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1 40/1. INT. DARWIN. CENTRAL NURSES' STATION - DAY [08:55] 1

Busy morning on Darwin. All beds full. N/s NURSES and GREG bustle around. SAHIRA in scrubs, pacing by the cardiac trauma hotline on the NURSES' STATION. X2 Posters on nearby walls read: ATTENTION: CARDIAC TRAUMA FACILITY TRIAL. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM: N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA ANAESTHETIST, N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA ANAESTHETIST ASSISTANT, N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE (N.B. they wear a distinctive colour uniform) twiddle their thumbs as they wait nearby. Suddenly, the Hotline on the Nurses' Station rings. SAHIRA grabs the hotline. The N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM jump to their feet. N/s STAFF stop what they're doing and listen in.

SAHIRA (INTO PHONE)
Cardiac Trauma Facility...
(to N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA
THEATRE TEAM)
Cardiac arrest. Three minutes.
Where's Ms Naylor?

SAHIRA and N/s CARDIAC THEATRE TEAM scatter to action stations.

Out on SAHIRA - focused.

CUT TO:

2

40/2. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [08:56]

2

THEATRE 2 CONTAINS:

A rapid infuser: a rapid bypass machine.

A piece of plastic stretched onto the ground onto which bloodied swabs etc can be thrown - they will then be counted up by the scrub nurse.

White boards along the walls, onto which can be written info about the various patients - and a tally will be kept by the scrub nurse over how many swabs have been jettisoned.

A cell saver: a transfusion machine which recycles the patient's own blood (thus avoiding the need for massive transfusions).

A plaster cutting saw.

Harmonic scalpel.

Portable lamps.

Handheld cameras.

SERIES OF SHOTS: SAHIRA and CARDIAC TRAUMA TRIAL TEAM preparing the paddles. Setting the B/P machine on standby. Attaching a blood bag to a drip. Busy hands prep surgical utensils (scalpels, knives etcetera). N/s CARDIAC ANESTHETIST sticks their head around the door.

SAHIRA

Cardiac arrest. One minute. Where's
Ms Naylor?

INTERCUT WITH:

SAHIRA running through the corridor with the Darwin lifts.
The N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM FLANK.

Out on SAHIRA - focused.

CUT TO:

3

40/3. INT. DARWIN. LIFT LOBBY / WARD - DAY [08:57]

3

SAHIRA and the N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TRIAL TEAM wait expectantly by the lift doors. The digital sign above the lift shows the lift is ascending passed the 2nd and 3rd floor. The lift stops. SAHIRA gulps, closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. JAC saunters into the lift area from the stairs, sipping a coffee. SAHIRA taken aback by her breeziness.

SAHIRA
Cardiac arrest. Now!

Ping! The lift doors open. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TRIAL PORTERS rush a trolley with unseen civilian out towards DARWIN. SAHIRA and the CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM swarm the trolley, checking obs etcetera as they rush the patient into Darwin.

SAHIRA
Hand over complete. Cardiac arrest.
Two minutes without output. Bag and
compress.

Two N/s NURSES start doing compressions.

GO TO DARWIN.

SAHIRA, JAC and the N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TRIAL TEAM rush the trolley through the ward towards Darwin Theatre 2. N/s STAFF move out of the way. N/s PATIENTS look up from their beds, scared and shocked.

SAHIRA
(to N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA
NURSE)
Defib pads. Quickly.

N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TRIAL NURSE hurries ahead to Theatre 2.

Out on SAHIRA - Focused.

CUT TO:

4

40/4. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [08:58]

4

Crash! SAHIRA and JAC burst in accompanying an unseen civvy clothed patient on the trolley. A Cardiac Trauma Team made up of SAHIRA, JAC, N/s ANAESTHETIST, N/s ANAESTHETIST'S ASSISTANT, N/s SCRUB NURSE and busily swarm the body, attaching drips. JAC applies compressions.

JAC
(to N/s ANAESTHETIST)
Start bagging.

SAHIRA
Let's look at the rhythm.

SAHIRA grabs the pads. Unseen by SAHIRA, JAC rolls her eyes.

JAC
(bored)
That's a shockable rhythm.

SAHIRA prepares to whump!

SAHIRA
Charging to one fifty.

JAC
(over)
Can you hear me at the back?

Realising she's getting carried away, SAHIRA pauses with paddles.

SAHIRA
Patient stabilized.

Observing, HANSSEN follows the trolley in. The N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM stand back from the body. It's clearly been a test.

SAHIRA
(to team)
Thanks you guys. Any feedback?

N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM and JAC blank.

SAHIRA
Ms Naylor? Happy?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
(over)
Help. I'm dying. Can't... feel...
bright... lights...

(CONTINUED)

Reveal MICHAEL is the 'patient'. MICHAEL enjoys an elaborate death rattle. N/s THEATRE TEAM giggle. SAHIRA a little annoyed by the distraction MICHAEL's causing.

SAHIRA
(i.e stop it)
Michael.

Cat like, MICHAEL lounges on the trolley.

MICHAEL
(re: his body)
Don't say you didn't grab the
goods. I caught you, girl.

HANSSEN shoots MICHAEL a cold look.

HANSSEN
The system's in place. Now make it
work for the real patients.

SAHIRA
Okay. Thanks team. That was just a
taster. Let's all focus, yeah? It's
going to get hectic.

JAC
All seems well. Excuse me.

JAC smiles politely and heads out the door.

SAHIRA
Ms Naylor, do you have a sec?

But JAC's already gone. HANSSEN notes the clock tick to 9:00.

HANSSEN
I declare the Holby Cardiac Trauma
Facility Trial open.

Uncharged pads still in hand, SAHIRA takes stock.

Out on SAHIRA - determined.

CUT TO:

5

40/5. INT. DARWIN. WARD / CONSULTANTS' OFFICE - DAY
[09:00]

5

SAHIRA bounds over to JAC and follows her towards the consultants' office. JAC makes all the right noises for SAHIRA's benefit but it's evident she doesn't share SAHIRA's enthusiasm.

SAHIRA

Okay, so they've installed the phone. I've checked the line. Our first real patients will be arriving from nine.

(noting the time)

Oh my gosh.

(calming herself)

It's cool. We're ready.

JAC

Nervous?

SAHIRA

No. We're on it. If we can make this work, it'll be great for Cardio.

JAC

I'm on board.

SAHIRA pleased with JAC's show of support.

SAHIRA

Could you have a word with the guys about keeping the gangway to Cardiac Trauma theatre clear?

JAC

What are they like?

SAHIRA

(making light)

There was this killer Trifid by plastics. I had to move it.

JAC

Right.

JAC smiles **and** heads into her office and shuts the door.

Out on SAHIRA - pleased with the chat.

CUT TO:

6

40/6. INT. DARWIN. CONSULTANTS' OFFICE - DAY [09:02]

6

Coffee in hand and head in paper work, JAC enters her office. Her fake polite smile for SAHIRA gone. She's troubled by something she clearly finds disgusting on her desk: A fancy pink cupcake on top of a pretty note 'Thanks for all your help hon! S x'. JAC curls her lip. MICHAEL sticks his head around the door.

MICHAEL

You seen my oriental lily?

JAC

She's outlawed it. Gangway hazard.

MICHAEL

A police state on my ward?

JAC

**Why could she not have just asked
Hanssen for a pony? And please
explain: 'Your ward'?**

MICHAEL

Turn of phrase...

(sincere)

Anyway, good luck to the girl.

JAC

(teasing)

Maybe Sahira's vanity project will
be such a huge success you'll end
up sharing your ward?

Not threatened, MICHAEL chuckles at the suggestion.

MICHAEL

Steady on.

(serious)

Seriously though. Don't let her
humiliate herself today.

JAC

I'm Nominal Consultant on her
Cardiac Trauma Facility; not her
mother.

MICHAEL

You're actually a creepy man in
tights.

JAC's Confused.

MICHAEL

**Hanssen's cancelled your electives
so you can man the Bat Phone all
day. Have fun.**

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

Amused, MICHAEL saunters out. Annoyed, JAC deposits the cupcake into her bin and wipes crumbs off her pristine desk.

Out on JAC - not amused.

CUT TO:

7 40/7. INT. DARWIN. CENTRAL NURSES' STATION - DAY [09:15] 7

Over enthusiastic, SAHIRA stares at the silent 'hotline' and checks it for a tone. It has one. JAC swings around on her chair and looks at the hustle and bustle on Darwin. GREG at the light box.

SAHIRA

I hope you don't mind your routine list being cancelled? It's just with it being our first day (of the trial...).

JAC

(polite)
It's fine.

The Bat Phone rings. SAHIRA grabs it. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM listen in - ready to act.

SAHIRA

Cardiac Trauma Trial.

HIGH PITCHED IRISH VOICE FROM
PHONE(O.S)

Help! My guts are on fire.

Sound of laughter down the phone. SAHIRA spots the culprit; GREG on his mobile chuckling away. She hangs up.

SAHIRA

This line's to be kept clear.

Amused, GREG hangs up his phone and heads into HDU. SAHIRA continues pacing. The N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM at ease.

One of the ATTENTION: CARDIAC TRAUMA TRIAL posters falls off the wall. SAHIRA hurriedly blu-tacs the poster back up - it won't stick. JAC just watches SAHIRA struggle. SUNIL comes to her aid.

SUNIL

Let me.

SUNIL effortlessly sticks the poster back up. Meanwhile, GREG and N/s NURSES start performing CPR on a N/s ELDERLY PATIENT in HDU. JAC looks between the poster efforts and GREG's CPR enviously.

SAHIRA

(to SUNIL)
Thank you.

SUNIL

Pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

SUNIL saunters off to speak with a well heeled N/s FEMALE PLASTICS PATIENT waiting in the nearby reception area.

SAHIRA

Obviously, once we find our rhythm...

JAC

Honestly, it's fine.

Unseen by SAHIRA, JAC's irritation shows.

Out on SAHIRA - oblivious to JAC's frost.

CUT TO:

8

40/8. INT. KELLER. CENTRAL WARD - DAY [09:20]

8

A B/P monitor beeps. MALICK applying compressions to a very pale N/s ELDERLY MALE PATIENT. N/s NURSE bags. N/s SHO and SECOND N/s NURSE present.

MALICK

One. Two. One. Two. Bag.

MALICK pauses. He views the heart monitor - no signal. He resumes compressions. Across Keller, DAN with CHRISSIE observe the scene with growing concern from the nurses' station.

MALICK

We'll get there. One. Two. Three.
Four. Five. Six.

An second N/s NURSE wheels the paddles over.

MALICK

Did I ask for paddles? 13, 14.
(etcetera)

Stung the N/s NURSE receives sympathetic looks off the other N/s NURSE assembles. Suddenly an alarm goes off. Concerned, CHRISSIE approaches to assist. Helpful she grabs the paddles and holds them out for MALICK.

CHRISSIE

Paddles.

MALICK

Don't need them. 27, 28.
(to N/s NURSE)
Bag. Let's do it.

N/s NURSE bags. The alarm becomes more intense. CHRISSIE and the N/s STAFF share concerned looks. CHRISSIE keeps hold of the paddles.

MALICK

One, two, three, four (etc).

CHRISSIE

Mr Malick?

MALICK

(over)
Nine, ten, eleven.

CHRISSIE

Mr Malick. He needs defibrillation.

(CONTINUED)

MALICK

Think sending an electrical charge
through an old man's some small
thing? 14, 15, 16 (etcetera).

CHRISSIE

You're the Doctor...

MALICK

Is 200 **joules** an aspirin to you?
26, 27, 28, 29. Bag!

N/s NURSE bags. Frantic, CHRISSIE thrusts the paddles

CHRISSIE

(Sotto)

You're going to kill him.

N/s STAFF deeply concerned. N/s ELDERLY MALE PATIENT turning
blue. N/s SHO and N/s SECOND NURSE look away from the scene -
they can't watch.

MALICK

One, Two, Three, four.

The alarms suddenly stop. The N/s ELDERLY MAN splutters back
to life.

MALICK

(proud)

There it is.

MALICK stands tall - victorious. **CHRISSIE smiles tightly as
she and N/s NURSE move off.**

On MALICK - hurt **by the teams reaction.**

CUT TO:

9

40/9. INT. AAU - DAY [09:25]

9

SACHA signing for a delivery of CT's from an N/s NURSE, SACHA realises with sadness that the novelty pen he's grabbed from the Nurses' base has 'PENNY' inscribed on it.

SACHA
(to N/s NURSE)
Thank you.

EDDI collars SACHA. A buttoned up, bullish looking woman, SHIRLEY HAUFFMAN (24) behind her,

EDDI
The new F1. Shirley Hauffman-

SACHA composes himself to greet her.

SACHA
Shirley. Doctor Levy. Welcome to the team.

SHIRLEY
It's a pleasure to be here. I've been following your department's transition into a surgical, emergency ward for some years.

SACHA not sure how to take the OTT observation.

SHIRLEY
I saw a similar unit in Warsaw.

SACHA
Really?

SHIRLEY
I spent my summer there working on my dissertation into comparative EU Emergency Medical systems. Have you read the Hansang report?

SACHA
... No.

SHIRLEY
There's some observations the report made, and some of my own, you may find interesting.

Meanwhile, a pretty, young, smiling woman (LULU) appears behind SACHA. SACHA glad of the distraction.

LULU
Doctor Levy? I'm Lulu. Your new F1.

(CONTINUED)

SACHA deeply confused. SHIRLEY troubled by his confusion.

SACHA

Hello there.

LULU

Wonderful to meet you. Is there
somewhere I can hang my coat?

SHIRLEY

I was told there was only one
vacancy?

SHIRLEY and LULU eye SACHA for an answer.

LULU

(to SHIRLEY)

Are you sure you're meant to be on
AAU?

SHIRLEY

(tight)

Yes. I am.

LULU

I was definitely told to start here
today.

SHIRLEY

I've already got the job.

LULU and SHIRLEY look to a stumped SACHA.

SHIRLEY

Mr Levy?

Out on SACHA - confused.

CUT TO:

10

40/10. INT. KELLER. CENTRAL WARD - DAY [09:30]

10

MALICK sees CHRISSIE sharing a joke with one of the N/s NURSES from before.

MALICK
(to N/s PATIENT)
Excuse me.

Trying to make an effort, he clears his throat and approaches CHRISSIE. **DAN appears and inadvertently gets to CHRISSIE first.**

DAN
What time drinks?

CHRISSIE
8 O'clock. **Albis. The nurses are all in...**

Awkward moment when they see MALICK waiting for their attention.

CHRISSIE
(awkward)
Can I help you?

DAN walks away to take the N/s ELDERLY MALE PATIENT's obs. Misreading CHRISSIE's cool professionalism as frostiness, MALICK becomes defensive.

CHRISSIE
Mr Malick?

MALICK
(covering)
Time management. I need your nurses to co-ordinate radiology lists a lot quicker. If I can juggle six things at once so can they.

CHRISSIE a little taken aback. Nearby an N/s UP-TO HER EYES NURSE rolls her eyes. Catching her, MALICK throws her a warning look.

CHRISSIE
Thanks. I'll pass your comment on.

CHRISSIE heads off to the NURSES' COMPUTER. MALICK curses himself - knows he mishandled the situation. MALICK incensed to see DAN sharing a joke with the N/s NURSE across the ward. The injustice!

MALICK spots N/s SHO filling in the Theatre Rota board with a marker pen. MALICK heads over and scans the board. His eyes dart - various names, theatre times.

(CONTINUED)

MALICK

(angry)

Why isn't my name down on any
theatre list today...

Out on MALICK - horrified.

CUT TO:

11 40/11. INT. DARWIN. CENTRAL NURSES' STATION - DAY [09:35] 11

JAC and SAHIRA waiting at the Nurses' station. JAC idly flicking through a magazine. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TRIAL TEAM twiddling their thumbs in a nearby waiting area by HDU. SAHIRA oblivious to how she's driving JAC insane by checking and double checking the tone on the hotline.

JAC
Working okay?

SAHIRA
Perfect.

SAHIRA sits back down. JAC stares into HDU. The N/s ELDERLY PATIENT is now stable. A beaming GREG puts the paddles away. N/s NURSE pats him on the back - good job doctor!

JAC
Ah good. My eighty two year old
aortic aneurysm didn't die.

N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE crosses to get a magazine from the Nurses' station. SAHIRA eyes her cascading hair do.

SAHIRA
Meant to say hon - love your hair.
Very Marianne Faithful.

N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE smiles with pride and heads back to the waiting area with her magazine. Unseen by SAHIRA, JAC rolls her eyes.

SAHIRA
(to JAC)
... Nice shoes.

JAC
Mmm...

An amused MICHAEL heads to the Nurses' Station and grabs a file.

MICHAEL
Gee wizz, can I grab a maxi pad and
join in the girly fun?

JAC shoots MICHAEL a withering look. He heads back to the plastics bay.

JAC
(re N/s ELDERLY PATIENT)
I've really got to check my
patient's progress. This is under
control.

(CONTINUED)

Crash! SAHIRA and JAC turn to see an unconscious woman impaled on a pole and with a crushed leg (MORAG, 40) burst through into Darwin on a trolley, pushed by the N/s HOLBY CARDIAC TRAUMA UNIT PORTERS. A paramedic, (JOOLS, 23) is bagging MORAG.

JOOLS

(re MORAG)

Morag Morgan. Impaled whilst out on a shout.

The N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA PORTERS rush the trolley through Darwin past plastics towards Theatre. A trail of blood left in the trolley's wake. N/s PATIENT's, N/s WELL HEELED PLASTICS PATIENT and N/s NURSES recoil with disgust at the grizzly body. MICHAEL pulls his pot plant out of the gangway just in the nick of time. JAC and the N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM hurry up to join the trolley. MORAG has a 100% oxygen mask on, attached to a portable monitor and fluids. As they rush into Darwin the N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM squeeze through drips and put gloves and aprons on. SAHIRA a rabbit caught in the headlights.

SAHIRA

They didn't call.

On SAHIRA - rooted to the spot.

End of Act 1.

CUT TO:

12

40/12. INT. KELLER. CENTRAL WARD - DAY [09:36]

12

MALICK follows a cool HANSSEN onto the ward.

MALICK

Mr Hanssen, I've virtually completed my ward rounds. I've also completed the pneumothorax audit-and-

HANSSEN

And what...?

MALICK

Why haven't I got any theatre ops today?

HANSSEN

I imagine it's because you were not scheduled to be in theatre?

HANSSEN waits for further qualification. Silence.

MALICK

Is it because of that thing with Mr Hamilton?

HANSSEN

There was no evidence of wrong doing.

MALICK

But keeping me out of theatre's your way of punishing me anyway?

HANSSEN

(slight threat)

Are you implying that in lieu of evidence I have taken it upon myself to punish you informally?

Unwilling to offend HANSSEN, MALICK's stumped.

MALICK

(cautious)

... Feels like it.

HANSSEN

Feels like it? The purpose of punishment is to inflict a clear detriment on the wrong doer, is it not? Your uncertainty over whether or not I am punishing you is a near perfect guarantee of your non punishment.

(CONTINUED)

HANSSEN straight faced. He goes to move off.

MALICK

You don't have anyone like me here.

HANSSEN

A statistic I am nearly satisfied with.

MALICK

(desperate)

I'm an exceptional surgeon. This is my life and you know it... **You don't know the full story about last week.**

HANSSEN sees MALICK's desperation. He softens despite himself.

HANSSEN

This afternoon I will be performing a laparoscopic abdominal aortic aneurysm repair using the Howard technique.

MALICK

(over)

Using a 6mm Dacron Graft. I've been studying the advanced technique...

HANSSEN studies MALICK.

HANSSEN

Several eminent colleagues from the Charing Cross Aneurysm Research Foundation will be in attendance.

MALICK

Professor Bhattacharya, Professor Reubans. I'd give my back teeth to observe the procedure.

HANSSEN

OK. You may join us in theatre. Eleven thirty.

MALICK can't believe his luck.

MALICK

Thank you.

HANSSEN drifts off.

HANSSEN

Make sure you complete your ward rounds first.

MALICK looks a long line of N/s PATIENTS, and WILLIAM in beds. WILLIAM is reading a Queen Victoria Biography. MALICK checks the clock.

Out on MALICK - shit!

CUT TO:

13

40/13. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [09:37]

13

All systems go. Blood everywhere. SAHIRA and JAC battle to save unconscious MORAG. JOOLS making nervous attempts to get involved with the resus but inadvertently edged out by JAC, SAHIRA and the N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM. SAHIRA and JAC stemming the bleed. MORAG not intubated.

JOOLS

(Over SAHIRA/JAC)

I stemmed the bleed as best I could. Gas explosion on an industrial estate. Her paramedic number's 1317. Is there anything I can do?

SAHIRA

Four minutes without output. Defibrillate.

SAHIRA grabs the **defib pads**.

SAHIRA

Charging to one fifty... clear.

Whump! Meanwhile, in the haste, no-one's listening to JOOLS continued whispering.

SAHIRA

... No output. Keep bagging please. Charging to one fifty... Clear

Whump.

JAC

65/10.

SAHIRA

Who's the hand-over paramedic?

JOOLS waves her hand frantically and tries to step forward.

JOOLS

Me. There was this explosion at an industrial estate. She's my work colleague. We were on the shout together. Some of the roof collapsed when she went in.

SAHIRA

(to JAC, over)

No output. Exactly, why didn't you call ahead? Charging to one fifty...

(CONTINUED)

No comment from JOOLS.

JAC
Is there a plan for systemic failures?

SAHIRA contrite - there clearly isn't.

SAHIRA
Clear.

Whump!

JOOLS tries to back out of the ward but SAHIRA looks to JOOLS.

SAHIRA
(to JOOLS)
Gas explosion, carry on.
(to JAC)
No output. Charging to one fifty...

JOOLS
We had a back-up team. They cut her out.

N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE hurries in with fresh swabs. JAC grabs the swabs.

SAHIRA
(over, to N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE)
Intubation on stand-by.

N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE nods and exits to theatre.

SAHIRA
Clear.

Whump!

SAHIRA
(to JOOLS)
A second para team cut her out?

JOOLS
I froze.

JAC
Let's concentrate on the job at hand, for now.

SAHIRA
I need the full picture.
(to JOOLS)
From the top.

JOOLS struggles to speak. MORAG's crushed leg exposed. A stream of blood spurts out. A horrified JOOLS faints.

Out on SAHIRA - what?

CUT TO:

14 40/14. INT. HANSSEN'S OFFICE - DAY [09:38]

14

A nervous SACHA before the Great Leader.

SACHA

Thing is, I was led to believe the job had already been offered to Shirley Hauffman?

HANSSEN

It had. Circumstances have changed.

SACHA

Shirley doesn't have the job?

HANSSEN

No. She has made it to the final round of selection.

SACHA

But they had offered her the job?

HANSSEN

Circumstances have...?

HANSSEN urges SACHA to complete his sentence.

SACHA

... Changed.

HANSSEN

It's your responsibility to select one of the two candidates to replace Doctor Valentine.

SACHA

My job?

HANSSEN nods. SACHA smiles - proud. He suddenly considers.

SACHA

What do I do?

HANSSEN

Select one.

SACHA

(half joking)
Can I pick Shirley?

HANSSEN

You may.

SACHA taken aback at his power.

(CONTINUED)

SACHA

And for my second wish, a huge
bowl of chocha-wocha fudgey ice-
cream.

SACHA goes to leave.

HANSSEN

Between you and I. Lucinda is Sir
Fraser's daughter.

SACHA's jovial mood goes. He darkens.

SACHA

I never was a fan of the old boys
club. Shirley had already won that
job fair and square, hadn't she?

HANSSEN poker faced.

SACHA

But connections trump talent it
seems?

HANSSEN

It is entirely within your power to
offer it to Ms Hauffman, rather
than Sir Fraser's daughter.

SACHA studies HANSSEN - is that a warning? HANSSEN starts
reading some paperwork. SACHA too troubled to let it lie.

SACHA

(pointed)
I'll oversee a trial. And my
decision will be based on merit
alone.

HANSSEN

(uninterested)
As is your want.

Head high, SACHA sees himself out.

Out on SACHA - Determined.

CUT TO:

15 40/15. INT. KELLER. CENTRAL WARD / TREATMENT ROOM - DAY 15
[09:40]

MALICK storms past the Nurses' Station with a pile of files.
He hands them to CHRISSIE.

MALICK
Case reports. File. Quick as you
can please. Need to be in theatre
shortly...

MALICK snatches a prescription bag from a N/s NURSE and
quickly checks the label.

MALICK
Mine. Thank you.

N/s NURSE left incredulous. MALICK approaches an N/s FEMALE
PATIENT's bed and hands her the bag.

MALICK
Three a day at regular intervals
for a week. Any problems contact
your GP. You're free to go.

MALICK hurries to WILLIAM's bed.

MALICK
(to himself)
Four down.

MALICK instantly begins checking a laceration on WILLIAM's
upper arm. Meanwhile, N/s NURSES gather around CHRISSIE at
the Nurses' Station. CHRISSIE starts to approaches MALICK.

MALICK
William Franks. Mr Malick.
Laceration to upper arm. Sterile
procedure required. Twenty minutes
in the treatment room and you'll be
free to go. Any questions?

As MALICK yabbers, WILLIAM spots a pretty female patient, AMY
(30), being wheeled into the ward. WILLIAM's jaw drops. His
eyes light up. Cupid's struck.

WILLIAM
May I have a leaf of nice paper
please?

CHRISSIE arrives at MALICK and goes to speak.

MALICK
Leaf of nice paper for Mr Franks.

(CONTINUED)

MALICK charges off to the treatment room. CHRISSIE follows MALICK.

CHRISSIE

Mr Malick?

Not listening, MALICK opens the treatment room door. A mortified gasp from an N/s PATIENT.

CHRISSIE

Malick. It's occupied.

Annoyed, MALICK shuts the door. CHRISSIE goes to speak again.

MALICK

Let me know the minute it's free.
My laceration patient's next.

CHRISSIE

We have a rota...

MALICK forced to stop in his tracks.

MALICK

(In)

I hit your boyfriend. You don't like me. Gutted. But we've got to work together.

Affronted, CHRISSIE **is brought up sharp.**

*

CHRISSIE

Yes you hit my boyfriend. But I gather he was a total idiot and probably deserved it. Cant say I'm thrilled with the situation, but I can move on if you can?

*

*

*

*

*

CHRISSIE moves off leaving MALICK standing feeling slightly self conscious.

*

*

CUT TO:

16

40/16. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [09:42]

16

SAHIRA using the paddles on unconscious MORAG. JAC continues bagging. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA ANAESTHETIST monitoring the B/P machine. Unseen, JOOLS is curled up on the floor, having fainted.

SAHIRA
Charging to one fifty clear...

Whump!

SAHIRA
Can someone chase up the patient notes? No output. Again at one fifty... clear.

Whump!

JAC
Looks like a pulmonary laceration, haemothorax and possibly aortic perforation.

SAHIRA
No output... They'll never save the leg?

JAC
(over)
Let's forget the leg for now.

SAHIRA
Charging to one fifty... clear.

Whump!

SAHIRA
(pleading)
Come on, come on!

JAC
No output. Again.

SAHIRA
Charging to one fifty. They didn't call ahead. There's no notes... clear.

JAC
This is emergency medicine. You can't rely on notes.

Whump!

(CONTINUED)

SAHIRA

I can't work miracles if they don't
let me prep.

JAC

(snapping)

You asked for this Facility. Deal
with it.

On SAHIRA - pulled up.

CUT TO:

17 40/17. INT. KELLER. TREATMENT ROOM AREA / CENTRAL WARD - 17
DAY [09:45]

MALICK hurriedly pushing N/s ELDERLY FEMALE PATIENT out of Keller and into the treatment room area.

MALICK

Have the surgical scars checked by your GP in about a week or before if they're causing you discomfort.

MALICK sees N/s NURSE and N/s TEENAGE PATIENT exit the treatment room.

MALICK

Porter. Mrs. Dubek for reception.
(to N/s ELDERLY FEMALE PATIENT)
Bub-bye Mrs Dubek.

MALICK abandons the wheelchair. N/s PORTER arrives and takes over. MALICK hurries into Keller

GO TO: MALICK hurrying over to WILLIAM's bed.

MALICK

Let's go get your arm sorted.

WILLIAM

I don't like this bed.

MALICK

You're going to another room for your stitches.

WILLIAM

And then I'll be sent back here. Ventilation's poor. It's effecting my polyposis. I want that bed, there.

WILLIAM points to an empty bed near AMY's bed. MALICK sighs - why must he have the patient from hell now?

MALICK

You're the last patient on my list. Come on. Think of it as an adventure?

Pained, WILLIAM covers his nose and left ear.

WILLIAM

My polyposis. I can hardly breathe. My neighbour keeps coughing, really loudly into my ear.

(CONTINUED)

MALICK

I'll see about getting you a new
recovery bed, once you've had your
laceration stitched.

WILLIAM

I'm not going anywhere until I can
breathe properly.

WILLIAM starts gasping for air. MALICK's patience on a knife
edge. MALICK despairs to see DAN and N/s ORTHOPEDIC PATIENT
head out of Keller through the double doors.

MALICK hurries back through the double doors exit to see DAN
and them enter the vacant treatment room.

Out on MALICK - Annoyed.

CUT TO:

18

40/18. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [09:46]

18

SAHIRA still using the paddles on MORAG. JAC still bagging her. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA ANAESTHETIST monitoring the B/P machine. MORAG wearing an oxygen mask and attached to the usual machines.

SAHIRA

Keep going. Charging to one hundred...

JAC

(over)
One fifty.

SAHIRA

Sorry. One fifty. Clear.

Whump! The N/s CARDIAC NURSE's cascading hair gets in JAC's face.

JAC

No output and can you tell your staff to tie her hair back. We're in resus with a patient, not backstage with Status Quo.

N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE offended.

(CONTINUED)

SAHIRA

Come on, come on... Again at one
fifty. Clear.

Whump!

SAHIRA

No output... **My first patient can't
die. No way.**

JAC

Well?

SAHIRA

Charging to two hundred.

JAC throws SAHIRA a cautionary look.

JAC

What?

SAHIRA

(over)

At two hundred... clear.

Whump! JAC winces - expecting the worst. Silence... then a
signal from the heart monitor...

SAHIRA

(overjoyed)

... got a rhythm.

Relieved, SAHIRA takes a moment to relax.

JAC

Well done... Now what are we going
to do about that?

SAHIRA looks at JOOLS, who is curled up on the floor, slowly
coming around. Her nose is bleeding from the fall. SAHIRA's
heart breaks for her.

SAHIRA

Oh sorry, are you okay? Let me help
you up.

SAHIRA goes to help JOOLS up. JAC stops her.

JAC

No. *That.*

JAC draws SAHIRA's attention to pole impaled in MORAG's
chest. SAHIRA brought back down to earth.

18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

Out on SAHIRA - shit!

CUT TO:

19 40/19. INT. AAU - DAY [09:50]

19

SACHA hurriedly gathering files. EDDI checking an e-mail. Across the ward, LULU and SHIRLEY wait. LULU relaxed and seated in a chair, checking her nails. SHIRLEY pacing anxiously. As SACHA and EDDI speak, SHIRLEY collars an N/s NURSE.

EDDI
(amused)
Doctor Idol!

SACHA
Fair selection. We test them. The most deserving gets the job.

EDDI
Does this mean we get coffee shop runs all day? Brilliant.

SACHA
I'll need to you to be my independent witness. I may have to prove my findings.

EDDI
You're not taking this too seriously at all, are you?

SACHA
(deadly serious)
Too many doctors get their break through the back door. Not today.

EDDI
(joking)
Nurses too. The things I had to do to **Hanssen**. What's got your goat?

SACHA
Lulu. She's Sir Fraser's daughter. And this job is Shirley's.

(CONTINUED)

EDDI

Wow, what happened? The thick, posh
boys copy your homework at med
school?

SACHA tenses. It's clear EDDI's hit a raw nerve. SHIRLEY
comes bounding up to SACHA.

SHIRLEY

Why **do we need** a trial? I was given
the post by the Dean.

EDDI and SACHA a little taken aback by SHIRLEY's
assertiveness. EDDI saunters off to attend to a N/s PATIENT.
Meanwhile, a warm, smiling LULU is handed a coffee by a N/s
MALE NURSE.

SACHA

(to SHIRLEY)

Once again, I'm so sorry about the
mix up.

(nod nod wink wink)

Just do your best and everything
will be okay. *Okay?*

Out on SACHA - quietly confident.

CUT TO:

20 40/20. INT. KELLER. TREATMENT ROOM AREA / CENTRAL WARD - 20
DAY [09:55]

MALICK stalks the closed treatment room door. He's enraged to hear O.S DAN laughing from inside. Patience finally snapping, MALICK knocks on the door. DAN answers. It's clear the two men don't want to see each other. Very awkward.

MALICK
How much longer are you going to
take?

DAN
I'm in the middle of a ruptured
Achilles tendon.

MALICK
(facetious)
A sore foot? Sounds like a hoot?
And *really* complex.

DAN
Sorry. I have to get back to my
patient. I'll let you know when
it's free.

Reluctant, DAN's forced to shut the door in MALICK's face. MALICK checks the time - he despairs and heads back through the double doors into Keller.

GO TO THE WARD: MALICK grabs a suturing trolley from the Nurses' Station and wheels it at speed to WILLIAM's bed - which is now in his requested location nearer AMY.

MALICK
Is Sir enjoying his new bed?

WILLIAM
(re the suturing trolley)
What is this?

MALICK
We'll do the sutures here. Can you
take your arm out of your gown.
Need to get better access to the
cut.

WILLIAM horrified.

WILLIAM
What! What a suggestion?

MALICK yanks the curtain shut and prepares the suturing kit.

(CONTINUED)

MALICK

Come on, help me out. I can't fix
your arm unless I can access it.

Panicked, WILLIAM starts freaking out.

WILLIAM

Impudence. I forbid. No.

MALICK taken aback by WILLIAM's reaction.

MALICK

Okay. Okay. We won't suture on the
ward.

Out on MALICK - Shocked.

CUT TO:

21 40/21. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [10:00]

21

SAHIRA and JAC stemming MORAG'S chest bleed. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM waiting for instruction.

SAHIRA

More swabs.

JAC

You can't fix an impaled chest with swabs.

SAHIRA

I'm aware of that. And you didn't have to be so hard on that paramedic. She felt bad enough as it was.

JAC

I see a useless person in theatre: I have them removed.

SAHIRA looks closely at the bloody chest wound. She considers long and hard; changes her vantage point.

SAHIRA

... So... right... Looks like there may be damage to the aorta?...

At a loss, SAHIRA looks for JAC for a response. JAC continues swabbing the bleed.

SAHIRA

So... we can proceed immediately with the removal of the pole or get a **portable chest X-ray** to determine the exact position?

JAC

They are your choices.

SAHIRA looks to JAC to expand. JAC doesn't.

SAHIRA

So... which should we go for?

JAC

(innocent)

This is your trial. I'll support whatever decision you make.

SAHIRA floored. She looks to the N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM for help. They are all leaned against the theatre wall awaiting instruction from SAHIRA.

(CONTINUED)

SAHIRA

Ummm... right...

JAC

She's losing too much blood. We really need to proceed one way or the other.

SAHIRA

Just give me a second...

JAC

If it's not a decision you feel comfortable making, I can always take over here? Up to you...?

SAHIRA locks eyes with JAC - she realises JAC's not the supportive partner after all. Suddenly, an alarm rings from an unconscious MORAG's bed. JAC and the N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM spring to life and start checking the MORAG's obs and airway.

SAHIRA

First thing's first. Let's deal with this.

SAHIRA relieved for the reprieve.

Out on SAHIRA - too close.

CUT TO:

22 40/22. INT. AAU - DAY [10:02]

22

Doctor idol Part one: Ward rounds. SACHA leads a smiling LULU and put-out SHIRLEY through the ward to the bays. EDDI tags along drinking coffee.

SACHA
My colleague (EDDI) will be an
impartial observer to the process.

SHIRLEY
(to SACHA)
Is drinking allowed on the ward?

EDDI bites her lip. SACHA laughs the joke off.

SACHA
No points for nit-picking I'm
afraid. Just think of today as a
practical interview.

SHIRLEY
(petulant)
The Deanery have never needed to
interview students before.

LULU
How odd. I wonder what the mix-up
was?

SACHA
(pointed)
I wonder too.

SHIRLEY
(pointed)
Yeah, I wonder too.

LULU
Bet your life I wonder more.

SACHA
(cold, at LULU)
Can we concentrate please? Exercise
one; ward rounds. Patient one.

SACHA has stopped an N/s SEMI CONSCIOUS PATIENT'S bed. EDDI has a quiet aside with SACHA as LULU and SHIRLEY familiarise themselves with N/s SEMI CONSCIOUS PATIENT.

EDDI sidles up to SACHA.

(CONTINUED)

EDDI

Princess is going to think you fancy her if you keep on being mean. What will Sir Fraser say about that; his beloved daughter discriminated against by a sex mad predator?

SACHA

I just want a fair contest.

EDDI

Then be mean to both of them.

Out on SACHA - troubled.

*

CUT TO:

*

PAGE DELETED:

*

23

40/23. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [10:04]

23

Alarms blare. MORAG is sweaty and slightly convulsive. SAHIRA at a loss. She is attached to an ECG machine and the usual machines and is unconscious.

JAC

Hypotensive. 90/70 and falling.

SAHIRA studies an ECG reading.

SAHIRA

Hypovolemia?

JAC

90/60.

SAHIRA

(stern)

Are there signs of internal bleeding?

JAC

No evidence.

SAHIRA

(pointed)

Thank you.

JAC

90/60. Still falling.

SAHIRA

ECG rules out heart failure; Atrial fibrillation.

JAC

She's convulsing...

SAHIRA

(thinking out loud)

What is it? What is it? Think, think, think!

JAC

(innocent)

Your call.

SAHIRA

(frustrated)

Any suggestions?!

JAC

90/60.

(CONTINUED)

Annoyed, SAHIRA storms out of DARWIN THEATRE 2. JAC raises an eyebrow.

SAHIRA

(angry)

Fine.

Out on SAHIRA - Stressed.

CUT TO:

24

40/24. INT. DARWIN. PLASTICS CONSULTANTS' OFFICE - DAY
[10:06]

24

Her head tilted back, a drowsy, mortified JOOLS has her bleeding nose seen to by MICHAEL.

JOOLS
(beating herself up)
I *fainted* in resus?

MICHAEL
Sure did, kiddo. And the charming
Ms Naylor chucked you out.

JOOLS grabs her rucksack.

JOOLS
I need to get back out on the
shout.

MICHAEL
You're not allowed to work with an
injury...

MICHAEL rummages in Jools' Paramedic's rucksack and pulls out a lunch box and hands it to Jools.

MICHAEL
Still a little dizzy? Here, try and
eat something.

JOOLS takes the lid off her lunch-box and starts nibbling on sandwiches.

MICHAEL
How'd someone so scared of blood
end up being a paramedic anyway?

JOOLS could cry. SAHIRA storms in and drags JOOLS out.

SAHIRA
You're needed.

JOOLS beams.

Out on SAHIRA - anxious.

CUT TO:

25

40/25. INT. KELLER. CENTRAL WARD - DAY [10:08]

25

MALICK checking WILLIAM's obs. WILLIAM's engrossed in writing a letter whilst furtively eyeing AMY across the ward. MALICK well aware.

MALICK
We'll be up soon.

WILLIAM
(indifferent)
My neck's too sore to be moved.

MALICK
That a letter of complaint?

Defensive, WILLIAM pulls the letter to his chest.

WILLIAM
Don't!

MALICK
Alright!

WILLIAM starts sniffing the air. Disgusted he starts thrashing his head around, covering his nose as if trying to escape some awful smell.

WILLIAM
(pained)
I can smell oatmeal again.
Everywhere I turn it's hurting the
polyposis in my nose.

MALICK
Okay, calm down.

WILLIAM
You calm down. Hopping around me.

Across the ward, MALICK and WILLIAM see DAN enter through the double doors and with his N/s ORTHOPEDIC PATIENT, who now has a plaster cast on his leg.

MALICK
We're on.

WILLIAM
I said my neck's really sore.
Listen.

Cautious, MALICK takes a deep breath and tries a new tact.

MALICK
Mate, I've (really)...

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

(over)

My name's William. W I L L I A M.
William P Franks.

MALICK

(over)

William, I've really, really got to
have you treated quickly.

WILLIAM considers.

WILLIAM

I'll go to the treatment room if
you pass my letter on... to that
lady (AMY)

MALICK

(reluctant)

Okay.

Cautious, WILLIAM passes the letter to MALICK. MALICK turns
to go.

WILLIAM

Is it a good letter?

MALICK keeps a straight face as he reads the letter to
himself. WILLIAM waits with baited breath.

MALICK

(covering)

Yeah. It's brilliant.

WILLIAM breathes a sigh of relief. Letter in hand, MALICK
heads to AMY's bed. AMY looks up.

MALICK

Comfortable?

AMY

(confused)

I'm fine.

MALICK

Any problems, give me a shout.
Cheers.

Letter in pocket, MALICK turns and gives WILLIAM the thumbs
up. WILLIAM blushes. AMY left confused.

Nurses' Station: **CHRISIE** at the computer. MALICK casually
dumps WILLIAM's letter on the desk.

MALICK

I'd like psyche to take a look at
Mr Franks. No excuses, they need to
be here before my eleven o'clock
theatre.

(Beat)

Please.

**A conciliatory moment - CHRISSIE accepts the gesture and
picks up the phone.**

CUT TO:

26

40/26. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [10:10]

26

Alarms still blaring. SAHIRA flanks a queasy JOOLS over an unconscious MORAG. A plaster is on JOOLS' nose. JAC gets off the phone. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM checking monitors.

SAHIRA

What meds did you **give** at the scene?

JOOLS struggles to recall.

JOOLS

Adrenaline?...

JAC

The paramedics are getting back about the pick-up. They're up to their eyes right now.

SAHIRA

(to JOOLS)

How much adrenaline?

Apologetic, JOOLS struggles to think - clearly can't remember.

SAHIRA

Were there other drugs? Warfarin? Morphine?... Anything at all...?

JOOLS

I don't think so?

SAHIRA at a loss. JAC steps in. JOOLS is getting increasingly dizzy being in proximity to MORAG.

JAC

Think! Does she have any allergies?

JOOLS

I'm trying! I don't know.

(muddled)

This other team took over. I don't know their names. Can I sit down please?

JOOLS steadies herself against MORAG's trolley, trying hard not to look at the horrific injuries.

(CONTINUED)

JAC
 (re JOOLS)
 How did she make it through
 training?

SAHIRA throws JAC a 'don't be mean' look. Facing away from JAC and SAHIRA, JOOLS clings onto the bed, deeply ashamed.

SAHIRA
 (to JAC)
 Try the paras again. Why wasn't a
 treatment report passed onto us?
 We're meant to have a system.

JOOLS spots a needle mark on MORAG's extended arm. She points it out to SAHIRA.

JOOLS
 (re the needle mark)
 Hypoglycaemic?

SAHIRA and JAC observe the needle mark and exchange a look - maybe?

JAC
 Let's do a blood sugar test.

JAC quickly assembles a blood sugars test.

JOOLS
 She took sweetener in her tea. I
 thought it was diets but maybe...?

SAHIRA
 (to N/s NURSES)
 Cross match another five units.
 Quick as they can.

N/s NURSE hurries off.

SAHIRA
 B/P 90 over 60. We needs to get
 this bleed under control.

JAC looks up from the blood test.

JAC
 Test confirms.

SAHIRA
 50% IV glucose.

JAC already prepping the needle.

JAC
 It's done.

JAC stabs the insulin injection into MORAG. SAHIRA, JAC and JOOLS wait with baited breath. The B/P alarm stops. Relief all around.

JOOLS
(crap defiance)
I need to get back to the shout.

SAHIRA
You're signed off. Please stay.
Right now, you're the only person
with a clue about the patient.

JOOLS clearly reluctant.

SAHIRA
You're more use here.

JOOLS sits in a plastic chair in the corner of the Theatre and tries to not look at MORAG's gross injuries. SAHIRA tries to collect her thoughts.

JAC
Still the matter of the pole
impaled in her chest.

SAHIRA
(tight)
I know.

JAC
So... wait for the **chest X-ray** or
Surgery? Your team need an answer.

SAHIRA bristles.

SAHIRA
Why are you being like this?

JAC
Like what?

SAHIRA
You're the Consultant here. You
should be advising me.

JAC
(innocent)
I was under the impression this was
your project.

N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM share looks - entertained by the spectacle of the two bosses rowing.

SAHIRA

(stern to N/s CARDIAC
TRAUMA NURSE)

Chase up the chest x-ray. We
establish any potential damage to
the aorta before surgery.

JAC raises an eyebrow. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE applies
pressure to MORAG's wound. CRASH! Two N/s TRAUMA PATIENTS
burst through the door pushed by N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA PORTERS.
They nearly smash into MORAG's trolley. SAHIRA and JAC
horrified.

End of act 2.

CUT TO:

27 40/27. INT. AAU - DAY [10:15]

27

Doctor Idol part 2: Scan analysis. SACHA still noticeably colder to LULU through out. LULU waits patiently by the light box with EDDI. Meanwhile, scans in hand SACHA has a nod nod, wink wink quiet pep talk with SHIRLEY nearby.

SACHA

Best piece of advice I ever got?
Look after the nurses and the
nurses will look after you.

SHIRLEY

Right.

SACHA

Because the thing is, if the nurses
don't think you're not respecting
them - they can make life
difficult. Understand?

SHIRLEY

Okay.

SACHA

All about teamwork. Being friendly.

Satisfied his pep talk. SACHA goes to the light box and presents a abdominal CT. LULU raises her hand to answer.

SACHA

Any (ideas).

SHIRLEY

(over)
Liver abnormality. Possibly a
tumour!

SACHA

Correct.

SHIRLEY a picture of smugness. SACHA goes to put a second scan up on the light box.

LULU

Are we just shouting out then?

EDDI

(to SACHA)
Perhaps they need to take turns
answering?

(CONTINUED)

SHIRLEY

(sarcastic)

Because that's how real medicine works isn't it? Everyone sitting around, waiting their turn?

EDDI bites her lip. SACHA cringes - his pep talk failed.

LULU

(innocently)

Yes. It is, I believe.

SACHA

Okay, put the claws away.

LULU

What have I said?

SHIRLEY

That's it. Give it the big, sad eyes, Princess.

EDDI

Let's not get personal, girls.

SHIRLEY

Girl? Interview or not, I'm a doctor. You'll address me as such thank you.

SACHA

(frustrated, to SHIRLEY)

I'm trying to help you out here.

LULU's darkens and walks off to the staff room. SACHA realises he's exposed his preference.

SACHA

(back peddling)

I didn't mean... (This is a fair trial).

LULU not listening. EDDI throws SACHA a warning look.

Out on SACHA - troubled.

CUT TO:

28

**40/28. INT. KELLER. TREATMENT ROOM AREA / CENTRAL WARD - 28
DAY [10:17]**

WILLIAM in bed, looks across at AMY who is growing a little suspicious - is he watching her? The laceration to his arm is still open but the bleeding has stopped.

WILLIAM
(under, to himself)
My love. Queen of all my heart.

GO TO: The double doors. Pacing MALICK waits impatiently as CHRISSIE leads an N/s TEARY EYED FEMALE PATIENT (20) out of the treatment room. They pause at the door to chat. MALICK ready to burst. MALICK runs back inside the ward.

GO TO: William's bed. MALICK arrives and starts trying to coax an engrossed WILLIAM out of bed.

MALICK
Chop chop. Deal's a deal.

MALICK spies an N/s NURSE heading towards the double doors with an N/s PATIENT.

MALICK
Not a chance.

WILLIAM
(loving it)
Beat them Mr Malick. Swift like the wind.

MALICK speeds WILLIAM'S bed towards the double doors- dodging drugs trolleys, N/s STAFF. WILLIAM in fits - loving the speedy ride! They swerve to avoid an annoyed CHRISSIE.

WILLIAM
(to CHRISSIE)
Beep beep!

MALICK and WILLIAM burst with laughter as they go through the double doors.

MALICK stops the trolley outside the Treatment room door and hurriedly starts helping WILLIAM off the trolley.

WILLIAM
You loved it too. Admit.

MALICK can't help but grin. Meanwhile, DAN stands with an N/s NURSES, reading WILLIAM'S distinctively decorated letter.

(CONTINUED)

DAN
(reading aloud, confused)
'Hair soft. Unrepugnant in every
way'? What is this?

MALICK gulps. WILLIAM crushed. MALICK grabs the letter off
DAN.

MALICK
That's private.

DAN gulps - not wanting any trouble. Apologetic, MALICK turns
back to a mortified WILLIAM - the damage already done.

Out on MALICK - shit.

CUT TO:

29

40/29. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [10:19]

29

SAHIRA working on her N/s PATIENT. The PATIENT has a dislodged, penetration injury and myocardial rupture. **SAHIRA makes a small incision on the left-hand side of the heart.** SAHIRA is stemming a bleed with swabs and preparing a **TachoSil** patch.

Meanwhile, also in Theatre JAC's N/s PATIENT has a suspected Pneumothorax. JAC is bagging the patient. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM are divided between the two N/s TRAUMA PATIENTS. It's very cramped.

Plaster on nose, JOOLS waits on her chair in the corner.

SAHIRA

I want the St. James's co-ordinator on the phone. What were they thinking? We haven't got the capacity-

JOOLS

(over, ignored)
Can I help?

JAC

(over to SAHIRA)
You should have been prepared for a communications glitch.

SAHIRA

This isn't my fault.

JAC

You still should have prepared.

SAHIRA

What do they expect us to do?
Myocardial rupture and pneumothorax at once.

JAC

Look, there's been two gas explosions. Every ED department in the area will be dealing with this.

N/s PORTERS hurry MORAG back in to Theatre. There clearly isn't enough room for all three trolleys. SAHIRA and JAC lock eyes in despair.

SAHIRA

(to N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM)

Just stay with the pole patient.
Don't touch the pole. Don't let her bleed out.

(CONTINUED)

The N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM abandon the X2 N/s TRAUMA PATIENTS and attend to bagging blood into MORAG and strapping her back up to monitors. JAC and SAHIRA struggle to maneuver around one another as they treat their N/s TRAUMA PATIENTS. JOOLS looks on at the three bloody bodies with horror and struggles to stay calm.

JAC

You're going to have to do something... Sahira?!

SAHIRA

(snapping)

Do you even want this trial to succeed?

JAC

My name's attached to it.

SAHIRA

Okay. Do you want to see me fail then?

JAC's poker face drops a little.

JAC

One in five nurses have been cut and Hanssen's given you a fifty grand project after you insisted you could lead it. So lead it, or go.

SAHIRA insulted but bites her lip. Het up, SAHIRA considers the hopeless scene. She takes a deep breath.

SAHIRA

(stern)

The pole will have to take **precedence**. Jac, yours too. Porters please. Darwin.

SAHIRA continue working on her patient as N/s PORTERS wheel SAHIRA'S N/s TRAUMA PATIENT out into the corridor. They get half way out of the Theatre door. An alarm suddenly blares from JAC'S N/s TRAUMA PATIENT.

SAHIRA

Ms Naylor?

JAC

I'm on it.

JAC continues bagging her N/s PATIENT while simultaneously grabbing at a tray for an aspirating tube; she's struggling.

SAHIRA

Jac, tell me what's wrong?

JAC

Tension pneumothorax... Can I have your help please?

Blood sprays out of SAHIRA's N/s PATIENT's trauma wound. SAHIRA and JAC lock eyes in despair.

JAC

This lung's collapsed. I'm losing him.

JOOLS

You'll have to aspirate the right.

JAC glares at the JOOLS, the backseat driver. JOOLS contrite.

JAC

(over, to SAHIRA)

You'll have to aspirate the right.

SAHIRA

(to N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE)

Find a doctor now. Any doctor. I don't care.

JOOLS

Would you like me to deal with it?

SAHIRA

Stay there!

JAC

(over to SAHIRA)

Yours is just a bleed. Get one of the nurses involved.

SAHIRA

Untrained? Fab idea. Love it.

Desperate and one foot out of the Theatre door, SAHIRA tries to think of a solution.

JAC

B/P through the floor. I can't do this with two hands.

SAHIRA despairs. She spies JOOLS twiddling her thumbs on a chair in the corner.

SAHIRA
(re her patient in the
corridor)
Go on then.

JOOLS jumps to her feet.

JOOLS
Shall I suture?

SAHIRA
(shouting)
Just put your finger on the bleed!

JOOLS and even JAC jump out of their skin

Out on SAHIRA - scary.

CUT TO:

30 40/30. INT. KELLER. TREATMENT ROOM AREA / CENTRAL WARD - 30
DAY [10:20]

MALICK outside the Treatment Room door. WILLIAM in a trolley next to him, subdued - clearly not okay.

MALICK
I shouldn't have left a private
letter lying around.

WILLIAM
It's okay.

MALICK eyes the clock and despairs.

MALICK
You don't have to like me. We don't
have to talk. But you do need your
arm seen to.

WILLIAM
It's okay.

Still no response. HANSSEN appears in the corridor and updates a theatre rota white board. MALICK swoops over to him.

MALICK
Mr Hanssen.

HANSSEN
Mr Malick. Our theatre date has
been brought forward.

MALICK notes the updates theatre time '11am', with horror. Meanwhile, looking through the double doors, WILLIAM is troubled to see AMY being led out of Keller in a wheelchair, by an N/s NURSE.

HANSSEN
Is that a problem?

MALICK
No... I'm just taking my final
patient for suturing now. Back log
with the treatment room.

HANSSEN looks over MALICK's shoulder with curiosity.

HANSSEN
And how do you intend to suture on
imaginary arm?

MALICK turns. WILLIAM's bed is empty.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

Out on MALICK - shit!

CUT TO:

31

40/31. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [10:21]

31

SAHIRA has joined JAC with N/s JAC'S PATIENT in Theatre. Meanwhile, in the corridor outside Theatre 2, JOOLS tries to stem N/s SAHIRA'S PATIENT'S bleed outside the open Theatre Door. Both TRAUMA PATIENTS are unconscious. JAC needs to make a small incision on the right, and insert a drain. Meanwhile in Theatre, the CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM frantically bag blood into MORAG.

JAC

Losing output. 28fg tube.

SAHIRA hands JAC the tube. Meanwhile SAHIRA makes a small incision in the second intercostal space and feed the tube into the pneumothorax.

SAHIRA

Incision in second intercostal space complete.

(to O.S. JOOLS)

I'll be two seconds Jools.

JAC feeds the tube in JAC'S N/s PATIENT.

JAC

Feeding in the tube.

SAHIRA assists JAC.

JOOLS (O.S.)

Mine's bleeding out. I can't stop it!

JAC

(over)

I can't get it in position. No air's draining.

SAHIRA and JAC frantically adjusting JAC'S N/s PATIENT'S tube.

SAHIRA

(annoyed to O.S. JOOLS)

Patch it then! Hurry.

GO TO: CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THEATRE 2.

JOOLS rooted to the spot in fear. She is wearing gloves. She picks up a **TachoSil** patch from the trolley.

JOOLS

I'm on it.

GO TO: THEATRE 2:

(CONTINUED)

SAHIRA and JAC working on N/s JAC'S TRAUMA PATIENT. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM still bagging blood into MORAG.

JOOLS (O.S.)
Applying the **TachoSil** patch.

JAC
(over)
Losing output. The lung's collapsing. Cardiac output is going down because of tensioning. I'm ventilating with 100% oxygen.

GO TO CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THEATRE 2:

JOOLS is trying not to gag as she places the patch over N/s SAHIRA'S TRAUMA PATIENT'S injury. She can't get it in position.

JOOLS
(trying to stay calm)
Passing the patch over my finger and over the rupture zone.

Blood spurts out.

SAHIRA (O.S.)
Jools? Talk to me.

JOOLS all fingers and thumbs. She drops the bloody patch.

JOOLS
(lying)
I'm on it.

GO TO THEATRE 2

N/s CARDIAC THEATRE TEAM continue bagging blood into MORAG
Meanwhile SAHIRA and JAC break into relieved smiles over JAC'S N/s TRAUMA PATIENT.

JAC
Gases are better. Saturation going up. Pressures going up 80/40.

JAC puts the drain in. Sahira puts in a stitch. JAC and SAHIRA have a 'hi-five' moment. SAHIRA rushes to the theatre door.

GO TO CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THEATRE 2.

SAHIRA horrified by the sight of a blood soaked JOOLS trying and failing to apply the patch over the bleed.

JOOLS
It won't hold.

SAHIRA barges past JOOLS and immediately applies the **TachoSil** patch.

SAHIRA

(angry)

What's the matter with you?

JOOLS

Pulse at...

Covering her upset. JOOLS holds SAHIRA'S N/s TRAUMA PATIENT'S neck and tries to get a reading.

SAHIRA

You're not fit to treat. Sit down.

Ashamed JOOLS heads back inside Theatre 2. SAHIRA follows to the door. She observes N/s CARDIAC'S NURSE standing idly by MORAG.

SAHIRA

(angry)

Nancy. I ordered a **chest X-ray** five minutes ago. Why can't I see it?

N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE shares stunned looks with the rest of the N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM.

SAHIRA

Don't just stand there! The patient's bleeding to death. What's the matter with you?

N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE hurries out of theatre.

JAC

(re the X2 TRAUMA PATIENTS)

Where are we going to put them now?

Out on SAHIRA - stumped.

CUT TO:

32 40/32. INT. DARWIN. CENTRAL NURSES' STATION / HDU - DAY 32
[CONT'D]

NURSES' STATION: N/s NURSES are busy wiping MORAG's blood off the Nurses' Station - as pointed out by a disgusted MICHAEL.

MICHAEL
(under to N/s NURSE)
Blood. Blood. More blood. Not a
good look.

MICHAEL turns and gives a charming smile to the unimpressed N/s WAITING PLASTICS PATIENTS. MICHAEL aghast too see SAHIRA accompany the gross X2 TRAUMA PATIENTS' trollies onto the ward with the help of N/s PORTERS. GREG is on the computer at the nurses' station. JAC and SUNIL observe from the Theatre Corridor.

MICHAEL
Whoa. Haven't you got a lab for
your messy monsters?

SAHIRA
They're cardiac patients now. They
need to go somewhere.

MICHAEL
The ward's full.

SAHIRA notes all the DARWIN beds are full... but spots HDU is empty.

SAHIRA
HDU isn't.

GREG taken aback. N/s PORTERS go to push the trolley's into HDU. MICHAEL blocks their path. GREG joins SAHIRA and MICHAEL.

MICHAEL
No way. Not part of the trial's
territory.

SAHIRA
It's not plastic's either; why do
you care?

MICHAEL bites his lip.

GREG
Your going to squeeze two patients
in there (HDU)?

(CONTINUED)

SAHIRA

Shall I chuck the other into a skip?

GREG affronted by SAHIRA's tone. STRESSED, MICHAEL takes SAHIRA to one side.

MICHAEL

(pleading, under)

I've plastics patients arriving. No-one wants their five grand boob job in a CSI scene.

SAHIRA

Has anyone got anything useful to say today? Anyone? No? My patients are staying in HDU.

SAHIRA waves the N/s PORTERS ON. They push the N/s TRAUMA PATIENTS into HDU. N/s NURSES attend to settling the N/s TRAUMA PATIENTS into the cramped space. Cock of the walk, SAHIRA heads back towards Theatre 2.

GREG

(sarcastic)

Power hasn't gone to her head at all.

STRONG, SAHIRA disappears past JAC and SUNIL. They join MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

Pretty big mini-me you've created there, Naylor?

JAC

Let the GP have her fun.

SUNIL

I hear she just stabilized three lives. Simultaneously.

MICHAEL, SUNIL and JAC takes stock - have they underestimated SAHIRA?

Out on JAC - troubled.

CUT TO:

32A 40/32A. INT. RADIOLOGY CORRIDOR - DAY [10:30]

32A

N/s STAFF and PATIENT's bustle around. WILLIAM follows AMY as she's pushed in a wheelchair by an N/s NURSE. N/s NURSE stops and has a chat with another N/s NURSE. WILLIAM darts away so as not to be seen. N/s NURSE finishes her chat and deposits AMY outside radiology in a wheelchair.

A cautious WILLIAM approaches AMY. He stands feet away. AMY glances up; blanks him. WILLIAM goes to speak... he bottles it. WILLIAM walks away, panicking.

EDDI approaches with a pharmacy bag under her arm. She halts as she reaches WILLIAM.

EDDI

Are you meant to be somewhere?

WILLIAM

You're not my boss.

EDDI shrugs and leaves him to it.

EDDI

That's true.

EDDI saunters off. Lost and increasingly upset, WILLIAM takes shelter on the floor.

Out on WILLIAM - distressed.

CUT TO:

33

40/33. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [CONT'D]

33

Cock of the walk, a beaming SAHIRA heads back in. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM are checking MORAG's fluids. JOOLS waiting anxiously.

SAHIRA

Thanks team.

N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE looks away from SAHIRA pointedly. JAC enters. SAHIRA and JAC avoid eye contact. Tense.

SAHIRA

Not even lunch time.

JAC

Still a long way to go yet.

SAHIRA studies MORAG.

SAHIRA

As soon as we get the X-ray we operate. Where **is it?**

(wondering out loud)

Maybe we should have just operated straight away?

A scream shatters SAHIRA's thoughts. MORAG wakes; terrified and distressed. JOOLS nearly jumps out of her skin. Out on SAHIRA - shocked.

CUT TO:

34

40/34. INT. HOLBY BACK STAIRS - DAY [10:40]

34

Series of shots. Stressed, MALICK rushes around. Checks the time. Looks upstairs, downstairs, rooms, corridors.

Eventually a fuming MALICK finds WILLIAM sitting at the top of a flight of stairs, clinging on to a bannister.

MALICK

(angry)

I'm due in theatre, with my boss,
in thirty minutes.

A cowering WILLIAM looks up at MALICK. MALICK can't help but soften.

WILLIAM

Bully for you. I declare, you're
not my Doctor anymore.

MALICK

You're sacking me?

WILLIAM

I'm discharging myself early. I'm
sure that's not a rarity. It's
clear from the body language of
your colleagues that you're
detested.

MALICK stung. He covers his hurt.

MALICK

Early discharge? Fine by me.

MALICK jogs down the a few stairs. He hears a pathetic wimper from WILLIAM - his arm clearly hurting. MALICK torn. Despite himself, he heads back up the stairs and examines WILLIAM's arm.

MALICK

That's got to hurt.

WILLIAM nods pathetically.

MALICK

Let me fix it.

WILLIAM is silent.

MALICK

(softening)

How about another doctor treats you
then? Would you let me page a
colleague?

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM flings his arms around MALICK's legs and holds on for dear life. MALICK taken aback. N/s NURSES walking down the stairs giggle.

MALICK
 (to N/s NURSES)
 Problem?
 (gentle to WILLIAM)
 What is it mate?

Clearly embarrassed, WILLIAM clams up.

MALICK
 I won't tell anyone, I promise.

WILLIAM torn. He beckons MALICK to let him whisper in his ear.

WILLIAM
 (whisper)
 You mustn't tell the lady... I don't enjoy heights.

MALICK
 We'll take the lift.

WILLIAM
 (freaking out)
 No, no, no, no. I *despise* lifts. *Despise* lifts. What a suggestion Doctor. What an impudent suggestion.

Taken aback, MALICK calms WILLIAM down.

MALICK
 (over)
 No lifts! No lifts!... It's cool pal - sorry William. William P Franks.

With WILLIAM still clinging on to him, MALICK checks his watch. MALICK despairs. WILLIAM considers deeply.

WILLIAM
 I don't mind if you call me pal. I may well die up here. I wouldn't mind a facade in these deathly circumstances.

MALICK
 No facade. I'm your pal. Okay? And I'm going to get you down these stairs.

WILLIAM amazed by MALICK's words. Gentle, MALICK helps WILLIAM to his feet. WILLIAM becomes scared.

WILLIAM

(scared)

Doctor. The juices in my ears will spin.

MALICK

Cover your ears. Shut your eyes.

Gentle, MALICK helps WILLIAM cover his ears. WILLIAM has his eyes screwed shut.

MALICK

You can trust me, mate.

MALICK takes WILLIAM's hand. Very, very slowly, WILLIAM lets MALICK start guiding him down the stairs. WILLIAM clings on to MALICK.

MALICK

It's alright. Step with me.

(amused)

A vertigo sufferer who doesn't like lifts? What are you like?

Out on MALICK - happy.

CUT TO:

35

40/35. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [10:43]

35

MORAG freaking out. Pulling at the pole; desperately wiping away blood in vain. JAC and SAHIRA struggle to restrain her arms. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE wheels a **portable chest X-ray** out of the way.

SAHIRA/JAC

(over)

Morag. Calm down / You mustn't touch it.

MORAG

(over, screams)

Get it out! Get it out!

JOOLS

(over)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

(to SAHIRA)

What can I do?

JAC

She's losing too much blood. She needs surgery right now.

SAHIRA

(to JOOLS)

Go.

JOOLS

No, I'm staying with her.

In the midst of the confusion, N/s CARIDAC TRAUMA NURSE hands JAC an x-ray. JAC hands it to SAHIRA.

JAC

It's grazed her aorta.

SAHIRA calms MORAG down. JOOLS gushes apologies to MORAG. SAHIRA and JAC study the x-ray. They share a look of horror. JOOLS clock their worried faces with terror. MORAG continues thrashing around. SAHIRA restrains her.

SAHIRA

Morag. Listen to me. If you don't stop moving, that pole is going to rupture your aorta and you'll die within minutes. It's this close. Don't. Move.

JOOLS

Oh no.

(CONTINUED)

JAC taken aback by SAHIRA's bluntness. Terrified, MORAG freezes.

SAHIRA

Let's get her anaesthetized.

JAC and SAHIRA and the N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM prepare to intubate.

MORAG

Stop.

JAC and SAHIRA pause.

MORAG

(calm)

It's grazed my aorta?

SAHIRA

Yes.

MORAG

I don't consent.

(Beat)

I don't want you to operate.

Frustrated, JAC looks to the heavens.

On SAHIRA - what?

End of act 3.

CUT TO:

36

40/36. INT. AAU. OFFICE - DAY [10:45]

36

A nervous, furtive SACHA in damage limitation. He observes LULU chatting warmly to N/s ELDERLY PATIENT as she takes their obs. LULU exits the bed. SACHA grabs his chance and swoops in and takes her to one side.

SACHA

I know what that must have sounded like.

LULU

Sounded like you admitting you were trying to help my competitor get the job.

SACHA searches for an explanation... he has none.

SACHA

... Yes... I can see how that was the interpretation.

LULU

I take it you know who my father is?

SACHA despairs at what he perceives as a threat.

SACHA

(half joking)
I have three young children. Please don't end my career.

LULU chuckles warmly.

LULU

You're not the first person to think I need a handicap.
(light hearted)
I have survived six years at medical school. No-one's sat idly by as I've killed patients or anything.

SACHA and LULU enjoy warm smiles. SACHA's startled to see SHIRLEY staring at them a couple of feet away - her face like thunder. SACHA quickly fumbles for a pile of case studies from the Nurses' base.

SHIRLEY

(accusatory)
Just to quote back to you; we are being graded purely on the results of practical tests?

(CONTINUED)

SACHA

Yes.

SHIRLEY

And the results alone? HR have been made aware.

SACHA

Yes!

SHIRLEY

I would like a copy of all test results. *Thank you.*

SACHA nods.

SACHA

Buzz in when you know the answer.

Competitive, LULU and SHIRLEY lean forward - ready to jump in with an answer.

SACHA

(reading from a case study)

Forty year old woman. Waves of excruciating pain beginning in the flank and radiating inferiorly and anteriorly. Nausea.

LULU/SHIRLEY

(over)

Renal Colic!

SACHA

Any Differentials?

LULU/SHIRLEY

(over)

UTI, Pelvic inflammatory disease, appendicitis.

Out on SACHA - despairing.

CUT TO:

37 40/37. SCENE 37 MOVED TO SCENE 34.

37

38

40/38. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [10:47]

38

MORAG is still on a trolley; weak and pale. The sawn-off pole is still impaled in her chest. She is attached to the usual machines. JAC enters from theatre. N/s NURSE is attaching various drips to MORAG. N/s ANAESTHETIST is waiting.

JAC
(to SAHIRA)
Five more units on their way.

MORAG
Where are my girls?

SAHIRA
You still have a chance if we operate now.

MORAG
I said, where are my girls?

JAC bites her lip and looks to the heavens.

SAHIRA
Surgery really is your only chance.

MORAG
I won't survive. I'll bleed out the second you touch **it**.

JAC and SAHIRA share a look - they know MORAG's pretty spot on.

SAHIRA
(stern)
Yes, you probably won't survive surgery. But you'll certainly die if you delay it.

MORAG
(desperate)
I know, I know, I know. I just want to see my kids one last time. Please, please, please.

SAHIRA and JAC despair.

MORAG
(angry)
Where are my girls?

JAC
For what it's worth. I'd have operated immediately.

(CONTINUED)

SAHIRA glares at JAC with daggers but holds her tongue.

JOOLS

(to MORAG)

You can't wait.

(to SAHIRA)

She can't, can she?

MORAG

That's my order.

SAHIRA despairs. JAC thaws a little at SAHIRA's clear torment.

JAC

It's arguable the patient's not fit to consent?

Listening in, JOOLS' eyes light up - a glimmer of hope.

JOOLS

She's not. Look at her.

SAHIRA considers. MORAG senses SAHIRA'S temptation.

MORAG

(to SAHIRA)

Don't.

SAHIRA

Your organs are in decline. We can't wait any longer...

MORAG

(frantic)

Twenty minutes. Please. Just twenty minutes to see my girls and tell them I love them. Don't do this to them.

Under pressure, SAHIRA sees the N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM exchanging worried looks.

SAHIRA

(to N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM)

I need you to concentrate on maintaining blood pressure, not questioning my judgement.

38

CONTINUED: (2)

38

Out on SAHIRA - torn.

CUT TO:

39

40/39. INT. KELLER. CENTRAL WARD - DAY [10:50]

39

Outside WILLIAM'S bed. The bed is sealed off by curtains. Bored, CHRISSIE stands guard by the curtains. DAN crosses.

DAN

The notoriously overworked NHS Nurse?

CHRISSIE

I'm standing guard... don't ask.

*

GO TO: Inside the curtained off area.

Delighted, MALICK completes the suturing of the laceration on WILLIAM's arm. WILLIAM's taken his injured arm out of his shirt sleeve. A suturing pack on a trolley next to the bed.

WILLIAM

Are you sure she can be trusted not to peek?

MALICK

You've my word. She's a lady.

WILLIAM raises an eyebrow. MALICK chuckles.

WILLIAM

I don't wish the list of ladies who have seen my hidden flesh to rival Byron.

MALICK

I promise, I won't let any ladies here catch a glimpse.

MALICK finishes the final stitch and wipes down WILLIAM's arm.

MALICK

... William? I can announce, you're in a state of absolute discharge.

MALICK checks the clock - breathes a sigh of relief. WILLIAM's his stitches with awe. He strokes them.

WILLIAM

They're so neat. Thank you.

MALICK

Pleasure.

WILLIAM buttons up his shirt. MALICK waits for WILLIAM to leave but he's engrossed in his stitches.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

(sad)

Can I tell you a secret? I haven't had lots of girlfriends.

MALICK

Neither have I.

WILLIAM

A despicable lie.

MALICK

That's the truth. Take it or leave it.

WILLIAM not convinced.

MALICK

(sincere)

I wouldn't lie to you.

Touched, WILLIAM smiles. From a tiny gap in the curtain, WILLIAM sees AMY being walked back in by N/s NURSE. WILLIAM rubs his nose.

WILLIAM

(weak, pained)

My polyposis. Kills.

MALICK

Have you tried just talking to ladies? You don't need letters.

GO TO CHRISSIE outside the curtain, listening in. Touched by MALICK's sweet heart to heart. N/s NURSE on the Nurses' Station signals CHRISSIE away to take a phone call.

MALICK
 (concerned)
 Sorry I have to ask... How did you injure yourself William?

WILLIAM
 (lying badly)
 I fell.

MALICK suddenly suspicious.

MALICK
 Fell? You sure?

WILLIAM nods. MALICK considers. CHRISSIE approaches from the Nurses' Station.

MALICK
 (under concerned)
 Where's psyche? *

CHRISSIE
 They're busy. Hanssen's assembling...

Torn, MALICK looks to WILLIAM and back to CHRISSIE.

MALICK
 Right...I just need a (few minutes with William)... *

A beat. MALICK torn. *

WILLIAM
 Is there somewhere I can get spruced up? *

MALICK decides. *

MALICK
 Ok. Can you discharge Mr Franks. *

And with that he's off... *

CUT TO: *

PAGE DELETED: *

40

40/40. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [10:55]

40

JAC checking MORAG'S Fluids. A visibly weaker MORAG waits expectantly as SAHIRA enters. A tense atmosphere between JAC and SAHIRA. A cowed JOOLS sits anxiously in the corner.

MORAG
Where are they?

SAHIRA
Nearly here. I really don't know how much longer we can delay the op.

MORAG
Just five minutes.

SAHIRA torn.

JOOLS
(under, to herself)
She's going to bleed out. I know it.

JAC
The patient's organs are shutting down. Her surgical status is becoming untenable.

SAHIRA
(to MORAG)
We really will have to proceed very soon. Or not at all.

JAC
We need to proceed now!

MORAG
Five minutes. My order.

SAHIRA
Okay! Okay, team five minutes.

JOOLS
(under, to herself)
No, no, no.

JAC observes the monitors.

JAC
B/P dropping. It's downhill from here.

MORAG weakens greatly. She becomes very pale and is clearly in pain. Alarms start to ring from MORAG's bed.

(CONTINUED)

JAC
 (to N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA
 NURSE)
 80/38. More units.
 (to SAHIRA)
 Sahira? Let's move?

SAHIRA
 (trying to sound, calm)
 Just five more minutes people.

N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE makes a call on the theatre phone.
 Snapping, JOOLS bursts forward and collars SAHIRA angrily.

JOOLS
 (shouting)
 Don't just stand there! Do your job
 and operate!

SAHIRA
 (stern)
 My job? If you had done your job at
 the scene, she might not be in this
 state. Get out of my theatre.

Upset, JOOLS exits Theatre. JAC studies the various monitors
 with frustration.

JAC
 75/30. She's losing blood faster
 than we can get it in.

SAHIRA
 Intubate the patient.

A very weak MORAG looks at SAHIRA pleadingly.

SAHIRA
 (to MORAG)
 Sorry, I'm over-ruling you.

JAC
 It's too late.

SAHIRA
 We're operating right now! Let's
 get her flat.

JAC
 It's. Too. Late. Sahira!

SAHIRA takes in the news. MORAG slips into unconsciousness.
 JAC points at the heart monitor.

JAC

You waited and now the patient's cardiac function has failed. She's lost out-put and without the B/P to sustain her under anaesthetic, she's not getting it back.

The CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM look away from SAHIRA, clearly unimpressed. Silence.

JAC

You should have operated when you had the chance.

Frustrated, JAC stomps out of Theatre.

Out on SAHIRA - devastated.

CUT TO:

41 **40/41. INT. KELLER. GENTS TOILETS - DAY [11:00]** 41

DAN drying his hands. Does a quick, incidental slick of his hair in the mirror. Reveal WILLIAM in the adjacent mirror doing up his tie. He furtively copies DAN's hair flick 'technique'. DAN notices the mirroring. Caught out, WILLIAM's eyes look away. A little weirded out, DAN exits. Buoyed up, WILLIAM touches his new hair with nervous pride. Out on WILLIAM - a little proud.

CUT TO:

42

40/42. INT. WYVERN COFFEE SHOP - DAY [11:05]

42

WILLIAM handed two cream buns in a paper bag by N/s COFFEE SHOP ASSISTANT.

WILLIAM

Thank you.

WILLIAM fumbles with a Velcro wallet emblazoned with a 'GRACE JONES' sticker. He drops it. Coppers scatter to the floor. Impatient, MICHAEL and SUNIL wait behind him in the queue. WILLIAM picks the coppers up and begins paying with them. It takes forever. The N/s COFFEE SHOP ASSISTANT also growing impatient.

WILLIAM

Just washed my hands. No traction.

MICHAEL and SUNIL wait impatiently behind. WILLIAM pays the N/s COFFEE SHOP ASSISTANT with coppers he retrieves from the ground.

WILLIAM

How much were they again?

Patients snapping, MICHAEL slams down a fiver.

MICHAEL

On me.

WILLIAM

I couldn't possibly.

MICHAEL

(sarcastic)

You've no traction in your hands.
It's the least I can do.

WILLIAM bumbles off with his bag of buns. Meanwhile, SUNIL's checking a text message.

SUNIL

(with regret)

She lost the patient.

MICHAEL

They did have a pole through the chest.

SUNIL

The patient was viable.

MICHAEL all ears.

(CONTINUED)

SUNIL

Was. Sahira blinked and missed the
chance.

MICHAEL

(frustrated)

They let a registrar build a toy
town ED. What did they expect?

Out on MICHAEL - sad.

CUT TO:

43

40/43. INT. AAU - DAY [11:08]

43

SHIRLEY and LULU both speaking with separate N/s PATIENTS. SHIRLEY appears to be upsetting her N/s PATIENT. EDDI approaches SACHA at the Nurses' Base.

EDDI

One crying nurse and Mr Lawson has demanded the bulldog doesn't speak to him again.

SACHA

Right.

EDDI

Shame Doctor Idol doesn't take account of horrendous personalities.

EDDI leaves to answer the Nurses' Base phone. LULU approaches SACHA and hands him a file.

LULU

(smiling)
I've compiled full case history on Mrs Wallace.

SACHA

(surprised)
Really? The silent lady?

LULU

We got chatting.

SACHA impressed. LULU goes to leave.

SACHA

How did you manage that?

LULU

My USP. Daddy paid her.

SACHA and LULU laugh at her crap joke. Hearing the laughter, SHIRLEY's troubled. In the background SACHA moves to the Nurses' Base.

EDDI hangs up the phone and approaches SACHA.

EDDI

HR. There's been a complaint - about your lack of impartiality in the selection process.

Out on SACHA - gulp.

CUT TO:

44

40/44. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [11:10]

44

MORAG unconscious; The sawn off pole still impaled through her chest. JOOLS sits on the trolley and holds MORAG's hand. SAHIRA slumped by the wall. Guttled.

JOOLS

How long?

SAHIRA

Half an hour maybe?

JOOLS

Do we just wait?

SAHIRA nods. Silence.

JOOLS

What shall we tell her daughters?

SAHIRA despairs - not something she wants to think about.

SAHIRA

... I don't know... You don't have to tell them anything, I'll do it.

JOOLS

She was under this metal thing. Just blood. Morag's like, effing and blinding. I just stood there.

SAHIRA

I'm sure, you did your best.

JOOLS

She picked the short straw having me as her protege. Useless. Not great as first days go.

SAHIRA

(guilty)

This is your first day?

JOOLS

If you don't mind. I'd like to break the news to the family.

SAHIRA

It's not a nice job.

JOOLS

I'd like to take responsibility for something today.

(CONTINUED)

SAHIRA
 (incredulous)
 What the heck was I waiting on a **X-ray** for?

JOOLS
 (conciliatory)
 ... Some people just freeze.

SAHIRA not comforted - she hangs her head in shame. HANSSEN enters and observes the sad, deathly scene. SAHIRA can't even look him in the eye.

HANSSEN
 Are you enjoying day one?

SAHIRA
**One in five nurses made redundant
 Henrik?**

HANSSEN
None of whom were indispensable.

SAHIRA
Fifty thousand pounds?

HANSSEN
A worthy project.

HANSSEN poker faced.

SAHIRA
**I think Ms Naylor should take over
 the Cardiac Trauma Unit. Should you
 wish it to continue. There's not
 enough staff. She's more
 experienced...**

HANSSEN
 Very well. I can see you worked to
 the best of your medical ability.

SAHIRA
 It's too late to save her.

HANSSEN
 According to who?

SAHIRA goes to answer 'Jac' but is struck by a realisation.

HANSSEN
 You or Ms Naylor?

On SAHIRA - challenged.

CUT TO:

45

40/45. SCENE 45 MOVED TO SCENE 47A.

45

46

40/46. INT. AAU - DAY [11:25]

46

SACHA notes a smiling LULU warmly helping an N/s ELDERLY PATIENT into bed. Across the ward, SHIRLEY taps a passing N/s NURSE's shoulder. The N/s nurse nearly drops the kidney dish of vomit she's carrying.

SHIRLEY

(to passing N/s NURSE)

I requested a full audit of the drugs trolley. A half report is no use to me at all? Quick as you can.

Watching from the Nurses' Base, SACHA and EDDI tut.

SACHA

(defiant)

You know what? I want Lulu to win. There. I've said it.

EDDI

Just give Lulu the job then.

SACHA

On what merit?

EDDI

For not getting on everyone's wick?

SACHA

This isn't a popularity contest.

EDDI

It should be. We spend most of our lives in this confined space for up to twelve hours. There's nothing wrong with hiring people just because they're tolerable - trust me.

SACHA

(admitting defeat)

I know. I know... But I've promised HR a test. I can't change the goal posts now.

EDDI

(hinting)

If only there was some test Lulu'd win for sure? Hockey or something?

EDDI walks off to deal with an N/s PATIENT. SACHA roots around the desk and finds a copy of the Trust's Equality Guidelines, booklet. The blurb reads 'Compiled by Sir Fraser'.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

Out on SACHA - furtive.

CUT TO:

46A

40/46A. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE CORRIDOR - DAY

46A

JAC moves down the corridor. As a N/s SCRUB NURSE rushes past with urgency, she realises something is going down in the Cardiac Trauma Facility. She picks up her pace - Whats going on?

47 40/47. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [11:30]

47

SAHIRA and the CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM prepping MORAG for theatre; N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA ANAESTHETIST intubating, SAHIRA and N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSES attaching monitors and lines to MORAG and very, very carefully moving MORAG flat onto her back. JAC bursts through the loiterers into Theatre - clearly aghast by what SAHIRA's doing.

SAHIRA
I'm operating.

JAC
I'm the Nominal Consultant here.

SAHIRA
Bit late for your input now.

JAC taken aback by SAHIRA's tone.

JAC
She's a lost cause.

SAHIRA
She's still alive isn't she?

JAC
She's as good as dead. You can't stick knives in a corpse just for the sake of it.

SAHIRA
You think this is a vanity project to me?

JAC bites her lip. SAHIRA guesses JAC does. Meanwhile, N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA ANAESTHETIST completes intubation of MORAG.

SAHIRA
I know I can save her.

JAC
Her B/P's untenable, she won't survive anaesthetic. Let her die in peace and not cut to ribbons in a freak show.

SAHIRA
Give me some support.

JAC
Give your patient some dignity.

SAHIRA
Intubation complete. Preparing to open.

(CONTINUED)

JAC

I was prepared to give this
facility my full support.

SAHIRA

No you weren't! My Trial. My call.
Unless you want to tell Hanssen
you've reneged on your duty?

JAC deeply reluctant.

Out on SAHIRA - strong.

CUT TO:

47A 40/47A. INT. KELLER. CENTRAL WARD - DAY [11:15]

47A

A proud MALICK striding into KELLER to join a scrubbed up HANSSSEN and other N/s IMPORTANT LOOKING SURGEONS as they head towards Keller Theatre. N/s NURSES stands to attention. MALICK shoots a smug look to DAN.

HANSSSEN
(to N/s IMPORTANT LOOKING
DOCTORS)

One of our young surgeons, Mr
Malick. He will be joining us in
theatre.

MALICK starts shaking hands with N/s IMPORTANT LOOKING DOCTORS. A nervous WILLIAM arrives with his bag of cream buns and scans around confused by the empty bed where AMY had been. MALICK troubled to see WILLIAM. CHRISSIE looks up from the Nurses' Station, also troubled.

MALICK
Excuse me Mr Hanssen. A patient...
One second.

MALICK excuses himself and hurries to WILLIAM. HANSSSEN continues to Keller theatre with his team.

MALICK
What are you doing back here?

WILLIAM tries to peer around MALICK.

MALICK
You looking for someone?

WILLIAM
I'm taking your advice. Where is
she?

MALICK's heart could break.

MALICK
(lying)
Amy was discharged.

WILLIAM
(distracted)
She's gone?

MALICK
A few minutes ago. Sorry mate.

Stoic, WILLIAM tries his best to cover his sadness.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

Perhaps you'd like to share these
buns amongst the nurses. There's
only two but they're quite big.

Guilt ridden, MALICK takes the bag of buns.

MALICK

They'll love them.

WILLIAM

Thanks for trying.

Head down, WILLIAM bumbles out of Keller. Feeling sad, MALICK
can't resist another white lie.

MALICK

William. Before she left, she said
you had nice eyes, and a nice
smile.

WILLIAM could burst with pride. He exits, chest puffed.
MALICK heads back to HANSEN. N/s IMPORTANT LOOKING DOCTOR
slaps him on the back.

Out on MALICK - privately guilty.

CUT TO:

48

40/48. INT. CORRIDOR BY KELLER - DAY [11:30]

48

A sad WILLIAM goes past towards the exit. He stops in his tracks. He spies AMY being wheeled back towards Keller.

Out on WILLIAM - surprised.

CUT TO:

49

40/49. INT. KELLER. THEATRE SCRUB ROOM - DAY [11:31]

49

MALICK scrubbing up with the big boys; HANSSEN and N/s IMPORTANT LOOKING DOCTORS. N/s THEATRE TEAM; N/s ANAESTHETIST, N/s SCRUB NURSE, N/s THEATRE NURSE, N/s SHO stand to attention.

HANSSEN

Four incisions will be made,
necessary to allow for the
introduction of one trocar in the
umbilicus.

(a little pointed)

Mr Malick, do you feel equipped to
proceed with the first stage?

MALICK beams. Meanwhile an N/s NURSE ARRIVES and whispers a message to HANSSEN.

MALICK

Absolutely.

N/s THEATRE STAFF and N/s IMPORTANT LOOKING DOCTORS files into Theatre. MALICK goes to follow.

HANSSEN

Mr Malick... A patient in your care
has caused some difficulty on the
ward. The ward sister has requested
your intervention.

MALICK could strangle someone. He barely manages to conceal his frustration.

MALICK

(to N/s SCRUB NURSE)

Inform the Ward Sister, I'm about
to enter theatre.

MALICK goes to enter theatre.

HANSSEN

Let us hope the patient in question
is not experiencing any
difficulties, which the Doctor
entrusted with his care would be
best place to deal with.

HANSSEN saunters into theatre.

Out on MALICK - torn.

CUT TO:

50

40/50. INT. KELLER. CENTRAL WARD - DAY [11:32]

50

Highly annoyed, MALICK storms through Keller towards AMY's bed. AMY in a state. CHRISSIE trying to comfort AMY. A confused WILLIAM cowering in the corner of the room, his letter and Queen Victoria Biography in hand.

AMY

Get that little freak away from me!
Who does he think he is? Get out!
Get out! (etcetera).

CHRISSIE

Calm down Amy.
(to N/s STAFF)
Can someone escort this gentleman
out please?

AMY starts tugging at her hair. CHRISSIE has to restrain her with some force. MALICK taken aback and takes WILLIAM away from AMY.

AMY

Just leave me alone! Get the freak
out. He's freaking me out.

MALICK

Hey! That's enough.

WILLIAM

(over, to MALICK)
You said she was gone?

MALICK

(over to AMY)
He only wanted to say hello.
There's no need for hysterics.

WILLIAM

Liar.

CHRISSIE

(to MALICK)
We should have waited for psyche.

N/s PATIENTS look at WILLIAM suspiciously. Humiliated, WILLIAM runs towards the relatives room. MALICK eyes him, sympathetically.

MALICK

Could you ask Hanssen to wait. I'll
be a couple of minutes. Please.

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED:

50

Out on MALICK - preoccupied.

CUT TO:

51 40/51. INT. AAU. OFFICE - DAY [11:33]

51

Tense atmosphere. Papers in hand, SACHA stands before LULU and SHIRLEY - both over eager. EDDI flanks.

SACHA

I'm aware someone here, I'm not naming names, is concerned that impartial process is not being observed. I can assure you that is not the case. My notes on today's practical interview will be made available to HR for scrutiny.

LULU and SHIRLEY eye one another viciously.

SACHA

The final tie-breaker. A test on the Trust's Equality policy. Thirty minutes. Please make yourselves comfortable for question one.

LULU and SHIRLEY scramble for the one big office chair. LULU wins the chair with a disarmingly catty shove. SACHA to tied up in collating his papers to see. EDDI sees and can't help but smile to herself. Aggrieved SHIRLEY forced to sit crossed legged on the ground.

SACHA

Question one...

Out on SACHA - in control.

CUT TO:

52

40/52. INT. KELLER. STAFF ROOM - DAY [11:35]

52

MALICK tries to calm a defensive, mortified WILLIAM. Upset, WILLIAM, is clutching his head as if hearing voices. A left over plate of food with a knife and fork is on a table.

MALICK

You mustn't take that woman's reaction personally.

WILLIAM

Mustn't I? Mustn't I?... You lied to me. You said she'd gone. You said she liked my smile. You bully. You big liar.

MALICK

I'm sorry.

WILLIAM

You're not a health care professional. Regard your lack of care at once. Regard your lies.

MALICK

Fine, I've failed.

WILLIAM

You pretended to be my friend. You're a bully!

MALICK

(stung)

I've missed enough theatre time as it is.

Covering his guilt, MALICK exits. Incredulous at MALICK's 'rejection', WILLIAM stabs himself, deep in his abdomen with the knife on the lunch plate. His shirt becomes stained with blood.

WILLIAM

(scared)

Don't leave me my friend.

Out on MALICK - shit.

CUT TO:

53 40/53. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [11:36]

53

PROSTHETICS GRADE 1

SAHIRA steps into theatre.

Those already present: JAC, N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA ANAESTHETIST, N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA ANAESTHETIST'S ASST, N/s PERFUSIONIST, N/s PERFUSIONIST'S ASST, N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA SCRUB NURSE, N/s RUNNER

MORAG is on bypass, anaesthetized, intubated, draped around the site of the pole and laid out on her right side. The anaesthetist has put a CVC into the femoral artery.

JAC

Her daughters are in the building.

SAHIRA torn. The CARDIAC THEATRE TEAM wait with baited breath.

SAHIRA

Knife please.

N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE hands SAHIRA a knife.

JAC

Let them say their goodbyes. It's not too late to stop.

SAHIRA

I've made my decision.

SAHIRA makes the first incision.

Out on SAHIRA - nervous.

CUT TO:

54

40/54. INT. KELLER. CENTRAL WARD - DAY [11:37]

54

WILLIAM on a trolley wearing an oxygen mask. A growing blood stain on his shirt from the stab wound on his abdomen. MALICK helps N/s PORTERS push WILLIAM towards the lift.

CHRISSIE
Eccentric? Really?

MALICK
Downstairs theatre prepped?

CHRISSIE
On call surgeon's been paged.

CHRISSIE tries to lift WILLIAM'S shirt to swab the bleed. WILLIAM horrified. MALICK stops CHRISSIE.

MALICK
Don't. You're embarrassing him.

CHRISSIE confused.

MALICK
He doesn't like being exposed.

CHRISSIE
You better go. Hanssen's waiting
for you in theatre.

The lift doors open. A petrified WILLIAM clings to MALICK's scrubs. MALICK torn.

MALICK
Tell Hanssen I'm busy.

Out on MALICK - guilty, determined to help WILLIAM.

CUT TO:

55 40/55. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [11:40]

55

Present: JAC, SAHIRA, N/s ANAESTHETIST, N/s ANAESTHETIST'S ASST, N/s PERFUSIONIST, N/s PERFUSIONIST'S ASST, N/s SCRUB NURSE, N/s RUNNER

MORAG is on bypass, anaesthetized, intubated, draped around the site of the pole and laid out on her back. The anaesthetist has put a CVC into the femoral artery. SAHIRA has performed a median sternotomy. SAHIRA will now have access to the chest cavity and will now be able to see the pole as it penetrates the sternum - and will be ready to remove it. JAC is standing back, unwilling to get too involved with the operation.

SAHIRA

Wow. That's very close to the aorta.

JAC

(worried)

Too close. The valve will rupture when you remove the pole.

SAHIRA takes a deep breath.

SAHIRA

Get ready everyone.

Very, very slowly, SAHIRA removes the pole. JAC waits for the inevitable. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA NURSE can't bare to watch. SAHIRA eventually pulls the pole out. SAHIRA, JAC and the N/s CARDIAC THEATRE TEAM wait with horrified anticipation. Silence.

JAC

(stunned)

The aorta's holding.

SAHIRA

It's holding.

SAHIRA deeply relieved. JAC amazed and intrigued. Now involved, JAC moves closer to the table, examines the cavity and picks up a knife.

JAC

I'll proceed?

SAHIRA nods. Suddenly the hole in the aorta starts gushing blood. Alarms begin blaring.

Out on SAHIRA - Horror!

CUT TO:

55A

40/55A. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE CORRIDOR - DAY

55A

JOLS stands outside listening to the alarms blaring. Fearing Morag is dead she moves off... devastated.

56

40/56. INT. AAU. OFFICE - DAY [11:50]

56

LULU and SHIRLEY heads down in their exam papers. EDDI bored to tears. She stands next to SACHA as he reads from his question sheet. He tries to make the dull material sound as upbeat as possible.

SACHA

To which hospital body should
issues regarding equality be
referred to?

Both LULU and SHIRLEY write answers down confidently.

EDDI

(under to SACHA)
I want to die.

SHIRLEY

(angry to EDDI)
Shhhh!

EDDI

(under to SACHA)
That pitbull gets the job, you'll
be looking for a new senior nurse.
I swear.

SACHA

Which parliamentary act of 2006
makes it unlawful to discriminate
on the ground of sexual
orientation?

SHIRLEY writes down an answer. LULU clearly at a loss.

SACHA

Just to repeat...

LULU shrugs at SACHA.

Out on SACHA - concerned.

CUT TO:

57 40/57. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [12:00]

57

PROSTHETICS GRADE 1

Present: JAC, SAHIRA, N/s ANAETHETIST, N/s ANAESTHETIST'S ASST, N/s PERFUSIONIST, N/s PERFUSIONIST'S ASST, N/s SCRUB NURSE, N/s RUNNER

Alarms blaring. Blood gushes from the descending aorta. SAHIRA feels around in the cavity.

SAHIRA

The descending aorta's ruptured. I can feel it.

JAC

She's bleeding out. B/P Through the floor. Swabs.

N/s SCRUB NURSES hand JAC and SAHIRA swabs. They try to clear the area of blood.

JAC

What are you going to do?

SAHIRA glares at JAC. Furious, SAHIRA switches off the theatre intercom. The GALLERY is confused.

SAHIRA

(at a loss)

What would you suggest?

JAC stumped.

SAHIRA

We'll just have to suture as best we can... We must clamp the aorta.

JAC

If we clamp the aorta it'll compromise cerebral profusion. She'll be brain dead.

(kind)

You tried. Give it up.

SAHIRA considers. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA ANAESTHETIST nods in agreement. JOOLS watches from the gallery. Unable to take anymore, JOOLS walks away.

JAC

Let's close her up.

SAHIRA picks up a scalpel. JAC shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

SAHIRA

Prepare to clamp the aorta. We'll
clamp either side of the aortic
tear. Keep her pressure up to mean
of 60.

Out on SAHIRA - under pressure.

CUT TO:

58 40/58. INT. DARWIN. CENTRAL NURSES' STATION - DAY [CONT'D] 58

JOOLS strides away shell-shock. JOOLS sees two N/s teenage girls waiting down the corridor with GREG.

JOOLS tries to sneak away unseen in the opposite direction. GREG spots JOOLS and collars her.

GREG

Jools is it?... Morag's daughters. Obviously very upset. I hear you wanted to speak with them?

JOOLS

... Right.

JOOLS try to ready herself.

GREG

I think they could just do with some clarity. You were on the shout with their mum right?

JOOLS

I know. I know.

JOOLS grows upset.

JOOLS

I froze...

The N/s TEENAGE GIRLS look over - wondering what the delay is. Diplomatic, GREG turns a crumbling JOOLS away.

JOOLS

It's okay. They train us to speak to the relatives. I'm on it.

GREG

No-one's going to force you.

JOOLS stops and considers. She can't face it.

JOOLS

Could you just tell them... I did try my best.

JOOLS heads away from the N/s TEENAGE GIRLS.

Out on JOOLS - ashamed.

CUT TO:

59 40/59. INT. AAU - DAY [CONT'D]

59

NURSES' BASE: EDDI hands SACHA two answer sheets marked in red pen.

EDDI
Your independent adjudicator says;
Lulu 19. Pitbull 20.
(sarcastic)
Nice one.

Across the ward, SHIRLEY gives an N/s NURSE grief. SACHA regards the 'grades' circled in red on the answer sheets with despair. Guessing his next move, EDDI turns her back on SACHA, hands him a red biro and whistles to herself. Getting the hint, a torn SACHA changes Lulu's mark to read '21'.

Out on SACHA - guilty.

CUT TO:

60

40/60. INT. AAU. THEATRE - DAY [12:30]

60

PROSTHETICS GRADE 2

THEATRE: MALICK has opened the abdomen. Knife in hand, MALICK examines the cavity troubled.

MALICK

No. The knife has gone through the sigmoid colon.

(upset)

What was he thinking?

CHRISSIE

Perhaps a psyche referral would have been worth waiting for?

Stung, MALICK examines the cavity.

MALICK

No wonder there's so much blood - it's damaged the inferior mesenteric artery and punctured the sigmoid mesentery.

MALICK considers. Suddenly, blood fills up the cavity very rapidly. MALICK starts scooping out blood with his hands. CHRISSIE and N/s STAFF share worried looks.

MALICK

Pool sucker. Come on William.

CHRISSIE hands MALICK a poll sucker. MALICK uses it to seemingly little effect.

CHRISSIE

(cautious)

The patient's very close to...(bleeding out).

Stern, MALICK shoots CHRISSIE a look.

CHRISSIE

80 over 55.

MALICK tries to look into the bloody cavity.

MALICK

Can barely see a thing...

CHRISSIE and THEATRE TEAM now very nervy.

MALICK

William, come on pal...

(to CHRISSIE)

A consultant should take over?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISSIE

You're the one he trusts.

MALICK

(upset)

I know he did. Then I palmed him
off and lied to his face.

CHRISSIE

(sympathetic)

This isn't your fault.

MALICK touched. He resumes trying to stem the bleed.

Out on MALICK - determined.

CUT TO:

61 40/61. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE 2 - DAY [12:42]

61

PROSTHETICS GRADE 1

Present: JAC, SAHIRA, N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA ANAESTHETIST, N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA ANAESTHETIST'S ASST, N/s PERFUSIONIST, N/s PERFUSIONIST'S ASST, N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA SCRUB NURSE, N/s RUNNER.

SAHIRA at the table; focused and in the zone. The gallery enthralled. JAC a spare part - she can only look on at SAHIRA's skill with awe.

A clamp has been clamped to the damaged part of the aorta.

SAHIRA
(to N/s SCRUB NURSE)
Clamps both holding.
(to N/s PERFUSIONIST)
Increase the flow.

HANSSEN appears in the gallery. He looks on with pride. SAHIRA makes eye contact with him.

SAHIRA
Scissors. Moving quickly.

SAHIRA makes a neat incision in the aorta. JAC and GREG share a look - a very good job.

SAHIRA
Suction.

N/s SCRUB NURSE applies suction. SAHIRA clears fluid from the isolated section. HANSSEN appears in the gallery. He watches SAHIRA's handiwork with pride.

SAHIRA
Graft please and 3.0 prolene.

N/s SCRUB NURSE hands the graft and prolene to SAHIRA. SAHIRA attaches the top end of the graft in quick, confident strokes. JAC stunned by the speed.

SAHIRA
I can fix the aorta from here Ms
Naylor.

SAHIRA pumped up - triumphant.

CUT TO:

62

40/62. INT. DARWIN. THEATRE CORRIDOR - DAY [12:43]

62

JAC shocked. She slumps against a wall. MICHAEL and SUNIL approach. JAC too aghast to cover her awe.

JAC

She saved her. How did she do that?

MICHAEL draws a blank. SUNIL lost for words.

MICHAEL

Wow. Looks like we might be sharing the ward with Sahira after all?

SUNIL smiles tightly.

Out on JAC - worried.

CUT TO:

63

40/63. SCENE OMITTED

63

64

40/64. INT. AAU. OFFICE - DAY [13:00]

64

Deeply reluctant, SACHA breaks the news to SHIRLEY.

SACHA
We've reached a decision.

SHIRLEY looks worried.

SHIRLEY
(over)
I'm a fast learner and I'm hungry.
I'll be here every day. I know how
to run a tight ship. I'll make
improvements here. You need someone
like me here.

His reluctance growing, SACHA hesitates. SHIRLEY grows desperate.

SHIRLEY
(angry)
Just give me the job! I'm better
than her.

SACHA steadies his nerve.

SACHA
I'm afraid we have decided to offer
the job to the other candidate.

SHIRLEY
(stoic)
I see.

Out on SACHA - guilty. SHIRLEY grows sad.

SACHA
Don't be upset... It was so, so
tight.

SHIRLEY
I know how things work.

SACHA uncomfortable.

SACHA
(covering)
There were unforeseen
circumstances.

SHIRLEY
One of her connections put her in
the running?

SACHA guilt ridden.

(CONTINUED)

SACHA

(covering)

... No.

SHIRLEY

I know her type. The right public school; uncles on the Board. I've spent six years at med school surrounded by them.

SACHA

That's why I insisted on a transparent trial.

SHIRLEY

But it was my job! I work so hard.

SACHA contrite.

SACHA

(genuine)

I know. I've been there.

Out on SACHA, guilt ridden.

CUT TO:

65

40/65. INT. KELLER. THEATRE - DAY [13:30]

65

MALICK enters the theatre where HANSSEN had been performing his operation. The theatre is deserted save for a scrubbed HANSSEN polishing a scalpel in the corner.

HANSSEN

You failed to arrive for my theatre.

MALICK

A patient's less exciting operation had to take precedence.

HANSSEN

Are you a Martyr?

MALICK

(as if insulted)

No!

Silence.

HANSSEN

The injury was self inflicted with a piece of cutlery I believe?

MALICK

Yeah.

HANSSEN

Is there a case for saying the injury may never have occurred, had a psychiatric referral been sort for the patient?

MALICK

(exasperated)

Do you know how long it takes for a psyche nurse to show up these days?

On HANSSEN - silent.

MALICK

I do realise how serious this is. I could have handled the case better.

HANSSEN

Learn to make humility a habit. Consultants don't exist to undertake exciting cases; they're primary function is taking responsibility for the dull ones.

(CONTINUED)

MALICK

I have my reasons for wanting to
get in your surgery. Thinking of my
patients in those terms isn't **one**
of them.

A failure, MALICK exits theatre. Unbeknownst to **him**, HANSSEN
smiles fondly after him.

Out on MALICK - unaware.

CUT TO:

66

40/66. INT. DARWIN. LOCKER ROOM - DAY [13:35]

66

Scrubbed up, a beaming SAHIRA steps in. She takes a second to take in her glory; does a little happy dance. She sees a subdued JAC changing back into her ward clothes. SAHIRA becomes a little frosty. Awkward, JAC forces a smile and tries to muster as much magnanimity as possible.

JAC
You did well.

SAHIRA
(softening)
It was a team effort.

GREG enters. He bristles slightly to see SAHIRA.

GREG
You pick your moments to shine,
don't you.

SAHIRA
Sorry if I seemed a bit snappy
earlier. Must have sounded like a
total monster!

Awkward pause. SAHIRA saddened. GREG softens slightly.

GREG
(to JAC)
You better watch out Naylor, you'll
be the only senior staff member
without a niche soon.

JAC bristles.

SAHIRA
It was a team effort.

GREG
(light hearted)
Glad it's not gone to your head.
There's already rumours going
around about you making a paramedic
resign.

Confused, SAHIRA turns to GREG.

Out on SAHIRA - confused.

CUT TO:

67

40/67. EXT. WYVERN ENTRANCE / CARPARK - DAY [13:40]

67

Still in scrubs, SAHIRA charges out of the hospital. She catches up with JOOLS, who is heading away across the car park.

SAHIRA

What are you resigning for?

JOOLS

I'm just thinking about it.

SAHIRA

Forget what I said. I was stressed.
I was panicking. I had no right.
Don't do this; I'll never sleep at night.

JOOLS considers.

SAHIRA

Morag survived. It's over.

JOOLS

She'll lose her leg won't she?

SAHIRA

I don't know.

JOOLS

Don't patronise me.

SAHIRA

(as gentle as possible)
It's way beyond salvaging hon.

JOOLS nods.

JOOLS

(in awe)

I watched you in surgery. You love it don't you? I don't have that in me.

SAHIRA

A bit of practice. You'll be fab.

JOOLS

Would you want me treating your kids?

Accepting, a sad SAHIRA nods.

JOOLS

Be happy for me. I'll find something I'm good at.

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED:

67

JOOLS wanders off to the bus stop with her rucksack. Sad, but accepting, SAHIRA lets her go.

Out on SAHIRA - accepting.

CUT TO:

68 40/68. INT. AAU - DAY [13:45]

68

SCENE SWAPPED WITH SCENE 69

Part Two

SACHA hangs his head in shame. Guilt ridden, SACHA watches tenacious underdog SHIRLEY go.

Spotting SACHA's downbeat mood, ever innocent, LULU sidles up to SACHA.

LULU
A bulldog makes a lovely pet. But
in your face. Talking. Everyday?
Come on?

SACHA can't help but share a relieved smile with LULU. **But as she leaves his smile drops - has he picked the right one?**

CUT TO:

69

40/69. INT. KELLER. CENTRAL WARD - DAY [13:50]

69

SCENE SWAPPED WITH SCENE 68

MALICK in his civvies and ready to go. MALICK at WILLIAM's bed. Post op, WILLIAM is groggy and wearing an oxygen mask.

MALICK
I'm sorry for lying to you.

WILLIAM
You're my best friend. Can we go
out all the time?

Awkward, MALICK tries to find a polite way of turning WILLIAM down. Over AMY crosses in the arms of her N/s BOYFRIEND. MALICK braces himself for fireworks...

MALICK
(re AMY)
You okay?

WILLIAM
I've just had an operation. You
tell me, Doctor.

WILLIAM barely regards AMY. MALICK both relieved and amused.

WILLIAM
I know a good pub. We could go
tomorrow and other days.

MALICK
Sure we can... Just so you know, a
guy from the physche team will be
paying you a visit.

WILLIAM curses and shakes his fists.

WILLIAM
No! I hate them.

MALICK
You can't go around stabbing
yourself in here.

WILLIAM buries his face in the pillow.

WILLIAM
I won't speak to them.

MALICK
I'll wait here till you're ready
then.

(CONTINUED)

MALICK pulls up a chair next to William's bed. MALICK picks up William's book on Queen Victoria and begins reading it to himself. From the Nurses' station, CHRISSIE looks at the pair, touched - maybe Malick's not so bad?

Out on MALICK - engrossed.

CUT TO:

70

40/70. INT. DARWIN. CENTRAL NURSES' STATION DAY - DAY
[13:56]

70

N/s MAINTENANCE MAN on a step ladder trying to scrub MORAG's blood off a wall. MICHAEL observing the operation with inpatients. HANSSEN before SAHIRA - JAC hangs around sheepishly in the background.

HANSSEN

Your performance went some way to remind me of the skill I once perceived. Do not let the smog descend again.

SAHIRA

Ms Naylor was central to the day's success. I must make that clear.

JAC sheepish at the undeserved praise.

SAHIRA

Can we continue with the trial?

HANSSEN

Unless Ms Naylor has any concerns?

SAHIRA and HANSSEN look to JAC. SAHIRA waits in nervous anticipation. JAC hesitates.

JAC

... Not as yet.

HANSSEN

Continue.

HANSSEN drifts off. SAHIRA allows herself a relieved smile. Grateful, SAHIRA turns to JAC.

SAHIRA

Jac, thank (you so much).

Pregnant silence. SAHIRA sees the N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TEAM having a laugh amongst themselves as they wait in the waiting area.

JAC

Don't ask to join in. No-one likes the boss.

SAHIRA saved by loud ringing from the Cardiac Trauma Hotline.

SAHIRA

Strike up the band, the Bat Line can ring!

(CONTINUED)

A sudden realisation for SAHIRA. She looks to the Darwin entrance. Crash! N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA PORTERS rush a trolley with an N/s TRAUMA BLOODY PATIENT into Darwin. MICHAEL curses. JAC and SAHIRA spring to life.

On SAHIRA in her element.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE