



Trust Me

Episode 2

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AA

INT. SHEFFIELD HOSPITAL - NIGHT C. FLASHBACK 01.00

AA

A Sheffield medical ward in the dead of night. Sister Cath Hardacre skillfully puts a cannula into a tiny vein in the back of an old woman's hand.

A tired-looking female junior DOCTOR - HATTIE (late 20s) - looks on. She's a quirky-looking doc with large bright PINK GLASSES, but tonight her normally bright face looks drained and grey.

HATTIE

Thanks, Cath.

She means it.

CATH

There's tea in the pot. Nurse's station.

But as she speaks, Hattie's bleep goes off and she's dragged away again. Cath watches her go.

CUT TO:

1

INT. RESUS CORRIDOR - DAY 27 08.00

1

A TOP SHOT of a DEAD MAN's FACE.

Heroin skinny, yellow gapped teeth, cadaverous skin stretched tight over his skull. Urgent VOICES all around, BLEEPs from equipment, the whoosh as the Ambubag pushes air.

DR. ALLY SUTTON alongside, looking down on the laryngeal mask (breathing tube) sticking out of the side of his mouth, the other end attached to a balloon-like Ambubag that pushes air into his lungs.

Seen-it-all-before PARAMEDIC - GERRY (Irish, 40s) - ventilates whilst he gives the handover to Ally.

GERRY

Unknown male, IVDU with pin point pupils in respiratory arrest -

New girl PARAMEDIC - LYNN - (20s) performs the CPR, counting under her breath to herself just like she's been taught.

GERRY (CONT'D)

- scoop and run from Gould Street, early thirties -

ALLY

How long's he been down?

GERRY

Medically, maybe ten minutes.
Emotionally, I'd say twenty years
minimum.

CRASH through the doors into Resus -

CUT TO:

2

INT. RESUS - DAY 27 08.01

2

Ally holds the corner of a sheet -

LYNN

One, two, three -

- and in a rehearsed team move he's slid quickly onto a Resus bed. More nursing hands get to work - someone is still on the CPR, another is pressing on ECG leads, a third is cutting off a ripped shirt.

ALLY

Stop CPR.

And everything stops at her command. Suddenly from frenzied activity to virtual silence. Everything stops for a pulse check.

Ally presses two fingers onto his neck over the right carotid artery.

Wait. Feel. Silence.

ALLY (CONT'D)

OK, he's got a pulse. Hold the CPR,
keep bagging him. Someone check a
BP -

Like flicking on a light switch, the team get busy. Ally turns to Gerry.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Access?

GERRY

Sorry. Yer man didn't exactly make
it easy for us.

Ally grabs for a rubber glove from the wall and wraps it around his upper arm, stretching it tight to act as a tourniquet.

She grabs at the corpse's right hand. It's rough, dirty, nails bitten right down. Scars and blurred tattoos. She SLAPS hard to try and find a vein. Nothing.

She quickly turns it over and slaps again at the inside of his right wrist. Spots something.

ALLY

Blue please. And get some naloxone ready. IM and IV.

Ally wipes alcohol over a tiny vein. Karen unwraps the cannula.

Gerry peers in at what she's intending to try - to place a tiny cannula in an almost invisible vein - a cannula needed urgently so Ally can inject the antidote that will resurrect her patient.

It's a tough ask.

GERRY

I'll pay to see this.

Karen hands her a small blue cannula.

CUT TO:

3 OMITTED

3

4 INT. RESUS - DAY 27 08.02

4

- VERY CLOSE on the tiny vein - only a couple of millimetres across.

The needle - now looking huge on the screen - touches, tents, then enters what looks like rough, dirty elephant skin, trying to find the one remaining good vein in a wrecked body.

A rapid FLASH of red blood in the clear barrel of the cannula.

She's in.

A low whistle of appreciation from Gerry as Ally slides the plastic cannula home.

Ally tapes down the cannula to hold it.

ALLY

OK. Naloxone?

Karen hands Ally a syringe full of a clear drug - naloxone (an opiate antidote). She injects it into the cannula hub.

ALLY (CONT'D)

(to Karen)

In. And let's give him the IM
before he wakes up -

KAREN

Way ahead of you -

- And Karen jabs his arm with another needle and injects more naloxone.

A heartbeat or two and the corpse stays dead still, as if absolutely nothing has happened. But inside his veins, the antidote is pulsing ever closer to his brain.

5, 4, 3...

Ally turns back to Gerry, holding up the inside of her right WRIST to show him -

ALLY

Inside of the right wrist. One
place they never inject.

Suddenly the DEAD MAN coughs, utters a low moan. Karen's already on the move -

KAREN

Security!

But it's too late. The Dead Man sits bolt upright, reanimated like a zombie, pulling off ECG leads and stretching the ventilator tubing to breaking point.

He coughs, looks around, eyes wide, then stares straight at Ally, who's still holding the tiny syringe of naloxone that just killed his hard-won, near-fatal high.

DEAD MAN

Bitch.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD

CUT TO:

The Dead Man is escorted out by the two security guards.

Ally watches him go, grubby plastic bag full of drugs and meagre possessions in hand, still moaning at security and shrugging off their escorting hands.

From dead to ned in less than five minutes.

Ally's more used to this kind of thing by now. She just saved his life and now he's away to repeat the entire process.

She turns away and reaches into a pocket for her iPhone.

Ally hits the MISSED CALLS button and moves to a more private corner.

A MOBILE NUMBER in red at the top of the list.

She hesitates for a moment, then taps the number to start a call.

The phone rings. As she waits, Ally watches the department around her. More patients arrive - an elderly WOMAN in a wheelchair, a fat middle-aged MAN on an ambulance trolley clutching a vomit bowl. A constant stream.

The phone just keeps ringing. Finally to voicemail.

SAM

(voicemail)

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

Ally checks that no-one can hear her.

ALLY

(into phone, quiet)

This is Cath. Cath Hardacre. I
don't want to talk to you. Don't
call me again.

Ally kills the call. Looks at the phone. Will that be enough?
Should she have even called?

ANDY

(o/s)

Hi -

Ally almost jumps a mile at the sound of his voice. She turns, tries to instantly get the anxiety out of her face.

ALLY

Hey. Everything OK?

But Andy's face is serious.

ANDY

Actually, I need to talk to you
about a patient from last week. Not
here.

He jerks his head towards the offices and moves away, expecting her to follow. Ally's heart sinks like a stone. What has she done?

CUT TO:

6 INT. CONSULTANTS' OFFICE - DAY 27 09.19

6

Ally follows Andy into his office. Andy lets her pass, then closes the door behind her and pulls the blinds shut -

ALLY

So, what's the prob -

But she doesn't get any further as Andy gets close and kisses her.

Ally takes a second to register her surprise, then responds, before finally coming up for air.

Ally's still trying to be annoyed, thinking she had made a mistake. But she can't manage it in the face of Andy's charm.

ALLY (CONT'D)

(amused, flirty)

Bastard. Don't you ever do that to me again.

ANDY

Sorry.

ALLY

Thought I'd done something terrible.

ANDY

You're an excellent doctor. What could possibly go wrong?

Ally manages to smile as her adrenaline-driven sinus tachycardia gradually slows.

She glances back at the door.

ALLY

We can't do this here.

ANDY

Ashamed of me?

ALLY

It's unprofessional.

ANDY

I know. That's what makes it fun.

A knock at the door and it immediately opens. Karen walks straight in on them as they spring apart.

KAREN

Oh, sorry -

(acknowledgement)

Hey -

Has she seen? But she gives no sign as she turns to Andy -

KAREN (CONT'D)

- There's someone fascinating from Patient Flow here to talk to you.

ANDY

Be right out.

(then, to Ally, mock serious)

And don't do it again.

A look between them and then Andy follows Karen out of the door.

Ally's left alone in the shared office. She takes a moment to check it out. Brigitte's side is messy and chaotic.

Andy's personality shines through in his area -

An old photo of his kids on the desk.

Mountain bike gear stacked in a corner.

The grubby bike itself leaning against a wall.

A forgotten gym-bag mouldering on a plastic NHS chair.

Finally, an overflowing IN-TRAY - typical - but she then sees the paper at the top -

It's an email print out from ALEX CONSTANTINE: DR. ALISON SUTTON - HUMAN RESOURCES front sheet with a yellow Post-It reading 'STILL NEEDS PASSPORT COPY!!'

Ally hesitates, double-checks that she's alone, then takes the Post-It and print out, folds it, and then places it in her pocket.

CUT TO:

7

INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY 27 11.00

7

Ally concentrating hard on a PC at the nurses' station, typing in patient details from her last case.

Brigitte appears at her shoulder. She takes a sip from her labelled WATER BOTTLE and places it down on the desk.

BRIGITTE

What happened to that crash call?
The IVDU?

ALLY

Self-discharge. Against medical advice.

BRIGITTE

Did he sign a form?

Ally hands her a standard 'Against medical advice' form with 'PISS OFF' scrawled on it in capitals.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Lovely.

Ally reaches for the bottle to take a drink - but Brigitte stops her -

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Not so fast. You don't know where
I've been.

ALEX

Brigitte?

They both turn to see ALEX CONSTANTINE. Ally realises she has his EMAIL in her top pocket.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Thought we had an eleven o'clock?
Or have I got that wrong?

He knows he doesn't have it wrong.

BRIGITTE

Right. Shit. Five minutes?

Alex grins at Ally.

ALEX

Don't worry. I get stood up all the time.

(then)

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

Still waiting for your passport I think? Sorry. You know what these HR people are like.

Alex looks at her - his gaze unnerving. Ally pushes the email from him down into her pocket.

ALLY

Sorry. Been looking for it. Can't find it anywhere. Would a driving licence work?

ALEX

No can do. If you can't dig it out, you're going to need a new one. Otherwise they'll stop your wages. End of the week will be fine.

Brigitte finishes what she's been doing.

BRIGITTE

Right. If you've finished harassing my staff I'm all yours. Ally, go to lunch. That's an order.

Brigitte grabs her bottle and leads Alex away.

CUT TO:

8

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE/CAR PARK - DAY 27 11.15

8

Watery Scottish sunshine as Ally heads towards the small LUNCH VAN that parks on the far side of the car park. It's a cute Citroen style truck that does posh coffee for both staff and patients.

She's wearing her regulation blue scrubs, ID-badge swinging on a lanyard at her chest, stethoscope around her neck.

SAM (O.S.)

Cath!

It's been so long since she's heard that. Ally doesn't even turn.

SAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Cath! Hey!

Reporter SAM KELLY strides quickly into Ally's field of vision, maybe ten yards away.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hi. Sorry. Thought it was you.

Ally's world goes into meltdown.

She stops. Looks around anxiously. Knows she's only a few seconds from exposure.

She spots a group of ED NURSES she knows, chatting, searching for cigarette packets and lighters as they pass a few feet from her.

Ally turns her ID BADGE back in towards her chest just as Sam reaches her -

SAM (CONT'D)
You're a tough woman to find.

Ally starts to walk away -

ALLY
I don't want to talk to you.

SAM
Thing is, I've got a proposal. Bit of cash in it as well. Twisted the editor's arm. We want to widen it out. Healthcare in Sheffield - the big scandal.

Ally keeps walking, head down. But Sam keeps step -

ALLY
Sorry. No.

Ally turns and as soon as she does so, she YANKS the ID card from her neck, breaking the lanyard clasp, and shoves it into her scrubs pocket.

ALLY (CONT'D)
Sorry. No. I'm working.

Then Ally sees Andy approaching. Andy spots her talking to Sam, clearly curious and about to walk over... But then Andy is called back by a NURSE and he turns briefly.

SAM
Ten minutes of your time. That's all.

Sam looks over at the truck.

SAM (CONT'D)
I'll even buy you lunch?

CUT TO:

9

EXT. LUNCH TRUCK - DAY 27 11.50

9

In the queue for the truck.

CASHIER

That's five seventy.

She reaches for her purse.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

That's with the staff discount.
I'll need to see your wee card.

ALLY

I'm staff.

CASHIER

Sorry. Rules is rules. Or that'd be
me for the high jump.

Sam is at her shoulder, suddenly aware of the emerging minor drama. Ally starts to get flustered.

ALLY

OK, then I'll pay full price. How
much?

CASHIER

Have you not got it?

SAM

Seriously, let me. Five seventy
right?

CASHIER

With the staff discount.

Ally realises she's just making it worse. Finally she reaches into her scrubs pocket and pulls out the ID card, holding it out in front so that Sam can't get a glimpse of it.

ALLY

There. OK?

CASHIER

See? Not so hard, eh?

Ally shoves the ID back into her pocket. The cashier takes the money and gives her the change.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

That's thirty pee.

Ally just grabs her coffee and walks away, eyes down.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
(making a point)
Thank you, doctor.

She's said it.

Ally glances at Sam, but he's clearly heard it too.

Ally panics. Breathing fast, she walks quickly towards the table, trying to stay calm. But Sam follows -

SAM
(light)
You been promoted?

Ally digs deep and finds another lie.

ALLY
It's the scrubs. Everyone in ED
wears them. I get it all the time.

Ally heads away from the truck, away from the other staff and patients towards a place where they can't be overheard.

ALLY (CONT'D)
How did you find me?

Sam hesitates.

SAM
Arthur. At the home? Told them I
was your long-lost cousin. They
gave me a number and address up
here. This was the nearest
hospital.

ALLY
You talked to my father?

SAM
Sorry. Out of order. But you can't
doubt my commitment.

But Ally is angry.

ALLY
That's none of your business.

SAM
Look, you came to me with this.
Your story. When Karl mentioned you
wanted to talk to someone, I was,
you know, whatever. Worth a look.
But it got to me. You got to me.
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

The Government keep on with all this 'Our NHS' bullshit, but you dig a bit and it's falling to pieces. Patients suffering, good people getting shafted. Exactly what you told me. I want people to know. And I thought you did too?

Ally takes a second or two.

ALLY

You still see him? Karl?

SAM

Now and again. Five-a-side. That's it.

Another beat from Ally.

ALLY

I wanted what was best for my daughter. The situation wasn't ideal.

SAM

OK...

ALLY

He would let her down. Not just once or twice. Time and time and time again. She'd wait, get excited, then he'd just not turn up or give some bullshit excuse. I thought a bit of distance was what we needed.

SAM

So how's that working?

ALLY

We go down there. It's easier. Then there's the money thing. I'm earning, he's not.

Sam takes this in.

SAM

I get it. Still don't see why that means you can't help me?

ALLY

I just don't want to get involved, that's all.

Ally stays silent. Sam senses she's not telling the whole truth.

SAM

It's funny. Without your Dad, I would never have found you. I checked all the usual places - there's nothing. Like you just vanished.

ALLY

I just wanted a clean break. For both of us.

Sam looks at her carefully. Senses her reticence to talk. Makes a small leap -

SAM

Karl has no idea where you are, does he?

Ally doesn't reply.

SAM (CONT'D)

Did he hit you? Or her?

Ally still says nothing.

SAM (CONT'D)

Bastard.

Ally hesitates for a beat.

ALLY

It got... physical... I need this whole thing to be a new start for me. I don't care about me. I care about my daughter.

Sam rocks back. He's now sure he's chased an abused partner across the country and feels like dirt -

SAM

Shit... Look, it's OK. It's fine. I get it. I'm sorry. I should never have come here.

Sam stands.

SAM (CONT'D)
I'll make it work without you.
Don't know how but I'll sort
something. You won't hear from me
again.

CUT TO:

10 OMITTED 10
11 INT. ED/MAJORS - DAY 27 12.00 11

Ally walks back in, almost crossing with Brigitte and Alex Constantine, walking through the department.

She subtly follows and listens to their conversation - not allowing them to realise she can hear them.

ALEX
Sorry to just land this on you. I
know you've got enough on your
plate here.

BRIGITTE
You're wrong. I trust my staff one
hundred percent. There's been a
mistake.

ALEX
I hope so.

He doesn't believe it. Brigitte watches him go and takes a swig from her water bottle.

FIND: Andy as he slides next to Ally, making her *jump* - her concentration so fixed on Alex and Brigitte.

ANDY
Everything OK?

ALLY
(recovering)
Sure.

ANDY
All looked a bit intense just then?
Outside. Wondered if I needed to
step in. Friend of yours?

Is Andy jealous? His tone is light but he needs an answer.

Ally turns to face him as Brigitte joins them.

ALLY

It's fine. Nothing. He's... An estate agent. Couldn't get hold of me. Wanted to talk about some place on the market.

Brigitte joins in.

BRIGITTE

About time you moved up in the world. Buying or renting?

ALLY

I'm not sure.

BRIGITTE

Love to see my valued colleagues putting down roots.

(glance to Andy)

And making friends. So where are you looking? Somewhere nice?

ANDY

(light)

Not on what we pay her.

BRIGITTE

Few night shifts, Edinburgh's your oyster.

Ally feels herself getting deeper into a lie. She reacts a little tetchily.

ALLY

I'm looking, that's all. See what's out there.

Karen at her shoulder -

KAREN

Trauma call in five. Cyclist versus white van man. Suspected head injury.

On the spot, Ally spots a welcome exit -

ALLY

I'll take it.

CUT TO:

12	OMITTED	12
13	OMITTED	13

14

INT. RESUS - DAY 27 12.05

14

Gerry and Lynn with Ally and Charlie.

LYNN
One, two *three* -

Hands move the CYCLIST (Ed, 30s) from the ambulance trolley to a resus bed.

He's dressed in outdoors-y cycling gear - fleece, mountain trainers, messenger bag. A hard cervical collar around his neck to protect the spine.

ALLY
So what happened?

LYNN
Blindsided at a junction.

CHARLIE
Helmet?

GERRY
In bits. Got him GCS 13 at the scene. Collared as a precaution.
Oh, and his name's Ed -

Ally leans in to her patient - who's clawing at the uncomfortable collar around his neck.

ALLY
Hi. I'm Ally. I'm one of the doctors, do you know where you are? ED
I'm going to be sick.

ALLY
OK. We can give you something for tha...

But Ed isn't joking and starts to puke, still lying on his back, like a mini Vesuvius of vomit.

ALLY (CONT'D)
Log roll!

The team get into action and roll him on his side as he pukes again -

CUT TO:

15

INT. RESUS BAY - DAY 27 12.30

15

Ally with a red **EMERGENCY BAG** over her shoulder (the kit you take when transferring a patient).

Karen with her -

KAREN

We got hold of the wife. She's on her way down. You want me to tell her anything?

ALLY

Just that we'll know more after the scan.

Karen takes a look at Ally's vomit-covered scrubs.

KAREN

Don't they teach you about aprons in medical school?

Ally is about to reply, when Charlie pushes the trolley with Ed on it out of the bay.

ALLY

No porter?

CHARLIE

Off sick. I'm lowering myself.

Charlie steers the trolley with the skill of a supermarket veteran.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Also, I have three lunch orders to fill when we're over there. Whoever put the scanner next to Costa was an evil genius.

CUT TO:

16

EXT. LIFT - DAY 27 12.31

16

They head towards the lift that will take them to the CT scanner. Ed moans softly and struggles against his collar.

CHARLIE

I'm actually an old hand. Two months work experience on the trolleys.

ALLY

You worked as a porter?

CHARLIE

Got to show commitment. Mere 'A' grades from Heriot's are not enough. Funny thing was, I quite liked it -

The lift doors open and they squeeze inside -

CUT TO:

17

INT. LIFT - DAY 27 12.32

17

- where there's barely enough room.

Charlie sniffs the enclosed air. Ed's drying vomit is the top note in this particular perfume.

CHARLIE

Can't handle vomit. Poo I'm fine with. Tramp sweat no problem. Vomit - uh oh. Any air freshener in that bag?

The lift doors close and it starts to rise.

ALLY

Sorry.

Suddenly Ed's back arches and he goes completely rigid. A tiny beat and then his muscles start to spasm and seize -

ALLY (CONT'D)

Fitting -

CHARLIE

Shit!

Ed is rigid, his arms and legs making small jerking movements. The PULSE OXIMETER alarm starts to sound as it is dislodged. Ally grabs at him to try and stop the movement.

ALLY

Diazepam -

Ed bucks and thrashes as the powerful spasms almost throw him off the trolley. Ally has to use nearly all her body weight to hold him.

At the same time Charlie rips open the emergency bag and scrabbles inside -

CHARLIE

Can't find it -

Ally struggles to hold down her patient in the confined space.

ALLY
There's got to be -

Finally, Charlie grabs it.

CHARLIE
Here!

He hands her a minijet of Diazepam.

ALLY
Hold his arm -

Charlie tries to grab at the twitching arm as Ally struggles to attach the syringe to the cannula hub.

Just as she gets it, Charlie loses his grip and the cannula and syringe pull out, leaving a wound that starts oozing blood out onto the bed and their hands.

ALLY (CONT'D)
For God's sake -

CHARLIE
Sorry -

ALLY
You need to hold him.

Charlie uses all his strength to hold down the flailing, bleeding arm while Ally attempts another cannula.

It's like hitting a moving target. Her attempt fails.

ALLY (CONT'D)
Shit.
(then)
We got sub lingual midazolam?

CHARLIE
Nope.

ALLY
OK. I need another line - quick...

CHARLIE
That was the last one -

Ed writhes and jerks. His pulse oximeter starts alarming -

ALLY
I don't know what to do -

CHARLIE

Get his legs -
(off her confusion)
Just do it.

Charlie hauls down boxers against Ed's kicking legs and struggles to aim his syringe into the correct area.

The LIFT DOORS open to reveal a group of MANAGEMENT STAFF in suits. They are presented with the sight of Ally restraining Ed while Charlie injects the drug into Ed's his back passage -

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It's in. Hold him.

- they keep holding Ed down as the drug takes effect and the muscle spasms gradually fade away, much to their audience's confusion.

The two of them look at each other as the fit fades away - both now streaked with blood and vomit.

Charlie looks at Ally. Ally knows she panicked and can't meet his gaze. Does he suspect something?

CUT TO:

18

INT. NURSES STATION - DAY 27 13.30

18

Charlie and Karen by the CT scanner. The image of an EXTRADURAL HAEMORRHAGE on the screen.

KAREN

You didn't?

CHARLIE

Right up his arse.

KAREN

Was that Ally's idea?

CHARLIE

All my own work.

KAREN

And you did it?

CHARLIE

Eventually. I can be very resourceful. Good job I was there.

KAREN

My hero.

A beat or two as Charlie thinks back.

CHARLIE

She lost it a bit. Ally. Once the line went.

KAREN

Maybe she's claustrophobic?

CHARLIE

Maybe. You should have heard her.
(pronounced as Ally did)

Midazolam! Like she was from Grey's Anatomy or something.

KAREN

Or Sheffield.

CHARLIE

Whatever. Somewhere foreign.

KAREN

Oh my God, you're such a racist. I assumed you fancied her.

CHARLIE

What me? No.

KAREN

Really? Everyone else does.

CHARLIE

They come up here, take our men -

(then)

Nah. Not my type. Prefer a bit more attitude...

Ally sees them talking, laughing together. When they spot her Charlie turns away. Karen spots an elderly patient - looking lost -

KAREN

Where are you trying to get to honey?

- and moves away to help her. Charlie watches her go, frustrated that she's been called away. Has he got a little crush on Karen?

Meanwhile Ally watches Charlie, worried they were talking about her.

CUT TO:

19

INT. LOCKER ROOM - EVENING 27 17.00

19

Ally gets to the sanctuary of the grubby female changing room. LOCKERS on the walls. She's alone. Retrieving her rucksack, Ally walks through the changing room -

CUT TO:

20

INT. TOILETS - EVENING 27 17.01

20

- Into the toilets and locks the door.

She leans into the cracked sink, runs the tap, splashes her face and then looks into the dirty mirror at her reflection.

She stares into her own eyes. Tired, the face finally comes off.

She's upset, emotional. She fights back tears of tension and fear. That was too close.

Would she have coped on her own? Would Ed have died in there?

She pulls off her grim scrub top.

The POST-IT note flutters from the pocket. Evidence of her deception. Kissing Andy this morning feels like a hundred years ago.

Ally picks it up and tears it into pieces before throwing the pieces into the bowl and flushing them.

She watches them disappear.

CUT TO:

21 **INT. ALLY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 27 18.00**

21

Ally walks in to the room. Mona's watching TV - some kind of talent show - her dinner on a tray in her lap, she doesn't look up.

MONA

Your dinner's in the oven.

CUT TO:

22 **INT. ALLY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 27 18.15**

22

Ally sitting next to Mona, her TV dinner on the go, laughing along at her TV show.

MONA

You easily could leave the wee one with me? A couple of days is fine.

ALLY

Thanks. But it's been a while. I owe him that much.

MONA

Do you?

ALLY

Karl's her father.

MONA

Aye well, maybe he should have thought of that before he upped and left you with a bairn to raise.

(then)

The offer's there.

A beat or two. The TV burbles. Mona knows Ally is feeling it. But she assumes it's the stress of the job, a long hard day.

MONA (CONT'D)

You can talk to me. Whatever it is.

Unshockable, that's me.

(MORE)

MONA (CONT'D)

You see what goes on in Take A Break, then nothing would surprise you. Kidnap, incest. Or both.

For a second, Ally thinks about it. Feels that urge to just confess.

ALLY

I'm OK. Just tired.

MONA

Doesn't pay to bottle things up. Not in your line of work. A problem shared...

ALLY

Can you keep a secret? I mean really?

Mona mimes 'zipping' up her lips.

ALLY (CONT'D)

I'm not a real doctor.

But of course Mona doesn't believe she's talking literally. In fact it riles her -

MONA

What? Because you're a woman? Because you've got a bairn and responsibilities? You're as good as any of them stuck-up bastards, mark my words. Now I don't want to hear another word of that crap. OK?

ALLY

(eventually)

OK.

MONA

Glad we've got that straight. Now I thought you were going out with that man of yours?

ALLY

Actually I was going to ring him. Do it another night.

MONA

Get some slap on, put a smile on your face and get out there. You want him to hook up with some young nurse while you're stuck here gabbing to an old woman?

ALLY

(laughing)

No.

MONA

Then get a wiggle on and get out of
here.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 27 19.00**

23

Ally dressed to go out. She looks great - a different woman. Her clothes and style have evolved since we first met her.

She checks in on Molly - asleep. Safe. Cared for. Secure.

It reminds Ally. This is the reason she's doing it.

CUT TO:

24 **EXT. EDINBURGH STREETS - NIGHT 27 19.25**

24

Ally makes her way along the bustle of the streets near the station - a fun, young area full of life.

Students and young couples laugh and joke as they pass. The lights are warm and yellow, the night young and full of promise.

Ally spots her destination - a cool looking bar/restaurant.

CUT TO:

25 **INT. TRENDY BAR - NIGHT 27 19.27**

25

Ally pushes inside. A cool crowd. There's a faint Tex Mex feel. A DJ prepares for his set. Young female students wait tables.

Andy at a corner table. Ally smiles when she sees him and walks over.

ANDY

Thought I was being stood up?

ALLY

Sorry. You know how it is.

ANDY

True. Sadly.

He leans in to kiss her hello. Ally doesn't back off exactly but almost instinctively checks around her.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Don't worry. We're in the clear.
Also no-one who works in the NHS
could possibly afford this. Eight
quid for a bloody artisan tequila?

ALLY
You chose it.

ANDY
Just trying to impress you.

ALLY
It's so not working.

She kisses him again, relaxing a little more now.

ANDY
So what kept you?

ALLY
That extra dural decided to puke
all over me. Then throw a grand mal
in the lift.

Andy sniffs -

ANDY
I am getting a tiny whiff of vomit.
Although the Chanel is doing its
best -

ALLY
(mortified)
I showered!

ANDY
Puke will always find a way. It's a
cross we all have to bear.
(then)
I'm guessing you need a drink?

Ally pretends to peruse the drinks board behind her.

ALLY
Thanks... Artisan tequila. Double.

CUT TO:

Moments later, two BEERS on the go. Ally has just told Andy
she has to go to Sheffield.

ANDY
I could always go with you?

ALLY
Above and beyond. But thanks. He's
my father.

ANDY
Your Mum OK?

ALLY
She died. Long time ago now. Ever
since then, it was just me and him.

ANDY

See, I didn't know that.

ALLY

Because I never told you.

ANDY

Exactly. One artisan tequila and
most women will tell you their life
story -

ALLY

(really?)

Most women?

Andy realises he's on shaky ground.

ANDY

What I mean is, you can talk to me.
If you want to.

ALLY

Thanks. I'll let you know.

Ally looks away, doesn't meet his eyes. She feels
uncomfortable, vulnerable. Knows she really *can't* talk to
him.

ANDY

Ouch. Just trying to be the dutiful
boyfriend here.

ALLY

Sorry, I thought we were just
having sex.

She's joking, but Andy senses the 'boyfriend' word might have
been a bridge too far.

ANDY

Shit. Too soon? So this is what?
Friends with benefits?

ALLY

Not sure I'd count you as a *friend*
as such.

ANDY

Fair enough. I mean I suppose I've
never...

(air quotes)

officially asked you out.

ALLY

And how do we make it
(air quotes)
official?

ANDY

When we were at school we used to
write a note. Will you go out with
me, yes or no? There was a box to
tick.

ALLY

Sounds sensible. And you'd have it
in writing. No backing out.

Andy grabs a handy beer mat and scribbles with a biro - a box
for YES and a box for NO. He pushes it over to her.

ANDY

You'd think we had enough
referendums. Referenda?

Ally covers it with her hand and makes a mark before pushing
it back.

Andy looks at it.

ANDY (CONT'D)

No!? You cow.

But Ally is laughing too. Andy gets up -

ALLY

Where are you going?

ANDY

I've just been dumped. I need to
drown my sorrows.

- and heads to the bar.

Ally watches him as he stands there. Notices other couples
around her, laughing and flirting with each other. Her
feelings are mixed. She wants this, but knows it's
impossible. Isn't it?

CUT TO:

Molly in the car seat. They both wave goodbye to Mona as the
car pulls away.

CUT TO:

28 **EXT. NURSING HOME/ALLY'S CAR - DAY 28 13.00** 28

Ally crunches into the drive of her father's Sheffield nursing home.

She pulls a brand new PHONE out of its box and powers it up.

CUT TO:

29 **INT. NURSING HOME, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY 28 13.10** 29

Ally with the nursing home manager - SHARON (40s, a hint of weekend Goth) - already on the back foot. Molly plays in the corner with an iPad.

SHARON

I can only apologise once again.
All personal information should be completely confidential.

Ally writes a mobile number on a piece of paper.

ALLY

I've changed my number.

SHARON

Of course. And I'll speak to the member of staff concerned myself.

She's so lying - it was Sharon who gave Sam the details.

ALLY

I'd like to see my father.

SHARON

Actually, he's with the doctor.

CUT TO:

30 **OMITTED** 30

31 **INT. ARTHUR'S ROOM - DAY 28 13.15** 31

The GP takes a call in the corner. His medical bag on a side table, stethoscope just sitting there.

Ally takes his stethoscope and goes over to her father.

ALLY

Hi Dad.

Arthur looks at her blankly, trying to place her.

Ally listens to her father's chest, placing her hands on his shoulders, intimate and distant at the same time.

ARTHUR
Are you the doctor?

Ally hesitates. Looks into his eyes, realises that her father has no idea who she is anymore. She might as well be a stranger.

In her father's eyes. Cath Hardcore has gone for good.

ALLY
That's right. I am. Take a deep breath.

This time, Arthur does as he's told. Ally then percusses his chest on the right - something only a doctor would do.

She listens with the stethoscope, concentrating on what she hears.

ARTHUR
(quiet)
Cathy.

Ally almost jumps in shock. Looks into his eyes. Somehow, she knows. He's back.

ALLY
(tender)
Hi.

ARTHUR
Always were a good girl. Have you come to take me home?

ALLY
You are home.

Arthur shakes his head, looks around, starts getting upset.

ARTHUR
Sorry about all this. Not fair.

ALLY
It's OK. Really.

ARTHUR
Where's Jessie?

ALLY
Mum died. Long time ago. Remember?

Arthur does remember. Sort of. Is that what pushes him back?

ARTHUR

You work so hard to care of us. I'm
so proud of you Cath.

But almost as quickly as he came back, Ally realises he's gone again, his eyes regaining their thousand yard stare.

Ally tries to compose herself. Then realises the GP is looking for his stethoscope.

He realises she has it, walks over - annoyed.

ALLY

Sorry. I worked in respiratory.
Asthma nurse. You pick things up.

DR. FERGUSON

We get a lot of internet experts these days. Dr. Google is no substitute for the real thing.

ALLY

Of course.

DR. FERGUSON

I think this is an infection. I'm going to prescribe some antibiotics. He should be better in a day or two.

CUT TO:

32

EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY 28 14.00

32

Ally is about to drive away. Molly is still engrossed in her iPad. She looks back at the building. Her last connection to her old life. She looks in her rearview mirror at her reflection; new hair, new clothes, Cath Hardacre vanishing before her eyes.

After a beat, she turns the key and moves away.

CUT TO:

33

INT. SHEFFIELD CAFE - DAY 28 14.30

33

Ally on her new phone. She's looking up 'fake passport' information on her smart phone.

Karl enters. Molly sees him -

MOLLY
Daddy!

Ally quickly shuts down her phone browser as Karl approaches.

CUT TO:

34

INT. SHEFFIELD CAFE - DAY 28 14.31

34

Molly eating ice cream. Ally and Karl with coffees on the go.

KARL
So it's zero hours but there's
opportunity, you know? Long as I
can prove I'm reliable.

ALLY
Sure.

KARL
I know I've screwed up in the past.
But it's different this time.
(beat)
I miss her. And you.

He looks at her hair.

KARL (CONT'D)
Looks good. Suits you.

ALLY
Thanks. Just fancied something
different.
(breaking moment)
Molly dropped my phone in the loo.
This is my new number -

She scribbles on a napkin and pushes it across.

KARL
Thanks

As he takes it, Karl reaches a hand over towards Ally - keeps
contact just a bit too long. She pulls it away.

KARL (CONT'D)
Remember when we used to come here?
She was in her push chair? Only way
she'd sleep. Took it in turns to go
round and round? Better than the
gym.

ALLY
I'm glad you're doing better.
Really.

KARL
They've got a depot up there.
Edinburgh.

Panic overcomes Ally.

ALLY
One step at a time, eh? They need
to know you're reliable. You're
there a couple of months and then
go asking for a transfer?

KARL
Yeah, guess so.

ALLY
We're fine coming here. You know, I
need to see Dad anyway...

Karl reaches inside his bag.

KARL
I got this. Don't let her see. For
her birthday. It's still Paw
Patrol, right?

Karl pushes a plastic present over.

ALLY
Loves it. Thanks.

She hides the present under the table. Checks the time.

ALLY (CONT'D)
We need to get going.

KARL
Sure.
(to Molly)
Kiss for your Dad?

But instead Molly hugs him hard.

MOLLY
So when are you coming?

KARL
Soon. I hope. Soon. Be good, OK?

CUT TO:

35

EXT. EDINBURGH - DAY 29 08.00

35

Establishing shot of Edinburgh, Arthur's Seat in the background.

CUT TO:

35A

INT. MINORS - DAY 29 08.10

35A

Ally applies some steri-strips to a wound on a patient's arm.

ALLY

So these falls -?

MR LYONS

I don't need more help.

ALLY

I can talk to social services. Get them to send someone round. Maybe some help in the mornings -?

Ally puts the finishing touches to her neat job.

MR LYONS

What? More busybodies. That's my problem. Bloody do-gooders.

ALLY

(wry)

That's me. Like nothing more than poking my nose into other people's business.

MR LYONS

No thanks. Just patch me up and move me on. Why do you think I come here?

ALLY

Well, it's not the tea.

MR LYONS

I like you lot. Fix it and forget it. Then we can all get on with our lives.

(re: wound)

Are we done?

ALLY

You're free to go.

Mr Lyons holds out his hand.

MR LYONS

Thanks.

A proper handshake and then he rolls away under his own steam.

CUT TO:

35B

INT. MINORS - DAY 29 08.30

35B

Charlie looks at Ally tidying up after herself in the cubicle.

CHARLIE

You know the nurses will do your dressings for you? If you ask nicely.

ALLY

I don't mind. Gives you time to talk to them.

CHARLIE

That is the weirdest thing any doctor has ever said to me.

ALLY

(light)

Don't you like them? Patients?

CHARLIE

They're fine. Couldn't eat a whole one.

ALLY

You should try it. They won't bite you. Well, obviously some of them do try and bite you -

CHARLIE

Can I ask you something?

ALLY

Sure.

CHARLIE

Do you think doctors and nurses should go out with each other? As a matter of principle.

ALLY

It has been known.

CHARLIE

But is it fundamentally wrong?
Against nature.

He's half joking. But sort of serious.

ALLY

You're asking me whether
intelligent, well rounded and
dedicated professionals should
lower themselves to dating doctors?

CHARLIE

Exactly.

Karen walks past and Charlie glances at her. Ally is onto it like a shot. Suddenly she misses the simplicity too.

ALLY

Just ask her.

CHARLIE

Is it that obvious?

ALLY

It is now. Ask her. No lines, no
jokes. Just be yourself and ask
her. Go!

Charlie almost gets up, then sits back down as he sees another two nurses join Karen and start talking.

CHARLIE

I'll think about it.

ALLY

Seriously. Why make it complicated?
It should be easy.

CHARLIE

Should be.

Another CARD gets placed in the 'waiting for doctor' box by the receptionist. Charlie grabs it gratefully and checks the problem.

His face falls.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, not swollen testicles again.
Why is it testicle day?

ALLY
(light)
At least they've got balls.

CHARLIE
Ouch.

And he moves off.

CUT TO:

36 INT. ED MINORS CUBICLE - DAY 29 09.03

36

Ally in a cubicle with a patient - a young WOMAN whose earring stud is stuck in her lobe.

Ally approaches with a syringe of local anaesthetic.

WOMAN
It's just the butterfly that's stuck. You're jabbing me with that?

ALLY
If you want me to get it out.

WOMAN
(go on then)
Jeez...

But Ally is disturbed by Brigitte -

BRIGITTE
Got a minute?

Ally looks past her to see Alex Constantine - the fraud guy from her induction session -

CUT TO:

37 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 29 09.05

37

Ally walks with Brigitte and Alex. Around them the ED is busy as ever.

ALLY
I'm sorry, I know I need it. I just keep forgetting. You know what it's like.

BRIGITTE
(annoyed)
And I told you this was all a waste of time.

TRUST ME

EPISODE 2

YELLOW AMENDS

20.03.17

33D

Alex has to step around another wayward patient.

ALEX

We all know how hard you guys are working. But if you get it to me, then I can get off your back.

BRIGITTE

OK. Message delivered. I'm sure we all have better things to do?

ALEX

Sure.

Ally smiles at him but Alex watches her for a beat after she turns away. Does he know something...?

CUT TO:

38

INT. ED - DAY 29 09.06

38

We pick up Ally and Brigitte as they move away, unaware that Alex is watching them.

ALLY

How was last night?

BRIGITTE

Lovely. No patients at all. We made tea, we talked about our hopes and dreams. At one point, Karen played her violin and we all danced like gypsies. Or I could be lying.

Ally laughs, about to go back to her patient.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Hold on. I've got something for you-
(then)
Not in front of the nurses.

CUT TO:

39

INT. CONSULTANTS' OFFICE - DAY 29 09.07

39

A LARGE GIFT WRAPPED CHOCOLATE BOX in Ally's hands. Brigitte with her.

BRIGITTE

You know how long I've worked here? Never got so much as a card. You're here what? Four months? Bloody chocolates! So who's it from?

Ally checks the card that's attached. It reads 'Thank You. From Ed X'

ALLY
Just a patient.

A RAPID FLASHBACK of her previous panic as Ed fits in the lift -

ALLY (CONT'D)
(shaking it off)
Shouldn't we be sharing these with everyone?

BRIGITTE
Are you insane? May as well throw them to the gannets. No. Our only option is to eat them all, right here. Baggsy orange cream.

And without further argument, Brigitte digs into the top layer with gusto.

ALLY
(laughing)
You're seriously going to eat them?

BRIGITTE
We earned them. Well, strictly speaking, you did, but let's not split hairs. Or carbs. If it helps you, I can't stand the coffee ones -

Brigitte takes another. Ally finally indulges.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)
So when were you planning on telling me?

Ally's suddenly jerked back to reality. Does she know?

ALLY
Telling you what?

BRIGITTE
You and Doctor Perfect. Of course, you should have checked with me first.

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

BRIGITTE

No matter how little I know about
bloody medicine, I can still spot
the signs of workplace shagging at
fifty paces. So, is this serious?

Ally doesn't reply. But her poker face lets her down.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

I will put that down as a yes.
Don't worry, I approve. He's one of
the good ones. And he deserves
better than that stuck-up cow
Sarah.

ALLY

Just don't tell anyone? Not yet at
least.

Brigitte smiles.

BRIGITTE

I knew it.

ALLY

It's early days, but...

BRIGITTE

Say no more, your secret, unlike
your chocolates, is safe.
Seriously, I think it's great.
Really.

Brigitte lifts the layer partition and eats some more chocolates.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

OK, I have extracted the chosen
few. The rest is suitable to
general distribution.

She closes the box and stands.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Oh. And next weekend. The Glasgow
CEM conference? As long as you can
bear to be parted from lover boy.

This is the last thing Ally needs.

ALLY

I think I'm on next weekend -

BRIGITTE

Not any more. I decided your continuing professional development took priority. Mohammed's on the rota instead.

ALLY

He doesn't mind?

BRIGITTE

When it's this or your old job in Syria, you tend to be flexible.

ALLY

Still, I'm not sure if I can -

BRIGITTE

When's your next appraisal due?

ALLY

Not sure, but -

BRIGITTE

You know what they're like. *Evidence of continuing professional development.* I can't sign you off unless you attend.

ALLY

Sorry. It's just with childcare and everything -

BRIGITTE

You want Alex on your back about your bloody appraisal too?

ALLY

Sorry. I get it, but it's just really tricky -

BRIGITTE

Look, if it's me, just say. I'm a big girl, I can take it. I can be a bit full on, I know. But I thought it could be fun.

ALLY

It's not that. I'd love to go with you, really, but -

BRIGITTE

Good! Then it's settled. Plus, I refuse to spend a dull night alone in Glasgow being lectured about exit block. Which means you are now my official wing woman.

CUT TO:

40

EXT. PORTOBELLO BEACH - DAY 30 11.00

40

A rare sunny day in winter. Andy and Ally walk along Portobello beach road.

Molly plays a few yards away, pushing a child's buggy with a doll in it.

ANDY

Seriously, be careful.

ALLY

It's an educational conference, not Magaluf. I don't even want to go.

ANDY

Don't blame you. I've heard a lot of hair gets let down.

ALLY

So come with me? Or better still, go with Bridge and get me out of it?

ANDY

Can't. Got a mate coming up from Leeds. Mike Watkins?

ALLY

Don't think I know him.

ANDY

I went to school with him but he trained in Leeds? Must have been in your day?

ALLY

Maybe. Doesn't ring a bell though.

ANDY

Knowing Mike I would have expected him to have hit on you at least once.

ALLY
(joking)
What can I say? So many men -

ANDY
So little time. Anyway I know
better than to crash a girls' night
out.

ALLY
Brigitte said you'd be jealous.

ANDY
She knows about us?

ALLY
She guessed. I told her to keep it
to herself.

ANDY
Which means we may as well hire one
of those bi-planes and stream it
from a bloody banner.
(then)
Maybe it isn't a problem.

ALLY
It's fine. I trust her.

Andy doesn't reply. More children on bikes come around the corner.

ALLY (CONT'D)
So, you used to play down here?

ANDY
Every day. Me and Craig Johnstone
built a machine gun nest right
there. Took out a lot of Nazis.

ALLY
Did they have machine guns too?

ANDY
Oh yeah. It was carnage.
But we held the beach.

Ally smiles.

ALLY
And you never wanted to move away.
That's what, fifty years?

ANDY
(friendly)
Piss off.
(then)
This is my home. Look around you.
Why would I give this up?

ALLY
Simple.

ANDY
I think so.
(then)
Sarah talked about moving. Never
saw the point.

ALLY
Did you talk to your solicitor
again?

ANDY
For all the good it did. Honestly?
It's the worst thing that's ever
happened to me. Like we're both
paying lawyers to make us
miserable.
(then)
She's fighting over access. At
weekends. I need to be flexible
because of work. Now she's using it
against me. Basically shot from
both sides.

Molly's buggy hits a stone and her doll catapults out onto
the path. She stops, on the verge of tears.

Andy spots this and glad to change the subject, he runs
forward and leans over the doll.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Quick. Trauma call. I need some
help here!

Molly laughs at him - fooling and smiling with her.

ANDY (CONT'D)
(to Molly)
Call Doctor Mum for me. Quick!

Molly turns to Ally -

MOLLY
Mummy!

Ally can't help laughing as she joins in the game.

ANDY
Significant head injury.
Unresponsive. Pupils fixed and
dilated. Doll's eye movements only -

ALLY
Sounds like she needs a cuddle.

ANDY
Roger that! Call the cuddle team!
Stat!

He gives the doll back to Molly who's loving the grown-up silliness. She takes the doll and puts it back in the buggy.

Andy watches her push it away, still on his knees next to Ally. She's about to get up and he stops her.

ANDY (CONT'D)
(cautious)
You know, you don't actually need
to buy somewhere. I've got a flat.
Practically empty.

Ally stops. He's clearly serious.

ALLY
You don't know me.

ANDY
Maybe that's why it works.

Ally stays silent. Andy senses he's pushed too far.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Look I'm not asking for your hand
in marriage. We could just... see
how it goes?

ALLY
What, so it'd be convenient? Sex on
tap? Cut down your travel time?

ANDY
OK, now I'm just confused. It was a
serious offer. If you don't want to-

ALLY
I just think it's too soon.

Andy tries to keep it light.

ANDY

Anecdotal. Conventional wisdom that's never been tested. There is no optimal relationship time before commencing co-habitation.

ALLY

Don't do this.

ANDY

What?

ALLY

Push me into a corner. It's not fair.

Ally stays silent. Can she do this? But Andy suspects he's frightened her.

ANDY

OK. Fine. Too soon. I retract the offer. As we were. OK?

ALLY

OK.

MOLLY

Mummy!

Molly has chucked the doll on the floor again, expecting another trauma call.

ALLY

Coming.

PRE LAP - A CAR HORN BEEPS URGENTLY

CUT TO:

41

INT. ALLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 31 07.30

41

Mona with Molly, Ally grabs her WEEKEND BAG.

She looks over at Mona with Molly. About to open her mouth.

MONA

Don't say it. We'll be fine. You deserve it.

Another BEEP.

ALLY

Thank you. I mean it's mostly lectures.

MONA

Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

CUT TO:

42

EXT. ALLY'S FLAT/BRIGITTE'S CAR - DAY 31 07.45

42

Ally walks out of the door, to where Brigitte waits in her smart Audi.

Her remote boot opens as if by magic, Ally puts her bag in - - Before pulling open the door and grabbing the front seat.

Her phone RINGS - a mobile number without caller ID.

ALLY

Hi?

The caller speaks softly. Ally's face flashes with worry that Brigitte spots.

ALLY (CONT'D)

OK... Thanks. I'll meet you there.

BRIGITTE

Everything OK?

ALLY

(lying)

Fine. My ex. We've got some things to sort out.

Brigitte senses the lie, but doesn't pursue it. Ally tries to break the moment.

ALLY (CONT'D)

(upbeat)

Ready?

Brigitte puts an up-tempo CD into the player and turns to her.

BRIGITTE

Let the education commence.

She hits the gas as the music starts.

CUT TO:

43

EXT. M8 - DAY 31 08.15

43

The Audi heads towards Glasgow with the up-tempo soundtrack still pumping out.

CUT TO:

44

INT. GLASGOW HOTEL, CONFERENCE HALL - DAY 31 09.00

44

The buzzy chatter and echoing hubbub of a conference hall quickly filling up with people.

Brigitte hands Ally her NAME TAG: Dr. Alison Sutton.

CUT TO:

45

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - DAY 31 09.01

45

Another CONFERENCE WORKER hands Ally a COFFEE. She takes it and turns, taking in the atmosphere, watching the animated conversations striking up between old friends and colleagues.

She pushes through the groups of doctors, between the rows of stalls trying to promote new ultrasound technology, drugs and equipment. All are hosted by men and women in smart suits, ready with smiles, free pens and notebooks.

Ally moves on, avoiding their eyes, suddenly realising what a wide new world she's moving in. It's people like her. Has she become this person?

Suddenly a FACE in front of her, chatting to another doctor.

Bright PINK GLASSES. It's HATTIE - the Sheffield doctor from the opening moments. She's a heartbeat from turning to see Ally - who she last knew as Cath Hardacre.

Ally turns away, heart racing.

CUT TO:

46

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY 31 11.00

46

A senior ACADEMIC DOCTOR in a suit presides over death by Powerpoint - *Strategies in Atrial Fibrillation for the ED.*

AF LECTURER

AF is a challenge we all face every day. But which treatment is the right one? Different patients require different strategies.

(MORE)

AF LECTURER (CONT'D)

Today I'd like to outline those strategies and bury the myth of a 'one size fits all' approach to this complex condition...

Ally has made sure she's behind Hattie. She keeps her head down as Brigitte checks Facebook on her phone.

She looks over and sees Ally concentrating hard and taking rapid notes - however in reality she's doing everything she can to avoid being seen.

BRIGITTE

Girly swot.

ALLY

It's interesting.

BRIGITTE

It's AF. No-one finds AF interesting. Even the people who have it are bored.

Another DOCTOR in front of her turns and gives her a stern look.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Doctor Perfect would be proud of you.

Ally sees Hattie looking in her direction. A tiny beat of recognition? She quickly turns towards Brigitte, hiding her face.

ALLY

Let's get out of here. This place is full of doctors. Drink?

BRIGITTE

Right behind you.

CUT TO:

47

OMITTED

47

47A

EXT. EDINBURGH STREETS - DAY 31 12.00

47A

Andy and his friend MICHAEL WATKINS hit the Grassmarket - welcoming lights everywhere you look. Spoilt for choice.

ANDY

Pub? Or coffee?

MICHAEL
You're seriously asking me?

They head into a proper pub.

CUT TO:

47B INT. EDINBURGH PUB - DAY 31 12.02

47B

Two PINTS pushed across. Chatter and life all around.

ANDY
So there's Cliff on long-term sick
leave -

MICHAEL
Sorry -

ANDY
(don't be sorry)
Anxiety depression. Just signed off
for another six months.

Michael pulls a face at this news.

MICHAEL
Advertise it. Backs and brains
never return.

ANDY
Got a couple of good ones. You know
Alison Sutton?

MICHAEL
(nodding)
Staff grade. Sheffield way? Went to
university with her.

ANDY
She's moved up. Needed a change of
scene.

MICHAEL
Really? I heard she went to New
Zealand. Married some farmer type.

ANDY
If she did, she's kept it quiet.
She's smart. Works hard.

Mike eyes him up.

MICHAEL

Teacher's pet? Careful. Work and play never ends well.

ANDY

It's fine.

MICHAEL

Always is. Until the shit hits the fan. Your funeral. My round I think.

Mike heads for the bar, leaving Andy to ponder what he just said. Strange.

CUT TO:

48

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY 31 14.15

48

A noisy, fun Italian restaurant in the heart of the city. All the tables around them are full with people enjoying their weekend.

Empty plates in front of the two women. Brigitte pours out two slugs of decent red wine.

BRIGITTE

OK. Most embarrassing man you've ever had. I'll start.

She takes a drink, easily necking more than her companion.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

He was sixty four -

ALLY

Sixty...!

BRIGITTE

Cardiologist from the Brompton. Dead ringer for Robert Redford. Anyway I was hoping for the whole 'Indecent Proposal' vibe -

ALLY

He was rich?

BRIGITTE

Big private practice. Huge.

Ally laughs at the double entendre -

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)
You can think it, I never said it.
OK, so anyway we did the deed, it
was fine. I mean, a little bit
Viagra-assisted but basically fine.
Then we were lying there, and he
said it.

ALLY
Oh God. Did he tell you he loved
you?

BRIGITTE
Worse. Said I reminded him of his
daughter -

ALLY
(ad lib)
No way -

BRIGITTE
(to Ally)
Your turn.

ALLY
Sorry. I can't beat that. Not even
close. His daughter.

BRIGITTE
OK. Let's think positive. Best man
ever. As in, the full package?

ALLY
I don't know. Honestly.

BRIGITTE
Think back. I can wait. What time
does this place close?

And Ally realises that she hasn't really got a past. Not as
Ally.

ALLY
His name was Grant. He was a
farmer. From New Zealand. Friend of
a friend. I don't know what else to
say. Just a really lovely guy.

BRIGITTE
So what happened?

ALLY
He went home.

BRIGITTE

You didn't go with him?

ALLY

No. And here I am.

Brigitte doesn't say anything.

BRIGITTE

You know what I think? I think
that's a load of bollocks.

Brigitte takes a drink, looks hurt.

ALLY

Bridge - C'mon.

BRIGITTE

I don't mind if you don't want to
tell me. Just don't lie.

ALLY

Why would I make it up?

BRIGITTE

I don't know. Maybe you think you
can't trust me? I mean I had to get
the Andy thing out of you with
thumbscrews.

ALLY

It's not like that. I just didn't
want to jinx it, that's all.

But Brigitte is drunk and her mood seems to turn.

BRIGITTE

It's fine. I understand some things
are personal.

Ally realises she needs to give Brigitte something.

ALLY

Actually, I needed some advice. I
was going to ask you. Andy asked me
to move in with him.

BRIGITTE

Shit. And what did you say?

ALLY

I said I'd think about it.

BRIGITTE

And?

ALLY

Then he told me I reminded him of
his daughter -

Brigitte laughs, refills her wine glass, the atmosphere
mended, for now.

BRIGITTE

For that, drink -

And deaf to Ally's protests, she fills up Ally's wine glass
again.

CUT TO:

49

EXT. SHEFFIELD FOOTBALL PITCH - NIGHT 31 19.00

49

A noisy game of five-a-side football under floodlights.
Middle-aged blokes in luminous tabards. Lots of shouting, not
a lot of skill.

CUT TO:

50

INT. SHEFFIELD PUB - NIGHT 31 19.30

50

A pint of LAGER placed on the bar next to where Sam PLACES AN
ICE PACK ON his busted knee.

KARL

On me. Sorry about that. Even if it
was ball first.

SAM

Was it bollocks.

The pub buzzes with blokes watching the Premier League on the
big screen. Karl takes a sip of a green fizzy pint of lime
and soda.

SAM (CONT'D)

(r.e: green pint)

Thought the only point of footie
was the rehydration? Unless that's
all Creme de Menthe?

KARL

Lime and soda. On the wagon. Six
months. Never felt better. Fitness
is off the scale. Even doing
Giggsy's yoga tape.

Someone on-screen misses a sitter to general disbelief.

KARL (CONT'D)
You should try it. Seriously. Whole
new start. Wish I'd done it years
ago.

SAM
Good for you.

Sam wants to get away but Karl wants to talk.

KARL
I really screwed things up. I get
that now. Never know what you've
got until it's gone, right? You got
kids?

SAM
Not that I know about.

KARL
Changes everything.

SAM
Right. Sorry. Somewhere I need to
be.

Sam gets up. Karl sounds reasonable, but Sam's confused about what he knows from talking to Ally.

KARL
We got a problem? I know I went in
a bit hard, but -

SAM
So I hear. Don't worry. I'm a big
man. I can take it. It's the others
you want to apologise to.

Sam gets up and walks away, Karl's bought pint untouched.

CUT TO:

51	OMITTED	51
52	OMITTED	52
53	OMITTED	53

54

EXT. GLASGOW CLUB, SMOKING AREA - NIGHT 31 22.00

54

The smoking area. A few others brave the cold, their breath fogging the air. Brigitte lights up her cigarette and takes a drag.

BRIGITTE

(off her look)

Once a year. Shoot me.

Brigitte offers her one. Ally shakes her head.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

You know, I've never asked you how many.

ALLY

I don't really want to talk about men -

BRIGITTE

Oh Christ, not that. I mean the big question. How many have you killed? And don't you dare say no-one.

Ally hesitates.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

OK. Here's my list. Last five years, edited highlights. One aortic dissection. Fifty-two. Told him it was indigestion. Bled out on the way home. Two ischaemic bowels, one was just about to celebrate her golden wedding anniversary. Didn't learn that lesson. Then there was that wee girl...

Brigitte hesitates.

ALLY

You don't have to tell me.

BRIGITTE

Yes I do. Because I can't tell anyone else. And neither can you.

She takes a drag of her cigarette.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

She was four. It was late. I was tired, if that's an excuse. Been on nine hours. The stupid thing was, I knew she was sick.

(MORE)

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Just had that feeling you get. But then I heard myself telling the parents the same old lines, give it a day or two. Regular paracetamol. Because I wanted to get home. Didn't want all the bother of referring her, taking blood. That's all.

ALLY

What happened?

BRIGITTE

She came back that night. Meningococcal sepsis. They took both her arms to try and stop it but she died in the end. Good thing really. Poor little soul.

ALLY

So what happened?

BRIGITTE

Nothing. That's the thing. Nothing happened. Parents never even made a complaint. God knows why. In a way, it made it worse. I got away with it. Scot free.

(then)

So? What about you? How many?

ALLY

None. I mean none I can think of. I mean maybe I didn't even know...

BRIGITTE

Give it time.

Brigitte stubs out her cigarette and walks back inside.

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

I need another drink.

She walks, stumbles and Ally has to catch her.

CUT TO:

The boot of the Audi opens automatically. Brigitte slings her bag in. She looks very worse for wear.

CUT TO:

56

INT. BRIGITTE'S CAR - DAY 32 08.15

56

Brigitte slinks into the front seat.

Ally reaches to load the CD player -

BRIGITTE

Don't you dare.

CUT TO:

57

INT. ED - DAY 33 08.00

57

Another busy morning in the Emergency Department as an ambulance crew pushes a trolley in from the cold.

CUT TO:

58

INT. NURSES' STATION - DAY 33 08.02

58

Andy joins Ally at the nurses' station.

ANDY

How was it?

Brigitte passes behind her - Ally almost jumps.

BRIGITTE

Great. We learned a lot about AF.
Favourite subject.

ALLY

(recovering)

Apparently we should be using beta blockers.

KAREN

Brigitte? Got one of your regulars -

Brigitte spots the patient she's talking about.

BRIGITTE

Oh shit -

Ally watches as Brigitte disappears with Karen.

ANDY

I wouldn't tell me either.
(then)
I saw Mike Watkins.

ALLY

How is he?

ANDY

Good. Apart from the job,
obviously.

ALLY

Obviously.

ANDY

Doesn't remember you.

ALLY

Then there's no way I slept with
him.

A NURSE leans in to Ally -

JENNY

Ally? That x-ray's back?

ALLY

Coming.

And she leaves. Andy watches her go. Does he suspect?

CUT TO:

58A

INT. EDINBURGH PUB - DAY 34 12.00

58A

A down at heel pub in Leith. Mostly men.

Ally walks in through the door. She keeps her head down. A couple of people look at her.

Ally walks to a table in the corner and joins a MAN in his late twenties.

ALLY

Hi.

The MAN doesn't reply but pushes over a small brown envelope. Ally quickly checks it. It's a fake PASSPORT.

Ally pushes over another envelope. The MAN just takes it.

A noise as another LOCAL emerges from the gents. Ally looks up and recognises DEAD GUY - the HEROIN ADDICT she treated, the one who walked out.

He doesn't see her, more interested in talking to his mates, but Ally realises that danger like this is everywhere.

Ally pockets her passport and hurries out of the pub before she's recognised.

CUT TO:

58B **INT. ED - DAY 34 17.00**

58B

Ally hands the PASSPORT over to Alex.

He opens it and looks at the picture. Ally holds her breath.

ALEX

How come you look OK in that? I look like a serial killer in mine.
(then)
Thanks. I'll copy it and give it back. OK?

ALLY

No problem.

Ally walks away, thinking she's in the clear. But Alex keeps looking at her as she takes a patient card from nurse JENNY.

Ally turns and sees Alex still looking at her. At the eye contact he turns away. Ally's heart hits her mouth again. Does he still suspect?

CUT TO:

58C **INT. NURSES STATION - DAY 34 17.15**

58C

Charlie entering data into one of the PCs at the nurses station. Karen walks past.

CHARLIE

You seen Ally? Thought she was here until 7?

KAREN

Staff room. She's on her break.

- her phone rings - the ringtone is Tubular Bells - AKA The Exorcist.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hi. Sure. I'll call you later.

She kills the call.

CHARLIE

The Exorcist.

KAREN

Right.

Charlie pulls out his phone and presses a button. His ring tone is the music from Halloween.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Halloween.

CHARLIE

I'm impressed. So you're a horror fan?

KAREN

The bloodier the better. Ever wondered why I work here?

(then)

OK - scariest baddie ever. On three. One, two -

KAREN (CONT'D)

Freddie Kreuger

CHARLIE

Freddie Kreuger

They both laugh. Karen offers Charlie a semi-ironic high five.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I was ten. Brother had the DVD. I shat my pants. Didn't sleep for a week afterwards.

KAREN

But not anymore, right?

CHARLIE

I sleep fine. Still shit my pants though.

Karen laughs. Charlie decides to chance his arm.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

There's actually a screening?
Tomorrow night. Near the Grassmarket. One of those dress up things? If you fancy it?

KAREN

I think I'm working that night...

She checks her phone diary. Charlie senses an excuse.

CHARLIE

It's fine. Don't worry about it -

KAREN

No. I'm on days. Cool. Let's do it.

CHARLIE

OK. Great. Great.

Karen gives him a smile and heads off. Out on Charlie, more pleased than he thought he'd be. A date!

CUT TO:

58D

INT. ED/COFFEE ROOM - DAY 34 17.18

58D

Andy sneaks up behind Ally as she pours a cup of tea. She jumps.

ANDY

They're going to find out soon enough.

Ally wriggles away.

ALLY

Like I said, it just makes me uncomfortable.

ANDY

But if Brigitte knows.

ALLY

Doesn't mean we have to broadcast it.

ANDY

So we stay secret forever? Like Romeo and Juliet?

ALLY

Because that ended well.

(then)

The fewer people know the better. I just don't like everyone knowing my business.

ANDY

I think you are ashamed of me.

ALLY

Or maybe I want to keep you for myself.

She kisses him back quickly, but jumps back when Charlie walks into the coffee room.

Ally is glad of the distraction.

ALLY (CONT'D)
So? Did you ask her?

ANDY
What's this?

ALLY
Charlie and Karen.

ANDY
(amused, teasing)
Really?

CHARLIE
We're going to see Nightmare on Elm Street. They're screening it. It's not a date -

ALLY
Sounds like a date.

ANDY
Definitely sounds like a date. A shit date -

ALLY
(don't be mean)
Hey!

ANDY
There's a kind of logic I suppose. Compared to Freddie Krueger every man looks good. It's clever actually. I may not be God's gift but at least I won't rip your liver out.

ALLY
Ignore him.

CHARLIE
Don't worry. I've had loads of practice.

Charlie grabs his tea and makes a quick exit.

CUT TO:

Ally and Andy sleeping together.

Ally lies awake, Andy sound asleep.

Molly starts to cry. Ally hears it, gets up and walks out.

Andy half-stirs.

Suddenly a RING TONE.

Sleepy, Andy looks first at his phone, then Ally's on the opposite side of the bed.

Andy picks it up and presses 'accept'.

ANDY

Hi - ?

SHARON

(o/s)

Sorry to bother you, Ms. Hardacre.

(MORE)

SHARON (CONT'D)
This is Sharon? From the nursing
home?

ANDY
Sorry - ?

Ally enters the room and takes Andy by surprise.

ALLY
(o/s)
I'll take it.

Still confused, Andy hands her the phone and Ally walks out
of the room as she takes the call -

ALLY (CONT'D)
Yes?

CUT TO:

60 **INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 34 04.33** 60

Andy picks up the still-crying Molly and comforts her.

CUT TO:

61 **INT. ALLY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 34 04.35** 61

Andy walks downstairs, Molly in his arms, to see Ally talking
to someone on the phone. She sees him -

ALLY
- I'll come immediately. OK.
- And hangs up.

Molly kicks and runs to her.

ANDY
Everything OK?

ALLY
My Dad's ill. In hospital. The
ambulance just left. I need to go.

ANDY
Sounded like a wrong number -

ALLY
She's new. Got the name mixed up, I
don't know.

ANDY
I'll come with you.

ALLY

No, it's fine. Really. Just let
work know? I might be a day or two.

ANDY

Sure.

CUT TO:

62 **EXT. ALLY'S FLAT - DAWN 35 05.30**

62

Andy watches Ally drives off into the night. He turns back
into the house -

CUT TO:

63 **INT. ALLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAWN 35 05.32**

63

Andy with his laptop open. He starts to Google Dr. Alison
Sutton.

He sees various faces, but after clicking past a couple of
pages, he finds an old photo from a medical 'Oscars' night
from the Sheffield Express.

The picture shows the real Dr. Ally Sutton -

- Next to Cath Hardacre - dressed in a nurses uniform...

END OF EPISODE.