

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

1

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

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

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.

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

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' ASSISTANT, N/s SCRUB NURSE and busily swarm the body, attaching drips. JAC applies compressions.

JAC

aggi ng.

SAHIRA

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

JAC
(bored)

SAHIRA prepares to whump!

SAHIRA
Charging to one .

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/

5

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

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 Tri fid by plastics. I had to move it.

JAC

Right.

JAC smiles heads into her office and shuts the door.

Out on SAHIRA - pleased with the chat.

CUT TO:

6

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

Wh

ward ?

MICHAEL

...

(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.

(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

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)

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

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 CHRISSE 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, CHRISSE approaches to assist. Helpful she grabs the paddles and holds them out for MALICK.

CHRISSE
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. CHRISSE and the N/s STAFF share concerned looks. CHRISSE keeps hold of the paddles.

MALICK
One, two, three, four (etc).

CHRISSE
Mr Malick?

MALICK
(over)
Nine, ten, eleven.

CHRISSE
Mr Malick. He needs defibrillation.

(CONTINUED)

MALICK

Think sending an electrical charge
through an old man's some small
thing? 14, 15, 16 IchRII

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.

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

10

MALICK sees CHRISSE 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 CHRISSE.

DAN
What time drinks?

CHRISSE
8 O' clock.

...

when they see MALICK waiting for their attention.

CHRISSE
(awkward)
Can I help you?

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

CHRISSE
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.

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

CHRISSE
Thanks. I'll pass your comment on.

CHRISSE 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 - horri fi ed.

CUT TO:

JAC and SAHIRA waiting at the Nurses' station. JAC idly flicking through a magazine. N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA TRIAL TEAM

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

12

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.

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 - shi t!

CUT TO:

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

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

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:

16

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:

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

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...

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.

Out on SAHIRA - shi t!

CUT TO:

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, are you?

SACHA (deadly serious) I'll get by you? (I'll need to prove my findings)

SACHA
(deadly serious) I'll get by you? (I'll need to prove my findings)

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

Wh 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:

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?

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:

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 _____ 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

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

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.

*

*

: *

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

SAHIRA
(angry)
Fi ne.

Out on SAHIRA - Stressed.

CUT TO:

24

24

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

JOOLES
(beating herself up)
I fainted in resus?

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

JOOLES grabs her rucksack.

JOOLES
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.

JOOLES 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?

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

SAHIRA
You're needed.

JOOLES beams.

Out on SAHIRA - anxious.

CUT TO:

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: at the computer. MALICK casually dumps WILLIAM's letter on the desk.

(CONTINUED)

EPI SODE 40

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.

CHRISSE

CUT TO:

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 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.

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.

JOOLES
(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.

JOOLES clearly reluctant.

SAHIRA
You're more use here.

JOOLES 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 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
horri fied.

CUT TO:

Doctor Idol part 2: Scan analysis. SACHA still noticeably colder to LULU through out. LULU waits patiently by the light

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

28

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 CHRISIE 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 CHRISIE.

WILLIAM
 (to CHRISIE)
 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:

SAHIRA working on her N/s PATIENT. The PATIENT has a dislodged, penetrating injury and myocardial rupture.

SAHIRA is stemming a bleed with swabs and preparing a 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?

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 pre . 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.

JOOLES

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.

JOOLES

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

CONTINUED:

Out on MALICK - shi t!

CUT TO:

31

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 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 patch.

JAC

SAHIRA barges past JOOLS and immediately applies the 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 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

32

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

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

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- we
operate. Where
(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:

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?

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:

36

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 Differential s?

LULU/SHIRLEY

(over)

UTI, Pelvic inflammatory disease, appendicitis.

Out on SACHA - despairing.

CUT TO:

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 s

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.

Out on SAHIRA - torn.

CUT TO:

39

39

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

DAN
The notoriously overworked NHS
Nurse?

CHRISSE
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/

GO TO CHRIS SIE outside the curtain, listening in. Touched by MALICK's sweet heart to heart. N/s NURSE on the Nurses' Station signals CHRIS SIE 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. CHRIS SIE approaches from the Nurses' Station.

MALICK
(under concerned)

*

CHRIS SIE
They're busy. Hansen's assembling...

Torn, MALICK looks to WILLIAM and back to CHRIS SIE.

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

*

*

WILLIAM

*

*

MALICK

*

MALICK

*

Mr Franks.

*

*

*

40

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/ . 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
. 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

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

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. Sahi ra blinked and missed the chance.

MI CHAEL

(frustrated)

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

Out on MI CHAEL - sad.

CUT TO:

43

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:

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. Gutted.

JOOLES
How long?

SAHIRA
Half an hour maybe?

JOOLES
Do we just wait?

SAHIRA nods. Silence.

JOOLES
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.

JOOLES
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.

JOOLES
She picked the short straw having

SAHIRA
(i ncredul ous)
What the heck was I wai ti ng on a
for?

JOOLS
(conci li atory)
... Some people j ust freeze.

SAHIRA not comforted - she hangs her head i n shame. HANSSEN enters an observes the sad, deathly scene. SAHIRA can' t even look hi m i n the eye.

HANSSEN
Are you enj oyi ng day one?

SAHIRA

HANSSEN

HANSSEN
Very well. I can see you worked to
the best of your medi cal abi lity.

SAHIRA
It' s too late to save her.

HANSSEN
Accordi ng to who?

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

HANSSEN
You or Ms Naylor?

On SAHIRA - chal l enged.

CUT TO:

45

45

46

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)

Out on SACHA - furti ve.

46A

46A

47

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 renegeed on your duty?

JAC deeply reluctant.

Out on SAHIRA - strong.

CUT TO:

47A

47A

A proud MALICK striding into KELLER to join a scrubbed up HANSSEN 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.

HANSSEN
(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. CHRISIE looks up from the Nurses' Station, also troubled.

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

MALICK excuses himself and hurries to WILLIAM. HANSSEN 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
(di straight)
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

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:

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.

50

CONTINUED:

50

Out on MALICK - preoccupi ed.

CUT TO:

51

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 too 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

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

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

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.

CHRISSE
Eccentric? Really?

MALICK
Downstairs theatre prepped?

CHRISSE
On call surgeon's been paged.

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

MALICK
Don't. You're embarrassing him.

CHRISSE confused.

MALICK
He doesn't like being exposed.

CHRISSE
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:

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

55A

55A

56

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:

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

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:

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

JOOLES 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?

JOOLES

... Right.

JOOLES try to ready herself.

GREG

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

JOOLES

I know. I know.

JOOLES grows upset.

GREG

59

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

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?

CHRISSE
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. CHRISSE and N/s STAFF share worried looks.

MALICK
Pool sucker. Come on William.

CHRISSE hands MALICK a pool sucker. MALICK uses it to seemingly little effect.

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

Stern, MALICK shoots CHRISSE a look.

CHRISSE
80 over 55.

MALICK tries to look into the bloody cavity.

MALICK
Can barely see a thing...

CHRISSE and THEATRE TEAM now very nervy.

MALICK
William, come on pal...
(to CHRISSE)
A consultant should take over?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISSE

You're the one he trusts.

MALICK

(upset)

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

CHRISSE

(sympathetic)

This isn't your fault.

MALICK touched. He resumes trying to stem the bleed.

Out on MALICK - determined.

CUT TO:

61

61

PROSTHETICS GRADE 1

Present: JAC, SAHIRA, N/s CARDIAC TRAUMA ANAETHETIST, 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:

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.

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 contribute.

SACHA
(genuine)
I know. I've been there.

Out on SACHA, guilt ridden.

CUT TO:

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 pre .

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

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

CUT TO:

66

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

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

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

Out on SAHIRA - accepting.

CUT TO:

SCENE SWAPPED WITH SCENE 69

69

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 fi reworks...

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.

(CONTI NUED)

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, CHRISSE looks at the pair, touched - maybe Malick's not so bad?

Out on MALICK - engrossed.

CUT TO:

70

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.