it up. He listens carefully.

ANDY

OK... Fine... ETA?

Ally senses trouble - all the other staff have stopped, waiting to see what's coming.

Andy puts the phone down and addresses the department.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Big RTC on the M8. Multiple casualties. We're getting two. ETA six minutes. Let's put out a trauma call, bleep haematology.

(then)

Ally, you're with me.

Andy heads quickly to resus and Ally has no choice but to follow. Her heart starts beating faster. The ankle was just the warm up.

This is the real thing

CUT TO:

47 INT. RESUS - NIGHT 15 00.42

47

Moments later, Ally watches as the team prepare resus for the trauma. There's no shouting, no stress. Just a well oiled machine as people don aprons, check drugs, switch on defibs and run fluids.

Ally looks up at the chart on the wall. Resus Guidelines. She mouths the drug doses. She knows it in theory -

Flashback to -

CUT TO:

48 INT. ALLY'S FLAT - DAY B. FLASHBACK 12.00

48

- Ally at home, competently dry-running through the procedure with a textbook open, one of Molly's baby dolls on the kitchen table.

CUT TO:

49 INT. RESUS - NIGHT 15 00.43

49

- but this is real. Different. Ally just stands there. She's about to be tested. Her heart beats faster, faster. She feels like running but her feet won't move.

She's in the way, steps back, spine suddenly pressed against a trolley.

Nowhere to run.

CUT TO:

50 INT. RESUS - NIGHT 15 00.47

50

Four minutes later, two grim faced PARAMEDICS - GERRY in the lead, LYNN with him - push the first major casualty into resus - a MOANING WOMAN in her mid-thirties. She's got multiple injuries from the RTC - facial injuries, chest injuries, broken limb in an air cast.

GERRY

..first one, don't have a name.
Ejected from a people carrier. No seat
belts in the back. Dad's dead at
scene. It's not pretty out there.

Ally's feet feel frozen to the spot as the trauma call whirls around her like a merry-go-round. Three Doctors and four nurses (anaesthetics, ITU, surgery) grab equipment (airway tray, venous access trolley, ultrasound machine) and bark orders -

ANDY

In one. How long for the others?

LYNN

Right behind us. Six year old -

ANDY

(grim faced)
OK. Someone call Paeds -

CUT TO:

51 INT. RESUS 1 - NIGHT 15 00.48

51

CLOSE: on the MOANING WOMAN as Andy quickly examines her belly. His movements are rapid, assured, routine. Ally watches, still unsure what to do.

ANDY

(to Ally)

She's going to need Pan CT. Stable for now. Book it on the system, make sure she has a group and save -

ALLY

OK -

ANDY

Wait. Hear that?

ALLY

I can't -

ANDY

Exactly. She was moaning for Britain. Now she's stopped.

Andy goes back to listening to her chest.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Worry about the quiet ones.

(then)

Nothing on the right. Probably blood in there. Get a portable stat. She's going to need a chest tube before she goes anywhere. Karen?!

Karen nods - she'll prep it.

Another PARAMEDIC CREW pass at speed - bagging a tiny body.

KAREN

Kid's here.

Andy looks up - his face gets even grimmer as he sees the unconscious kid. Karen shares a look with a staff nurse - a child this ill is always serious.

ANDY

(to Ally)

OK, this one's all yours -

- and he follows the new Paramedic crew as they work on the kid.

PARAMEDIC

(oov)

I can't get a pulse. Starting CPR -

Two paediatric doctors and two nurses walk past and into Andy's bay, tense looks on their faces. More noise, shouted instructions from next door.

Ally is alone in Resus with a dying woman.

CUT TO:

52 INT. RESUS 1 - NIGHT 15 00.49

52

Karen has prepped the CHEST TUBE TRAY for Ally.

Next door, Ally can hear the sounds of the paediatric resus attempt - muffled shouts, terse orders, calls for drugs. It's hard to concentrate, so Ally fixes on her own tray -

- which sits on a metal tray by the now silent woman. There's a scalpel, a array of tubes, scissors. All simple if you understand it. If not - a confusing mass of metal and plastic.

Back to present, as Karen comes off the phone -

KAREN

That was CT - ready as soon as we're done here.

ALLY

OK. Thanks.

But she doesn't do anything. She stares at the kit. What first? What did he do? For the first time, she realises that theory and practice are very different. Karen notices that something is wrong.

KAREN

OK?

ALLY

Yes, I'm just.. Sorry. OK. Been a while -

Ally picks up the scalpel. Her hand shakes a little. Karen senses her uncertainty, sees the way she holds the blade like it's the first time.

KAREN

5th intercostal space mid axillary line. Andy likes to blunt dissect a thorocostomy first - basically make a bloody great hole with the forceps.

ALLY

Right. Thanks.

KAREN

You want me to call him?

ALLY

No. It's fine.

Ally knows she just has to do this. She reaches forward with the scalpel and makes her first incision in the skin.

Karen hands her the FORCEPS -

- and Ally starts to makes the HOLE in the woman's chest bigger and deeper, deeper...

It seems like nothing is happening. The hole in her chest is bigger, deeper. Ally's nerve is failing and her hand starts to shake -

- until suddenly her hand SLIPS forward as the forceps penetrate past the ribs. You can hear a CRUNCH and suddenly a stream of BLOOD pours out of the hole and onto the floor.

Ally jumps back as the blood empties onto her lap.

KAREN

Whoops! There we go.

(holding chest tube)

Better get this in there unless you fancy yourself as a little Dutch girl.

Ally feeds the tube into the woman's chest as Karen connects it up to a large water filled glass bottle on the floor. The sterile water instantly turns red as it fills up with blood.

CUT TO:

53 INT. RESUS 2 - NIGHT 15 01.15

53

Ally rounds the corner to see Andy standing over the body of a six year old GIRL in the next bay.

She looks tiny lying on the adult sized bed. An ET tube protrudes from her mouth, two I/O needles have been sited in the shin bones of each leg.

However there's no activity. Just three grim faces as monitors are turned off.

Ally just stares at the body of the girl, the same age as her own daughter.

She looks up and sees Karen talking to Andy. Karen glances over at Ally, says something. Andy nods. Is this it?

Has she been spotted?

CUT TO:

54 INT. COFFEE ROOM - DAWN 16 06.00

54

Ally alone in the coffee room as the first rays of the dawn creep through the window. She clutches a tea mug to her like a comfort blanket, still thinking about the girl, her mother, the raw intensity of what she's just seen.

Andy walks through the door. He doesn't say anything. He understands. Pours a cup of tea. Sits across from her.

ANDY

Mother's gone up to ITU. 300 mill from her chest then it stopped.

Ally nods - still finding it all hard to process, thinking of Molly - safe at home, terrified that Andy already knows.

Andy reaches for the TV REMOTE. Tries to turn on the TV. It doesn't work, shit battery or something. Suddenly he loses it, violently SMASHES the remote down onto the table. It shatters.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

(then)

So when was the last time you ran a trauma?

This gets her attention. Does he suspect? How to play this?

ALLY

Honestly? Not for a while. Did Karen say something -?

ANDY

Karen loves you. And she hates all the women docs. Apparently, and I quote, you're "not a bitch". High praise indeed.

(then)

Don't worry. It happens. The good middle grades always get stuck with the minor shit all day. Then you look up and it's six months since you've even set foot in resus.

Ally doesn't reply.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You did OK. Don't worry. It all comes back. You can't do worse than Brigitte. She flaps so hard she practically takes off -

(then)

Sorry. Unprofessional.

Not that he really gives a shit.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Three kids, no seat belts. The others went to City. Let's hope they did better than us.

JENNY pokes her head around the door.

JENNY

Sorry. That drunk guy's back again. Insists he was promised admission for a detox.

ANDY
(mock US accent)
Drunk Guy! Sounds like a job for
Batman.

Andy downs his tea and hauls himself to his feet.

ANDY (CONT'D)
(to nurse)
OK, Lead me to drunk guy.

CUT TO:

55 INT. MAJORS - DAY 17 08.00

55

A series of scenes with Ally at work in the ED. With every day she's becoming a fixture, a real part of the team.

- Pulling a dislocated shoulder with Charlie's help.

CUT TO:

56 INT. RESUS - DAY 17 14.00

56

- Doing chest compressions on a patient in the Resus room as Andy directs the team.

CUT TO:

56A INT. MINORS - DAY 18 10.00

56A

Checking symptoms on Google at a computer in the corner and then clearing the screen quickly as Karen approaches.

CUT TO:

57 INT. MINORS - DAY 18 11.00

57

- Competently stitching up a large leg wound.

CUT TO:

58 INT. MINORS - DAY 18 17.00

58

- Watching the patient board with the other staff members as Brigitte and Andy do an end of shift handover.

CUT TO:

58A INT. MAJORS/NURSES' STATION - NIGHT 19 23.00

58A

-Writing careful notes for herself in the margin of her Oxford Handbook as she educates herself about a case.

CUT TO:

59 INT. MAJORS - NIGHT 19 00.00

59

- Casually signing a drug chart and handing it back to a nurse.

CUT TO:

60 OMITTED

60

61 OMITTED

61

62 OMITTED

62

63 INT. ED PIGEONHOLES - DAY 20 08.00

63

Ally at the staff pigeonholes. She looks different - her hair has grown out a bit. Her scrubs a little less neatly ironed. A veteran not a rookie. She looks like she belongs.

Ally sorts a bit of junk mail, then sees her blue payslip. She rips it open. There's the usual stuff about tax, national insurance, pension contribution.

ANDY

(OOV)

Never enough is it? We should strike.
Again.

Ally spins to see Andy walking past.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Got the new F2s starting today. You OK
to give them the grand tour? About 11?

ALLY

Sure. No problem.

ANDY

Try to stop them killing too many
people?

ALLY

I'll try.

CUT TO:

64 OMITTED

64

65 OMITTED

65

66 INT. MAJORS - DAY 20 11.00

66

Ally in front of a group of eager beaver young DOCTORS - explaining how the majors board works - all hanging on her every word.

Andy and Karen are a few yards away, watching the performance.

KAREN

So what are they like?

ANDY

Young, arrogant, inexperienced and potentially lethal. And that's just the good ones.

A beat. Karen watches Ally, then sees Andy staring at her.

KAREN

You should ask her.

ANDY

Too complicated.

KAREN

How long's it been now?

ANDY

Six months. Actually seven.

KAREN

You should definitely ask her.

Ally and her faithful duckling train of junior doctors pass by. She smiles at Andy as she goes by.

Maybe he should ask her.

CUT TO:

67	OMITTED	67
68	OMITTED	68
69	OMITTED	69
70	INT. ALLY'S FLAT - DAY 21 07.00	70

Ally asleep in her bed when her mobile rings.

ALLY

Hi?

BRIGITTE

(phone)

Ally, it's Brigitte. I hope I didn't wake you?

ALLY

No, sure. Is everything OK -?

BRIGITTE

Why wouldn't it be? Look, I know it's short notice but I'm having a kitchen supper tonight and I really want you to come.

ALLY

Brigitte, I'd love to. But I can't really ask Mona to baby sit again -

BRIGITTE

Molly's invited. It is Molly isn't it? My girls will look after her. And Andy practically insisted. It's seven for eight.

Ally looks nervous. Another test...

CUT TO:

71 **EXT. BRIGITTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 21 19.00**

71

Brigitte Rayne's house is in Murrayfield - large front garden providing privacy from the street.

Ally clutches Molly's hand, bottle of Prosecco in the other. She takes a moment to check out the large house, the elegant shrubs, the Audi car parked on the gravel drive.

She's about to turn and walk away when she realises that Charlie is already behind her.

CHARLIE

Shit. Prosecco. Good idea. I've just gone for your bog standard plonk.

Too late to run. Ally finds Charlie at her shoulder, half-seriously examining Ally's choice of party gift beverage.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Want to swap?

ALLY

It's only Lidl -

CHARLIE

Look at you! Thrifty and stylish.
You're killing me!
(then to Molly)
Hi. I'm Charlie.

MOLLY

I'm Molly.

Charlie points to the doorbell.

CHARLIE

If you press that button then a horrible monster called Brigitte will come out of the door and steal all our drinks.

MOLLY

You press it!

CHARLIE

Only if I can stand behind you when
the monster comes?Just as Molly reaches, the door opens and Brigitte ushers them
in -

BRIGITTE

Hi! This way -

CUT TO:

72 INT. BRIGITTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 21 19.02

72

A long wooden table packed with tapas style starters. The
room's full of middle class professionals talking politely.
Ally feels almost as nervous as she did in Resus.

Brigitte takes Ally's bottle with unashamed delight -

BRIGITTE

Fizz! I love a bit of fizz. Why does
no-one else bring fizz? I'm opening
this now!

Charlie looks at Molly.

CHARLIE

(told you so, whisper)
Monster!

Molly laughs and Ally can't help smiling.

BRIGITTE

So this is Molly?
(calling)
Lexi? Isla?!Her two, pretty and self-possessed daughters - twelve and
fourteen - break off from conversations with two other adults
and join them.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

I'm sure Molly would like to see the
hamsters?

Molly's eyes go wide. Isla and Lexi giggle and grab her hand.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Don't let them out of the cage!

But Molly and the girls have already gone, with ad-libbed
'C'mon'.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

They smell terrible but we love them.
The hamsters, not the children.

Brigitte manages to POP the Prosecco cork.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

So! Welcome! Now, we only have one
rule at my little get-togethers. No
shop talk. OK?

Ally accepts a glass of Prosecco.

ALLY

OK.

Brigitte raises her glass to Ally.

BRIGITTE

Well, here's to you. Thank God you're here!

And Brigitte downs her drink with the speed of a woman who needs it more than she'll ever admit.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

(re: fizz)

That's lovely. Where did you get it?

ALLY

Oh, it's nothing special.

BRIGITTE

(calling over)

Sophie! Come and taste what Ally's brought.

- and just like that, Ally has joined the party.

CUT TO:

73 INT. BRIGITTE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 21 19.30

73

Ally bumps into Andy pouring himself a drink in the kitchen. In front of him is a smorgasbord of alcoholic drinks.

ALLY

Hi.

ANDY

Hi. What can I get you? We appear to have... Everything.

Brigitte certainly makes sure there will be no chance of running out of drinks.

ALLY

White wine.

Andy picks up one of Brigitte's outsize wine glasses.

ANDY

I hope you're OK with stupidly large?

CUT TO:

74 INT. BRIGITTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 21 20.00

74

Andy and Ally talk in a quiet corner. War stories.

ANDY

So you just walked out?

ALLY

I had no choice. I can't believe I left it so long.

ANDY

Still takes guts. In the
circumstances.

Ally puts in a beautifully timed beat of hesitation before
changing the subject. She's getting very good at turning
conversations away from her past.

ALLY

OK. Your turn...
(off his look)
I overheard some people talking.
(busted)
Gossiping.

Andy doesn't mind.

ANDY

Sorry. Can't compete. We just looked
at each other over another takeaway
and knew it was over. Called the
solicitor the following week.

ALLY

Can't have been that easy?

Andy shrugs.

ANDY

You know, we'd tried. For the kids,
you know? That old story. Wanted it to
work.

(then)

I suppose this is where I'm supposed
to blame the job.

ALLY

But -?

ANDY

I blame her, obviously.

(then)

I'm joking. It's fine. We're fine.

A beat.

ANDY (CONT'D)

She was a civilian. Different worlds,
different references, different
backgrounds. Bottom line, they don't
know what you go through.

(then)

And no man is a hero when you wash his
boxers.

ALLY

You could always wash your own?

ANDY

Hey, I took the bins out. And paid the bills.

ALLY

So no civilians. Which just leaves you with doctors, right?

ANDY

Maybe. But not anaesthetists. Or ENT.

ALLY

You're really very fussy, aren't you?

ANDY

Possibly a nice psychiatrist. Someone who needs a project.

ALLY

You actually think you're fixable?

ANDY

Of course. In the right hands -

CUT TO:

75 INT. BRIGITTE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 21 22.00

75

Hard into a passionate, drunken embrace. Ally and Andy together, kissing each other - drunk but both knowing that they really, really want this. A shampoo bottle goes flying.

A KNOCK at the door.

They stop, smile at each other, try not to laugh, both loving it - the kind of thing you did as a teenager. The person outside walks away.

Again the shared moment - the craziness off it is half the fun. They kiss again.

CUT TO:

76 INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY 22 09.30

76

A provincial newsroom. Editor BRENDA HICKS - forties, harried - in charge, is talking to Sam.

BRENDA

- So this Mackay woman has claimed her mother was so dehydrated she was drinking water from the bloody flower vase -

Sam smirks -

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Funny. Until it's your Mum in hospital. Have you heard anything?

SAM

There was a nurse - sister on one of the wards. Got in touch with me a few months ago. Similar claims. I met her once. Gave her my number.

BRENDA

And?

SAM

She changed her mind about coming forward.

Brenda is not impressed by Sam's chillaxed attitude.

BRENDA

Give her a call. Make her change it back.

Brenda leaves. Sam searches through his desk and calls the number Cath gave him but simply gets an 'unobtainable' message from her mobile provider.

CUT TO:

76A INT. STAFF TOILET - DAY 22 09.00

76A

Ally checking out a procedure in her Oxford Handbook in the toilets. Karen walks in on her, too fast for Ally to hide the book.

KAREN

At last. A doctor who admits she doesn't know everything. Your secret's safe with me.

Karen hits a cubicle and closes the door. Ally calms her breathing, looking in the mirror. Karen pees, keeps talking.

KAREN (CONT'D)

It's the arrogant ones who are the worse. One day out of medical school and they think they're God's gift.

ALLY

Never had that problem.

KAREN

Don't worry. We like you. The nurses. You're one of us. Even if you are a doctor. Just promise me you won't turn into a see you next Tuesday.

ALLY
I'll do my best.

Karen flushes.

CUT TO:

77 **EXT. CATH'S FLAT - DAY 22 12.00**

77

Sam at the door with Martine - Cath's neighbour.

MARTINE
I haven't seen her. Been a few months now. You tried her at the hospital?

SAM
No longer employed there. They won't tell me any more.

MARTINE
She weren't stupid, our Cath. Except when it came to men maybe. Waste of space, that Karl. Maybe she wanted to get shot of him for good?

CUT TO:

78 **INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY 22 12.02**

78

Ally at the desk - filling in her notes. Karen passes, next to a moaning PATIENT on a trolley.

KAREN
Going to need a highly skilled doctor in resus.

ALLY
Coming -

CUT TO:

79 **INT. RESUS 1 - DAY 22 12.04**

79

It's another displaced ankle fracture, this time a middle aged cyclist in Lycra.

Ally injects a white liquid - propofol - into his arm.

ALLY
So this is just some anaesthetic to make you feel a little sleepy before we pull your ankle -

CYCLIST
Did I hear you say propofol -?

ALLY
That's right.

CYCLIST

Isn't that what Michael Jackson took?
You know, before he died? So how
quickly does it actually -

And he's asleep.

ALLY

Oh, quite quickly.

- and she then pulls the fracture smoothly and painlessly into place, before turning to Karen - waiting ready with the plaster trolley.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Ready?

KAREN

I was born ready, doctor.

No drama.

CUT TO:

80 **EXT. EDINBURGH/EDINBURGH CHIPPY - DAY 23 13.00**

80

CLOSE: as a stack of ten TWENTY POUND NOTES slip out of the cash machine and into Ally's hand.

Ally and Molly walk hand in hand through the busy street. Both have plastic SHOPPING BAGS in their hands.

Molly tries to stop as they pass their local chippy, but -

ALLY

(breezy)

Let's try a different one today.

CUT TO:

81 **INT. UPMARKET RESTAURANT - DAY 23 13.10**

81

Molly and Ally seated in a more salubrious environment, surrounded by more middle class couples, as they're handed two menus by a smiling waiter.

Going up in the world.

CUT TO:

82 **INT. ALLY'S FLAT - DAY 24 05.45**

82

Early morning. Ally lets Andy out her front door, both careful not to wake Molly up.

ANDY

What shift are you on?

ALLY

Middle. I'll see you later.

ANDY

See you.

He smiles and kisses her before he leaves.

ANDY (CONT'D)

See? Told you I was fixable.

ALLY

Let's call it work in progress.

Ally watches him go, conflicted. She wants this, but isn't it crazy?

CUT TO:

83 INT. NURSING HOME, LOUNGE - DAY 25 16.30

83

The nursing home. Sam with Arthur in his now single room. Photos of his family - Cath included - and some shots from his union days at the steel works.

Arthur just stares out of the window. Sam realises he's not getting very far.

He looks over at Sharon - the manager who is talking to a staff member in the corner of the room.

CUT TO:

84 INT. NURSING HOME. RECEPTION - DAY 25 16.34

84

Sam at the desk with the manager SHARON as she searches through a contact book on the desk.

SHARON

That sounds lovely!

SAM

It was my Mum's idea. For her seventieth. Get the whole family together for the weekend. I didn't realise it would be such a mission to get hold of them all.

Sharon looks at him.

SHARON

So you're family?

SAM

Adopted. Makes you value it more, somehow.

SHARON

Of course. Sorry! Yes, here it is. His daughter updated a month ago. I think she's got a new mobile or something?

SAM

That'll be it. Slave to the upgrade. You're a lifesaver.

She hands over the book and Sam copies down Ally's new mobile number.

SAM (CONT'D)

And did she give an address? Got an invitation too. Mum doesn't trust email.

SHARON

I think so. Let me have a look.

CUT TO:

85 INT. ALLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 26 21.30

85

Ally wakes up to the sound of her phone ringing. Andy stirs next to her. She moves to pick up the call but misses it. She checks the number - no caller ID.

Her phone buzzes again - they've left a voicemail message.

SAM

(voicemail)

Hi. Cath?

Ally recognises his voice.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's Sam Kelly from the Sheffield Express. Wondered if we could have a quick talk?

Ally holding the phone. Andy almost wakes. Ally sits there. Her fear building.

END OF EPISODE ONE: