

1 **EXT. WOODS - DAY (6.30)**
 (NS SOLDIERS)

Silence. Nothing to see. Until we see them. Two NS SOLDIERS. Full
camo, blacked-out faces, holding guns, staring. At us. Until they
look up at the whoop whoop thrum of...

CUT TO:

2 EXT. WARZONE - DAY (6.31)
(RADIO CHATTER VOICES)
(NS FIGURES)

DRONE POV: A helicopter roars. Over moors. Woods. Explosions and flares far below as urgent radio chatter swamps:

*'Insurgents coming from the left!'. . . 'Bravo Two, this is Echo One Three. Hold your line!'. . . 'Brace! Incoming! We have incoming!'
'Bravo two, hold your line!' 'They're flanking! 'Hold the line!'*

Gunfire rattles as we shoot over...

CONTINUOUS TO:

3 EXT. WOODS - DAY (6.31)

(FLYNN, SANDERS, IAIN, COLONEL BARD (OVER RADIO))
(NS MOUNTAIN RESCUE, NS SOLDIERS)

IAIN and FLYNN, in HEMS kit, follow **PRIVATE PENNY SANDERS** (20s, tough as, don't mess) through woods. FLYNN glowers as the helicopter thrum disappears overhead...

FLYNN
They need to stop the exercise. We're supposed to be in the safe zone!

SANDERS
They're very aware, Sir.

ARMY VEHICLES loom through the trees. Gunfire in the distance.

SANDERS (CONT'D)
I've Colonel Bard for you, Sir.

She hands her radio to FLYNN as an explosion booms -

FLYNN (INTO RADIO)
Colonel?

COLONEL BARD (OVER RADIO)
Byron. I heard you had come to save the day, over.

FLYNN bristles at that familiar smug voice. Glances at IAIN.

FLYNN
We have casualties here that need medevac. Over.

COLONEL BARD (OVER RADIO)
We are offering all assistance, over.

Another explosion rattles in the distance.

FLYNN (INTO RADIO)
You need to stop this exercise, Sir.
Clear the air space...

COLONEL BARD (OVER RADIO)
Don't tell me how to do my job. Just get on with yours.

And the line goes dead.

FLYNN
Hello? I've lost the line. Hello?

FLYNN seethes, tries to reconnect. But IAIN wants to get on -

IAIN
Not the time.

FLYNN knows IAIN's right. Frustrated, he hands the ARMY radio back to PRIVATE SANDERS.

IAIN (CONT'D)
Which way is it?

SANDERS
Just down here.

JUMP CUT TO: A jagged hole yawning in the ground. The bottom hidden. MOUNTAIN RESCUE prepare ropes and kit.

ANGLE: IAIN and FLYNN peer down -

IAIN
That's one hell of a drop.

SANDERS
It was 05.20 when they fell. Pitch black.

FLYNN
Have we had coms with them?

SANDERS
Private Dickson was talking but has gone quiet. Nothing from Wickham.

IAIN and FLYNN see PRIVATE SANDERS' tension as MOUNTAIN RESCUE make final adjustments to their kit. Clunk. Click.

FLYNN
Do we have clearance, Private Sanders?

PRIVATE SANDERS
Yes, Sir.

FLYNN pulls out his HEMS radio.

FLYNN (INTO HEMS RADIO)
Alpha Sierra from HeliMed Eight-Six.
Committing to scene.

Ka-boom! Explosions continue to echo in the distance as IAIN and FLYNN drop down, down into the hole, and...

CUT TO TITLES:

3A INT. ALAN'S HOUSE. HALL / ROOM - DAY (06.32)
(INDIE, CAM, ALAN)
(ALAN)

CLICK. A front door opens. CAM and INDIE, in civvies, enter a modest hall of a modest house. Not tired, just lived in.

INDIE
Only us. The terrible duo.

No answer. They make their way past a lounge with a hospital bed in, into a kitchen. All empty

CAM
Alan?

CAM glances at INDIE, concerned. Then they spot him...

ALAN GIBSON (70s). Seen in episodes 21-23. Slumped on the floor near a sofa. He could be dead.

CAM (CONT'D)
Alan -

But he's not dead. He wakes with a start. Arms up to protect himself, bewildered.

CAM (CONT'D)
It's all right, Alan. It's us. It's us.

Fear crumples to humiliation as ALAN sees CAM and INDIE.

ALAN
I - I couldn't get up.

On CAM's dismay as he goes to his aid.

CUT TO:

4 INT. CAVE FLOOR - DAY (06.40)

(FLYNN, RORY, IAIN, SPECIAL OPS DISPATCH (O.O.V), COLONEL BARD
(OVER RADIO))
(NS MOUNTAIN RESCUE, NS SOLDIERS, NS KEVIN)

Light trickles down as IAIN and FLYNN arrive at the musty cave floor to find **PRIVATE RORY DICKSON (18) - seen in eps 21 and 23.**

He's pale, shivering, and scared. His face lacerated, a bruised black, swollen right eye. His breath is shallow. Painful.

FLYNN

Rory, this is Iain, a critical care paramedic. I'm Flynn, a HEMS doctor.

RORY

I know.

FLYNN frowns. Joins dots -

FLYNN

You were in the ED with Connor?

RORY nods, clutching his shoulder. His arm hangs awkwardly.

IAIN

(feeling joint)

Looks like a dislocation, here.

FLYNN

Rory. We're going to check you over, and get you out of here, okay?

RORY

Go to Kevin first.

FLYNN

Another unit is on their way for him...

RORY

No! You're not touching me till you treat him! Get your hands off me!

Desperate, RORY shouts down into the cave where a FIGURE can be seen, barely visible.

RORY (CONT'D)

Kevin! Kevin!

IAIN

Whoa, whoa. Take it easy, mate.

RORY

I'm not your, mate! Kevin is. And he's not moving. Help him! Please!

IAIN and FLYNN share a look. Not the plan, but...

FLYNN

All right, why don't I look you over
while Iain goes down and checks Kevin?

Relieved, RORY nods.

IAIN

Let them know.

As IAIN starts to belay into the cave, FLYNN pulls out his radio.

FLYNN (INTO HEMS RADIO)

Alpha Sierra, HeliMed 86 Delta. Change of
plan. We're proceeding on to second
victim, over.

SPECIAL OPS (O.O.V.)

Understood, over.

Emotional, RORY stares in dismay as he watches IAIN turn on his
headlight and descend down into the gloom...

RORY

He followed me - over the edge.

FLYNN sees RORY's crushing guilt. He pulls kit from his bag.

FLYNN

Okay, let's not worry about that now. Any
pain in your neck or head? Your chest,
back, stomach?

RORY indicates his injured eye, badly bruised. And his chest.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(feels his neck)

Does this hurt?

(off head shake)

Okay, can you sit up so I can feel your
chest and listen to it?

RORY does. With a groan. FLYNN opens RORY's top exposing the
bulged shoulder, and... a litany of yellow bruises peppering his
torso. On FLYNN's shock. *He's seen bruises like this before.*

FLYNN (CONT'D)

How did you get these bruises? Rory?

But RORY just stares. The ARMY radio fizzles. FLYNN picks up.

FLYNN (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)

Sorry. Missed that. Can you repeat? Over.

COLONEL BARD (OVER RADIO)

Byron. The second HEMS unit has arrived.
ETA, 15 minutes, over.

COLONEL BARD. RORY immediately tenses at his voice. FLYNN notices.

FLYNN (INTO RADIO)
Received, over.

COLONEL BARD (OVER RADIO)
How is Private Dickson? Over.

FLYNN makes eye contact with RORY, but RORY looks away.

FLYNN (INTO RADIO)
Conscious and communicating, over.

COLONEL BARD (OVER RADIO)
Course he is. My boys are made of stern
stuff, over.

On FLYNN, mind whirring, as tears prick RORY's battered face.

CUT TO:

5 **OMITTED**

5A INT. ALAN'S HOUSE. LOUNGE - DAY (08.00)
(CAM, INDIE, ALAN)

Subdued, ALAN sits in a hospital bed in his lounge filled with pictures, books, records. CAM smooths his bed sheets around him.

CAM

There you go. That's better, mate.

ALAN ignores him. Absently playing with his nice wristwatch. INDIE places a tea on his overbed table.

INDIE

You're nearly out of milk. I'll pop you some round when I've gone swimming.

He ignores her too. CAM and INDIE share a concerned look.

CAM

Alan, we think we should take you in. Get you reassessed...

ALAN

Don't you dare!

CAM and INDIE are shocked by his vehemence.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'd rather die than go back on that corridor. I refuse to be another Beryl. I swear I heard her ribs crack. Watched by strangers. Dying alone.

INDIE glances at CAM.

CAM

That won't happen, I promise.

ALAN

You can't promise me a bloody thing!

And he's right. And CAM knows it. And ALAN knows he knows it.

INDIE

You've just had a bad night.

ALAN

Every night's bad, you stupid girl!

CAM

Hey -

A stunned beat. CAM turns to a shaken INDIE.

CAM (CONT'D)

Go for your swim. You don't have to be here. I've got this.

INDIE's reluctant but sees CAM wants to deal with Alan. She goes.

ALAN and CAM stare at each other in silence until they hear the front door... CLICK.

ALAN
I want to die, Cam.

CAM
You don't mean that.

ALAN
Look at my face and tell me I don't.

CAM sees ALAN's deadly serious. Not an ounce of doubt.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I can't do this anymore. The pain doesn't stop. And they won't operate because of my heart. And it goes round and round and... Help me die. Please.

CAM
I can't -

ALAN
I'm begging -

CAM
I can't. I'd never do that.

ALAN screams. Spittle on his lips. Tears in his eyes.

ALAN
Then why are you here?! 'Cause you're neither use nor ornament, are you?!

A beat of fury. Then... then... ALAN breaks.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry - sorry. (etc)

CAM
It's okay. It's going to be okay.

On CAM, holding ALAN, comforting him as he sobs like a baby.

CUT TO:

6 INT. LOWER CAVE - DAY (07.30)

(IAIN, FLYNN)

(NS KEVIN, NS MOUNTAIN RESCUE, NS HEMS, RORY)

A gloomy tight space. Head torches. As IAIN and FLYNN work on...

NS PRIVATE KEVIN WICKHAM (18), a baby face in uniform, the very definition of poly trauma. Gaping laceration to scalp. Deformed open femoral fracture. Pelvic fracture. Multiple abrasions, chest trauma. He's in a pelvic binder, on drips, monitor, and barely breathing... IAIN's uses McGill's forceps to clear his throat.

IAIN

Airway's not clearing. He's seesawing.

FLYNN

Sats down. 84%. You see the obstruction?

IAIN

Too heavily soiled.

FLYNN

Try suction again.

IAIN does. With a wide bore catheter. SQUELCH.

Above them, FLYNN watches a second HEMS unit preparing to extract RORY who's now trussed like a turkey.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Rory had bruises all over him.

Irritated, IAIN continues his work. SQUELCH.

IAIN

Comes with the territory.

FLYNN

Looked like a beating. Not from the fall.

IAIN

You don't know that. It's the army. It's tough.

(re throat)

Nothing's coming...

FLYNN

Try a manual sweep. See if you can feel anything.

IAIN carefully inserts a gloved finger into NS KEVIN's mouth and scoops out... clotting blood.

IAIN

There's something else in here.

His fingers dig deep. Deeper.

IAIN (CONT'D)
Got it!

He hooks a chunk of oral tissue. NS KEVIN splutters, gurgles.

FLYNN
Good. Swap -

IAIN takes over the jaw thrust as FLYNN re-inserts an OPA and reattaches 15l oxygen. They're a smooth team.

IAIN
Sats now 91. Chest movement's good. Get us out of here.

As FLYNN pulls out his HEMS radio he clocks RORY looking down at him as the HEMS team manoeuvre him up into a vertical position.

FLYNN
I know it's the army but sometimes things go too far. What if he was beaten? What if that's why they fell?

IAIN
Keep your voice down and concentrate on our patient!

FLYNN
I'm just saying...

IAIN
I'm not interested!

FLYNN is surprised by IAIN's anger. What's up with him today?

FLYNN (INTO RADIO)
Mountain Rescue from HeliMed 86 Delta, we have one male, 18, fall; from height, suspected open book pelvic fracture, will be packed for extraction.

On FLYNN, grim faced, watching RORY being raised to the surface.

CUT TO:

7 OMITTED CONTENT MOVED TO 3A

8 OMITTED > CONTENT MOVED TO 5A

9 **OMITTED**

10 INT. HOLBY. THERAPY ROOM (REDRESSED FF08) - DAY
(08.30)
(THERAPIST, DYLAN)

CLOSE ON: DYLAN's face. Bathed in white light. He stares at us, concentrating, as a female voice gently probes...

THERAPIST (O.O.V)
What's the earliest time you remember needing it?

DYLAN
Define needing?

THERAPIST (O.O.V)
When did drinking start to feel like survival?

DYLAN
Never. It always felt like a blanket. Warm and cuddly.

He's being ironic. Deflecting. Or trying to. He fails.

THERAPIST (O.O.V)
Keep watching the lights, please.

WE REVEAL: a bar of white lights. Moving from side to side.

DYLAN
They're giving me a headache.

THERAPIST (O.O.V.)
Sometimes they can feel uncomfortable. Do you want to stop?

DYLAN indicates no. But his jaw's tense.

THERAPIST (O.O.V.) (CONT'D)
Have you noticed certain memories that come up when you think about alcohol?

Beat. DYLAN nods.

THERAPIST (O.O.V) (CONT'D)
Where do you feel that memory?

DYLAN
What?

THERAPIST (O.O.V)
You feel something in your body?

DYLAN
Yes.

THERAPIST (O.O.V.)
Where?

DYLAN
I don't know!

He sighs. Annoyed with getting annoyed.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
I don't. Sorry.

The lights stop. DYLAN sits in the gloom, a long beat, as...

MUSIC STARTS OVER: 'NO FEAR OF FALLING' - I AM KLOOT

DYLAN (O.O.V) (CONT'D)
This isn't working.

And he stands and disappears from shot. Light floods as a door opens and his silhouette walks out into a hospital corridor, and the light fills the space, fills the screen, revealing...

CUT TO:

11 EXT./INT. ALAN'S HOUSE. GARDEN / KITCHEN - DAY
(08.40)
(ALAN, CAM)

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER: 'NO FEAR OF FALLING' - I AM KLOOT

White roses. Appear in the bright white. Revealing...

ALAN, in a wheelchair in his garden, stares at a rosebush, lost in thought. He's been shaved and spruced by CAM.

CAM watches him from the kitchen window as he fills a kettle.

CAM joins ALAN. Hands him tea.

CAM
Here you go -

No answer. CAM sits by ALAN on the grass not knowing how to start this conversation. A long beat. The music continues over...

CAM (CONT'D)
Who is this?

ALAN
I Am Kloot.

WE REVEAL: a wireless speaker in ALAN's lap.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Best band you never heard. Saw them at
Glasto.

CAM
You went to Glastonbury?

ALAN
Loads of times. Where I first kissed
Kathryn. Took our Sean when he was a
baby. He wanted to be a rock god for a
while. Ended up a plumber!

He smiles at the memories, eyes bright. CAM grabs his moment.

CAM
You have so much to live for.

ALAN looks at him. Turns the music off. Click.

ALAN
I did. But my world shrunk.

CAM
What about your son? Your grandson? They
love you.

ALAN
They do. But they live in New Zealand.

CAM
They would come.

ALAN
Once, maybe. Twice. Then what? They're
lives are there. Mine's here.

CAM
I'll come round more.

ALAN
That's not what I'm saying...

CAM
I want to.

ALAN CAM (CONT'D)
I'm not your responsibility. Let me be your friend!
ALAN's moved by CAM's desperation.

CAM (CONT'D)
Please. I'll do your shopping. We can
watch TV. Eat rubbish. Go on trips.

ALAN
What? You, me and Indie? She'd love that.

CAM
She would! She cares. I care. I... care.
And that is what gets through. CAM's declaration of love.

ALAN
Okay.

CAM
Okay?

ALAN nods. And CAM finally takes a breath.

ALAN
You can stick that corridor up your arse
though.

CAM
Yes, you can.

And they smile at that. And then a chuckle.

ALAN
Kathryn would have loved you.

CAM
I'd like to have met her.

ALAN
She's right there, kiddo.

He nods at the rose bush. Flowers brilliant white.

ALAN (CONT'D)
She wanted her ashes kept close. Look at
them all. They're perfect.

They are.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Do me a favour? Cut me one. Then bugger
off. I'm knackered.

And he winks. On CAM, relieved to have pulled ALAN from his slump.

CUT TO:

12 INT. ED. RESUS CORRIDOR - DAY (09.10)

(FLYNN, STEVIE)

(IAIN, NS KEVIN, RIDA, NICOLE, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

BANG! A hyper-focused FLYNN and IAIN are mid handover on the move of an unconscious, critical NS KEVIN to STEVIE, NICOLE and RIDA...

FLYNN

He's tubed, end tidal's holding out. BP low at 90/70, tachy at 130, GCS 7 on arrival. I'm worried he's heading for peri arrest. He needs an A-line.

STEVIE

Doors, please. Nicole, I want you on compressions if output goes...

FLYNN

I'm taking lead.

STEVIE

I don't think you are...

FLYNN

Not up for discussion.

Surprised looks from the TEAM. IAIN discreetly shakes his head at STEVIE. Not an argument she wants. She understands.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

We've applied a SAM and Kendrick splint, bandaged his head and have two large bore access....

Totally invested, FLYNN hustles the circus into...

CONTINUOUS TO:

13 INT. ED. RESUS 2 - DAY (09.11)

(FLYNN, NICOLE, STEVIE, MATTY, JODIE)
(RIDA, NS KEVIN, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

The NS TRAUMA TEAM are prepped and ready to go. MATTY and JODIE there. Monitor, suction, bloods, airway equipment.

FLYNN
...He's had 2 units O pos and 1g TXA.
Rida, there's another soldier on his way
in. Find Rash, Dylan, anyone. I want him
met, understood?

STEVIE nods to RIDA, who exits. FLYNN is on one.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Keep moving people.

They slide KEVIN into position, the TEAM picking up on FLYNN's tension. As he positions at the foot of the bed, ABCs start.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Nicole, airway?

NICOLE
(listens, checks tubes)
Tube is tied at 22, end tidal looks good.
I can hear air entry on both sides.

STEVIE
(listening with stethoscope)
Lots of crepitus and surgical emphysema
on palpation to right side. Feeling
abdomen now...

MATTY
This femur dressing's drenched.

FLYNN's eyes pinpricks. 100% focused. Bristling with adrenaline.

FLYNN
(to NICOLE)
Get a midazolam and morphine infusion.
And atracurium now, please.
(to STEVIE)
Can you do a bedside FAST scan for fluid?
(to TEAM)
Give another 1g TXA as an infusion, 2
units O positive and get 4 units group
specific and 4 units FFP prepped.

A flurry of movement. IAIN nods to FLYNN... but FLYNN doesn't notice. Or, still irritated, ignores him. IAIN's phone buzzes, he looks at it and leaves.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Matty, help Jodie get that rapid infuser
going. Hurry, please!

STEVIE glances supportively MATTY's way as the TEAM tries to keep
up with FLYNN's fervour. They're on the adrenaline train. Hold on.

MATTY
First unit up and running.

FLYNN
Good. Pupils?

NICOLE
Left fixed and dilated. Right sluggish.

BEEP! A monitor alarms. FLYNN tenses.

JODIE
Heart rate's dropping. Brady at 30.

STEVIE
We've lost arterial trace.

And another. BEEP! BEEP!

FLYNN
Nicole, start compressions. Scrap the
FAST scan. Let's get more bloods pushed
in now.

A flurry. Compressions begin.

MATTY
Second unit in. Third coming up.

FLYNN
Let's push bloods now. Hopefully we'll
get the BP up and get him to CT.

JODIE
I'm keeping an eye.

The compressions continue... STEVIE sees FLYNN's absolute
desperation. Sees what this means to him. Reassures with a look.

FLYNN
Keep focus. Stay in lane people.

On FLYNN's rippling tension.

CUT TO:

14 INT. ED. CUBICLES 3 CORRIDOR - DAY (09.15)

(PAT, JON, CAM, RASH)

(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS, NS PUBLIC)

PHONE POV: **PAT FINCH** (20s) a bean pole of camp, talks right at us.

PAT (INTO CAMERA)

If one of your crown jewels is swollen to the size of an avocado don't wait for it to 'sort itself out.' It could be a testicular torsion...

In the background, we spot CAM re-adjusting privacy screens.

PAT (INTO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

And guess what? I just found out you've got about 6 hours before it turns from 'ouch' to 'oops', we're removing that.

WE REVEAL: PAT filming himself on a corridor bed, being watched through a gap in the screens by **JON MIDDLE** (60s) in the next bed. JON, a stoic frog of a man, is exhausted and on IV pain relief.

PAT (CONT'D)

So if you're sitting there Googling 'one ball bigger than the other', get off the internet and go to A&E. Believe me, your remaining testicle will thank you.

Pleased with himself, PAT stops filming. Fiddles with his phone.

JON

Excuse me. Can you quiet it down, please? I was asleep...

PAT

Not my problem, Jimmy Riddle.

CAM looks over as JON blushes, embarrassed.

JON

It's Middle. My name's Jon Middle.

PAT

Whatevs.

CAM hustles over. Keen to keep the peace.

CAM

Let's keep it civil, guys.

JON

I just want to sleep. Can't you move me?

CAM

There's nowhere for you to go, Mr Middle. I've tried. I'm sorry.

JON nods. But his dismay is apparent. CAM hates this.

CAM (CONT'D)
Mr Finch, I can't stop you using your
phone but, please, respect other people's
privacy.

PAT
Privacy?! Are you being serious?

Exacerbated, CAM shuts the screen. But we stay with PAT.

PAT (CONT'D)
Is he serious? Seriously?!

WE REVEAL: PAT is talking to RASH, who has been examining his
testicles this whole time.

RASH
He may have a point. You can cover
yourself up now -

RASH removes his gloves as PAT pulls his gown around him. For the
first time we see PAT's bravado covers nerves.

PAT
So?

RASH
You don't have a torsion.

PAT
Praise the lord.

RASH
But it could be a epididymal abscess.
I'll set you up in one of our urology
clinics. But next time, take your own
advice. Get in sooner. An avocado is way
too big.

PAT
Guess they're called plums for a reason,
eh? That's good! Got to get that down...

On RASH, bemused, as PAT pulls out his phone to film again.

CUT TO:

15 INT. ED. RESUS 2 - DAY (09.20)

(FLYNN, NICOLE, STEVIE)

(NS KEVIN, MATTY, JODIE, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

Still in his HEMS kit, FLYNN watches on helpless as STEVIE performs CPR, her face sweaty. FLYNN knows she's going above and beyond. MATTY watches her too... other things on his mind.

FLYNN

Let's check rhythm. Pause compressions.
Everyone hold. Matty get ready to take
over from Stevie...

STEVIE stops. Surreptitiously holding her side. She clocks MATTY dropping in by her. That proximity. She studiously looks away.

NICOLE

We've got complexes on the monitor.

STEVIE feels for a carotid. Feels FLYNN watching.

STEVIE

I got a pulse. Weak, but it's there.

FLYNN's relief is evident. Visceral.

FLYNN

That's ROSC. Good work everyone. Good.

STEVIE

Let's keep going with the transfusion and
restart the primary survey. Reassess
everything.

They do so. STEVIE pauses by FLYNN, who finally breathes -

FLYNN

Thank you.

STEVIE

Don't you have somewhere to be?

She nods to his uniform.

FLYNN

My shift's over.

STEVIE

Then go home. You look tired.

FLYNN

I'm not going anywhere.

And he heads over to check a monitor. As he does, STEVIE clocks MATTY clocking her still... and this time she doesn't look away.

CUT TO:

16 INT. ED. CUBICLES 3 CORRIDOR - DAY (10.15)

(CAM, JON, SIOBHAN, RIDA (O.O.V), PAT)
(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

CAM dodges PATIENTS/STAFF down the busy bedridden corridor.

CAM (INTO PHONE)
If a bed becomes available, I want it. I
know, I know... I won't hold my breath.

Frustrated, CAM hangs up. He takes in the corridor. Beds head to toe. NS OLD PATIENTS moan, cry. Some stare. JON waves him over...

CAM (CONT'D)
(to NS NURSE)
Mrs Phelps needs her meds, can you?

He makes his way over to JON, passing a bored PAT...

CAM (CONT'D)
Mr Middle. What do you need?

JON's in pain, embarrassed. Gestures CAM closer.

JON
I know I keep asking, but...

He needs a pee.

CAM
Don't apologise. It's what I'm here for.

CAM fetches a cardboard urinal and gloves. Humiliated, JON avoids eye contact with beaky PAT as CAM manoeuvres screens around him.

CAM (CONT'D)
Do you want to shuffle onto your side?

JON does, moving awkwardly. Stiff with pain.

CAM (CONT'D)
Nice and slowly does it.

CAM helps. JON winces, teeth bared. It's torture.

CAM (CONT'D)
There we go.

He hands JON the urinal, and looks away, putting on gloves as the rush of urine is heard. And also other noises just the other side of the screen. CAM glances at JON, feeling bad for him as JON glimpses disembodied feet passing by under the screen. And then CAM hears SIOBHAN, laughing...

SIOBHAN (O.O.V)
That's such lovely news! When?

RIDA (O.O.V)
I'll find out. We should mark it.

SIOBHAN (O.O.V)
'Course we should! It's Pearl's big day.
She's meeting the big wide world!

And they move on. And CAM waits. Waits.

JON
Done.

JON holds out the full urinal like a guilty secret. CAM bags it, seals it. Giving the moment as much dignity as he can.

CAM
You seem to be going a lot more often?

JON
Tell me about it.

CAM
Could be linked to your condition.

JON sighs. Exhausted. Just another thing.

CAM (CONT'D)
Or it could just be stress. I'll flag it
to the doctor to be safe, okay?

JON nods as CAM smiles reassuringly, opening the screens and...
They spot PAT filming, whispering, laughing. JON's mortified.

JON
Is he filming me?!

Irritated, holding the urinal, CAM heads over to PAT.

CAM
I told you to be careful who you film.

PAT
I'm not filming anyone -

CAM
Your phone was pointing in our direction.

PAT
Jimmy Riddle's not even in shot!

JON
It's Middle!

CAM starts to bubble. SIOBHAN, still nearby, notices -

CAM
Stop calling him that, please, and put
your phone down...

PAT
Why should I?!

CAM

Because it's... (the decent thing to do).

SIOBHAN

Cam, I'll take this.

CAM

But...

SIOBHAN

Thank you. You get rid of that. Now you two, do you want to pack it in or do I have to smack your heads together?!

On CAM, realising he's still clutching the urinal and feeling angrier than he should.

CUT TO:

17 INT. ED. RESUS 1 - DAY (10.20)

(JACOB, DYLAN, RIDA, RACHEL, MATTY, SHOUTING MALE VOICE (V.O))
(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

CLOSE ON: RTC victim **RACHEL HEANEY (30)**, **seen in Ep 24**, dressed up and dazed. On fluids, in c-spine. Anxious eyes dart.

JACOB
She's been immobilised as a precaution.
We've given 1 Gram of IV Paracetamol,
250mls fluid bolus and 4mg Ondansetron.

DYLAN
Thank you.

JACOB
Rachel. Take care, yeah?

Her eyes dart. Says nothing. JACOB makes his way out as RIDA starts attaching monitors and DYLAN on lead performs the primary.

DYLAN
Hi Rachel, my name's Dylan. One of the
doctors. Can you remember...

DYLAN's distracted as MATTY arrives to examine an NS PATIENT.
First time he's seen him in a week. Since those harsh words.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
What happened? Why did you hit the
central reservation?

RACHEL
I. Was going too fast.

RIDA
She's tachycardic.

MATTY glances at DYLAN, immediately looks away. DYLAN frowns.

DYLAN
Okay. Can you point out where your
stomach's hurting?

RACHEL does. She's in pain. Overwhelmed. DYLAN gently examines.
A light by her bed flickers. It distracts him.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Any - chance you could be pregnant?

RACHEL
No.

It flickers again. Catches his eye. Irritates.

DYLAN

CT will er, want us to run a pregnancy test first. I'll do a FAST scan while we wait. Nil by mouth for now. Rachel...

MATTY

Hold the door -

He's distracted again. MATTY leaving, not a backward glance. Like DYLAN's not there. He feels a tension behind his eyes.

DYLAN

We're er... going to scan your stomach to check for any internal bleeding. You're doing well.

RACHEL's eyes flicker. The light flickers. That tension.

Suddenly... A SHOUT is heard. Aggressive. Words not clear.

Bewildered, DYLAN looks around. But no one else has heard. It's as if it didn't happen. And RIDA is saying something to him...

RIDA

(Are you okay)... Dylan?

DYLAN

What? Yes. Cross match bloods, please.
Thank you.

Puzzled, RIDA goes. But we stay on DYLAN, his mind whirring - what the hell just happened?!

CUT TO:

18 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - DAY (10.30)

(SIOBHAN, CAM)

(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS, NS NURSE SAOIRSE)

Cubicles are full. Noise aplenty. Irritated, CAM frowns, jabbing at the admin computer as SIOBHAN arrives, bustling busy.

SIOBHAN

Got your head together yet?

CAM

I'm sixth in line for an SDEC space. It's supposed to be *same day* emergency care! Clue's in the title.

Jab jab. SIOBHAN doing twenty things at once.

SIOBHAN

Take that as a no then.

CAM

I'm still struggling with the corridor, Siobhan. I saw Alan this morning.

SIOBHAN

Mr Gibson? You're still visiting him?

CAM

Every day. I'm taking him chips later.

SIOBHAN's touched by this.

CAM (CONT'D)

He'd rather suffer at home than come back here. Feels like I'm failing everyone.

Spotting an NS NURSE, SIOBHAN grabs a pile of paperwork.

SIOBHAN

Saoirse, hold up.

(to Cam)

One. Not your job to fix the hospital's wider issues. Above your pay grade. And Two. You're the best person for the job because you care. It's why I picked you.

He appreciates that.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

SDEC owe me two favours. And I will cash one in for you, Cam Micklethwaite.

On CAM, feeling better, more in control, as SIOBHAN walks off...

CONTINUOUS TO:

19 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - DAY (10.45)

(RASH, FLYNN, RORY, COLONEL BARD)

(NS LIEUTENANT DAVIES, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

As SIOBHAN joins NS NURSE SAOIRSE we find... FLYNN, now in scrubs, and RASH discussing RORY who is in the B/G in a cubicle bed. His arm in a sling, on an IV, wounds dressed. Eye swollen.

RASH

Anterior shoulder dislocation relocated at scene, x-ray shows no fracture and back in place, all superficial grazes cleaned and dressed.

Relieved, FLYNN hands RASH his tablet back.

FLYNN

Thanks. Appreciate it. Welcome back.

And RASH appreciates that as we follow FLYNN to RORY, who locks onto him, his bruised face filled with anguish.

RORY

How's Kevin? Any news?

FLYNN

We stabilised him to get him to CT. We'll know more soon.

RORY can read between them lines. The news hits hard.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

How are you?

But RORY shakes his head. Unable to speak. Crushed by guilt.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

What happened?

RORY blinks, but says nothing.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Why did you fall?

RORY

It was... an accident.

COLONEL BARD (O.O.V)

No such thing.

RORY instantly stiffens. FLYNN turns to find **COLONEL JACK BARD** and his aide NS LIEUTENANT DAVIES. Both in uniform. Both crisp.

COLONEL BARD (CONT'D)

Dr Byron.

FLYNN

Colonel.

Perfunctory greetings at best.

COLONEL BARD
How are we Private Dickson?

RORY
Better, sir.

COLONEL BARD
Good. Because we need to talk.

RORY
Sir.

COLONEL BARD
You were 500 metres off your rendezvous point. I'm at a loss to understand why.

RORY
Sir.

NS LIEUTENANT DAVIES starts to make notes. FLYNN frowns.

FLYNN
This is not the time or the place.

COLONEL BARD
It's exactly the time and the place, Dr Byron. While it's still fresh. I meticulously planned a three day exercise involving thousands of men and no one else got hurt. Accidents happen because of user error. Ask Private Wickham.

RORY shrinks. The accusation clear. He's to be held responsible.

NS LIEUTENANT DAVIES phone beeps. He whispers to COLONEL BARD. Something like... 'Private Wickham's mother has arrived.'

COLONEL BARD (CONT'D)
Thank you, Lieutenant.
(to RORY)
I shall leave you in Dr Byron's capable hands, Private Dickson. But we will be requiring a signed statement, understood?

RORY
Sir.

COLONEL BARD
Good. Byron.

COLONEL BARD nods to a bristling FLYNN and leaves with LIEUTENANT DAVIES. FLYNN's heart goes out to the broken boy before him.

FLYNN
Rory? Rory?

But RORY has shut down. Hanging his head. Refusing to speak.

Frustrated, FLYNN spots RASH leaving and heads him off.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Rash. Quick word.
(taking him aside)
Did you notice anything odd about Private
Dickson's injuries?

RASH
Like?

FLYNN
Anything.

RASH
There's the bruising on his torso. And
his eye...

FLYNN looks back at RORY. That eye almost swollen shut.

RASH (CONT'D)
The swelling around his eye is new. But
the bruising around the socket isn't. It
didn't happen today.

FLYNN's jaw tenses. Anger coursing.

FLYNN
I want him to have a full trauma CT. Can
you organise that?

RASH nods. On FLYNN, the bit firmly between his teeth.

CUT TO:

20 INT. ED. ON-CALL ROOM (REDRESSED STUDIO 8) - DAY
(11.00)
(MATTY, STEVIE)

In a post-coital sweat, STEVIE and MATTY readjust clothes. MATTY pulls out a paper bag.

MATTY
Jelly Baby? Keeps your energy up. Keeps
you happy?

STEVIE
Doesn't it.

She pops one in her mouth, and slips away. On MATTY's delight.
They're back on.

CUT TO:

21 INT. ED. CUBICLES 3 CORRIDOR - DAY (11.15)

(CAM, PAT, JON)

(NS PORTERS, NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

CAM helps NS PORTERS manoeuvre PAT out of his corridor slot...

CAM

Sorry for being a grump earlier.

PAT

Sweetheart, you got me off the corridor of doom. All is forgiven.

(to PORTERS)

Onwards! And don't spare the horses!

PAT is already filming as the NS PORTERS push his bed away.

PAT (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

This is your captain speaking. After several days of turbulence in Corridor Class we are on the move. Keep your arms and dignity inside the bed at all times.

He pauses filming as he passes JON's bed. And salutes him.

PAT (CONT'D)

Mr Middle.

Surprised, JON salutes back. And PAT smiles. A peace of sorts.

PAT (CONT'D)

Take care.

As PAT is pushed on, CAM pulls up by JON.

JON

He's a funny fish. Why these youngsters feel the need to share every little thing is beyond me.

CAM

They call it PSA-ing. A public service announcement.

JON

Well, they can PSA off. It's annoying.

CAM

I think it's his way of coping. You'd feel better if you knew others were struggling with the same condition.

JON

Hadn't thought of that. Still wish he'd keep his avocados to himself though.

And they both chuckle. On CAM, perhaps he can make a difference.

CUT TO:

22 INT. ED. RESUS CORRIDOR - DAY (11.20)

(FLYNN, COLONEL BARD, BETTY, STEVIE)

(NS LIEUTENANT DAVIES, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

Spotting COLONEL BARD and NS LIEUTENANT DAVIES huddled, FLYNN prepares to let rip...

FLYNN

Colonel Bard. We need to talk.

COLONEL BARD

Here he is. The hero of the moment.

The soldiers part revealing **BETTY WICKHAM (late 30s)** working class fragile in a shell suit and hoop earrings.

COLONEL BARD (CONT'D)

Mrs Wickham. Dr Byron. The medic who saved Kevin's life.

FLYNN is aghast. Would protest, but BETTY steps forward. Hugs him.

BETTY

Thank you. For everything.

COLONEL BARD makes eye contact with an uncomfortable FLYNN. Knows he has him in checkmate. STEVIE arrives with a tablet.

STEVIE

Mrs Wickham. I'm Dr Nash. We spoke earlier?

BETTY releases FLYNN, drags away her tears.

BETTY

Yes. I remember. Hello again.

STEVIE

I have some news about Kevin.

(glancing at soldiers)

Shall we go somewhere more private?

BETTY

No. No, why? The army's Kevin's life. His family. That's what he says, isn't it?

COLONEL BARD nods. BETTY turns back to STEVIE.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Where is he? You said he'd come back here, didn't you? I've been waiting...

STEVIE glances at FLYNN. He knows instantly it's not good news.

STEVIE

There's been a change of plan, Mrs Wickham. His heart stopped for a while and his CT has shown a substantial bleed on his brain.

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Neurosurgeons have decided it would be in his best interest to move him straight to ICU.

BETTY

But the surgery? His leg?

STEVIE

It's been put on hold for the time being.

BETTY

He plays football. He has a match on Saturday. I know he can't play now. But...

FLYNN watches the penny drop. Hears the intake of breath.

STEVIE

The neurosurgery team will talk to you. Explain things. I can take you up?

BETTY

I don't want - want to talk to them.

BETTY crumples. A mother's grief. COLONEL BARD catches her.

COLONEL BARD

It's okay, Mrs Wickham. We've got you.

On FLYNN's dismay and fury as COLONEL BARD offers stark comfort.

CUT TO:

23 INT. ED. RESUS 1 - DAY (11.30)

(RIDA, ADRIAN, RACHEL, DYLAN, MATTY)
(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

DYLAN is palpating an increasingly sweaty RACHEL's stomach (still on a c-spine) when RIDA enters with **ADRIAN LAYBURN (30s)**, every inch the financial advisor he is. Non-descript. Vanilla.

RIDA
Look who I found.

RACHEL looks up as ADRIAN approaches, his face full of concern.

ADRIAN
What are you doing here, Mrs?

RACHEL
I... had an accident.

RACHEL is more alert. There's a tension.

ADRIAN
I can see that. Are you okay?
(to Dylan)
Is she okay?

DYLAN
Sorry, you are?

RACHEL
My husband.

ADRIAN
Adrian. I didn't know you'd gone.

RACHEL
I... left a note.

ADRIAN
The milk. Yes. Didn't know we were out.
Don't know much do I?!

He takes her hand and RACHEL smiles. But it's oh-so tight.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
How is she?

DYLAN
There may be a small bleed in her tummy.
We're waiting on a CT.

DYLAN spots MATTY enter talking to a NS NURSE about an NS PATIENT.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Rida, will you answer any more questions?

RIDA

Sure.

But DYLAN is already moving over to MATTY, who jabs at his tablet as the NS NURSE moves on. DYLAN hovers -

MATTY

Yes?

DYLAN

I wanted to check in on you.

MATTY

About?

DYLAN

Are you avoiding me?

MATTY looks up.

MATTY

Not avoiding. We've just been on different shifts. Don't deep it.

And he goes. Leaving DYLAN annoyed to be so summarily dismissed.

CUT TO:

24 INT. ED. CORRIDOR /ON-CALL ROOM /CORRIDOR (STUDIO 8)
- DAY (11.40)
(STEVIE, FLYNN)
(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

FLYNN finds STEVIE, searching her pockets, the corridor.

STEVIE
You seen my pen?

FLYNN
Did Kevin's CT show anything unusual?

STEVIE
Apart from his brain and body being mush?
Where the hell is it?

FLYNN
(offering his)
Have mine.

STEVIE
I don't want yours!

Irritated STEVIE heads into the...

ON-CALL ROOM

He follows. Just an hour before she was there with Matty. She searches, pulling aside bedding, as...

FLYNN
I think Rory is being bullied.

STEVIE
Bullied?! Are you sure?

FLYNN
I want to know if Kevin was too.

Unsettled, STEVIE sighs. Then she spots her pen...

STEVIE
Bingo!

She bends for it, but pulls up, clutching her side with a gasp.

He picks up the pen for her. And hands it to her.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
It writes upside down.

FLYNN
I don't care.

She realises that he's seen too much.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
You're not taking your pain meds.

STEVIE

They addled my addled brain. Thought I'd
try and go it solo.

(off worried look)

I'm okay. Don't fuss.

FLYNN

I'm here...

STEVIE

I know!

(then gentler)

I know. Thank you.

And she does know. And appreciates it. A warmth here.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

One of us is actually working the ED
today. So budge.

He steps aside. Follows her back into the bustle of the...

CORRIDOR

FLYNN

Stevie? Kevin's CT?

She turns exasperated. But soft. Knows what this means to him.

STEVIE

You're like a dog with a bone. People
make choices. And deal with consequences.
Kevin joined the army. His choice. His
consequence. Are you sure you're not just
seeing things?

On FLYNN doubting - could Stevie be right?

CUT TO:

25 INT. ED. RESUS 1 - DAY (12.00)

(DYLAN, RACHEL, JACOB, ADRIAN, SHOUTING MALE VOICE (V.O),
RIDA, MATTY)
(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS, NS SECURITY)

CLOSE ON: A CT. Of a liver. Of fluid.

DYLAN (O.O.V)
This is the bleed, here. It needs
interventional radiology...

WE REVEAL: RACHEL and ADRIAN anxiously regarding the images.
RACHEL is on a drip. Monitors. She looks a lot worse. She is.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
It's not emergency surgery, but it's
urgent. You're next on the list. How's
your pain? Where are we at?

The faulty light flickers again. It irritates DYLAN.

RACHEL
Nine.

DYLAN
Another 5mgs IV morphine, please.

DYLAN taps at the flickering light. Flicker. Flicker.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Can we swap out this, please?

JACOB enters. With a small travel bag. Distinctive looking.

JACOB
Found this on the truck. Was wondering if
it was Rachel's?

RACHEL's eyes dart but before she can respond, ADRIAN is up.

ADRIAN
Yes. Yes, it is. I got it for her
birthday, year before last. Thank you.

He takes the bag from JACOB, relieved.

JACOB
Glad you got it back. See you, Rachel.

She nods her thanks. JACOB goes as ADRIAN holds the bag up.

ADRIAN
You love this bag. I got it for when we
all went to Crete, remember?

RACHEL glances at DYLAN, but he doesn't notice because just then -
The SHOUT happens again. Only louder. Gnawing. Words almost heard.

MALE VOICE (V.O)
Loookk aaaat meeeee!

DYLAN looks about. Confused. Where is it coming from?!

DYLAN
Excuse me, one moment...

ADRIAN
Not a problem.

ADRIAN smiles. RACHEL doesn't. DYLAN leaves. We follow, into...

RESUS CORRIDOR

CLOSE ON: DYLAN. His world slowing. He sees JACOB, walking away. RIDA on the resus computer, laughing with MATTY. Sound echoes. NS STAFF. NS PATIENTS. What's going on? He hears more muffled shouts.

ADRIAN (O.O.V) (CONT'D)
(distorted)
You said you were going for milk!!!

Is that the same voice?

RIDA
Dylan!

DYLAN snaps back as RIDA rushes by. He follows her back into...

RESUS

To find ADRIAN shouting over a cowering RACHEL, emptying the contents of her bag all over her, clothes, toiletries...

ADRIAN
Look at this! And this!

He pulls out a skateboard top.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
This is Cory's! Where is he? Where...

He shoves it in her face. RACHEL is helpless. Can't move.

RIDA
Stop that!

ADRIAN flings an elbow. Catches RIDA's face. DYLAN sees her hand go to her lip. Sees blood. Sees red.

ADRIAN
You lying, ungrateful bitch!

ADRIAN drags RACHEL from the bed... but DYLAN lunges, pulls him from her and he drops to the floor. And DYLAN is over him. Eyes wild. Fist pulled. ADRIAN cringes, and...

MATTY
Dylan!

MATTY pushes him off ADRIAN.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Your patient. Go to your patient.

The mist lifts. And DYLAN realises that alarms ring. That RACHEL has lost consciousness. That RIDA/NS STAFF are attempting to get her back on the bed...

RIDA
Heart rate's up, GCS dropping.

DYLAN
Get her on the bed and lie her flat. And let's get O neg into the rapid infuser.

He slips an oxygen mask over RACHEL's face, gaining control...

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Start the TXA infusion, please.

As NS STAFF and RIDA hustle, DYLAN looks over to MATTY guiding ADRIAN into the arms of arriving NS SECURITY... they catch eyes, and DYLAN sees incredulity in MATTY's.

On DYLAN - dismayed, shocked by his overreaction.

CUT TO:

26 INT. ED. CUBICLES 3 CORRIDOR - DAY (12.15)

(FAITH, RASH, CAM)

(JON, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

FAITH. Own clothes. Dressed smart. Passes the corridor beds. Passes JON, finally asleep. Pauses by RASH, checking his IV...

FAITH

Dr Masum back on the ED. Suits you, sir.

RASH is delighted to see her. Hugs her. A new familiarity.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Did you get your portfolio in?

RASH

I did! Now the wait.

FAITH

You'll be a consultant before you know it. You deserve it, Rash.

RASH

Thanks.

They walk. He notices she carries a toy RABBIT.

FAITH

Iain got it for her. He had one. A Pop Pop. As in hop hop? Silly, I know.

He smiles. Notices her smile is tight.

RASH

It's all right to feel nervous, Faith.

FAITH

Is it?

RASH

Every mum has go-home jitters, it's ten times worse with a prem. You'll be fine. Pearl will be fine. And she'll love Pop Pop.

FAITH smiles gratefully as he squeezes her arm. His face darkens.

RASH (CONT'D)

Have you seen this?

He pulls up by a tea trolley, where CAM hands out teas to the corridor PATIENTS, and shows her his phone...

FAITH

What is it?

INSERT: THE HOLBY GAZETTE. A picture of IAIN rallying a group of women. And a headline... 'THE MOTHERS OF WYVERN HILL'.

FAITH sighs as she scrolls -

FAITH (CONT'D)
Iain's got the bit between his teeth - he
wants all the affected parents to protest
the "cover up".

RASH
Looks like he's got the developers
rattled.

But FAITH has read on, appalled -

FAITH
And now they're blaming Laura's baby
death on her alcoholism! How can they do
that?

RASH
They mention you too, Faith.

He points out a sentence. Shocked, FAITH reads. Tears spring.

RASH (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I thought you should know.

FAITH
No, it's okay. Thank you for telling me.

CAM (O.O.V)
You want a cup a tea?

FAITH starts. CAM. Smiling. Holding out a cup. He's surprised to
see her upset. She covers -

FAITH
No. I'm good, thanks Cam.

But she's not. She's rattled, clutching the rabbit close.

CUT TO:

27 INT. ALAN'S HOUSE. LOUNGE - DAY (12.20)
(INDIE, ALAN)

ALAN sits in bed. The white rose in a glass on his overbed table amongst his things. The wireless speaker is there too. INDIE enters...

INDIE
Here you go. There's your tea. Your water. I popped the milk in the fridge.

ALAN
Ta. Do us a favour, open them, will you?

He hands a bottle of pills to her.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Turns out childproof is the same as old git proof when these don't work!

He holds up his gnarly hands, chuckles. She opens them and he takes two tablets.

ALAN (CONT'D)
I was rude earlier. Sorry. You didn't deserve it.

INDIE
Don't do it again. How you feeling now?

ALAN
Oh, I don't know. You blink, end up here.

He swallows the tablets. Puts the bottle down...

INDIE looks at his pictures, his things.

INDIE
I like here. I love this room.

ALAN
Yeah. Me too.

She picks up a Glastonbury Ticket. Circa 2019. It has a younger Alan's image on it (for security Glastonbury tickets do this).

INDIE
Look at you here! Don't look any older now that Cam's given you a shave!

ALAN
Smooth talker!

INDIE
2019? That was when Stormzy headlined.

ALAN
How do you know that?

INDIE

It was a big deal! I watched it with my nan.

(picking up a framed photo)
This Kathryn?

INSERT: A WOMAN (60s) in a groovy hat. She could be at a festival.

INDIE (CONT'D)

She looks cool.

ALAN

Cooler than me! She always said I was lucky to have her.

INDIE

I bet you brought something to the party!

ALAN

I tried! And it was some party.

They smile, but his clouds.

ALAN (CONT'D)

She spent the last two years of her life in a hospice. She made me promise I'd be holding her hand when the time came, but I missed it. Regret that.

This touches a bone for INDIE.

INDIE

Nan died alone. I wanted to be there. But
-

*

She shakes her head.

ALAN

That's rough. Bet she knew you loved her, though?

*

INDIE

She did. I told her all the time.

They smile.

ALAN

Good on you. Keep that if you want.

He gestures to his Glastonbury ticket.

INDIE

Serious?

ALAN

I'm always serious, kiddo!

He pulls a face. Cross-eyed. INDIE laughs.

OUT ON: the picture of Kathryn next to... *the still open bottle of pills.*

CUT TO:

28 EXT. ED. PEACE GARDEN - DAY (12.30)

(FLYNN, IAIN)

(NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

FLYNN sits on a bench with a coke, deep in thought. IAIN passes, carrying Pearl's box fresh car seat, labels still attached.

FLYNN

What are you doing back?

IAIN

One guess. No clues.

He holds up the car seat. FLYNN smiles. Best news all day.

IAIN (CONT'D)

Why you still here?

FLYNN

Kevin. He's not good.

IAIN's face drops.

IAIN

Rory?

FLYNN

He's... all right.

IAIN sees FLYNN is drained. Feels a touch of guilt.

IAIN

Sorry for snapping this morning. Three nights of HEMS. No sleep.

FLYNN

Two months of NICU more like.

IAIN

That too.

FLYNN

Those chairs are designed to torture.

IAIN

They are. How do you know?

FLYNN

We had a baby on NICU. Joseph.

IAIN had no idea. FLYNN decides to open up.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Felt helpless when I was with him. Guilty when I wasn't. And I never ever slept.

IAIN

What happened?

FLYNN pauses. Nods to the car seat.

FLYNN
We didn't get to buy him one of those.

Beat.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Happy to talk whenever. Just not now.

IAIN gets it. He walks away leaving FLYNN with his thoughts, then pauses...

IAIN
The army is just people.

FLYNN looks up. Puzzled.

IAIN (CONT'D)
And people do go too far sometimes. You
should ask the question.

A look passes between them. A new found respect. Understanding.

CUT TO:

28A EXT. BUS STOP/ALAN'S STREET - DAY
(INDIE)

INDIE waits at a bus stop, nodding away to music on her headphones. Her swimming bag by her feet. Reading a book.

She checks her watch.

INDIE's about to slip her new bookmark away - Alan's face on that Glastonbury ticket - when she stops. And stares at it.

A penny drops.

He didn't put the lid back on the tablets.

But INDIE is already sprinting away.

CUT TO:

28B INT. ALAN'S HOUSE. HALL/LOUNGE - DAY

(INDIE, ALAN)

CRASH! The front door opens. And INDIE stumbles through the hall, into the lounge, to find...

ALAN. In bed. Lying on his side. Weak. Breath rasping.

INDIE

Alan, no. No. No...

She picks up the bottle of pills by the white rose. It's EMPTY.

INDIE (CONT'D)

What have you done? Alan wake up, please,
stay awake. Please. Alan! (etc)

She tries to sit him up as she pulls out her phone...

INDIE (CONT'D)

I'm calling an ambulance. Stay awake,
it's going to be okay... (etc)

But he's heavy and the phone drops.

INDIE (CONT'D)

Stupid phone!

And she has to put him back down to pick up the phone. He watches her as she grabs it off the floor. Her face now close to his...

ALAN

Don't.

His breath rasping. INDIE realises what he is asking...

INDIE

I have to. I can't let you die...

He nods. Eyes never leaving hers.

INDIE (CONT'D)

I can't!

He smiles. INDIE becomes upset.

ALAN

Hold - my hand.

And ALAN holds his hand out. INDIE shakes her head. Tears spring.

ALAN (CONT'D)

It's okay.

But it's not. It's not...

ALAN (CONT'D)

What - if I was your Nan?

And INDIE stops. Because she knows the answer.

And they stare at each other for the longest of beats, and then...

She nods. And INDIE sits on the floor, leaning against the bed.

She puts her hand up, not being able to look at him, and holds his hand. On the two of them.

ALAN at peace. INDIE, devastated.

CUT TO:

29 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES / RESUS CORRIDOR - DAY
(12.40)

(CAM, RASH, STEVIE, DYLAN, RIDA)
(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS, FLYNN)

Dismayed, CAM walks with RASH. It's busy. People duck and dive.

CAM
I didn't actually think ankylosing
spondylitis would be the cause.

RASH
It rarely is. It was a good spot. Do you
want me to tell Mr Middle?

CAM
No. I'll do it. Best coming from me.

Deflated, CAM peels as STEVIE joins RASH.

STEVIE
Good to see you back amongst the grown
ups. You seen Flynn?

RASH
I think he left.

Tutting, STEVIE spots DYLAN and follows him into...

RESUS CORRIDOR

STEVIE
Here he is. Arnold the Shwarts.

DYLAN
What?
(to passing Rida)
Can we prep Mrs Heaney for theatre? How's
the lip?

RIDA
I'll live.

RIDA moves on as they arrive at the deserted Resus desk.

STEVIE
I heard you got all Terminator in resus.
Not your usual modus? What's up?

DYLAN, taps away on the computer, studiously ignoring her.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Still here. Not going anywhere. ZZZZ.

He sighs. Looks around. No one in earshot.

DYLAN
I had EMDR therapy this morning.

STEVIE

What?! Why? Flynn's online therapy not doing it for you?

DYLAN

I nearly had a drink.

On STEVIE's shock. DYLAN fills the gap in a rush.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I didn't. Could've. But didn't.

STEVIE sees DYLAN is on the edge. Tired. Off.

STEVIE

What happened?

DYLAN

Matty and I. The distance is getting bigger. Not smaller. He's still pushing me away. I've no idea why.

STEVIE feels DYLAN's pain, knows she's culpable, considers telling the truth... misses the window again.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, that's why I went to EMDR to try and unlock something, ended up with nothing but a headache and... It's why I blew up.

STEVIE

I heard he deserved it.

DYLAN

It wasn't him. It was me. The EMDR, I'm hearing things, flashbacks. Memories.

STEVIE

Of what?

DYLAN

Million dollar question right there.

STEVIE feels for him. Knows that this is on her.

STEVIE

He'll come round. Matty will. Give him time. Space.

DYLAN

(quoting Matty)
Don't deep it.

STEVIE

Exactly!

She spots FLYNN heading into cubicles...

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Got to go.

And she bustles after FLYNN, leaving DYLAN with food for thought.

CUT TO:

30 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - DAY (12.45)

(STEVIE, FLYNN)

(NS BUSINESSMAN, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

WHOOSH! FLYNN pulls the cubicle curtain back startling an NS BUSINESS MAN with a bloody nose. STEVIE arrives.

STEVIE

Look at this.

FLYNN

Where's Rory?

STEVIE

He got discharged.

FLYNN

I need to speak to him.

STEVIE

I know! Look at this -

He looks.

FLYNN

What is it?

STEVIE

Kevin's CT. No evidence of abuse. Just a couple of old fractures that he could've got playing football.

FLYNN's face drops. Damn.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

But I also dug out Rory's CT.

(she flicks to another scan)

A litany of recent fractures. He should have been signed off duty by a military medic, but I called... and he never was.

FLYNN

Because it was never reported.

STEVIE nods. FLYNN is delighted.

STEVIE

And look at his eye scan.

FLYNN examines the CT. Reads it like a book. His face darkens.

FLYNN

I need to speak to him.

STEVIE

Yes, you do. He went up to see Kevin.

FLYNN

You are a star.

STEVIE
Tell your mates.

On FLYNN, determined, delighted to have the proof in his hand.

CUT TO:

31 INT. ED. CUBICLES 3 CORRIDOR - DAY (12.50)

(JON, CAM, PAT)

(NS PORTERS, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

On the corridor of perpetual beds, CAM delivers bad news to JON.

JON

Cauda equina? What is that?

CAM

It's Latin for horse's tale. It's a ruptured disc pressing on the nerves at the base of your spine. It's why you've been having accidents, struggling to get to the toilet on time.

JON

Can it be fixed?

CAM

We'll know more after the MRI. But you might need a catheter.

Dismayed, JON puts his head in his hands.

CAM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Jon.

Just then a downbeat PAT arrives pushed by NS PORTERS on his bed.

CAM (CONT'D)

What happened?

PAT

Someone got the bed first.

CAM

SDEC promised.

PAT

Yeah, well... they lied.

CAM is frustrated. But what can he do? He notices JON has his head in his hands.

PAT (CONT'D)

What's up? Are you okay?

JON ignores him. Doesn't want to talk. Can't.

PAT (CONT'D)

What's happened?

Again. Nothing. Then PAT realises that JON is quietly weeping.

PAT (CONT'D)
Mr Middle?

Something snaps.

JON
It's Middle! Jon Middle.

PAT
I said Middle...

JON
I ran an art shop on the high street for
thirty years. I won an award for
community work. I have a painting hanging
in the Turner. It's Middle! Middle!

Frustrated, in pain, JON grabs PAT's phone and smashes it on the
side of his bed. Smash, smash, smash! On CAM, aghast.

CUT TO:

32 INT. HOLBY. ICU / KEVIN'S ROOM - DAY (13.00)

(FLYNN, RORY, COLONEL BARD)

(NS KEVIN, BETTY, NS LIEUTENANT DAVIES, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

Hushed quiet. FLYNN watches NS STAFF and COLONEL BARD talk with Kevin's mum BETTY. Unseen, he slips past, into...

KEVIN'S ROOM

NS KEVIN, intubated in a coma. Monitors beep. Machines breathe. RORY, in a wheelchair by Kevin's bedside, is surprised to see FLYNN. So too is NS LIEUTENANT DAVIES, who stands...

FLYNN

Private Dickson needs this prescription from pharmacy before he can leave.

FLYNN hands the script to him. LIEUTENANT DAVIES hesitates.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Now, *Lieutenant* Davies.

FLYNN has pulled rank. LIEUTENANT DAVIES says something like 'Sir', salutes, and leaves.

FLYNN shuts the door.

RORY

I have my prescription.

FLYNN

I know. I want to talk to you.

He sits opposite RORY, who eyes him warily.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I was a young recruit under Colonel Bard's command.

RORY didn't know that.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I know what he's like. I know what's been happening. It's happened before.

RORY's emotions bubble.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I want to help. If there's anything you want to say, now would be the time?

RORY remains silent. FLYNN changes tack.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Hazing usually happens where it can't be seen. Under clothes. Like your bruising. Your fractured ribs.

The machines hiss.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Your eye CT shows a classic blowout fracture. Caused by a punch. Not the fall. Someone lost control.

RORY blinks. COLONEL BARD looks over at him.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
I'm not suggesting Colonel Bard's involved directly but he has men under his command who'll do what they're told.

FLYNN knows he's running out of time.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
You said Private Wickham...

RORY
Kevin!

FLYNN
Kevin. Followed you over the edge. That's why he's here.

Upset, RORY looks at KEVIN, lying between them. His life over.

RORY
It wasn't my fault.

FLYNN
I know.

RORY
I was confused.

FLYNN
You were injured! I suspect you had a concussion. You should been in a sick bay not on a three day exercise.

COLONEL BARD strides towards ICU. LIEUTENANT DAVIES in his wake.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Help me stop this.

RORY
I can't. They're taking me back to barracks. To sign a statement.

FLYNN
I can get you re-admitted. Keep you away from them. Buy you time.

RORY
I don't know...

COLONEL BARD's at the door. Handle turning...

FLYNN
Don't let this happen again.

Too late, COLONEL BARD enters.

COLONEL BARD
What's going on?

Eyes dart. Suspicion. And guilt. FLYNN covers.

FLYNN
Just checking on my patients, Colonel.

COLONEL BARD
They're not your patients. If they were
you'd know Private Dickson has his meds.

FLYNN
So he tells me.

And FLYNN starts to go, striding past COLONEL BARD.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Maybe see you again, Private Dickson?

And RORY nods. And FLYNN understands. RORY wants to talk.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Gentlemen.

On FLYNN, heading out, knowing he's going to get the evidence he
needs to bring COLONEL BARD down.

CUT TO:

33 INT. ED. RESUS CORRIDOR - DAY (13.10)

(DYLAN, RIDA, RACHEL, MATTY, JODIE)

(SIOBHAN, STEVIE, NS THEATRE STAFF, NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

RACHEL is on the move. Pushed on a trolley down the corridor by NS THEATRE STAFF, RIDA, DYLAN and MATTY. Wires, machines, fluids.

DYLAN

She'll need more packed cells and FFP.

RIDA

Her son, Cory, is on his way.

As the circus comes to a halt by the lift, DYLAN notices RACHEL looking at him, drowsy, overwhelmed.

RACHEL

I. Was. Trying to leave him.

DYLAN

It's all right.

RACHEL

I should have left last week. The doctor gave me a number... I'm sorry, so sorry.

She sobs. DYLAN frowns. PING! The lift doors open.

MATTY

Can we make space, please?

RACHEL is moved into the lift leaving RIDA, MATTY and DYLAN outside. DYLAN watches an NS NURSE comfort her. The lift doors start to close, until DYLAN stops them...

DYLAN

One second. Just a - thank you.

Awkwardly, he slips by NS THEATRE STAFF and goes to RACHEL's side.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Don't apologise for anything. You've done the right thing. It's not your fault. It never was.

MATTY watches as RACHEL nods, comforted by his words.

DYLAN realises everyone is watching. Waiting. He mumbles his apology and exits and the lift doors close on RACHEL. RIDA smiles.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

What?

RIDA
Nothing.

She heads off (to main entrance). MATTY stares at him. Perplexed.

MATTY
I do not know what you're going to do next. Who you're going to be.

DYLAN
Modern man's quandary. How to be all things to all people. Friend, doctor. Dad.

MATTY
Man, that's your pressure. Not mine.

DYLAN
My dad wasn't the best. I want to be better.

MATTY
Just be you. I'd be happy with that.

He offers a paper bag.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Jelly Baby? Any but the red ones. They're my favourite.

DYLAN
I don't believe in cannibalism.

MATTY doesn't get the joke. DYLAN picks a green one.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Er. Thank you.

JODIE
Hurry up! They're coming!

JODIE passes with SIOBHAN and STEVIE, who catches MATTY's eye, and they all hurry off towards the main entrance. Leaving DYLAN holding a Jelly Baby... touched to have made a breakthrough, before he moves off too.

CUT TO:

34 INT. ED. MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY (13.15)

(FAITH (O.O.V), IAIN (O.O.V))

(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS, NS BABY PEARL)

CLOSE ON: NS BABY PEARL in her car seat. The RABBIT by her side.

FAITH (O.O.V)

Does she need another blanket?

IAIN (O.O.V)

It's 25 degrees.

Glimpses of feet. NS BABY PEARL being carried. Sounds of the ED.

FAITH (O.O.V)

Where did you park? Did you park near?

IAIN (O.O.V)

Usual spot. Look at her looking! Hey there, Pearl girl. Welcome to the world.

SWOOSH! The main doors open.

CONTINUOUS TO:

35 EXT. ED. MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

(JAN, IAIN, SIOBHAN, FAITH, RIDA, STEVIE, TEDDY, JODIE, MATTY)
(JACOB, DYLAN, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

JAN (O.O.V)
Here they are!

REVEAL: IAIN and FAITH exiting the ED with NS BABY PEARL. FAITH is caught off guard by the claps, cheers and coos of an honour guard: JACOB, JAN, TEDDY, STEVIE, SIOBHAN, DYLAN, MATTY, JODIE, RIDA.

SNAPSHOTS.

IAIN
Aren't you lot supposed to be working?
Shirkers.

JAN
Wouldn't have missed it for the world.

AND...

SIOBHAN
She's beautiful, pet.

FAITH looks proud but there's tension in those eyes.

FAITH
Thank you.

RIDA
Looks like you...

STEVIE
Rather her than grizzle chops there!

AND...

TEDDY
Let's get a picture! Smile!

SNAP! IAIN and FAITH hold up NS BABY PEARL in her car seat. Then it's goodbyes. And they move off, FAITH happy to escape, scurrying on ahead, as our team drift back in. Buoyed by this happy moment.

Unsettled, JODIE catches RIDA's arm...

JODIE
Did you see the Mothers of Wyvern Hill piece?

RIDA
Who didn't?

JODIE
I'm worried it's because I called the land developers. First the interview, now this. What if I drove them to it?

RIDA
You're over thinking, girl!

She passes MATTY and STEVIE.

RIDA (CONT'D)
Hey - thanks for jumping in earlier.

MATTY
My pleasure Ma'am!

Laughing, RIDA moves on with JODIE. STEVIE rolls her eyes.

STEVIE
You're such a hero.

MATTY
Jealous?

STEVIE
In bits.

Dry as.

MATTY
You don't have to be, Dr Nash. I'm
falling for you big time.

And he means it. He leaves STEVIE, frozen - what has she done?!

CUT TO:

36 EXT. ED. CAR PARK - DAY (13.20)

(IAIN, FAITH)

(NS BABY PEARL, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

Stressed, FAITH struggles with PEARL's car seat on the back seat.

FAITH

Are you sure the seatbelt goes here?

But IAIN's distracted reading the Gazette article on his phone.

IAIN

'Land developer Emilia Gold asserted that Faith Cadogan had previously had a drug problem, and that, and not the suspected contamination of the site, was the reason for her child's premature birth.' What the hell is this?! This is a nonsense.

FAITH

I know! Will you check this, please. Have I done it right?

He looks.

IAIN

It's perfect. I practised in the shop a million times. She's safe as houses.

INSERT: PEARL. The RABBIT by her side.

IAIN (CONT'D)

She loves that Pop Pop, told you!

He grins, but sees FAITH's tension. He misreads.

IAIN (CONT'D)

Hey. Listen. We'll get a solicitor, take them to court. They don't get to do this.

FAITH

I don't care...

IAIN

This is important.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I just want to go!

IAIN's surprised by her snapping. But smooths...

IAIN (CONT'D)

O-kay. You heard that, Pearl girl. The boss has spoken. We are outta here!

But as he climbs in the driver's seat, we see FAITH is riddled with nerves at the prospect of bringing Pearl home.

CUT TO:

37 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - DAY (13.30)

(CAM, FLYNN, SIOBHAN, JODIE)

(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

FLYNN is fighting the admin printer when an agitated CAM arrives.

CAM

I need a word.

FLYNN

I need a bed. I know, last minute. Stupid printer! Have you got one?

CAM

On the corridor?

FLYNN

Yes, the corridor. Just for the night.

CAM

No! There's no room! None!

NS STAFF lookover at his outburst. Including SIOBHAN and JODIE arriving back from seeing Pearl off. FLYNN sees CAM's agitation.

FLYNN

Okay. Forget I asked.

CAM

It's not okay! Nobody should be on the corridor. It's... a disgrace.

FLYNN

I agree...

CAM

You're clinical lead. You shouldn't have let it happen.

FLYNN

We'll talk about it.

CAM

We are! You need to do something.

FLYNN

We will. But not now. Tomorrow.

CAM's furious but knows to button it. The printer spits a page.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Hallelujah! Siobhan, I need a bed for Private Dickson. I'm re-admitting him.

SIOBHAN

We just walked past him. He left...

JODIE

With that Colonel.

Cursing, FLYNN grabs the paperwork, and rushes off... But we stay with JODIE, SIOBHAN and a brooding CAM.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Look at you, punching above your weight.

CAM

Waste of energy. No one ever listens.

SIOBHAN

He heard you, Cam.

JODIE

So did most of cubicles.

SIOBHAN

He said he'd talk. That's a win. Take it.

On CAM, realising SIOBHAN's right, feeling bolstered.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. ED. MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY (13.35)

(FLYNN, COLONEL BARD)

(RORY, NS LIEUTENANT DAVIES, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

Rushing out, paperwork in hand, FLYNN spots RORY being helped into the rear of an ARMY VEHICLE by NS LIEUTENANT DAVIES -

FLYNN

Wait -

RORY looks over but NS LIEUTENANT DAVIES shuts the door. SLAM!

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I need to speak to Private Dickson.

But NS LIEUTENANT DAVIES, peeved about earlier, blocks his way.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Stand aside, Lieutenant.

NS LIEUTENANT DAVIS dares FLYNN to try and get past. FLYNN is thinking about it when COLONEL BARD appears with a can of drink.

COLONEL BARD

Lieutenant Davies. No need for that.
Stand aside, please.

COLONEL BARD pops the can as LIEUTENANT DAVIES pushes by FLYNN...

FLYNN

Hey -

COLONEL BARD ignores the infraction. Drinks. Takes his time.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(referring to paperwork)

There's an anomaly in Private Dickson's blood work. We need him to stay over night for observation.

COLONEL BARD

I don't believe Private Dickson has any intention on drawing on your resources more than he already has. Ask him.

FLYNN

(tapping on window)

Rory? Rory?

But RORY looks down. Quelled. FLYNN turns back to COLONEL BARD.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I know what you're doing.

COLONEL BARD

(climbing into car)

Me too. I'm keeping my men alive. It's my job. And I am good at it. They depend on me. They all do.

And he slams the door, and the engine starts, and the VEHICLE starts to pull away... But something gives in FLYNN, and he chases, banging on RORY's window... who looks up startled...

FLYNN

Don't sign! Whatever they give you. Don't sign!

And the VEHICLE screeches away. Leaving FLYNN, frustrated, breathless as MUSIC STARTS OVER...

CUT TO:

39 INT. ED. STAFF ROOM - DAY (14.00)
(DYLAN, SHOUTING MALE VOICE (V.O))

MUSIC OVER: 'NO FEAR OF FALLING' by I AM KLOOT

Daring to feel happy, DYLAN places the Jelly Baby in his locker.
Repositions it. A little green sentry. A present from his son.

Suddenly, the shouting is back. But louder. Piercing.

MALE VOICE (V.O)
(distorted)
YOOU'RE USELESS! DISGUUUST MEEE!

On DYLAN, bewildered. Alone. Apart from the voices in his head.

CUT TO:

40 INT. ALAN'S HOUSE. HALL / LOUNGE - DAY (18.00)

(CAM)

(ALAN)

MUSIC OVER: 'NO FEAR OF FALLING' by I AM KLOOT

CLICK. ALAN's front door opens. CAM enters with fish and chips.

CAM

Only me Gromit.

He shuts the door. Takes off his coat.

CAM (CONT'D)

Got us fish and chips. They only had cod.
But it smells so good. And I got pickled
eggs cause you said you should...

He enters the LOUNGE.

CAM (CONT'D)

...try everything once.

CAM stops. Incomprehension on his face. WE REVEAL: ALAN. In bed.
Clearly dead. Eyes closed. The rose by the photo by the speaker.

On CAM, incomprehension turning to reality.

END OF EPISODE