

1 **OVER BLACK:**
(PASSERBY (V.O), CALL HANDLER (V.O))

CALL HANDLER (V.O)
Hello. 999. Which service do you need?

Heavy, breathy panting.

PASSERBY (V.O)
(panicked)
Police- There's a lad walking in the
middle of the road- I think he's taken
something-

The sound of a car horn angrily beeping, as if swerving something.
Garbled shouting. The *groan* of its engine speeding by--

CUT TO:

2 INT. HOLBY. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (02.32)
(PASSERBY (V.O), CALL HANDLER (V.O))
(FLYNN, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

FLYNN *barrels* down the corridor at an urgent pace. He's in his civvies, as if called in without warning. He checks his phone. The time reads 2.32am--

PASSERBY (V.O)
(shouting)
Mate- Get out of the road!

Each determined step quickening by the second.

PASSERBY (V.O) (CONT'D)
(to the CALL HANDLER)
He's got a death-wish-

CALL HANDLER (V.O)
We'll dispatch a police unit to you now.

FLYNN flies to a stop at a set of double doors. His face close to the window, his anxious breath mists the glass. On FLYNN's hot panic to see who's inside, as-

CUT TO:

3 INT. ED. COUNSELLING AND ASSESSMENT ROOM - NIGHT
 (02.32)
 (RORY)
 (FLYNN, NS POLICE)

NS POLICE stand in front of the doors but through the gap in their bodies, we see **RORY DICKSON (18), from episode 25** pacing the room. Agitated and BLIND DRUNK. He's got open cuts and grazes across his palms, as if he's fallen over. His limbs wild and angry, as-

 RORY
 Let me out of here!

RORY stumbles on his own undone shoe laces. Then, RORY sees FLYNN. He lunges towards the small window, fists banging on the door.

CUT TO:

4 INT. HOLBY. CORRIDOR - DAY (02.32)

(RORY)

(FLYNN, NS POLICE, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

From FLYNN's POV: RORY framed in the small window. Eyes red and desperate. Grit still in his cuts, as-

RORY

(muffled, through the door)

You- Get me out- Get me out!

The door frame shakes with the force of RORY's fists.

CUT TO TITLES:

5 INT. ED. COUNSELLING AND ASSESSMENT ROOM - DAY
(09.01)
(GEORGE, RORY, FLYNN)
(NS DOCTORS, NS POLICE)

CLOSE on RORY. Hungover. His eyes a little glassy. Mid-assessment, as-

GEORGE (O.O.V)
Have you experienced any traumatic events recently?

RORY
(shaking his head)
No...

FLYNN (O.O.V)
Come on, Rory.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL - FLYNN angrily standing next to RORY. Still in last night's clothes. He hasn't been home. Two NS POLICE, two NS DOCTORS and an Approved Mental Health Specialist, **GEORGE HULME (30s)** are also in attendance. GEORGE pauses taking notes, as-

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Be honest- Tell him about Kevin-

RORY avoids FLYNN's eye contact, as-

GEORGE
(frustrated, to FLYNN)
It's important we hear from Rory-

FLYNN bites his tongue--

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(to RORY)
Who's Kevin, Rory?

GEORGE studies RORY's eye contact and body language.

RORY
We're in the same unit... He was injured in training.
(a little upset)
But that's why we train, right? To stop accidents like that...

GEORGE
I'm sorry to hear about your friend...
Were you guys close?

RORY nods. Gathering himself, as-

RORY
I'm close with everyone in my unit.

RORY smiles, though pained, but FLYNN suspects this is untrue.

GEORGE

So you feel like you have a close support network?

RORY

It's why I joined. To meet people, try new things... That and my dad served.

GEORGE

He must be proud.

RORY nods. He shares a warm look with GEORGE. FLYNN silently baulks at this light exchange.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Any feelings of sadness, hopelessness or irritability?

RORY

(relaxing)

Does embarrassed count? I'm a light-weight. Never been able to keep up with the other lads...

Polite chuckles. On FLYNN. Biting *harder* onto his tongue.

GEORGE

Do you take substances often? Alcohol? Drugs?

RORY

Nah, not really... Yesterday's sesh just got out of hand-

FLYNN

(frustrated)

Party on the tarmac, was it?

GEORGE

Dr Bryon-

GEORGE eyes FLYNN to stay silent. FLYNN catches himself-

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Dr Bryon-

RORY

I got smashed, I got stupid-

(pleading)

I promise, Dr Byron. That's all it was.

RORY looks to FLYNN. It's almost convincing, even for FLYNN.

GEORGE

And this might be difficult... But have you ever had thoughts of ending your life? Or thoughts that others may be better off without you?

RORY

No...

GEORGE

No history of self-harm?

RORY

(impassioned)

No-

GEORGE smiles, stands back.

GEORGE

(to RORY)

Thank you, Rory. That's great. I can write to your GP, get you referred for some community support but... I don't believe we need to admit you today. You're free to go.

RORY nods. GEORGE moves through the doors-- but FLYNN gives chase--

CUT TO:

6 INT. HOLBY. CORRIDOR - DAY (09.02)
(FLYNN, GEORGE, RORY)
(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

FLYNN trails GEORGE. Not dropping this without a fight, as-

FLYNN
(desperate)
You should have seen him a few hours ago-
Delay the results of his assessment- We
can monitor him under police supervision-

GEORGE
We both know the police have better
places to be than to chaperone-

FLYNN is rattled, as-

GEORGE (CONT'D)
We can't keep him here. The 136 ends
after the assessment-

They stop. The tension between the racking up between them, as-

FLYNN
We let him walk-

FLYNN takes a beat, tries to gather himself and his argument.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
...I'm worried he'll harm himself.

GEORGE
What signifiers make you think that?

FLYNN hesitates- He doesn't have any--

FLYNN
I just know- I just know he's not right.

GEORGE
Rory was shaken by his friend's accident
but he's coherent, clear, together- even
with a hangover. He needs a bacon
sandwich, not a legal detainment. I've
worked with military men before. Rory
isn't high risk.

FLYNN shakes his head in disbelief--

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(visibly annoyed now)
Feel free to raise a complaint with my
team leader.

FLYNN
Don't worry. They'll be hearing from me.

FLYNN watches GEORGE leave, only... He catches RORY sluggishly walking out of the counselling and assessment room. He's pale. A little nauseous. A *banging* headache. FLYNN moves to him--

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Where are you going to go now?

RORY shrugs, keeps walking past FLYNN but FLYNN keeps pace, as-

FLYNN (CONT'D)
(on the move)
You can't go back to the barracks. Not looking like that.

RORY slows. He looks down at his bloodied, ripped shirt.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
When do you have to present?

RORY
Parade... On Monday.

FLYNN nods. *Good*. There's time...

FLYNN
(hiding desperation)
You need a stitch or two on those cuts.

RORY hesitates- But FLYNN remains cool, forceful.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Let me clean you up. It'll take fifteen minutes, Rory. Give me fifteen minutes.

RORY looks to FLYNN, considers...

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Fifteen. That's it.

RORY nods. FLYNN leads RORY back to the ED... His face fractures with concern to know he's on a clock, as-

CUT TO:

7 INT. ED. RESUS 1 / RESUS CORRIDOR - DAY (09:04)
(DYLAN, JODIE)
(NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF, NS DOCTOR)

Machines trill. High intensity treatment. DYLAN leads Resus as a NS NURSE provides compressions on a NS PATIENT. Back-breaking work-

DYLAN
Off the chest- Shocking.

SHOCK-- The NS PATIENT's body convulses, then- Monitors return to a gentle rhythm. Resus takes a collective breath.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
We've got sinus rhythm. We've got ROSC-
Let's start the post ROSC care plan. Get
a CT head, arterial line and let's get
ITU down, then cardiology. Quickly,
please- Takeover?

DYLAN nods to a NS DOCTOR, walks out. Not a second to breathe before JODIE approaches--

JODIE
Could you look at this patient's cyst?

DYLAN
I'm not attending anything less than
heart failure or catastrophic limb trauma
today. Emphasis on catastrophic-

But as DYLAN turns to leave-

JODIE
Dylan- I think you need to see this.

DYLAN pauses, follows JODIE despite his doubts.

CUT TO:

8 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - DAY (09:06)
(MATTY, DYLAN, CALVIN, STEVIE)
(JODIE, NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

MATTY applies pressure to an area just above **CALVIN HODGINS** knee (46). He's uncomfortable but good-spirited. There's a little blood but we can't see the wound, as DYLAN arrives, alongside JODIE.

MATTY
This is Calvin Hodgins. 46 year old male,
presenting with a cyst on his left leg.
Some bleeding, no pain until today-

MATTY removes the bandage. A split second to absorb the horror of what's underneath. A monstrous, hard lump bursts from CALVIN's skin. It's larger than a size of a grown man's fist. On DYLAN. He's never seen anything like it before. He covers for his shock, pulling on his gloves, taking a closer look.

DYLAN
How long have you had this?

CALVIN
A while now... Started small, but then
the thing took on a life of its own. My
wife calls it Monica, like it's my bit on
the side...

CALVIN chuckles, though he winces it a little in pain.

DYLAN
What advice has your GP given you?

CALVIN shifts, sheepishly.

CALVIN
I know I should have gone but I never had
the time- I had no bother with it until
today. Nipped it at work-

DYLAN struggles to hide his concern. DYLAN gently tries to move the bump but it's rigid, hard.

MATTY
Tethering's solid.

DYLAN and MATTY share a knowing, troubled look. CALVIN picks up on their awkward silence--

CALVIN
Come on, fellas. Don't be shy.

DYLAN braces. Sombre and serious, as-

DYLAN
I can't give you an official diagnosis...
but though this could be a cyst, I've
concerns this could be sarcoma which has
broken through the skin.

CALVIN
(laughing a little)
I'm not the one with the medical degree.
Spell it out for me. What's a sarcoma?

DYLAN
Cancer, Mr Hodgins.

CALVIN's smile waivers to hear this.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
We'll get some bloods and a scan to
understand more-

CALVIN
(a flash of anger)
I only came in so you'd stop the bleeding-

DYLAN gives CALVIN a beat to settle. CALVIN battles rising hot tears. His face red. He doesn't know whether to shout or cry--

DYLAN
We need time to figure this out. The
tests will take days but we can make a
start.

DYLAN gestures MATTY to step away, as-

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Let's regroup with the radiologist. A MRI
would be useful, but the bleeding may
require an CT angio.

But MATTY's distracted to see STEVIE, across the department,
listening to a NS PATIENT's chest with a stethoscope.

MATTY
(attention pulled)
I'll be back... I need to check a CT with
Dr Nash.

MATTY walks off towards STEVIE... On DYLAN. Biting his tongue at
MATTY's disinterest in the discussion.

GO TO: STEVIE moves to her next NS PATIENT, privately wincing to
catch MATTY jogging over to her--

MATTY (CONT'D)
Is your phone broken? I haven't heard
from you in a few days...

STEVIE tries to squirm away but no escape, as-

STEVIE
I can't talk right now. We're backed-up-

MATTY
(self-conscious)
I'm sorry if things are weird because of
what I said...

STEVIE's forced to stop-- She awkwardly shrugs, as if pretending to not know what he's talking about. The silence is *excruciating*.

MATTY (CONT'D)
(hiding desperation)
Well, are we cool?

STEVIE
Yeah... We're cool...

But, as STEVIE rushes off, MATTY senses the opposite.

CUT TO:

9 INT. ED. CLINICAL LEAD'S OFFICE / ADMIN/CUBICLES -
DAY (09.25)
(FLYNN, RORY, STEVIE)
(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

It's quiet, calm. On FLYNN's desk, medical equipment including two boxes of pain relief. FLYNN hands RORY a pill from the packet. RORY swallows with water-- Then, FLYNN pulls his desk chair closer. His hands gloved, ready to suture. He pierces RORY's skin with a needle. RORY winces, as-

FLYNN
Does that feel okay? Not too painful?

FLYNN tightens the stitch, as-

RORY
You think if you keep asking me the same questions, I'll give you an answer.

FLYNN keeps his cool. Securing the stitch, as-

FLYNN
You would have talked to me last week if Bard hadn't interrupted us... Talk to me. You'll feel better for it.

FLYNN tries to make eye contact but RORY looks away. FLYNN pauses suturing. A flash of frustration, as-

FLYNN (CONT'D)
I'm only trying to help because I know how this story ends. It's ugly-

On RORY. A sudden pressure building inside. FLYNN takes a breath, continues to suture--

FLYNN (CONT'D)
It's really, *really* ugly and I don't want that for you.

FLYNN can see RORY's eyes gloss, fighting tears. FLYNN senses a chink in RORY's armour...

FLYNN (CONT'D)
(softening)
Let me in, Rory-

RORY's upset breaks. Emotional, as-

RORY
What difference will it make-

RORY's face contorts. Tears and snot.

FLYNN
You can't go through what you're going through alone- Soldiers rely on each other for survival-

RORY

That's where you're wrong. I'm not a proper soldier-

A painful lump in RORY's throat choking him a little.

RORY (CONT'D)

(working himself up)

I'm too- too- weak to be a soldier. Too-

RORY growls stop himself from swearing, then-

RORY (CONT'D)

(spitting the word)

Weak.

FLYNN pauses suturing once more. RORY finally letting his emotion out. *Hating* that he's broken. Unable to look FLYNN in the eye.

FLYNN

You're not weak, Rory...

But RORY aggressively shakes his head-- He rolls up his sleeves, revealing distinctive bloodied, raw lesions around his wrists. On FLYNN trying to process these strange marks, inspecting them closely... Almost scared to ask their origin...

FLYNN (CONT'D)

How did you get these, Rory?

RORY

He leaves me- tied in the barracks-

On FLYNN's horror... before he catches himself. He takes an antiseptic wipe, cleans RORY's wrist wounds. It stings. FLYNN struggles to keep a lid on his own anger, as-

FLYNN

This isn't the army, Rory- This isn't how we do things- This is *Bard's* army-

RORY

I'd been there two days by the time I got out last night... If that's not weak then what is-

RORY breaks into sobs now. FLYNN tries to rest a supportive hand on RORY's shoulder but RORY *jerks* away, hiding his head in his hands. Low, between his knees. Embarrassed to cry.

FLYNN

I can get you a bed in a facility. For a few weeks of respite.

RORY shakes his head. Head still low. Blood rushing, as-

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I'll call your unit's welfare officer, explain. I can write you a sick note-

RORY slowly turns to FLYNN, *finally* considering his words. Only, a knock at the door--

FLYNN (CONT'D)
(flash of anger)
Not now-

The door opens anyway-- FLYNN catches himself to see STEVIE.

STEVIE
We're drowning out here-

STEVIE's thrown to find RORY. A little regret to ask, but-

STEVIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Flynn. We need you...

FLYNN sees STEVIE subtly grip her stomach in pain. He knows he needs to go. She wouldn't ask if she didn't have to--

FLYNN
(to RORY)
Wait here?

FLYNN holds RORY's eye contact, as if seeking assurance. RORY considers, then nods... He bends to re-tie his shoe-laces. Tightening with precision (ladder method). STEVIE sees, but doesn't think much of it. FLYNN reluctantly follows STEVIE out--

Outside FLYNN's office, it's an assault to the senses. NS PATIENTS overflowing. FLYNN pauses, looks through the blinds--

STEVIE
Is he okay?

FLYNN
I don't know...

CUT TO:

10 INT. ED. CUBICLES 3 - DAY (09.31)

(JESSICA, NICOLE, RASH, INDIE, CAM)

(NS BABY ARTHUR, NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

CLOSE on baby **NS BABY ARTHUR PRICEMAN**. Red-faced from crying, wriggling. NICOLE and RASH assess him, whilst **JESSICA PRICEMAN** anxiously hovers nearby.

JESSICA

I know this sounds weird- but I swear his skin is sort of blue-

RASH checks over ARTHUR: his mouth, earlobes, and fingernails...

NICOLE

Cap refill less than 2 seconds. He's warm and pink, slightly cool feet but otherwise no CVS concerns.

RASH nods, listens to ARTHUR's chest, in concentration--

RASH

Slightly increased work of breathing with coryzal symptoms but lung fields clear with no added sounds.

JESSICA

I wasn't going to bring him in but then I read on the internet-

NICOLE

(standoffish)

Don't seek medical advice from a search engine.

RASH looks to NICOLE, catching on her tone. He ignores, standing back from ARTHUR, as-

RASH

I think Arthur may have something called Bronchiolitis. It's a lung infection, seen in babies up to 12 months. It can often get worse before it gets better but don't worry. You were right to bring in him in-

JESSICA processes all of this. She doesn't feel reassured but nods as if she is, as-

RASH (CONT'D)

I'll call the paediatric outreach team to take a look. You'll be moved upstairs soon-

JESSICA

(desperate)

But he's okay? He'll be okay?

RASH
(confident, kind)
We'll need to support his feeding, and he
may need a bit of oxygen, but he's okay.
Arthur's in good hands.

RASH leaves to phone the NICU. NICOLE and JESSICA remain... An obvious awkward tension between them, as JESSICA studies NICOLE.

NICOLE
I'll take you back to the waiting room
until a paediatric nurse becomes
available-

JESSICA
We know each other, don't we?

On NICOLE. A little sheepish. She nods...

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I sold you a house. On Wyvern Hill-

On JESSICA's flicker of guilt. She picks up ARTHUR, as-

NICOLE
If I wanted to pull out, of the sale...

NICOLE checks around her, conscious of who might hear.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Can I get my deposit back?

JESSICA
(shaking her head)
As long as the building work continues...
then, no...

On NICOLE's cold sweat--

NICOLE
And if it stops?

*
*

JESSICA
You'd be stuck in legal hell. You
wouldn't see a penny back in years,
decades even. Your best bet would be to
sell it on...

NICOLE
(throat drying)
Do you want to follow me?

JESSICA steps out of the cubicle but pauses for a moment-- Rocking ARTHUR in her arms...

JESSICA
I didn't know about the chemicals... I
swear.

NICOLE exhales and her professional mask falls, revealing a deeply troubled expression underneath. NICOLE and JESSICA move off, passing downbeat CAM on the way to the corridor.

INDIE (O.O.V)

Cam-

CAM slows to see INDIE, as-

INDIE (CONT'D)

You want to do something later?

CAM

I- I don't know. I need to work on these corridor plans-

CAM hesitates-- Clearly struggling, as-

INDIE

(come on)

It's been ages since we hung out. Alan wouldn't have wanted you to be like this-

CAM's eyes gloss at the mention of Alan. INDIE sees his grief.

INDIE (CONT'D)

You did so much for him. You couldn't have done anymore-

CAM

But he still died alone. What if he was scared?

On INDIE's private flicker of shame.

INDIE

Or- or what if he wasn't? What if he was at peace? We won't-

On INDIE's increasing guilt. Hating herself, but-

INDIE (CONT'D)

We'll never know...

CAM nods, takes a shaky breath to try to gather himself.

CAM

I just wish I had one more hour with him to persuade him there was another way-

INDIE

(deflecting)

Have- have you heard any more about when his funeral is?

CAM

(shaking his head)

It can't go ahead until the coroner's report is released tomorrow.

On INDIE's panic. Covering, as-

INDIE

(voice catching)

At least we don't long to wait. You'll feel better when you know more then...

CAM nods, settles--

CAM
(moving off)
I should go- I'll let you know about
later.

INDIE watches CAM go. Fear setting across her face.

CUT TO:

11 **EXT. ED. MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY (09.45)**
(IAIN, SIOBHAN, JAN, TEDDY, ELIF)
(NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

SIOBHAN and JAN (on a HALO shift) flank a fed-up IAIN, marching towards the entrance.

IAIN
She's refusing to get out.

SIOBHAN
Where's security?

IAIN
"On lunch".

JAN
They've already had three lunches this morning.

SIOBHAN
Hungry work, sitting on your backside...

They approach a parked ambulance. It rocks and rattles with whatever or whoever's inside. TEDDY stands at the edge of the doors, stressed--

TEDDY
Come on, Elif- We can't help you if you don't cool it.

ELIF (O.O.V)
I told you- I'm INFECTED.

SIOBHAN, JAN and IAIN join TEDDY, and peer inside. From their POV: **ELIF AKSOY** (30s, eccentric loner. Dresses all in the same colour) stands in the ambulance, breathless. The ambulance is trashed.

ELIF (CONT'D)
This SUPER-bug. It bit me- It was trying to *kill* me- It *hurts*... it HURTS-

IAIN
(to JAN and SIOBHAN)
She's refusing a proper assessment- But I've marked an insect bite, with some swelling on her left ankle-

ELIF
I need something for the PAIN-

JAN
It's like the local NA have shut down. The amount of drink and drugs we've seen this morning-

On IAIN. Surprised by her tone. Light banter, as-

IAIN

Alright, Jan. What side of the bed did you get out of this morning?

SIOBHAN

(in sotto)

The one without the coffee...

JAN waves them away. Light banter, as

IAIN

(to JAN and SIOBHAN)

It could be drug seeking behaviour- or she's in mental health crisis-

SIOBHAN

(re: ELIF)

Has she got history?

IAIN

Psychosis and delusions- Spoke to Mental Health- They're slammed. They won't be down here for another few hours-

JAN

(calm, to ELIF)

It's not safe for you to carry on like this, Elif. If you need pain medication, then we've got to assess you first, love-

But ELIF growls in frustration, grabs the paramedic's iPad and *throws* it in their direction-- SIOBHAN protectively puts an arm around JAN in firing line-- IAIN catches it before it smashes to the ground--

IAIN

Come on, mate. That's expensive-

SIOBHAN and JAN dust themselves off, as-

JAN

(to SIOBHAN)

One of these days...

SIOBHAN

(proud, to JAN)

But not today.

SIOBHAN and JAN share a smirk, before-

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

(back to business)

Okay, Elif... Don't make me play bad cop.

Inside the ambulance, ELIF continues to rattle and rage.

CUT TO:

12 INT. ED. CUBICLES 3 - DAY (09.55)

(JODIE, LAURA, RASH)

(NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

JODIE pushes through rising numbers of NS PATIENTS, pulls back the curtain on a cubicle, to find a sleeping **LAURA BEECH (30s)**, **last seen in episode 22--**

JODIE

(genuine concern)

I saw your name on the board- The staff
from the hotel... They brought you in-

LAURA startles, squinting. She takes in her surroundings, as if working out where she is. There's a swollen, bruised bump on her head and a nasty graze on her chin.

JODIE (CONT'D)

You're in the hospital. Holby ED.

JODIE helps LAURA upright, begins to assess LAURA's head wound.

LAURA

(disorientated)

I know- I'm- I'm alright-

But LAURA grips her head, almost discovering her injuries for the first time. JODIE looks to LAURA. A creeping suspicion, as-

JODIE

It's a nasty bump... How did you do it?

LAURA waivers-- Trying to remember herself. Only-- Her hands jump to her pockets. She curses, wriggles free from JODIE. A flurry of panicked action, as-

LAURA

I need my phone- Is my bag here?

LAURA peers over the side of the bed. Increasingly flustered, as-

LAURA (CONT'D)

I'm meant to be picking up Rubi-

JODIE picks up LAURA's bag, hands it over. LAURA scrambles through it but her phone's not there. More and more worked up, as-

LAURA (CONT'D)

(emotional, voice catching)

I need to call mum-

Searching, scrambling--

JODIE

You can use our phone. Take a breath.

LAURA pauses. On the verge of tears. She tries to gather herself--

JODIE (CONT'D)
(treading carefully)
When did you last drink, Laura?

LAURA's bottom lip wobbles, betraying a truth. LAURA's unable to hold JODIE's eye. A long, helpless silence forms...

LAURA
(voice catching)
It was never easy... Being sober- But
these last few weeks... They've been...

LAURA trails off... Haunted... Before gathering herself, as-

LAURA (CONT'D)
(impassioned)
I don't drink around Rubi... I always
wait until she's in bed, or at my
mum's...

JODIE
I know you might not want to hear this
but there's help available...

LAURA
(shaking her head)
I'm okay- I'm-

Fresh tears gather in LAURA's eyes. JODIE becomes more passionate-

JODIE
Zac's death wasn't on you...

LAURA's skin *crawls* with grief and guilt.

LAURA
It's written. On his death certificate.
(voice catching)
And when Rubi starts asking questions-
About where her brother is- Why she
hasn't grown up with her dad-

LAURA looks to JODIE but JODIE can't argue with that.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I'll have to tell her it's because of me.

JODIE turns to leave, but--

LAURA (CONT'D)
It's my fault...

JODIE
You're wrong.

LAURA
...and Zac's death certificate is proof
of that.

JODIE guiltily looks to LAURA, then moves to the desk alongside RASH.

JODIE
(a little hostile)
Laura Beech... She's relapsed.

RASH looks up, sees LAURA, in a cubicle. Guilt crosses RASH's face, only before JODIE leaves--

RASH
Do you need a doctor?

JODIE pauses, hesitant--

JODIE
I was going to ask Dr Nash to review her
CT-

But RASH determinedly holds out his hand, gestures for LAURA's notes.

RASH
I'm free. I'll take a look.

JODIE's unsure... but reluctantly hands over the notes. RASH takes them, as his guilty gaze returns to LAURA.

CUT TO:

13 INT. ED. RESUS 3 - DAY (10:00)

(SIOBHAN, IAIN, ELIF, FLYNN)
(TEDDY, NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

FLYNN (scrub top over jeans) steps away from a NS PATIENT, strips off his gloves, washes his hands. His head sharply lulls with exhaustion. Beyond his shoulder, the NS PATIENT is wheeled out, only--

SIOBHAN, IAIN and TEDDY burst in with ELIF, now on a gurney. One in, one out. ELIF is an uncontrollable scrum of legs, arms and elbows. Twisting, groaning, talking gibberish, *writhing* in seeming agony.

FLYNN only has to turn around to be in the centre of this tornado.

SIOBHAN

Let's be quick before someone ends up
with a black eye-

TEDDY and IAIN try to restrain ELIF as FLYNN performs a physical examination. It's exhausting, physical work.

IAIN

Elif Aksoy. 30s. History of psychosis.
Complaining of severe pain due to a
"super-bug". There's some swelling,
possible infection but no evidence of a
fracture-

ELIF

Please- PLEASE- I need something for the
pain. I'm telling you- This SUPER bug BIT
me- With *fangs* or something-

ELIF is strong. She struggles under their grip. TEDDY and IAIN are becoming weary of this show. ELIF kicks out---- FLYNN swerves, narrowly missing a foot to his face, as-

IAIN

Careful, Elif-
(to FLYNN)
Do you think we should sedate?

FLYNN's unsure. Shakes his head. Not yet, as-

FLYNN

(gentle)

Ms Aksoy... My name's Dr Byron... Did
this bug have wings? How many legs?

ELIF twists her neck to look at FLYNN. Still kicking out.

ELIF

Tell them to get off me...

FLYNN

Only when you calm down. Talk to me. What
colour was it? Was it big or small?

ELIF considers. Her body anxiously twitching as-

ELIF

I didn't see it- I got bitten a few weeks ago camping- I just woke up this morning and the pain wouldn't stop-

ELIF viciously eyes SIOBHAN, IAIN and TEDDY.

ELIF (CONT'D)

But these lot don't believe me-

FLYNN

(remaining calm)

I believe you...

ELIF pauses. Her kicks and jerks slow a little... FLYNN nods, as-

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Let's take a look. Maybe we can work out what this bug is together?

FLYNN gestures for IAIN and TEDDY to let go. They're unsure but FLYNN eyes them again. They cautiously step away... ELIF groans in pain, but she no longer kicks out.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

And it hurts here?

ELIF allows FLYNN to cautiously feel her ankle. Redness has spread beyond the marked ring. SIOBHAN, IAIN and TEDDY share a look at FLYNN's miracle work. Only, FLYNN's brow furrows at what he feels.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

The area's really hot.

FLYNN moves her ankle through a passive range of motion. ELIF clenches her teeth with pain. A low guttural moan-- Close to tears-- FLYNN curses, as-

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Pain on passive movement-

IAIN

What do you reckon?

FLYNN

I think the pain's real. We need to worry about necrotising fasciitis here- I'm worried the infection is tracking deep- We need to get IV antibiotics in ASAP-

FLYNN quickly drawing up pain relief--

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Has she been given anything? She's in agony-

SIOBHAN

No- We thought it was delusions- *Super-
bugs with fangs?*

IAIN, SIOBHAN and TEDDY share a shocked, guilty look, as-

FLYNN

(to SIOBHAN)

Call X-ray. We need to see if there's any
gas in the tissues. I want her in there
now. We may be too late to catch it- If
we are, there's risk of amputation- This
is life and limb threatening-

SIOBHAN picks up her pace, as-

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Let's give her 1g IV Paracetamol and 5mg
morphine.

FLYNN bends to ELIF's eye-line.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(to ELIF)

The pain should ease up soon, okay?

ELIF looks to FLYNN. A tear falls down ELIF's cheek, in relief.

CUT TO:

14 INT. ED. CUBICLES 3 - DAY (10:10)

(RASH, JODIE, LAURA)

(NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

RASH takes a breath, approaches LAURA. JODIE finishes dressing LAURA's head wound... LAURA's shoulders tighten to see RASH, as-

RASH

Your CT's clear, Mrs Beech. I'm happy to discharge you.

LAURA nods, icily.... But RASH hovers, something he wants to say--

RASH (CONT'D)

I just- I want you to know...

JODIE eyes RASH to be careful. A breath to summon courage, then-

RASH (CONT'D)

I had to list alcohol as a contributory factor on Zac's death certificate. I know you think it was *the* reason, but it wasn't... I still believe the chemicals caused Zac's premature birth.

LAURA blots her eyes, as if trying to push her tears back.

RASH (CONT'D)

It's the *truth*, Laura.

LAURA looks to RASH, as if to say really? Daring to hope...

JODIE

Iain... You know Iain Dean? He's set up a support group. The group needs mothers like you. Mothers' voices like yours.

LAURA intakes a shaky breath, processing...

LAURA

What- What about the other babies? What was written on their death certificates?

But RASH and JODIE share a nervous look, as-

RASH

Other babies were premature but Zac's was the only premature death we know of...

LAURA visibly sinks, withdraws...

RASH (CONT'D)

(stumbling)

But Laura- that doesn't- change what I said-

LAURA

It *does* though.

LAURA shakily wipes her tearful eyes. She stands...

JODIE

Wait- Don't go yet- Let us help you-

...grabs her bag...

LAURA

I can't stop- I've got packing to do.

JODIE

Packing?

LAURA pauses, turning back-

LAURA

I'm going home. Home to Wyvern Hill.

JODIE

It's not safe, Laura-

LAURA

(breaking)

Where's your evidence?

On LAURA. In pain. Heartbreak in her eyes.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(sad, softening)

Where's your evidence...

Gathering herself, as-

LAURA (CONT'D)

The only thing we know for sure is I drank and now my baby's gone... Gone forever...

LAURA moves off. JODIE helplessly watches her leave, as RASH *kicks* himself-- His gaze lingers on LAURA, as she disappears into the crowds of NS PATIENTS and NS STAFF...

CUT TO:

15 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - DAY (10:14)

(SIOBHAN, FLYNN)

(RORY, NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

FLYNN swerves NS PATIENTS and NS STAFF. His gaze fixed on his office window. Through the blinds, he sees RORY asleep on the chair. FLYNN allows himself a small smile. He's about to go inside. His hand on the door handle, only--

SIOBHAN

(pulling attention)

Ms Aksoy's X-ray is in. There's air bubbles.

FLYNN pauses. He takes the tablet from SIOBHAN, reads the results--

FLYNN

Pretty much confirmed necrotising fasciitis.

FLYNN takes one last look at RORY, before racing to Resus. SIOBHAN follows. No time to stop for a second longer, as-

CUT TO:

16 INT. ED. RESUS 3 - DAY (10:17)

(FLYNN, SIOBHAN, CAM)

(ELIF, NS SURGEONS, NS ANAESTHETIST, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

The room is packed with NS SURGEONS. Tense, serious action.

FLYNN

The redness has spread again beyond the markers. She remains tachycardic despite fluid resuscitation-

A NS SURGEON (50s) nods, takes over. FLYNN is about to step back only-- ELIF reaches for his hand, weakly grips it in gratitude. Beyond, the NS SURGEON examines ELIF's ankle, assessing the depth and edges of the damaged skin.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(gentle, to ELIF)

You're okay now, you're good.

FLYNN smiles... A little respite and hope within this morning.

GO TO: SIOBHAN watching this interaction from the back of the room. FLYNN turns to leave. He looks exhausted, only--

SIOBHAN

(quiet, discreet)

Will she lose the foot?

FLYNN

Surgeons think we've caught it in time. If we left it longer, she might not have been as lucky.

On SIOBHAN exhaling a little with relief.

SIOBHAN

Well done, Flynn-

FLYNN wearily shrugs, unable to take the praise--

FLYNN

I'm just doing the job-

CAM

(head around the door)

There's a recuperation facility on line 2 for a Mr Dickson-

FLYNN quickly leaves, as SIOBHAN's guilty gaze falls onto ELIF and the NS SURGEONS who work on her.

CUT TO:

17 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - DAY (10:20)

(MATTY, CALVIN, IONA, FLYNN)
(JODIE, NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

MATTY tries to stay on top of CALVIN's bleeding, as-

MATTY

Are you at least registered with a GP?

CALVIN

(shaking his head)

I never liked going to the doctors...

MATTY

(kind)

No offense taken-

CALVIN smiles but quickly waivers, as-

CALVIN

The more this thing grew- The easier it
got not to know how bad it was- Started
getting changed in the bathroom, 'cos I
knew Iona would force me down the doctors
if she saw it. And I didn't want to go-
Part of me knew-

(bottom lip wobbling)

I'm not scared of dying- That's the deal,
ain't it? But what about Iona, the kids?
What's going to-

Only, the sound of laughter interrupts. The curtain pulls back.
CALVIN coughs to free the lump in his throat-- It's JODIE with
IONA HODGINS (40s), CALVIN's wife. She matches CALVIN's big energy-

IONA

I thought it was a wind-up! You being
here-

IONA talks a million miles a minute. She doesn't register CALVIN's
low mood-

IONA (CONT'D)

He'd have one leg falling off and still
be down the pub- What's Monica done now?

IONA kisses CALVIN's face, rubs her lipstick from his cheek. Only
then does she sense something's off-

IONA (CONT'D)

What? Is something wrong?

CALVIN's eyes are pained. IONA's naivety makes him feel worse--
CALVIN opens his mouth, as if about to tell the truth. IONA holds
her breath, fraught and anxious--

IONA (CONT'D)

Cal, stop. You're scaring me.

MATTY
(saving CALVIN)
Mrs Hodgins-

Only-- CALVIN snorts laughter--

CALVIN
Had you there! Didn't I?!

IONA buckles over in relief, fist bumps CALVIN's arm.

IONA
I'll kill you- I thought you were dying.

CALVIN shakes his head. It's an incredible performance.

CALVIN
Nah, I'll be out soon. It's these young
ones taking their time-

MATTY shares a discreet look with JODIE. Both hating being caught up in this horrible lie, as-

GO TO: FLYNN at the desk, on the phone. A look of relief.

FLYNN
(into the phone)
I appreciate that- Thanks-

FLYNN puts the phone down, enters his office--

CUT TO:

18 INT. ED. CLINICAL LEAD'S OFFICE - DAY (10:21)
(FLYNN, STEVIE)
(NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

The door opens. FLYNN arrives in, mid-sentence--

FLYNN
Sorry- Rory. I've found you a bed in-

But his office is empty. A sudden anxiety *thumps* in FLYNN's chest.
FLYNN's about to back-out but STEVIE's at the door--

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Did you see Rory leave?

STEVIE
No- I haven't-

FLYNN frustratedly growls, swipes files and paperwork-- *flying*
against the wall.

The noise gains the attention of NS STAFF and NS PATIENTS outside.

CUT TO:

19 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - DAY (10:22)

(MATTY)

(JODIE, STEVIE, FLYNN, CALVIN, IONA, NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

MATTY presses more firmly on CALVIN's bleeding sarcoma, as-

MATTY

(to JODIE)

Hold this for a second-

JODIE takes over, as MATTY moves to fetch another inco sheet but his gaze catches on STEVIE quickly shutting the blinds to Flynn's office. On MATTY, troubled.

CUT TO:

20 INT. ED. CLINICAL LEAD'S OFFICE - DAY (10:23)
(FLYNN, STEVIE)

FLYNN paces, agitated. STEVIE sees now, just how wired he is.

FLYNN
I- I should have pushed harder with the
mental health team to keep him in-

STEVIE
Look, I'm going to be the annoying doctor
here but when did you last sleep?

FLYNN looks to STEVIE - *really?*

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Or drink anything that wasn't
caffeinated?

But FLYNN registers her real worry.

FLYNN
I need to find him- He's not well-

On STEVIE's confusion--

STEVIE
Who is he to you?

FLYNN hesitates. STEVIE looks to FLYNN and sees the desperate look
in his eyes, giving way to a secret underneath.

FLYNN
He's my *patient*...

STEVIE
It's cool if you don't want to tell me...
But you know yourself, some people don't
want to be helped.

FLYNN sighs, frustrated at that truth.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
There's nothing more you can do today. Go
home. *Sleep*. You can't treat people when
you're like this-

FLYNN
(defensive)
And what about you? You're not doing too
well either. You're still not taking your
pain medication.

STEVIE twitches a little. A little bite, as-

STEVIE
Don't twist this, Flynn-

But FLYNN's eyes catch on his desk. The remnants of medical paraphernalia he used to treat Rory on the desk. FLYNN scrambles through bandages and equipment, as-

FLYNN
(panic)
I left a box of pills here- But they're gone-

FLYNN and STEVIE share a look. FLYNN doesn't need to explain more than that. On STEVIE. Alert, as-

STEVIE
You *think* you left it? Or you know?

Still looking through the chaos of his desk. Files, pens, everything flying, as-

FLYNN
I- I don't know- I don't know-

STEVIE squeezes her eyes shut. This is bad. Really bad.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
(snapping, angry)
Goddammit-

An unusual loss of cool--

FLYNN (CONT'D)
I knew he lied to the MHA. You don't do what he did this morning without wanting to self-destruct-

STEVIE takes the reins, as-

STEVIE
We'll have to do a stock count to be sure-
(to FLYNN)
Search around the block- He couldn't have gone far-

FLYNN nods, races from the room. STEVIE sighs, stressed, as-

CUT TO:

21 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - DAY (10:24)

(STEVIE)

(FLYNN, NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

FLYNN swings on his coat, strides for the exit. STEVIE follows him out, calling to a nearby NS NURSE--

STEVIE

I need you to open the drugs cupboard.

The NS NURSE drops what she's doing, races after STEVIE. Scrambling in her pockets for the keys. The NS NURSE opens the drugs cupboard, as-

CUT TO:

22 INT. ED. CUBICLES 3 - DAY (10:34)

(JESSICA, RASH, JODIE)

(NS BABY ARTHUR, NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

RASH moves through the department. JESSICA (carrying NS BABY ARTHUR) approaches, as-

JESSICA

Excuse me- Do you know if we'll be seen soon? We've been waiting ages. Only, he's hungry and-

RASH

(shocked)

I asked my colleague to ensure you were seen.

JESSICA shakes her head-- A little fraught, as-

RASH (CONT'D)

I'll call them now. Stay here-

RASH moves to the desk, frustratedly punches a number into the phone. The line rings out, as JODIE approaches. She looks to RASH as if to say is everything okay?

RASH (CONT'D)

Miss Priceman's baby should have been seen *hours* ago- The viral swabs are positive for RSV, confirming bronchiolitis-

But JODIE quickly presses the receiver cancelling the call.

JODIE

(concerned)

Don't burn bridges yet.

RASH puts down the phone. A surprising flash of emotion. He catches himself, turns his back so few can see him.

RASH

What if someone more experienced could have saved Zac? I was in NICU, what? 2 weeks?

JODIE

You did everything you could.

RASH

But my everything wasn't good enough...

RASH returns to the phone, dials again.

RASH (CONT'D)

I can't let Miss Priceman down too...
(into the phone)

(MORE)

RASH (CONT'D)

Dr Masum, ED clinical fellow, we're still
waiting for the paed outreach team to
come and review Arthur Priceman-

On RASH. Wracked with guilt.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. STREET - DAY (10:45)
(FLYNN, STEVIE (O.O.V))
(NS PUBLIC)

FLYNN *sprints* through the streets of Holby. Scanning each face, each shopfront or bar. But no sign of Rory. Phone to his ear, as-

FLYNN
(into his phone)
Are the drugs accounted for?

INTERCUT WITH SCENE 24. A long wait. FLYNN slows. His impatience growing. Eyes darting left to right--

STEVIE (O.O.V)
They're not here, Flynn. They're not here-

FLYNN curses. Angry at himself, more than anything else.

FLYNN
(into his phone)
Count them again. I'll do another lap- He
can't have just disappeared-

FLYNN picks up his speed again. Running as fast as he can, as-

CUT TO:

24 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - DAY (10:45)

(STEVE, FLYNN (O.O.V), NICOLE)

(NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

INTERCUT WITH SCENE 23. STEVIE (phone balanced between her ear and shoulder) and NS NURSE continue to count boxes of medication from the cupboard, tallying them with the records on a tablet, as-

FLYNN

Are the drugs accounted for?

STEVIE

(into the phone)

They're not here, Flynn. They're not here-

STEVIE hears FLYNN curse on the other end of the line.

FLYNN (O.O.V)

Count them again. I'll do another lap- He can't have just disappeared-

The NS NURSE diligently begins to recount from the top.

STEVIE

(to NS NURSE)

Do a recount-

NICOLE

(approaching)

Mrs Webb's notes-

STEVIE takes a tablet from NICOLE. Stretched today, already moving off-

STEVIE

(to NS NURSE)

Call me when it's done.

On STEVIE's anxiety, powering through the doors--

CUT TO:

25 INT. ED. RECEPTION - DAY (10:47)

(STEVIE, MATTY, CAM)

(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

--and into the waiting room. Rows and rows of NS PATIENTS. STEVIE's adrenaline close to the surface, as-

STEVIE

(shouting)

Mrs Webb?

STEVIE cranes to scan the waiting faces-- Only, MATTY catches up with her...

MATTY

(tentative)

Everything okay with Dr Byron?

STEVIE

(ignoring, louder)

Sadie Webb?

CAM

(interrupting)

Have you seen Dr Byron?

On STEVIE trapped. She instinctively steps away from MATTY-

CAM (CONT'D)

(interrupting)

He hasn't got back to me on my corridor plans.

--but MATTY rests a hand on the small of STEVIE's back. STEVIE jumps out of her skin.

STEVIE

(high inclination)

Now's not- a good time Cam.

CAM registers a strange sudden tension. CAM can't quite work out what's going on. STEVIE tries to return to work, as-

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(louder again, scanning)

A Mrs Sadie Webb?

But CAM's confused gaze lingers a little longer on STEVIE and MATTY than STEVIE would like... Before he *finally* backs away... STEVIE turns to MATTY. Discreet, but through gritted teeth--

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Don't you dare do that again.

MATTY smiles at STEVIE losing her cool. He doesn't see the fuss--

MATTY

(what?)

It's only Cam...

STEVIE shakes her head-- Conscious of everyone around them.

STEVIE
(quiet fury)
In here, it's Dr Nash to you.

NS SADIE WEBB (50s) hobbles towards STEVIE, helped by her NS HUSBAND. STEVIE re-wears her professional mask, as-

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Mrs Webb? This way...

MATTY watches STEVIE leave, biting down on his humiliation.

CUT TO:

26 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - DAY (10:56)

(NICOLE, DYLAN, CALVIN, IONA, MATTY)
(NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

CALVIN's leg is now elevated. NICOLE presses down on CALVIN's sarcoma with Celox but blood *spurts* from the wound. NICOLE frustratedly curses--

NICOLE
The bleeding's started to increase- It
appears pulsatile-

DYLAN
(approaching)
Where's Dr Linlaker?

NICOLE shrugs. DYLAN privately tuts--

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(approaching)
Okay, let's get a tourniquet on-

Only, CALVIN winces in pain, though he's unable to cover.

CALVIN
I'll miss- the three o'clock kick off-

IONA watches NICOLE and DYLAN working, suspicion creeping in...

IONA
Screw the footie, Cal...

IONA's eyes fall onto the used bloodied bandages, discarded on the bed sheets. Then she sees a flash of the tumour in full-- Her mouth falls at the size of it. Only-- The panicked beeping of monitors- MATTY quickly arrives, a little rattled. DYLAN resists calling him out, as CALVIN deteriorates.

DYLAN
Heart rate's climbing, BP's dropping-
We'll get him into Resus. Let's get some
blood and TXA going-

IONA
(alert)
What's happening?

CALVIN becomes pale and sweaty. MATTY, NICOLE and DYLAN launch into action, dropping the sides of the bed to transport-

DYLAN
(ignoring IONA)
Let's go-

MATTY and DYLAN move the trolley but IONA's clumsily in their way-

IONA
(desperate)
Tell me- Tell me what's going on?

MATTY catches IONA's eye, guilty... Then to a nearby NS NURSE.

MATTY
(to the NS NURSE)
Can you take Mrs Hodgins to the
relatives' room?

MATTY and DYLAN barrel CALVIN towards Resus-- IONA steps out of
their way.

CUT TO:

27 INT. ED. RESUS 1 - DAY (11:23)

(DYLAN, MATTY)

(CALVIN, NICOLE, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

Moments later. MATTY, NICOLE and DYLAN in a bloody scrum, assessing CALVIN. CALVIN becoming more and more unwell.

DYLAN

I think we're looking at an internal bleed- The tumour's invaded an artery. A CT angiogram will confirm-

DYLAN tightens the tourniquet, as MATTY secures an oxygen mask.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

It needs tightening-

DYLAN uses all his might to tighten the tourniquet even tighter.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Right. That's secured-

MATTY finishes setting up CALVIN's IV. The TXA flooding in--

MATTY

2 units of blood in. I'll see if the lab are ready with more cross match-

DYLAN's eyes flick to the monitors, then-

DYLAN

That's as stable as we're going to get him. Okay, let's go please-

NICOLE and NS STAFF pick up their pace, racing CALVIN out through the double doors-- DYLAN and MATTY remain. MATTY strips off his gloves, goes to wash his hands. DYLAN joins him. Stony-faced.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You've been distracted today. Why?

MATTY can't say but it comes across as sullen.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You can't afford another mistake.

MATTY clenches his jaw, *angry* to keep protecting Stevie. DYLAN waits for him to answer but--

DYLAN (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

If you don't want to pursue this relationship- If things have changed-

DYLAN dries his hands, turns to leave...

DYLAN (CONT'D)

-then I need you to tell me.

On MATTY's sudden guilty realisation-- It's not that, but--

MATTY
(turning to the door)
Dylan...

DYLAN's already gone. On MATTY's frustration.

CUT TO:

28 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - DAY (11:30)

(STEVE, SIOBHAN)

(NS PATIENTS, NS NURSE)

STEVE approaches the NS NURSE returning the boxes to the cupboard. Stealing a moment between NS PATIENTS.

STEVE

How're we looking?

The NS NURSE shakes her head. STEVE curses, as SIOBHAN arrives. Places a box of medication back into the cupboard. STEVE swipes them, reads the label--

SIOBHAN

(tutting)

Sorry- I got sidetracked- Found them lying in Flynn's office earlier- For all the grief he gave others- What's going on?

STEVE quickly dials FLYNN. **INTERCUT SCENE 29.** On SIOBHAN, confused by all the fuss, as-

STEVE

(into the phone)

We've got them Flynn. All medication is accounted for. Rory didn't take them.

On STEVE. A long, relieved exhale.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. STREET - DAY (11:30)

(STEVIE (O.O.V))

(FLYNN, NS PEDESTRIANS)

INTERCUT SCENE 28. FLYNN still sprints, as-

STEVIE (O.O.V)

We've got them Flynn.

FLYNN stumbles to a stop. Breathless.

STEVIE (O.O.V) (CONT'D)

All medication is accounted for. Rory
didn't take them.

FLYNN catches his breath. On FLYNN's relief.

CUT TO:

30 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - DAY (11:43)
(JAN, IAIN, MATTY, JODIE, CAM, IONA)
(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

It's a zoo today. Somehow even busier than before. JAN and IAIN push against the madness. JAN catches on IAIN's troubled look, as-

JAN
(on the move)
What happened to Elif Aksoy. It's not on your head, it's on us all-

IAIN
(on the move)
I know- I know that...

IAIN slows... On JAN's concern to see there's something else.

IAIN (CONT'D)
It's Faith- She doesn't want to be alone with Pearl-

JAN
I'm sure that's not the case...

IAIN sighs. This is *eating* him but before he can reply-- MATTY *crashes* between them, breaking them apart--

JAN (CONT'D)
Iain? Iain- Wait-

But IAIN doesn't turn back. JAN watches IAIN him go, concerned.

GO TO: MATTY arriving at the desk. JODIE and CAM at work.

MATTY
Mr Hodgins CT results are in.

MATTY punches at the computer keys, giving way to his bad mood. JODIE notes it but it's not her business today. She joins MATTY looking at the screen-- Their faces sink at what they see...

JODIE
I've never seen anything like it...

CAM joins them, staring. A morbid fascination.

CAM
I heard about this guy. Was it really bursting through the skin? How long do you reckon he's got?

MATTY
Doubt he'll make it to Christmas-

Only, MATTY's distracted by something beyond JODIE's shoulder.

MATTY (CONT'D)
(feeling awful)
Mrs Hodgins-

It's IONA. Her face ashen, in shock. She heard it all.

IONA
(a little dazed, processing)
I just came to say- thank you for looking
after- Cal- but-

IONA quickly backs away. Shaken and upset-- MATTY curses. JODIE
guiltily gives chase, sprinting through NS PATIENTS to reach her--

CUT TO:

31 INT. ED. RECEPTION - DAY (11:46)

(JODIE, IONA)

(NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

JODIE's on IONA's tail, weaving through NS PATIENTS--

JODIE

Mrs Hodgins- I can't tell you how sorry I am- That was totally unacceptable

IONA pauses. Her body almost shaking at what she's just heard.

JODIE (CONT'D)

(breathless)

I'm so sorry-

IONA looks to JODIE in desperation, as-

IONA

Well, is it true?

JODIE hesitates, then-

JODIE

I can't tell you that-

IONA

Is that thing on his leg? Is it cancer?

JODIE

(guilty, shaking his head)

I'm sorry... I can't-

(discreet)

We can't confirm anything before we run more tests.

But IONA doesn't need to hear it from JODIE. Fresh tears fall. JODIE ushers IONA to sit in a nearby chair. JODIE joins her, as-

IONA

I should have dragged him to the doctors myself when he stopped getting changed in front of me- I ought to have known- But I was too in my own head-

IONA blots at her tears, as-

IONA (CONT'D)

I thought he stopped loving me- That's why he didn't want to- *you know*- any more-

JODIE

No-one's to blame here...

IONA

(scoffing)

I don't know about that. It's been at the back of my mind, you know? Eating at me-

On IONA. A little angrier now, as-

IONA (CONT'D)
Calvin's been a brickie all his life.
Built the first houses on that estate.
The one in the news? Wyvern Hill-

JODIE sits forward, ears pricking--

JODIE
What about it?

IONA
You hear about people getting sick...
Years later, don't you? What if Calvin's
sick because he was digging in that
ground? Day in, day out-

On JODIE's awful realisation.

IONA (CONT'D)
What if it's those chemicals they
found... What if it's the chemicals which
made my Cal sick?

On JODIE. Reeling at the enormity of this.

CUT TO:

32 INT. ED. STAFF ROOM - DAY (12:15)

(AMOL RAJAN (ON LAPTOP), JODIE, NICOLE, STEVIE)
(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

NICOLE watches a news report on a laptop screen, in silent unease.

AMOL RAJAN (ON LAPTOP)
There were celebrations on the Wyvern
Hill Estate this afternoon as residents
were finally allowed to return to their
homes-

JODIE enters, moves to her locker. Ears pricking, as-

AMOL RAJAN (ON LAPTOP) (CONT'D)
-despite questions over the safety of the
land following the discovery of chemical
barrels earlier this month-

NICOLE closes the laptop, moves to her locker. She can feel
JODIE's anger, as-

JODIE
I had a patient today who's cancer's
caused by exposure to the chemicals-

NICOLE twitches a little to hear that, as-

NICOLE
How can you be so sure the two are
related?

JODIE pauses, confused.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
We've got our theories but still no
actual proof.

JODIE laughs, a little shocked.

JODIE
Is this about your deposit?

NICOLE shakes her head. A nerve touched, as-

NICOLE
If they build quickly, then I can sell it
and make my money back.

JODIE
You're happy for whoever buys it to get
sick? For everyone else to get sick?

NICOLE
We can't jump to conclusions-

Only-- STEVIE appears at the door. Urgent, as-

STEVIE

We've got a pre-alert. Major trauma.

STEVIE disappears as fast as she arrives. NICOLE goes to follow--

NICOLE

(pained)

What would you do if it was your cash?

NICOLE leaves. On JODIE. Uneasy.

CUT TO:

33 INT. ED. RESUS CORRIDOR - DAY (12:22)

(IAIN, JACOB, STEVIE)

(MATTY, TEDDY, INDIE, RORY/UNKNOWN MALE, NICOLE, NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

STEVIE powers down the corridor, passing MATTY barrelling the other way. MATTY flanks his own NS PATIENT, brought in by IAIN and TEDDY. We snatch a piece of their conversation, as-

IAIN

(on the move)

-they have a profound left sided weakness with a facial droop. GCS 14 losing one for speech- we have IV access and given 1 gram of IV paracetamol.

STEVIE and MATTY's eyes catch in an angry gaze, holding it until they cross--

IAIN (CONT'D)

(on the move)

-they're also immobilised as a precaution-

But we stay with STEVIE, as she surges towards JACOB and INDIE entering with their own patient, an **UNKNOWN MALE** (18). Clothes cut from him--

JACOB

(on the move)

Male, 18, hit by a car. He has head and facial injuries with a suspected fractured mandible, maxilla and multiple lacerations-

The UNKNOWN MALE's facial features can barely be made out from underneath thick, sticky red blood. The whites of his eyes just visible through swollen, bruised skin. His chest pained, struggling to breathe. He's in a very, very bad way--

STEVIE

(to JACOB)

Get him into Resus 2-

NICOLE sprints to catch up with them--

JACOB

(on the move)

He has extensive chest wall bruising with crepitus on palpation and reduced air entry on the left hand side. Pelvic binder applied and immobilised due to mechanism-

They disappear inside Resus 2--

CUT TO:

34 INT. ED. RESUS 2 - DAY (12:23)

(JACOB, STEVIE, NICOLE)

(INDIE, RORY/UNKNOWN MALE, NS STAFF, NS NURSE, NS PATIENTS, MATTY, TEDDY, IAIN, NS STROKE PATIENT)

*

*

JACOB and INDIE secure the gurney in place. NS NURSE enters, as-

*

JACOB

GCS 11 throughout, sats 97% on 15L with an OPA in situ, HR 109, BP labile 96/64, Resps 30, we've given 1 Gram TXA, 4mg Ondansetron, 500mls sodium chloride, 1 Gram IV Paracetamol and 5mg Morphine.

Slick choreography as NICOLE, NS NURSE and NS STAFF move into position-

*

STEVIE

Okay- Ready? Three, two, one- Slide.

They team heave the UNKNOWN MALE onto the bed. Beyond, STEVIE and MATTY remain in each other's eyeline through the windows.

NS NURSE attaches monitoring. STEVIE launches into the primary survey.

*

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Airway's contaminated with blood. We need to secure it- Can we remove the headblocks?

NICOLE responds, then INDIE hands NS NURSE the UNKNOWN MALE's clothes and shoes. NS NURSE places them on the side, as-

*

*

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Nicole, jaw thrust- Careful-

NICOLE puts him into a jaw thrust though it's hard due to his injuries-- STEVIE gets a BVM on and starts bagging, as-

STEVIE (CONT'D)

We need to intubate- Can someone go through the checklist-

STEVIE's eyes catch on the UNKNOWN MALE's shoes. The distinctive lacing. Ladder method lacing. STEVIE's breathing shallows, staring at the lacing on the UNKNOWN MALE's shoes--

NICOLE continues to work but notes STEVIE's sudden silence. The rest of the room alive-

NICOLE

Stevie- What is it?

STEVIE shakily moves to the UNKNOWN MALE's head. Lifts his head bandages. Sees the colour of his hair. Staring, hovering over him--

STEVIE
Rory... Rory?

We see with her... It's RORY. Machines begin to dangerously trill_ *
as STEVIE strides to the doors and spots RIDA in resus corridor by *
the nurses' station - *

STEVIE (CONT'D)
(to RIDA)
Rida! I need you to call Flynn - *

On STEVIE, moving at a pace we've never seen before. *

CUT TO:

35 INT. ED. RESUS CORRIDOR - DAY (12:26)

(FLYNN (O.O.V), RIDA)

(NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF, NICOLE, STEVIE, RORY, TEDDY, IAIN)

RIDA's on the phone, in bloodied scrubs, TEDDY and IAIN leaving with their trolley. The line ringing out until-

INTERCUT WITH SCENE 36.

FLYNN (O.O.V)

I'm on my way back now-

RIDA

(into the phone)

Dr Byron? It's Rory Dickson. He's in the ED.

FLYNN (O.O.V)

(relief)

Great- Tell him I'm coming. Don't let him leave-

RIDA

(into the phone)

No - he's critical. He's in Resus, Dr Byron.

*

RIDA looks through the Resus windows as NICOLE and STEVIE desperately work on RORY.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. STREET - DAY (12:26)
(FLYNN, RIDA (O.O.V)
(NS PEDESTRIANS)

INTERCUT WITH SCENE 35. FLYNN walks back to the hospital at an easier pace. His phone rings. He answers, as-

FLYNN
I'm on my way back now-

RIDA (V.O)
Dr Byron? It's Rory Dickson. He's in the
ED.

FLYNN smiles, relieved.

FLYNN
Great- Tell him I'm coming. Don't let him
leave-

RIDA (V.O)
He's in Resus, Dr Byron.

On FLYNN's horror. He *sprints* again--

CUT TO:

37 INT. ED. RESUS 2 - DAY (12:28)

(STEVIE, NICOLE)

(RORY, NS NURSE, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS, MATTY, NS STROKE PATIENT)

The scoop is on the side. STEVIE tries a laryngoscopy to intubate but RORY's airway continues to fill with blood.

STEVIE

There's too much blood- I need suction.

A NS NURSE responds, suctions the blood from RORY's throat-

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Tube's not going down- Grade 4 view. We need to move quickly before he gets a hypoxic brain injury- More suction please-

But the suction does little. More and more blood fills RORY's throat. STEVIE growls in frustration, as-

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Let's bag him- and let's get some O-neg going please to counter what's likely an internal bleed-

NICOLE uses a bag valve mask to oxygenate-- STEVIE attempts secure access again. Even more desperate now. Only, the sudden trill of machines--

NICOLE

Heart rate's below 30.

STEVIE feels for a pulse, but-

STEVIE

No central pulse. On the chest.

NICOLE launches into compressions: 1, 2, 3, 4... 1, 2, 3, 4...

STEVIE desperately tries to get the tube down RORY's throat.

NICOLE tirelessly continues: 1, 2, 3, 4... 1, 2, 3, 4...

STEVIE (CONT'D)

There's too much blood-

It's an impossible task.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. STREET - DAY (12:35)
(FLYNN, NS PEDESTRIANS)

FLYNN's trainers *pummel* the pavement. Nearly swerving into NS PEDESTRIANS. Faster and faster, as-

CUT TO:

39 INT. ED. RESUS 2 - DAY (12:36)

(STEVIE, NICOLE, RORY, RIDA, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS,
MATTY, NS STROKE PATIENT)

RIDA enters. NICOLE still on compressions: 1, 2, 3, 4... 1, 2, 3,
4... 1, 2, 3, 4...

NICOLE steps back, RIDA takes over. Just the sound of RIDA's fist
on RORY's chest in this room: 1, 2, 3, 4... 1, 2, 3, 4...

On STEVIE. A dread in her stomach, as-

CUT TO:

40 EXT. ED. MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY (12:41)
(FLYNN, NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

FLYNN runs towards the ED-- Desperation in his eyes-- Close to barging into NS PATIENTS and NS STAFF-- He enters--

CUT TO:

41 INT. ED. MAIN ENTRANCE / RECEPTION / RESUS CORRIDOR
/ RESUS 1 - DAY (12:42)

(MATTY)

(FLYNN, NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF, NS DOCTOR)

FLYNN doesn't stop-- Running through the busy waiting room-- We track his journey in real time-- Every NS PATIENT swerved. Every corner turned--

FLYNN crashes through the doors into Resus Corridor-- Breathless. Not thinking. Just running-- Entering Resus 1. A snatched moment. NS NURSES racing to attach monitoring to a NS PATIENT--

MATTY

(to NS DOCTOR)

We need to begin the primary survey-

MATTY and NS DOCTOR look up from their NS PATIENT, confused by the interruption--

MATTY (CONT'D)

Dr Byron? Is everything-

But FLYNN doesn't stop-- Sprinting through the adjoining doors into Resus 2--

CUT TO:

42 INT. ED. RESUS 2 - DAY (12:43)

(NICOLE, STEVIE, FLYNN)

(RIDA, RORY, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS, MATTY, NS STROKE PATIENT)

FLYNN finally enters. RIDA on compressions as NICOLE and STEVIE step away, having managed to put the tube down RORY's throat. The team look to the monitor for confirmation, then--

NICOLE

Presence of end tidal CO2.

But STEVIE's expression is grave, catching on FLYNN at the doorway.

STEVIE

(shaking her head)

He arrested before I secured the airway-

FLYNN steps closer to RORY-- Takes in the horror of his facial injuries. FLYNN's skin almost turns grey. A beat to get over his initial shock. FLYNN snaps into action. Listens to RORY's chest -

FLYNN

(voice catching)

Are we prepped for bi-lateral thoracostomies?

--pulling off his coat, washing his hands, snapping on gloves--
STEVIE nods--

STEVIE

Yes, but he arrested 3-4 minutes ago.

FLYNN takes this in - pauses for a second. They know the outcome isn't looking good. As they launch into action -

FLYNN

(almost to self)

Identify the 4-5th intercostal space mid auxiliary line.

They line up either side of the bed. STEVIE nods to confirm she's identified.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Off the chest-

NICOLE stands back. FLYNN and STEVIE use scalpels to make an incision, then Spencer Wells forceps to break through the rib space, guiding their finger into chest wall--

STEVIE

I'm in.

A rush of blood pours from either side of RORY's chest. Onto the floor, onto them-- They curse, as-

FLYNN
Lung is down- Prep chest drains.
(to RIDA)
Back on the chest.

STEVIE looks uneasy but continues. RIDA returns to compressions: 1, 2, 3, 4...

A sweat breaks across FLYNN's forehead. More blood pours onto the floor. A sense he's losing control over this situation-- Made worse by more panicked monitor beeping. The blood escaping RORY.

STEVIE
(flustered)
Flynn, this isn't working-

FLYNN hears but he's not listening.

FLYNN
(growling, to RIDA)
Don't stop CPR-

RIDA looks to STEVIE... does she stop? 1, 2, 3, 4...

STEVIE
(as if to say stop)
Flynn...

FLYNN catches on RIDA's hesitation-- Moves her out of the way--

FLYNN delivers chest compressions himself: 1, 2, 3, 4...
Desperate, heavy movements, hammering down on RORY's chest: 1, 2, 3, 4... It's painful to watch for us, for STEVIE, RIDA and NICOLE to watch. The monitors remaining blank. No pulse.

We watch in real time FLYNN's desperation. The longest minute of their lives: 1, 2, 3, 4... 1, 2, 3, 4...

STEVIE gently touches FLYNN's arm, as if to pull him away. 1, 2, 3, 4... 1, 2, 3, 4... 1, 2, 3, 4... A sense he could cry at the loss of his own hope. Still no pulse.

FLYNN
(voice catching)
Pulse check-

FLYNN sniffs up his upset before it breaks him. He steps away, breathless. STEVIE feels for a pulse.

FLYNN squeezes his eyes shut, bracing himself for the inevitable or perhaps to stop the tears, only--

STEVIE
(disbelief, hope)
There's a pulse- We have ROSC- We have
ROSC, Flynn-

FLYNN's legs nearly buckle with relief. A rush of nausea with the surge of energy in the room. STEVIE takes over, as-

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Let's go through the post-ROSC checklist
and get him to CT. Quickly.

On FLYNN. Not quite believing himself. Stumbling back to give space for the team to race RORY from the room.

In the aftermath, FLYNN looks to his civvies stained with blood. The floor covered in blood. His hands covered in blood. FLYNN's face contorts. His eyes stinging red, trying to keep in a rising emotion-- until he finally breaks, allowing a tear to fall.

CUT TO:

43 **OMITTED**

44 **OMITTED**

44A EXT. GV. ED. MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT (19:01)

Ambulances come and go at dusk.

CUT TO:

45 INT. ED. CLINICAL LEAD'S OFFICE - NIGHT (18:30)

(STEVIE, FLYNN)

(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

FLYNN pulls over a fresh jumper, changed out of his bloodied clothes. The door opens. It's STEVIE.

STEVIE

ICU called. He'll be intubated and ventilated for a while yet but... it's positive. He's stable-

FLYNN

I'll head up in a bit-

STEVIE

(tentative)

His parents have just arrived... Maybe give them some space tonight?

FLYNN catches himself, accepting...

STEVIE (CONT'D)

When he wakes up, he'll get the help he needs now.

...but his trauma breaks through as he goes to pick up a glass of water but knocks it over. Water spills across his files, soaking wet paper-- STEVIE helps FLYNN to clean it. But STEVIE sees FLYNN's hands are trembling, fighting more tears...

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Let's get a drink tonight.

FLYNN

I'm meant to be picking up the girls.

STEVIE

Claire will understand-

FLYNN

(a pained smile)

She won't.

STEVIE eyes FLYNN, as if to say come on. On FLYNN unsure...

STEVIE

I don't want to go home either.

FLYNN considers... Then, nods.

FLYNN

I'll meet you out front...

FLYNN rubs at his temples. The day weighing heavy. STEVIE leaves him, concerned.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. GV. HOLBY - NIGHT (19:01)

The city's pulse beats after dark.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. STREET - NIGHT (19:02)

(FLYNN, STEVIE)

(NS DOG WALKER)

Orange street lights illuminate FLYNN and STEVIE's path. FLYNN pops the lid of a beer bottle by bringing it down on the concrete edge-- POP--

FLYNN

(re: STEVIE's beer)

Here- Pass me yours-

But POP-- STEVIE's already cracked the lid off hers.

STEVIE

I taught you how to do that in first year. Don't forget it.

STEVIE smiles to FLYNN but it's clear, as his smile waivers, today's grief hangs over him. They walk, passing NS DOG WALKER.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

You know you can talk to me, don't you?
About Rory, about what happened...

A few more silent steps, until...

FLYNN

Do you think we've changed?

On STEVIE. Thrown by the question...

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Since then- Since uni.

STEVIE

Probably not as much as we'd like.

FLYNN

I've tried to.

STEVIE

Change how?

FLYNN

To be better- To be *good*.

STEVIE

(light sarcasm)

So you devoted yourself to a life of
altruism?

FLYNN laughs a little... The heavy mood broken a touch.

FLYNN

You can talk... You're acting like a
martyr. Punishing yourself for Kim by not
taking your medication.

STEVIE looks to FLYNN. A little emotional.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
You've always been hard on yourself...

STEVIE tries to cover for her unexpected emotion, as-

STEVIE
Guess it's a bad habit I need to break-

FLYNN
There you go again...

STEVIE hesitates, catches on the self-recrimination in her tone.

STEVIE
(a little embarrassed)
So, I haven't changed then-

FLYNN smiles, kind.

FLYNN
I'd never want you to be any different...

FLYNN and STEVIE hold each other's gaze. Only a split second later-- a *CRACK* of thunder-- They both look up to feel the first specks of rain--

FLYNN (CONT'D)
We should find a bar before we drown-

STEVIE nods, FLYNN walks on... But STEVIE hangs back. Her mind still tripping on FLYNN's last words. FLYNN stops, turns but STEVIE catches up with him before her hesitation needs to be explained.

CUT TO:

48 INT. ED. SIDE ROOM 3 - NIGHT (19:34)

(RASH, JESSICA)

(NS BABY ARTHUR, NS PAEDIATRIC OUTREACH NURSE, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

RASH works alongside the NS PAEDIATRIC OUTREACH NURSE treating NS ARTHUR. His eyes flick to the monitor. A small smile at the stable results.

Inside the cot, ARTHUR sleepily wriggles. JESSICA re-enters, crossing with the NS PAEDIATRIC OUTREACH NURSE.

RASH

(to JESSICA)

He's done really well.

But instead of smiles, JESSICA looks more fraught than ever.

RASH (CONT'D)

(to JESSICA)

Arthur's going to be fine, Miss Priceman.

JESSICA

I nearly didn't bring him in- What would have happened then?

RASH

But you did. You trusted your gut.

JESSICA

(scared)

What if my gut's wrong next time?

RASH considers her, then scribbles something on his notepad--

RASH

If you're ever in doubt then here...

Then rips out the page, handing it to JESSICA.

RASH (CONT'D)

Here's my number, okay?

JESSICA takes the scrap of paper. Full of relief and gratitude. She tightly grips this lifeline, as-

CUT TO:

49 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - NIGHT (19:45)

(RIDA, JODIE)

(NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

JODIE aggressively types at the admin's computer, coat on. RIDA passes, on her way out, but pauses to see JODIE at work--

RIDA

You still up for a drink?

But JODIE barely takes her eyes off the screen, as-

JODIE

I can't make tonight-

On RIDA. Hurt and disappointed.

JODIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to find every cancer patient
who's ever stepped foot on Wyvern Hill.

JODIE looks up from the screen-- *Fierce* determination.

JODIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to nail them, Rida. If people
won't accept what's going now, then I'll
show them what's been happening all this
time. For Zac... For Laura-

Only, JODIE catches on RIDA's troubled look, as-

JODIE (CONT'D)

(concern)

Are you okay?

RIDA hesitates-- But smiles, reassuringly.

RIDA

Don't stay too late, okay?

JODIE returns to the computer, as RIDA leaves. She doesn't see
RIDA's face fall.

CUT TO:

50 INT. BAR - NIGHT (20:45)

(FLYNN, STEVIE, CLAIRE (O.O.V))

(NS DRUNK LADS, NS CUSTOMERS, NS BAR STAFF)

FLYNN and STEVIE sit on the far edge of the bar. No-one else around. Their exhaustion makes them a little drunker. We join them mid-conversation. Laughter, a million miles from earlier today, as-

FLYNN

Eloise- The Divisional Director? She rakes me over the coals every Tuesday-

STEVIE

(teasing)

I heard it's the highlight of her week.

FLYNN shudders, then laughs... The conversation naturally dies down... They fall into a rhythm. Subtly glancing at one another when the other isn't looking. A new tentativeness or almost shyness in these interactions. STEVIE considers her next words in this silence, then--

STEVIE (CONT'D)

You were amazing.

FLYNN looks to STEVIE, as-

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Back in Resus. With Rory.

FLYNN's mouth twitches, trying to contain a rising emotion.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

I know you don't want to talk about it, or who Rory is but-

A long pause. This isn't easy... STEVIE almost gives up, but-

FLYNN

He's a second chance.

STEVIE allows FLYNN to go at his own pace...

FLYNN (CONT'D)

In training... We must have been 17... I trained with this guy-

(voice catching)

Adam.

We see how hard this is for FLYNN to recall.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Colonel Bard treated Adam like he treats Rory.

A little bite to his words now, as-

FLYNN (CONT'D)
I believe in discipline, in punishment-
(stopping himself)
Civilians don't get it...

STEVIE
Try me.

FLYNN considers, then--

FLYNN
Strength, mental resilience... When
you're under attack and need to carry the
dead body of your best friend back to
camp- You can't survive without it...

On STEVIE, trying not to react so as not to spook FLYNN.

STEVIE
Adam died in combat?

FLYNN shakes his head, swallows the lump in his throat.

FLYNN
He killed himself. Before he got to
Afghanistan. I know he'd struggled with
depression but-

On FLYNN. His eyes troubled, haunted, dangerous.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
I believe Bard bullied him to death-
(voice catching)
And I did *nothing* to stop it- I didn't
speak out-

STEVIE
What could you have done?

Tears gloss FLYNN's eyes now, as-

FLYNN
I signed a statement- Saying Adam's
suicide had nothing to do with the
Colonel-
(really struggling)
I was too scared to say the truth-

STEVIE
You were a kid, Flynn-

FLYNN
I'm as bad as Jack-

STEVIE
(impassioned)
You're nothing like him- Rory's alive
because of you-

On FLYNN. Suddenly very fragile and vulnerable in this moment.

FLYNN
And what about Adam?

STEVIE
You're not a bully like Jack. *Trust me.*

FLYNN
And neither are you, Nash...

Their gazes lock in this raw silence. They stay like this. The air crackling with an electricity which only comes from exposed truth. This is the forgiveness she needed all along-- Only FLYNN's phone rings, interrupting the moment. ON SCREEN: 'Claire' calling. He doesn't want to, but-

FLYNN (CONT'D)
I should take this-

STEVIE nods. FLYNN takes a few strides away, close to the door, phone to his ear. **INTERCUT WITH SCENE 51.**

FLYNN (CONT'D)
(into his phone)
I'm sorry- I had this patient, Claire. He-
he was in a bad way-

CLAIRE (O.O.V)
I'm not calling to have a go- I thought
you'd want to know Millie won Super
Speller of the week at school today-

FLYNN softens. Trying to hide the raw emotion in his voice, as-

FLYNN
(into his phone)
Yeah? That's great.

FLYNN laughs a little at this moment of lightness.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
(into his phone)
Next stop Oxford...

CLAIRE (O.O.V)
She wore the badge to bed- She wanted to
show you but...

FLYNN's smile waivers with guilt. Only, NS DRUNK LADS stumble into the bar. Jeering, shouting--

CLAIRE (O.O.V) (CONT'D)
Are you in town? Who are you with?

FLYNN looks to STEVIE, hesitates then-

FLYNN
(into his phone)
No-one... I just needed to clear my head.
I'll make it up to Millie...

CLAIRE (O.O.V)
I know...

FLYNN holds his breath, as-

GO TO: STEVIE, watching FLYNN on the phone. He paces, looks to STEVIE but STEVIE quickly cuts eye contact. STEVIE pulls out her own phone, begins to type. She presses send on a message, as-

CUT TO:

51 INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (20:47)
(CLAIRE, FLYNN (O.O.V))

INTERCUT WITH SCENE 50. CLAIRE tidies up kids' toys. Weary--

FLYNN (O.O.V)
I'm sorry- I had this patient, Claire. He-
he was in a bad way-

CLAIRE
(into her phone)
I'm not calling to have a go- I thought
you'd want to know Millie won Super
Speller of the week at school today-

FLYNN (O.O.V)
Yeah? That's great- Next stop Oxford...

CLAIRE pauses, smiles warmly.

CLAIRE
(into her phone)
She wore the badge to bed- She wanted to
show you but...

The sound of drunken, leering voices on the other end of the line,
as-

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(into her phone)
Are you in town? Who are you with?

She waits for Flynn's answer--

FLYNN (O.O.V)
No-one- I just needed to clear my head.
I'll make it up to Millie...

CLAIRE
(into her phone)
I know...

CUT TO:

52 INT. ED. ADMIN/CUBICLES - NIGHT (20:48)

(DYLAN, MATTY, NICOLE)
(NS PATIENTS, NS STAFF)

DYLAN is with a NS PATIENT, a NS NURSE beside him.

DYLAN
A couple of flipped T waves on the last
ECG. Repeat the twelve lead, and call me
when you've got the results?

DYLAN catches on MATTY walking through the department, as-

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(on the move)
I've heard you're responsible for a
massive breach of patient confidentiality-

MATTY braces for a beating, pauses--

DYLAN (CONT'D)
But in this very rare instance Calvin
Hodgins... He's grateful. Said he'd never
been able to tell his wife otherwise.

MATTY shakily exhales.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
In light of this incident, all staff will
be receiving refresher training-

MATTY nods, still guilty.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(softening)
But you're lucky- More than lucky.

MATTY
Thanks... Dylan.

Only, MATTY reads a text from Stevie. ON SCREEN:

STEVIE (TXT)
We can't keep doing this. It's over.

*

On MATTY's upset. DYLAN misconstrues--

DYLAN
(softening)
Did you hear what I said? Mr Hodgins
isn't planning on raising a complaint.

MATTY
I know- and I'm sorry. It's not that. I-

MATTY looks pained. His Stevie secret on the tip of his tongue--

MATTY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. For not being around these
last few weeks-

On DYLAN's relief to hear that, as-

MATTY (CONT'D)
I've had some stuff going on-

DYLAN studies MATTY, confused what this is about.

DYLAN
We can grab a coffee tomorrow. Go through
your training plan-

MATTY
It's not work stuff- There's this girl...

DYLAN shifts awkwardly. Not expecting this *at all*.

MATTY (CONT'D)
She doesn't feel the same way about me- I-
I don't know what to do?

MATTY looks to DYLAN, as if seeking assurance but becomes
embarrassed in DYLAN's awkward hesitation--

MATTY (CONT'D)
Forget it-

NICOLE
(approaching)
Dr Keogh- We've got a cat 1 in Resus-

DYLAN's torn-- Needing to follow, but-

MATTY
Honestly- Forget about it. It's stupid-

DYLAN races after NICOLE, leaving MATTY, hurt and heartbroken.

CUT TO:

53 INT. BAR - NIGHT (20:49)

(FLYNN, STEVIE)

(NS DRUNK LADS, NS CUSTOMERS, NS BAR STAFF)

FLYNN continues to talk with Claire but finally puts the phone down, returning to STEVIE. A little more fraught than before, as-

FLYNN

I probably should go-

FLYNN's gaze still lingers for another beat-- STEVIE hesitates, but nods. FLYNN pulls on his coat. A little uncomfortable with her pain, but--

STEVIE

Do you want to share a cab?

It's almost a dance with words, where it hadn't been before. Each pause and hesitation a step, as-

FLYNN

I'll walk- I need to sober up.

STEVIE nods, perhaps a flicker of disappointment but we can't be sure. STEVIE hugs FLYNN. Their faces naturally close. FLYNN's lips brushing STEVIE's cheek so his mouth is close her ear, as-

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(into STEVIE's ear)

Forgive yourself.

They pull away but only a fraction... Their faces still close.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Take the medication.

This is where they would kiss, we see FLYNN wants to, but he pulls away-- Not allowing himself to go there-- He disappears out of the door. STEVIE stands for a moment. A little thrown by the intensity and honesty of that exchange, as-

CUT TO:

54 EXT. STREET - NIGHT (20:50)

(FLYNN)

(NS PEDESTRIANS)

On FLYNN, walking down the street. A long exhale. Thrown too by whatever that was. A pained look in his eyes, grappling with *something*. Determinedly walking. One foot in front of the other--

A *crackle* of thunder-- It begins to rain. Heavier and heavier. FLYNN continues forwards--

CUT TO:

55 INT. BAR - NIGHT (20:51)

(STEVIE)

(NS CUSTOMERS, NS BAR STAFF)

STEVIE finishes the last dregs of her drink. A NS BAR TENDER says something along the lines of 'do you want another?'

STEVIE

(shaking her head)

I'm good-

STEVIE stands, pulls on her coat. Orders a taxi on her phone, as-

CUT TO:

56 EXT. STREET/RIVERSIDE - NIGHT (20:52)
(FLYNN)
(NS PEDESTRIANS)

The rain even heavier now. FLYNN struggling against it, pulling his coat up towards his chin but it doing little. Troubled, grappling with something until--

FLYNN stops, considers... then turns back in the direction he came. A brisk walk, turning into a jog. Boots pounding the pavement. Faster and faster, running back through the rain--

CUT TO:

56A EXT. BAR - NIGHT (20:52)

(STEVIE)

(NS CUSTOMERS, NS BAR STAFF, NS PEDESTRIANS)

The rain pours down. STEVIE leaves the bar. Checks her phone.
Soaked through to the bone. The taxi's nowhere to be seen.

STEVIE's gaze lingers on the corner Flynn disappeared around, as-

CUT TO:

56B EXT. STREET/RIVERSIDE - NIGHT (20:53)

(FLYNN, STEVIE)
(NS PEDESTRIANS)

FLYNN *runs*. Back to Stevie-- Around the corner and--

A flicker of STEVIE's coat as the door slams. The taxi pulls away.
The street now empty.

On FLYNN. Standing in the rain. Alone. The opportunity gone.

END OF EPISODE.