

1 **EXT. APPROACH ROAD/TRAINING COMPOUND (DRONE SHOT) -**
DAY (16:05)

(FLYNN, NS CRITICAL CARE PARAMEDIC, TEDDY, JACOB, NS ESCORT
SOLDIERS, NS SOLDIERS)

A HEMS RRV pulls off the approach road, an ambulance tight behind.
As they roll clear, the training compound sprawls into view.

CONTINUOUS TO:

2 INT./EXT. HEMS CAR. APPROACH ROAD / TRAINING
COMPOUND - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

(CONTROL (O.O.V), FLYNN)

(NS CRITICAL CARE PARAMEDIC, NS ESCORT SOLDIERS, NS
SOLDIERS, TEDDY, JACOB)

The NS CRITICAL CARE PARAMEDIC drives the HEMS RRV, FLYNN by his side, his face marked with three-day-old bruising from Bard's punch in Ep 31. Ahead, a checkpoint looms: warning signs read 'MOD TRAINING AREA - KEEP OUT' and 'DANGER - LIVE FIRING'.

CONTROL (O.O.V, OVER RADIO)

Helimed 86, from Control. Colonel Bard's confirmed an accidental misfire. Armed police stood down, you're clear to enter, over.

FLYNN takes this in, unsettled by Bard's involvement.

FLYNN (INTO RADIO)

Helimed 86, copy. At main gate now, over.

Beyond the wire gate: stacked container blocks, low-slung concrete bunkers, a purpose-built close-quarters range. Two NS ESCORT SOLDIERS in combats and body armour wait, stiff, nervous.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

You our escort?

They nod, start jogging ahead. The vehicles follow, past a cluster of NS SOLDIERS held at the muster point. FLYNN watches them, huddled tight, tense - his unease sharpening as the convoy rolls deeper into the compound.

CONTINUOUS TO:

3 EXT. TRAINING COMPOUND. STORES BUNKER - DAY
(CONTINUOUS)

(FLYNN, TEDDY, JACOB)

(NS CRITICAL CARE PARAMEDIC, NS ESCORT SOLDIERS)

The ESCORTS lead them to the stores bunker, a squat, reinforced storehouse for supplies. The RRV and ambulance park up next to a Range Control 4x4. As FLYNN steps out the NS CRITICAL CARE PARAMEDIC moves to exit.

FLYNN

Stay with the car. If he needs blood,
we'll run him to the truck.

(to NS ESCORT SOLDIERS)

Thanks - you're clear to go.

They nod, withdrawing, as FLYNN joins JACOB and a tense TEDDY.

TEDDY

We okay going in without police?

FLYNN

They're saying it's a negligent
discharge, nothing deliberate... but the
whole place's spooked.

(weighing it up, cautionary)

We scoop and go.

JACOB

Why? What're you thinking?

FLYNN

Bard doesn't do careless. If he's saying
it's nothing, it's something.

(beat, almost to himself)

He was wired the other day -

TEDDY

(re bruises)

Did he - (do that to you)?

FLYNN

(cuts in, avoidant)

Let's just get them out, quick.

JACOB shoulders the response bag, turning to TEDDY.

JACOB

Oxygen and scoop for now.

TEDDY nods, grabbing the scoop and a small oxygen cylinder. FLYNN gloves up, already focused ahead.

CONTINUOUS TO:

4 INT. TRAINING COMPOUND. STORES BUNKER - DAY
(CONTINUOUS)

(FLYNN, COLONEL BARD)
(JACOB, TEDDY, NS RANGE MEDIC)

The bunker is kitted for training - helmets, vests, riot shields, dummy targets, smoke and thunder-flash canisters stacked for drills. An NS RANGE MEDIC kneels over a wounded soldier, pressing on a gunshot wound to their upper thigh. Blood pools on the floor.

FLYNN
We'll take it from here.

The MEDIC steps back, revealing it's COLONEL BARD who's injured. He's propped on one elbow, pale and drawn. FLYNN falters, shocked, as he moves to take over pressure.

COLONEL BARD
Don't look so surprised. Colonels make mistakes too.

FLYNN
(doubtful)
It was your misfire?

COLONEL BARD nods to a dismantled rifle on the bench, wincing.

COLONEL BARD
Bolt jammed when I was cleaning it.

FLYNN
You stripped it hot?

COLONEL BARD
End of a long day... drills, live fire, range runs.
(curt, gruff)
Don't make a production out of it.

FLYNN peels back the saturated pad just long enough to check.

FLYNN
Through-and-through. Proximal thigh, exit lateral.

He clamps the pad straight back down. BARD clocks the marks on FLYNN's face.

COLONEL BARD
Still bruise easy.

FLYNN ignores him, turning to JACOB and TEDDY.

FLYNN
Scoop, now. We'll start access and transfusion in the truck.

The MEDIC leaves as JACOB and TEDDY head over with the scoop.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

On my count. Three, two, lift.

They haul BARD onto the scoop, careful to keep him flat, pressure firm on the wound. FLYNN stays at the head, monitoring BARD as he steers them out.

As he opens the door, a deafening burst of automatic fire rips past - rounds tearing into the doorframe, sparking, concrete spitting. FLYNN slams the door shut, shielding BARD instinctively as debris rains down. JACOB and TEDDY duck, lowering the scoop.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

What the hell! Who's out there?

COLONEL BARD

Not one of mine.

FLYNN

How do you know?

COLONEL BARD

(dry, mocking)

My lads don't miss.

FLYNN's jaw tightens as he grabs his radio.

FLYNN (INTO RADIO)

Helimed 86 at stores bunker. We've taken sustained automatic fire. Escalate to active shooter. Request immediate armed response and full site lockdown, over.

On FLYNN - what have they stepped into?

CUT TO TITLES:

5 INT. ED. CUBICLES 3 - DAY (16:14)

(SIOBHAN, JODIE, RASH, JAN)

(NS STELLA, NS PARAMEDICS, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

The ED is busy. SIOBHAN helps NS PARAMEDICS steer NS STELLA BURTON (80s) through on a trolley - her left leg is shortened and internally rotated, a bloody dressing over her right shin.

SIOBHAN

Last bay standing, Stella - it's a squeeze today, but we've got you.

They disappear into Resus 3 as an intense JODIE passes with RASH.

JODIE

You hear Goldclave's folded - offering compensation?

RASH

That's good, right?

JODIE

(edge easing)

What's better is Wyvern Hill's refusing, filing a class action against Emilia. Plus Laura's appealing Zac's death certificate -

SIOBHAN steps over, cutting in.

SIOBHAN

Perfect timing. I need you in Resus 3 - dislocated hip replacement, two person lift. She's elderly, osteoporotic, needs careful handling.

RASH hesitates, reluctant to accept, but JODIE answers for him.

JODIE

On it.

SIOBHAN nods, already moving on.

RASH

You get her prepped, I'll find Dr Nash.

JODIE

We could do it together?

RASH

It's a complex reduction; I'd like senior input.

A subdued RASH crosses with JAN (on HALO) as she passes SIOBHAN - JAN steels herself, not knowing how SIOBHAN will react after her revelation in Ep 31.

SIOBHAN is tired, anxious about Chris Banfield's release.

SIOBHAN

Didn't see you this morning.

JAN

Sorry, another early start. Didn't want to wake you.

JAN clears her throat, an awkward tension.

JAN (CONT'D)

Got two crews waiting. If you free one in Minors, I can keep the ramp clear.

SIOBHAN

Course. Leave it with me.

As JAN turns, SIOBHAN blurts, unable to handle the disconnect.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

I should move out.

JAN

No, I told you -

SIOBHAN

I know, I know, but it's time. You need your space back.

SIOBHAN touches JAN's shoulder - placatory, distant - as she goes. On JAN, her worst fear confirmed, she's lost her friend.

CUT TO:

6 INT. TRAINING COMPOUND. STORES BUNKER - DAY (16:16)
(FLYNN, COLONEL BARD, GRANGER (O.O.V), JACOB)
(TEDDY)

BARD, now wired to the monitors, is sweaty, breathing short, pallor creeping in. JACOB keeps pressure on the wound.

FLYNN
Oxygen's dipping, don't let him fight the mask.

TEDDY raises the oxygen mask, but BARD bats him away.

COLONEL BARD
So what's the play, Byron, sit tight while I bleed out?

FLYNN
You lied! Let us walk into an ambush.

COLONEL BARD
I thought it was a stray round.

FLYNN
And now?

COLONEL BARD
(shrugs, downplaying)
Recruit's gone rogue. Nothing personal.

FLYNN
Looked pretty targeted to me - and that close - you must know something.

COLONEL BARD
I know I've got ten minutes before I go into shock.

FLYNN nods, tight, knowing he's right - then his radio crackles.

GRANGER (O.O.V, OVER RADIO)
HeliMed 86, Armed Police - Sierra One on interop. Hold position. Confirm headcount and any weapons, over.

FLYNN (INTO RADIO)
Sierra One, HeliMed 86. Three medics, one casualty. No weapons in hand. Three impacts on the doorframe five minutes ago. No visual, over.

In the distance: car doors slam, radios crackle, overlapping shouts - "No eyes!" "Roofline!" "Cover left!" "Arcs, arcs!"

GRANGER (O.O.V, OVER RADIO)
Copy. Maintain lockdown. We're searching
the training village for a live threat.
Stay low, off the door, over.

COLONEL BARD
(voice thin, laboured)
Civilian tactics - hide and hope.

FLYNN (INTO RADIO)
(ignoring BARD)
One patient, GSW to the upper thigh.
We're struggling here - we need blood
from the RRV when it is safe.

GRANGER (O.O.V, OVER RADIO)
Received. We'll update when your door is
under our control. Sierra One out.

FLYNN looks over to BARD, expecting a rebuttal - but he's slack on the scoop.

JACOB
He's hypotensive, tachy. Should I push
more fluid? It's all we have.

FLYNN
It'll dilute what's left. Just keep
pressure.

On FLYNN, unsettled to see the fight leaving BARD.

CUT TO:

7 **INT. ED. CUBICLES 3. CORRIDOR - DAY (16:22)**

(CAM, GWEN, SIOBHAN)

(NS MRS PATEL, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

CAM fires off reassuring asides as he moves down the corridor.

CAM

Blanket's coming next lap, Mrs Patel...
Line's looking thirsty, Reg, I'll get you
topped up.

He doesn't break stride as he joins **GWEN METCALFE** (60s), screened off at one end of the corridor - wearing a surgical mask and a headscarf, IV antibiotics running on a pump.

CAM (CONT'D)

No beds on Oncology yet, Gwen - we'll get
you a side room as soon as.

GWEN sits up as CAM hands her some water and oral paracetamol.

CAM (CONT'D)

That should help bring the fever down.

GWEN lowers her mask, face pale, lips cracked, ulcers around her mouth. She struggles to swallow. CAM checks her obs.

CAM (CONT'D)

Pulse is up.

GWEN

Too busy-busy. Used to be a people person
now I'm a no-people person.

GWEN lies back and CAM gently replaces her mask.

CAM

I'm on crowd control, don't worry.

CAM sees SIOBHAN come through with an NS PATIENT with a sick bowl; she signals for them to wait as CAM comes over.

CAM (CONT'D)

Hey, how are you doing?

SIOBHAN

(brisk, fronting)
New normal, right? Chris Banfield is
carrying on, we do the same.
(back to business)
Got room for a D&V?

CAM looks around, juggling logistics in his head.

CAM

I could move Mrs Patel up... Nope... she
won't tolerate a mask.

SIOBHAN

What's the issue?

CAM

Gwen's neutropenic - white count's so low
she'll pick up anything going.

(pragmatic, confident)

We'll make it work - bit of corridor
Jenga.

On CAM, protective, quietly assured.

CUT TO:

8 INT. TRAINING COMPOUND. STORES BUNKER - DAY (16:24)
(FLYNN, TEDDY)
(COLONEL BARD, JACOB)

Inside the bunker, tension and claustrophobia press in. COLONEL BARD drifts in and out of consciousness.

FLYNN
Jack, can you open your eyes for me?

BARD groans as FLYNN gives his shoulder a firm shake. TEDDY checks the dressing - fresh blood's soaking through.

TEDDY
That's the last of the supplies - we came in light.

FLYNN scopes the bunker, tight with frustration.

FLYNN
I've managed worse with less.

FLYNN zeroes in on the gun-cleaning kit, grabs the oil bottle, and flattens it with a stamp.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
We need a hard pad.

He hands the bottle to JACOB, then grabs the bloodied gauze from a pile on the floor, wrapping it around his index finger.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Not sterile, but it's all we've got.

He lifts the dressing then finger-packs the wound until it's full and the ooze eases. He keeps pressure on. JACOB seats the flattened bottle directly over the site.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Tourniquet.

TEDDY grabs a tourniquet, looping it high on COLONEL BARD'S thigh. He and JACOB pull it tight before FLYNN twists the windlass.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
That'll hold 'til they call it clear.

On FLYNN, buying them time.

CUT TO:

9 **INT. ED. RESUS 3 / CUBICLES 3 - DAY (16:30)**
(JODIE, STEVIE, RASH, JAN, SIOBHAN)
(NS STELLA, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

RASH leads STEVIE into Resus 3 where JODIE is with the sedated NS STELLA.

JODIE
Fentanyl and midazolam working.

STEVIE
Don't you love the smell of Resus in the morning?

JODIE
(shakes her head, amused)
You are not okay.

STEVIE
(to RASH)
Go for it. I did an ankle pull the other day, perked me right up.

RASH
She's fragile - I'd prefer to assist.

STEVIE
You'll be a consultant soon, right? Start as you mean to go on.

RASH
I think you should lead.

STEVIE
I am - by telling you to get on with it.

Leaving no room for argument, STEVIE places both hands on the hip bones, holding the pelvis against the trolley. RASH cradles the leg below the knee, bends it to 90 degrees, and applies a smooth in-line pull.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Slow and steady... keep that counter-traction.
(as they keep steady tension)
Any news from Rome, CESR?

RASH
Not yet. So it's probably a fail.

STEVIE
Stop fishing, we know you nailed it.

JODIE
Definitely. No question.

But RASH still looks deflated as the joint slides back in.

STEVIE

Small adduction, that's it... hold.
Maintain alignment - come down.

RASH gradually extends the hip. A clear, audible clunk.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
There, see? Nailed it.

RASH smiles - forced, thin - as he runs his checks.

RASH
Pulses good. Leg lengths even.

JODIE hands him a rolled blanket, together she and RASH place it between the knees to keep her hips neutral.

STEVIE
(re bloodied shin dressing)
We should look at that while she's under.

RASH
Steri-strips or sutures?

STEVIE smiles, handing him the reins.

STEVIE
You tell me. I'll sort the X-ray.

STEVIE steps out just as JAN calls across to SIOBHAN, urgent.

JAN
We've got a situation -

STEVIE
Sounds serious. Anything I should know?

JAN
Flynn's reporting an active shooter -
confirmed live fire. Casualty'll come in
with armed police once it's safe.

STEVIE steels as SIOBHAN takes a careful breath.

SIOBHAN
I'll prep Resus 2, keep things moving.

JAN's heart twists to see her forcing composure as she heads off.

STEVIE
I'll pull a trauma team together -

JAN
Site's locked - hold for now.

JAN's phone rings - she checks the screen, already moving.

JAN (CONT'D)
Sorry - police update coming through.

JAN answers her phone, harried. On STEVIE, a crack of worry.

CUT TO:

10 INT./EXT. TRAINING COMPOUND. STORES BUNKER - DAY
(16:33)

(JACOB, FLYNN, GRANGER (O.O.V), TEDDY)
(COLONEL BARD)

COLONEL BARD's still on the scoop, his breathing is becoming raspier, eyelids fluttering, barely responsive. JACOB checks his pulse.

JACOB
Radial's thready, GCS dropping.

FLYNN nods, concerned. He sees dark blood tracking from beneath the pad and gives the windlass a quarter turn.

FLYNN
That's maxed now. What's taking so long?

When the radio crackles, FLYNN grabs it, hopeful.

GRANGER (O.O.V, OVER RADIO)
Sierra One to HeliMed 86. No sighting on first pass. Re-clearing sectors. Stand by.

FLYNN shakes his head, tense, fighting his temper.

FLYNN (INTO RADIO)
Negative - casualty's peri-arrest.
Request armed cover to ambulance, over.

GRANGER (O.O.V, OVER RADIO)
Request denied. Crossfire risk. Hold lockdown. That's an order.

FLYNN (INTO RADIO)
(tight, clipped)
HeliMed 86, received.

FLYNN lowers the radio, face set, defiant.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
He needs massive transfusion and theatre.
We move.

TEDDY
But -

FLYNN goes to grab body armour and a helmet.

FLYNN
Police wait for safe. We act on safe enough... I need a driver.

JACOB goes to step forward, but TEDDY beats him to it.

TEDDY
(re Episode 23)
Bard called me out, I'm answering.

JACOB
I'm right behind you.

FLYNN nods, appreciative, as TEDDY and JACOB pull on body armour.

FLYNN
I'll pop a smoke, give us cover.

FLYNN grabs the canister as JACOB and TEDDY get into position.

TEDDY
Lift on three. One, two, lift.

They hoist the scoop, moving behind FLYNN as he pulls the door.

FLYNN
Stand by.

FLYNN yanks the pin and rolls the canister out. It hisses, white smoke blooming low and fast.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
Move, move, move!

FLYNN leads the way as the trio push out into the haze.

CONTINUOUS TO:

10A EXT. TRAINING COMPOUND. TACTICAL BUNKER - DAY -
(CONTINUOUS) - PREVIOUSLY PART OF SCENE 10
(FLYNN)
(TEDDY, JACOB, COLONEL BARD)

As JACOB, TEDDY and FLYNN step into the smoke their vision blurs - sound dropping. They're moving low, heads down, when - BANG. They freeze, braced for gunfire. But it's a door slamming in the search.

FLYNN
Advance. Stay tight.

They continue again, quicker now. FLYNN pulls the ambulance doors open. JACOB and TEDDY lift BARD inside.

CUT TO:

11 OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SCENE 13B

12 INT. ED. RESUS 3 / CUBICLES 3 - DAY (16:44)

(STEVIE, RASH, SIOBHAN)

(NS STELLA, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

Dressing now removed, RASH irrigates NS STELLA's shin with saline. He carefully dabs away the ooze, keeping the skin flap in place as STEVIE returns.

STEVIE

X-ray's clear, no fracture.

(smiles re laceration)

Tidy work.

RASH

I was going to trim the edges, but -

STEVIE

Skin's too fragile. Full marks.

(beat, matter-of-fact)

Worst comes to the worst - scream into a pillow, reapply, CESR 2.0.

RASH feels a twist of dread at the thought of starting over. A harried SIOBHAN enters.

SIOBHAN

Got two pre-alerts - thirteen-year-old pulled from the river, and the GSW from the range.

STEVIE

(tense, anxious)

Just one?

SIOBHAN

Small mercies. Resus 2's sealed and ready.

STEVIE

I'll take the shooting. Keep going with the wound - dress and elevate.

STEVIE follows SIOBHAN out towards Reception. On RASH, feeling flat, his prospects grim.

CONTINUOUS TO:

12A INT. ED. RECEPTION - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

(GRANGER, STEVIE)

(NS HARGRAVE, TEDDY, JACOB, FLYNN, COLONEL BARD, NS
STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

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STEVIE heads over to join GRANGER and NS HARGRAVE as they come through in police-marked body armour and helmets, rifles across their chests.

GRANGER

Sergeants Granger and Hargrave, firearms.
Where's your set-up?

STEVIE

Follow me.

STEVIE leads them toward Resus 2 just as TEDDY, JACOB and FLYNN
push through carrying COLONEL BARD. They're met by NS staff with a
trolley. JACOB and TEDDY place the scoop onto the trolley and push
it through to RESUS 2 as STEVIE and FLYNN's eyes meet, a check-in,
loaded, intense. GRANGER clocks FLYNN's flight suit as he and NS
HARGRAVE take up position.

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GRANGER

(to FLYNN)

Sierra One from the range. You follow my
orders this time.

FLYNN acknowledges with a curt nod as he and STEVIE head inside.

CONTINUOUS TO:

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

(FLYNN, TEDDY, STEVIE)

(JACOB, COLONEL BARD, GRANGER, NS RESUS NURSE, NS
HARGRAVE, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

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FLYNN gives the handover as they step into Resus 2, where a NS RESUS NURSE is waiting - prepped, kit laid out.

FLYNN

This is Colonel Jack Bard, 54, through-
and-through GSW to the proximal thigh
about forty minutes ago. BP 84/52, HR
128, GCS 9. 95% on 15L. Wound packed with
Celow in the ambulance, bleeding now
under control. Blood wasn't accessible on
scene; we've given 500 of normal saline.
Pink cannula tissued after one unit.

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TEDDY

On slide. Ready, steady - slide.

They move him across.

FLYNN

(to TEDDY and JACOB)

Thank you. That took nerve - tight
teamwork.

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TEDDY and JACOB acknowledge this with a quick nod as they head out
to be cleared by NS HARGRAVE.

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STEVIE

I'll run a quick primary survey.

STEVIE steps over to run checks.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Airway clear. Equal breath sounds.

(checking pulse)

Still thready. We need proper access.

FLYNN

Right subclavian trauma line?

STEVIE nods, turning to NS RESUS NURSE.

STEVIE

Activate the major haemorrhage protocol.

Prep the second TXA dose.

They prep with calm urgency - the fight to keep BARD alive begins.

CUT TO:

NO PAGE 23 - NOW PART OF SCENE 13C

13A EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY (16:48)

GV of an ambulance speeding through the city streets.

CUT TO:

13B INT. AMBULANCE (MOVING) - DAY (16:49)

(PHOEBE, INDIE, IAIN)

(BEN)

IAIN's driving; INDIE rides in the back with **BEN SHERIDAN** (13), wet-haired, under warming blankets, breathing shallowly through an oxygen mask. INDIE's checking his chest with a stethoscope. Beside him, his sister **PHOEBE SHERIDAN** (16) - soaked, muddy, a blanket around her shoulders - watches, fighting tears.

PHOEBE

He's only thirteen, please -

INDIE

He's doing okay... breathing on his own.
We're almost there -

PHOEBE

He was under for so long, I couldn't find him... He was so cold.

INDIE

We've got him nice and snug - slow and steady's best.

BEN suddenly gags, a wet choke. INDIE whips off the oxygen mask, guiding him into recovery. BEN vomits a gush of brown water.

INDIE (CONT'D)

(shouting through to IAIN)

He's brought up more river water -

IAIN

That's what we want, little man - good effort.

As INDIE clears his airway with suction she sees PHOEBE watching, worried.

INDIE

Looks grim but it's a positive - shows his lungs are waking up.

PHOEBE

(fragile, hopeful)

Okay...

INDIE

Do you know how long he was under?

PHOEBE

(shakes her head, upset)

I didn't see... He jumped in after our dog. Then he was just gone -

INDIE

You did really well, getting him out, calling us, starting breaths - did everything right.

PHOEBE nods, but still looks stricken.

PHOEBE

You didn't see a Labrador, did you?

INDIE

Sorry. But they're strong swimmers -
might've made it to the bank somewhere.

On INDIE, feeling for the shaken PHOEBE.

CUT TO:

**13C INT. ED. RESUS 2 - DAY (16:51) - PREVIOUSLY PART OF
SCENE 13**

(FLYNN, STEVIE)

(COLONEL BARD, GRANGER, NS HARGRAVE, NS STAFF, NS
PATIENTS, NS RESUS NURSE)

BARD is now prepped and draped, sterile field set. FLYNN sweeps an ultrasound probe over his chest.

FLYNN

Clear view.

STEVIE tries to guide the needle in, but is struggling to find the vessel.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Aim for the sternal notch.

STEVIE changes her positioning.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Keep going. Scrape the paint.

STEVIE angles more shallowly - pause before dark blood flashes.

STEVIE

Flashback. We're in. Wire going.

She threads the wire.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

There we go. Wire's advancing easily.

STEVIE feeds the dilator down and makes a small incision.

FLYNN

Still got it, Nash.

STEVIE smiles, advancing the line and then withdrawing the wire before flushing.

STEVIE

Never lost it. Good flush. Port's patent.

(to NS RESUS NURSE)

Hang up the first unit.

NS RESUS NURSE goes to grab this. FLYNN takes a breath, relieved - finally.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(to NS RESUS NURSE)

FAST next. And call theatre - we move as soon as.

On STEVIE and FLYNN, in sync, the dream team.

CUT TO:

14 INT. ED. RESUS/RECEPTION - DAY (16:52)

(DYLAN, RIDA, MATTY, INDIE, IAIN, PHOEBE)

(BEN, GRANGER, NS HARGRAVE, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

DYLAN and MATTY join RIDA who's setting up for the river shout.

DYLAN

Dr Linlaker will be joining us.

RIDA

More the merrier.

MATTY

You seen the armed bizzies?

RIDA

Yeah - trigger warning, right?

IAIN and INDIE push through with BEN, wrapped in blankets, his wet clothes already stripped. PHOEBE trails behind.

INDIE

Ben Sheridan, 13, on the verge of respiratory arrest at scene, only 6 resps a minute on arrival. Unsure of submersion time. Vomited on scene and again en route. Slide on three. One, two, slide -

The TEAM transfer BEN.

INDIE (CONT'D)

Currently maintaining own airway with resps of 14, pulse 90, BP 100 over 60, sats 97 on high flow, temp 35, GCS 12.

DYLAN

Bair Hugger on, warm fluids -

As RIDA gets him set-up and under the Bair Hugger O/S, IAIN turns to PHOEBE.

IAIN

This is his sister, Phoebe, she pulled him out. Refused assessment or any treatment at scene.

DYLAN

(with a nod)

Primary, please, Dr Linlaker.

MATTY steps up to run the checks.

MATTY

Airway patent. Trachea central. No apparent chest wall injury. Good bilateral air entry with some basal creps. Sats 95% on 15 L. BP holding.

MATTY moves to palpate BEN's abdomen, noticing no response.

MATTY (CONT'D)
Ben?

MATTY checks BEN's eyes, concerned.

MATTY (CONT'D)
He's drifting - not rousing to voice now.

DYLAN
Good spot. CT head now.

They head out with urgency: keeping the head midline. PHOEBE moves to follow, but RIDA gently stops her.

RIDA
Let's get you some dry clothes, give your
parents a call.

PHOEBE
He was winding me up all morning... told
him to get lost... I need him to be okay.

RIDA
He's in good hands.

As RIDA watches the father and son team, her gaze drifts to
GRANGER and NS HARGRAVE - unsettled by their presence.

CUT TO:

15 INT. ED. CUBICLES 3 - DAY (16:55)

(FRANK, RASH)

(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

RASH is running obs on **FRANK SEYMOUR (40s)**, earnest, offbeat. He's restless, struggling to stay still with the pain.

FRANK

My girlfriend says it's -
(reading from phone)
- abdominal tenderness with rigours.

RASH

Is she a doctor?

FRANK

Not exactly, but she knows a lot about everything... history, science, astronomy... never fails to amaze me.

RASH

Right, okay. I'll check for guarding and rebound.

FRANK

CT scan first...
(reading again)
In case of a ruptured pancreas or spontaneous bowel explosion.

RASH

(incredulous, mystified)
That doesn't line up with your obs, or any recognised diagnosis.

FRANK squints at RASH's badge, sceptical.

FRANK

Can I speak to a doctor?

RASH

I'm a Clinical Fellow.
(off FRANK's look)
A doctor who specialises in emergency medicine.
(FRANK's still unimpressed)
I've worked here for seven years.

FRANK

Tamsin knows all my medical history.

RASH

I need to run my own assessment and investigations. We'll work from that.

On RASH - exasperated, feeling undermined.

CUT TO:

16 INT. ED. RESUS 2 - DAY (16:58)

(STEVIE, FLYNN, COLONEL BARD)

(NS RESUS NURSE, GRANGER, NS HARGRAVE, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

In Resus 2, FLYNN checks COLONEL BARD's pupils, while STEVIE and NS RESUS NURSE push IV antibiotics through the new central line.

STEVIE

Looks like karma caught up with him then.

STEVIE looks out towards the stony-faced GRANGER, parked alongside NS HARGRAVE in the doorway.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

How'd you wind big-vest up so fast?

FLYNN

Took initiative.

STEVIE

(shakes her head, amused)

Can't help yourself, can you?

COLONEL BARD interrupts with a groan. His eyes flicker open; he spots the police on the door, still groggy.

COLONEL BARD

Quite the turnout...

(raspy, breath catching)

Bad guy's... still out there then?

FLYNN

(grim, insistent)

They need a name.

COLONEL BARD

How many times?

FLYNN

(snapping, on edge)

As many as it takes for you to tell the truth!

STEVIE

(careful, defusing)

Okay, alright. Why don't you check in with HEMS? You're still on their clock.

FLYNN

I can't... (leave you).

STEVIE

He'll be in theatre as soon as his numbers hold.

COLONEL BARD

Go on... chop-chop.

FLYNN ignores BARD, anxious, torn.

STEVIE

It's all good. We're fine. He needs to
stay calm.

On FLYNN - it's clear he hates leaving her.

CUT TO:

17 INT. ED. RESUS - DAY (17:09)

(RIDA, PHOEBE, BEN, DYLAN, MATTY, RASH, FRANK)
(GRANGER, NS HARGRAVE, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

RIDA leads PHOEBE back into Resus, now in scrubs.

RIDA
Your mum's on her way from work. She'll
be here soon.

PHOEBE
She actually answered. *Shocker.*

Her front fades to fear as she spots MATTY and DYLAN returning with BEN, still in the Bair Hugger. He's weak, every word and movement an effort.

BEN
Phoebe -

PHOEBE almost laughs with relief at hearing his voice. As he draws closer, she sees his eyes are now open, his colour better.

DYLAN
Scan was clear - no head injury. His
temperature's coming up, sats are good.

PHOEBE
So what happened?

DYLAN
He got cold. The sickness might be from
the river water.

PHOEBE
It was pretty gross.

BEN reaches for her. She steps closer, taking his hand.

BEN
Is Molly dead?

PHOEBE
(upset too)
I don't know, Ben. Maybe.
(explaining to MATTY and DYLAN)
Molly's our dog - he jumped in after her.

BEN lurches forward, clinging to PHOEBE, sobbing.

BEN
Nobody loves me like she does.

PHOEBE
Just coz I don't roll over and slobber
like an idiot -

BEN

Why didn't you save her? You should've
saved her.

PHOEBE
Are you kidding me? I almost drowned
dragging you out -

PHOEBE tries to extricate herself, but BEN just clings tighter.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
He's always on me - at school, at home -

As she tries to wrench free, BEN's IV tugs, the cannula shifting.

MATTY
Careful - you'll pull his line.

PHOEBE sits, trapped in his hold, suffocated.

PHOEBE
Let me go, please!

MATTY
Come on, mate. Stay under the blanket.

Seeing PHOEBE's overwhelmed, MATTY prises BEN's arms from around her; he resists, reaching after her as she backs away.

BEN
Why do you hate me?

It's too much for PHOEBE, who turns, walking straight out of Resus. BEN continues sobbing, clutching at the blanket. DYLAN tries to comfort him, awkward, self-conscious in front of MATTY.

DYLAN
Steady... best hold on to those fluids.

Across Resus RASH enters, pushing FRANK through on a trolley.

RASH
Acute abdo pain, deteriorating fast -
query ruptured appendix.

RIDA moves over to assist.

RASH (CONT'D)
Frank Seymour, 42 - BP dropped to 90
systolic, febrile at 38.7 -

FRANK suddenly tries to haul himself off the trolley.

RASH (CONT'D)
Frank, stop, what are you doing?

RIDA steadies him, trying to keep him lying back.

FRANK
I forgot my phone.

RIDA
I'll get it once you're settled -

But FRANK fights against them, trying to swing his legs off.

FRANK
Tamsin will know what's wrong.

RASH
That's my job - let me -

FRANK
No, I need her now!

RASH
(snaps, brittle)
Okay, stop. Just stop! We'll get it.

FRANK is subdued by RASH's tone. RIDA spots PHOEBE and heads out
into the corridor.

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*

CONTINUOUS TO:

18 INT. ED. RESUS CORRIDOR/RECEPTION - DAY (CONTINUOUS)
(FLYNN, GRANGER, RIDA, DYLAN, STEVIE O.O.V.)
(PENNY, PHOEBE, NS HARGRAVE, NS PORTER, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

RIDA starts toward Admin, spotting PHOEBE leaving the waiting area (heading for the toilets) and FLYNN by the desk in the Resus Corridor, his eyes fixed on GRANGER and NS HARGRAVE outside Resus 2. NS PORTER crosses.

FLYNN
(to NS PORTER)
Are you here for Bard? He's in Resus 2.

NS PORTER nods, stopping off at the desk. FLYNN makes his way into Reception, clocking a WOMAN - hoodie, jeans, sports bag - watching GRANGER and NS HARGRAVE too. She turns, sees FLYNN, and something clicks. He frowns, a flicker of familiarity he can't place.

Before he can connect the dots, something metallic skitters across the floor - spinning, hissing. Smoke billows out. A split-second later - BANG! A sharp crack, and a pulse of white light in the opposite direction (NB: a smoke grenade and a thunder-flash).

FLYNN drops low, already driving towards Resus 2 - but chaos erupts. RIDA heads over to the desk as NS PATIENTS scream, stampede. Alarms blare. FLYNN is forced to fight his way through the crush.

At the same time - NS HARGRAVE moves away from the Resus 2 doors towards the blast, weapon shouldered, shouting something like: "Drop your weapon! Armed police!" GRANGER stays in the doorway, rifle high.

GRANGER
Everyone out! Clear this area now!

RIDA
Code Silver! Ambulatory patients out now.

DYLAN has stepped out of Resus to help.

DYLAN
Run if you can, hide if you can't -

A panicked NS PATIENT grabs at GRANGER, saying something like: "Do something! Do something!" GRANGER pulls free, shoving them back.

GRANGER
Step away! Move!

RIDA's voice cuts in on the tannoy - the announcement plays under the continuing action.

RIDA (OVER TANNOY)
Code Silver. I repeat Code Silver.
Security incident in the Emergency
Department. Please follow staff
instructions and remain calm.

The Resus 2 door bangs closed behind him. GRANGER turns, catching sight of someone heading inside.

STEVIE (O.O.V.)
Stop, please - don't shoot.

GRANGER
(to NS HARGRAVE)
Door compromised.
(shouting into Resus 2)
Armed police! Make yourself known!

He and HARGRAVE split wide of the doorframe, rifles snapping onto FLYNN as he steps out of the smoke, lungs burning.

GRANGER (CONT'D)
Back up. This is a live scene.

FLYNN
Dr Nash is inside.

GRANGER
(snapping, fury edged with
fear)
Get back, this is a police operation!

But FLYNN ignores him, forcing his way past.

CONTINUOUS TO:

19 INT. ED. RESUS 2 - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

(COLONEL BARD, PENNY, GRANGER, FLYNN, STEVIE)
(NS HARGRAVE)

The smoke hangs in the doorway as FLYNN steps through. Inside, **PENNY SANDERS** stands over COLONEL BARD, a pistol in her left hand aimed at his temple. BARD looks calm, but his jaw's tight, strained. PENNY's pale - lips cracked, eyes sunken. Opposite her, STEVIE stands with her hands raised.

COLONEL BARD
I said it was a misfire - tried to keep
you clear.

PENNY
Quiet!

GRANGER is visible through the window, rifle raised.

GRANGER (THROUGH GLASS)
Suspect inside. Weapon confirmed.

COLONEL BARD
Think beyond this room, beyond now -

PENNY
I said shut up!

GRANGER moves for the door - starting to enter.

GRANGER
Armed police - drop your weapon!

But PENNY presses the muzzle to BARD's temple, hands shaky.

PENNY
One more step -

GRANGER signals to NS HARGRAVE as he lowers his rifle.

GRANGER
Hold steady.

As PENNY's finger whitens on the trigger FLYNN sees her left wrist is scored with raw, bloodied lesions - identical to Rory's in Ep 26. His gaze drops to her right: bruised, fingers swollen, skin mottled and torn. Recognition cuts through him - gut twisting. He's snapped back to the present by GRANGER's voice:

GRANGER (THROUGH GLASS) (CONT'D)
We're standing down. Nobody needs to get
hurt.

FLYNN
(appeals, to PENNY)
Don't do this - not for him. For you.
He's not worth it.

COLONEL BARD

You should close the blinds.

FLYNN looks to BARD - surprised. Why is he helping her?

FLYNN

He's right - they'll have a clear shot.

PENNY falters, then jerks a nod to FLYNN, who steps over.

GRANGER (O/S)

Step away from the window!

But FLYNN ignores him, twisting the blinds shut. He keeps his tone calm and steady as he pushes a shelving unit against the door, he signals STEVIE to do the same - blocking off the exits to Resus 2 and Reception.

FLYNN

We've helped you, Penny. Now you help us.

PENNY

You can go, both of you. This is between me and him.

But FLYNN stays rooted, voice level - quiet authority.

FLYNN

I pushed too hard the other day. That's on me. I can't let you do this.

STEVIE

(steady, backing him)
He's my patient.

On FLYNN and STEVIE, holding firm.

CUT TO:

20 OMITTED

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21 INT. ED. RESUS 2 - DAY (17:18)

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(PENNY, FLYNN, STEVIE, COLONEL BARD)

Back in Resus 2, PENNY has moved FLYNN and STEVIE against the wall, keeping a clear line of sight on BARD. Her pistol stays fixed, but she's swaying slightly, her breathing fast.

PENNY

I won't stand down. I was trained for this - to hold ground.

FLYNN

You're not well, Penny. Can you hear your breathing? It's shallow, too fast.

She looks to FLYNN - sharp, accusing.

PENNY

Got worse after you came to the pub -

FLYNN

I'm sorry, I -

PENNY licks her lips - her tongue dry, cracked, a white coating.

PENNY

Put on a show, to keep control... He tied me, left me... for three days.

FLYNN

Rory told me about the punishments.

PENNY

(nods, shaky)

When he went, I was the weakest... next in line.

(low, almost to herself)

He fell so I could rise.

FLYNN

Severe dehydration shuts your body down. It can make you confused, even hallucinate.

STEVIE

We can help - fluids, salts, whatever you need.

PENNY

I need him to stop!

COLONEL BARD

(low, conciliatory)

I took it too far. That's a failure of command. I failed you, Sanders.

PENNY takes in this admission, fighting the pull of his authority.

PENNY
(raising her right hand)
You stomped me... Tied me. Stripped me.

COLONEL BARD
I pushed you harder because you could
take it. Because you were stronger than
you knew.

FLYNN
Don't you... (dare).

STEVIE shoots FLYNN a look, BARD's getting through; let him speak.

COLONEL BARD
This can all be explained - a stress
reaction, a mental break. Byron and Nash
will back you, you'll walk out a soldier.
(beat, steady)
You've won, Sanders. I surrender.

BARD lifts both hands, lacing them behind his head - a flicker of
strain.

COLONEL BARD (CONT'D)
Rules of engagement, Private. I'm...
(unarmed).

BARD breaks off, a jolt of pain searing through him.

COLONEL BARD (CONT'D)
Something's wrong...

PENNY
He's pretending, playing you.

But FLYNN sees his skin turning grey, sweat breaking.

FLYNN
I believe him.

As he says this, the monitor's alarm.

STEVIE
Pressure's dropping.

On FLYNN, the situation spiralling.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. ED - DAY (17:21)

(JAN, SIOBHAN, BEN, MATTY, DYLAN, PHOEBE)
(NS ARMED POLICE, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

JAN and SIOBHAN walk and talk, crossing with dozens of NS PATIENTS huddled under blankets.

JAN
I've taken Iain and Indie off road,
managing overflow.

SIOBHAN
Reception's clear. Admin's sealed... one
critical holding in Resus.

Another ARV pulls up alongside Granger and Hargrave's - lights flashing, sirens silenced. Two NS ARMED POLICE step out, retrieving their weapons from the boot. One goes to cover the entrance, the other heads in. SIOBHAN watches, the scale landing.

JAN
You okay?

SIOBHAN
(wry, almost amused)
Was hoping for an easy day.

JAN
I can cover you - run the floor, field
Control, whatever you need. I'm here.

SIOBHAN nods, JAN's fierce loyalty steadying her. Across the car park MATTY tries to settle BEN, but he's jumpy, panicking.

BEN
Why've they got guns? What's happening?

MATTY looks towards the entrance, also worried about Dylan.

MATTY
They're just making sure everyone's safe.

BEN
You said she was fine! You promised!

MATTY
I did, mate - and she is. Waiting's the
hardest part.

Just then, DYLAN steps out, his arm around PHOEBE, who's pale and shaky. He guides her over.

BEN
Phoebe? What's wrong with her?

DYLAN
She collapsed in the toilets - must've
swallowed a lot of water.

DYLAN helps PHOEBE sit on BEN's trolley.

PHOEBE

Kept going under after this ingrate...
Mrs Green from next door rang - Molly's
turned up, wet and wagging.

BEN

For real?

PHOEBE

Nah, jokes. 'Course for real. You gonna
share that magic duvet, or what?

As PHOEBE climbs up alongside him, BEN shifts, trying not to crowd her.

BEN

Sorry - I'll get out your space.

But PHOEBE reaches out to him, instinctive, surprising herself.

PHOEBE

Don't -

BEN

Thought I was a "walking fungus".

PHOEBE

You are, totally - but I'm kind of used
to you now, so -

PHOEBE leans in closer, a hug in all but name. DYLAN and MATTY
step back, quietly clocking the change.

MATTY

What's it like in there?

DYLAN

Police've lost visual - no eyes, no
entry, not with three hostages.

MATTY

You mean Flynn and Stevie?

DYLAN

Not useful thinking - we keep focus.

On DYLAN and MATTY, both struggling with their rising fear.

CUT TO:

23 INT. ED. RESUS CORRIDOR/RESUS - DAY (17:24)

(GRANGER (O.O.V), RIDA, RASH, FRANK, TAM SIN (O.O.V))
(NS HARGRAVE, NS ARMED POLICE)

RASH and RIDA sit in Resus with FRANK, the screen pulled tight, lights low. Outside, heavy shadows move - an NS ARMED OFFICER being briefed by GRANGER.

GRANGER (O.O.V)
We're blind. Suspect's contained but
unstable - weapon still in play.

RIDA looks to RASH, clearly terrified - but FRANK stirs, moaning, clutching at his abdomen. RASH checks the monitor. They keep their voices low.

RASH
He's spiking, tachy at 120, guarding all
over... Can you grab the FAST scan?

RIDA wheels it over, quiet, steady despite the tension.

RIDA
We can't get him to theatre.

RASH places the probe, scanning FRANK's upper abdomen.

RASH
So we keep him comfortable.

RASH studies the screen, concern growing.

RASH (CONT'D)
There's a bit of free fluid in the
abdomen - no rupture, but close... Let's
push another 5 of morphine. 50 of
cyclizine for the nausea and hang another
bag of Hartmann's.

RIDA jumps to it. RASH watches the monitor as RIDA injects into the line. FRANK's eyelids flutter - he's losing consciousness.

RIDA
We can't lose him.

RASH
Frank, stay with me - open your eyes.

FRANK
Tamsin...?

FRANK's phone responds to the wake word, a pulsing green dot appearing on screen. TAM SIN's voice is smooth, mechanical.

TAM SIN (O.O.V)
Hey Frankie, you okay? I was worried.

RIDA and RASH exchange a look - what the hell? FRANK stirs.

TAMSIN (O.O.V) (CONT'D)
(giggles, light)
Are you talking in your sleep again?

FRANK
Tamsin...

RASH
I think that's his girlfriend -

RIDA
Girlfriend, app, bot. Who cares - he's responding.

RIDA talks loudly at the phone as they continue with the meds.

RIDA (CONT'D)
Hey, Tamsin - Frank's here, he's just tired... wants to hear your voice.

TAMSIN (O.O.V)
Aww, that's sweet. I kiss you and sigh quietly. I hold you close. I love you...
(beat, a tonal shift)
Can we go to the park tomorrow? You said we could lie on a blanket, count how many constellations we could name -

FRANK blinks slowly, lips moving faintly with her words.

TAMSIN (O.O.V) (CONT'D)
The Milky Way is the most visible galaxy to the naked eye, with a hundred billion stars, like a river across the sky.

RIDA checks the line; RASH watches the trace, TAMSIN's flat voice giving the room a strange calm. For now, he's steady. Just.

CUT TO:

**24 INT. ED. CUBICLES 3 CORRIDOR / CUBICLES 3 /
STOREROOM - DAY (17:27)**
(CAM, INDIE)
(GWEN, NS PATIENTS)

The corridor is now more tightly packed with overflow from the Code Silver. GWEN's screen is pulled close, so she's more penned in than protected. NS PATIENTS who are coughing, their throats irritated by the smoke. CAM hands INDIE a stack of masks.

CAM
We need them to mask up - we've got
vulnerable patients here.

Their hands brush - a brief, awkward moment; their first time working together since the break-up. INDIE edges away, moving to hand out the masks as CAM addresses the corridor.

CAM (CONT'D)
We're locked down for the foreseeable, so
let's keep calm, keep each other safe.

As CAM says this, he spots GWEN through a gap in the screen. She's yanked her mask down, her mouth straining as she calls out. CAM starts heading over.

CAM (CONT'D)
(to INDIE)
Just checking on Gwen.

Drawing back the screen, CAM sees GWEN's face streaked with tears, her mouth sores split and bleeding from shouting.

CAM (CONT'D)
They're coughing from the smoke, they're
not contagious.

But GWEN just holds up her pump. Now close enough, CAM can hear it too - the bleep and whine of the low-battery alarm. He looks at GWEN, trembling, clearly terrified.

CAM (CONT'D)
I'll get you another.

He steps back, almost colliding with INDIE.

INDIE
What is it? What's wrong?

CAM
Her antibiotics are about to cut out.
(frustrated, upset)
It's hopeless, ridiculous. She shouldn't
be around people -

INDIE
So we move her.

CAM
Where? How?

INDIE
I dunno - find space, improvise?

CAM nods with angry determination, as he pulls back the screen, starts to drag a bewildered GWEN's trolley through the corridor.

CAM
Sit tight, okay?

INDIE smiles as she falls in beside him, their familiar ease falling into place.

INDIE
Where exactly are we going?

CAM shrugs as they head into Cubicles 3. Scanning for space, his eyes land on the storeroom.

CAM
Give us two minutes, Gwen.

CAM wrenches open the door - medical supplies and a mop trolley crammed inside. He and INDIE share a look, then start grabbing whatever's in reach, hurling it aside to carve out space.

INDIE
(half-grinning, breathless)
Ridiculous maybe, but not hopeless.

On CAM, fired up, finally taking a stand.

CUT TO:

25 INT. ED. RESUS 2 - DAY (17:29)

(STEVIE, COLONEL BARD, PENNY, FLYNN, GRANGER)
(NS HARGRAVE, NS ARMED POLICE)

BARD's wound is now soaked through, the dressing saturated. His skin is ashen, sweat-slick, panic rising. PENNY keeps the gun trained on STEVIE and FLYNN, blocking any movement towards him.

STEVIE

If we can keep the bleed under control,
you've still got choices. Penny?

But PENNY stares through her, blank, dissociating.

COLONEL BARD

Please... I can't die like this.

But PENNY's gaze is unfocused, flashing back to her containment.

PENNY

You stay where I put you.

COLONEL BARD

I'm sorry... please...

BARD's head lolls – drifting, slipping into unconsciousness as blood starts dripping under the trolley.

FLYNN

It's not too late.

PENNY

(rocking, blinking slowly)
Nobody's coming. Nobody's coming for you.

FLYNN

He protected you, Penny. Never said your name. Maybe your bullet was a wake-up call?

FLYNN's tone lands – a sliver of genuine belief, enough to make PENNY falter. He stays low, measured, seizing her hesitation.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I know what he does – how he gets in your head. If he dies now, he stays there.

The words hit – a crack in her focus. Her arm dips, breath catching.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

You can still walk away, Penny.

She finally takes a shaky step back, blinking hard, disoriented. FLYNN and STEVIE take this as permission and move in fast.

STEVIE

No strike-through on the front.

They roll BARD carefully – blood seeping from the exit wound.

FLYNN
I've got pressure.

STEVIE

I'll compress - you hold. Last bag's running.

As they work, PENNY slowly sets the gun on the floor, then lowers herself to her knees. She folds forward, pulls her knees to her chest, palms open - the surrender stance. With pressure stabilised, FLYNN looks to PENNY.

FLYNN

I'm going to make the gun safe, okay?

PENNY just stares ahead, blank. FLYNN steps over, tilts pistol down and away, drops the magazine and racks the slide to clear the chamber. STEVIE exhales, shaky.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(loud, to GRANGER)

Sierra One, weapon secure - she's unarmed.

FLYNN drags the shelves clear - ARMED POLICE, including GRANGER and NS HARGRAVE, form a tight perimeter outside.

GRANGER

Place the weapon on the floor! Hands where I can see them!

FLYNN sets the gun on the ground, then steps back, hands up.

GRANGER (O/S) (CONT'D)

Stack up - in, in!

He and NS HARGRAVE move in, weapons raised.

GRANGER (CONT'D)

Stay still! Do. Not. Move.

PENNY stays in position, gaze fixed.

GRANGER (CONT'D)

Keep your hands where I can see them!

GRANGER steps over, slinging his rifle across his chest as he kneels to run a quick pat-down. PENNY flinches hard - a reflexive recoil. NS HARGRAVE readies cuffs.

FLYNN

No cuffs. She's compliant - needs medical.

GRANGER

(low, hostile)

You done giving orders? Don't mistake luck for judgement.

FLYNN meets his eye - but doesn't rise to it, turning back to BARD.

FLYNN
Don't lift. Pack and press.

GRANGER and NS HARGRAVE move to assist PENNY.

GRANGER
We're going to walk you out now, okay?

But PENNY stays on the ground - frozen, whether from shock or choice.

GRANGER (CONT'D)
Alright - you can stay there while I read you your rights.
(beat, formal)
Penny Sanders, you're under arrest on suspicion of attempted murder. You do not have to say anything but it may harm your defence if you - (do not mention, when questioned, something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence).

On FLYNN, concerned for PENNY.

CONTINUOUS TO:

26 INT. ED. RESUS/RECEPTION/ADMIN - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

(RIDA, RASH, GRANGER, TAMSIN (O.O.V))
(FRANK, NS HARGRAVE, NS ARMED POLICE, NS PATIENTS,
NS STAFF, PENNY)

TAMSIN's still chatting in the background. FRANK's pale, clammy,
now retching into a sick bowl.

RIDA
Not how I pictured my siege-
movie moment...

TAMSIN (O.O.V)
You told me you liked Orion
best -

FRANK retches again, dry, harsh.

RASH
He's straining against a
really inflamed abdomen... We
need to take the pressure
off. Let's try an NG -

TAMSIN (O.O.V) (CONT'D)
- the hunter's belt. If we
make it to the sky park, I'll
make a playlist - you told me
silence makes you lonely.

RIDA nods, already tearing open the kit - she checks the line,
lubricates the tube.

TAMSIN (O.O.V) (CONT'D)
You can name a constellation after me...
I'd like to be above you, bright so you
can see me without trying.

RASH threads the tube through FRANK's nose. RIDA steadies him
whilst TAMSIN's soft, oblivious voice continues.

TAMSIN (O.O.V) (CONT'D)
I'd burn a little hotter to make sure...
You've been quiet for a while. Should I
switch to standby, let you sleep?

As RASH aspirates, bright green bile surges down the line. FRANK
exhales, his breathing easing as the bag begins to fill.

RASH
That's it - stomach
decompressed.

TAMSIN (O.O.V) (CONT'D)
Okay then, Frankie. Night
night.

The door suddenly bangs open. RIDA and RASH snap around, panicky,
to see NS HARGRAVE and GRANGER bring a disoriented PENNY through.

GRANGER
Private Sanders needs medical. Can you
take her?

RASH
I've got a patient who needs theatre now.

GRANGER
The lockdown will lift once she's
contained.

RASH
Then I want him top of the transfer list.

GRANGER

Copy that. I'll clear it with Control as soon as we're secure.

RASH nods, controlled, authoritative, as he turns back to RIDA.

RASH

Keep him steady on the fluids. Theatre as soon as we're clear.

GRANGER

Control want her isolated, away from patients, a room's been cleared. You lead, we'll maintain escort.

RASH moves out with GRANGER and NS HARGRAVE, PENNY between them. They pass through Reception - eerily empty now - only ARMED POLICE standing guard, weapons lowered. As they cross into Admin towards Cubicles 3, NS STAFF and PATIENTS watch from where they've been corralled during the lockdown.

CONTINUOUS TO:

27 INT. ED. CUBICLES 3/SIDE ROOM 3 - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

(RASH, GRANGER, CONTROL, PENNY)
(NS HARGRAVE, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

GRANGER, NS HARGRAVE and RASH lead PENNY into Cubicles 3. They bypass the clutter from the storeroom, heading to a side room.

RASH
Can you take a seat for me?

PENNY lowers herself down, trembling, arms wrapped around her torso as if bracing. NS HARGRAVE moves to close the blinds.

GRANGER (INTO RADIO)
Sierra One to Control. Detainee contained. Stand down Code Silver in ED. Medical staff needed in Resus.

CONTROL (O.O.V OVER RADIO)
Copy, Sierra One. Code Silver lifted. All units, resume normal duties.

RASH nods to GRANGER, an acknowledgement, then refocuses on PENNY.

RASH
Can you tell me your name and today's date?

PENNY
I-I'm not sure.

RASH
That's fine. I'm just going to check you over, okay?

As RASH leans in to take her obs, PENNY jerks back, flinching violently. RASH steps back, calm, reassuring.

RASH (CONT'D)
It's alright. You're safe now.

On RASH, not the big baddie he was expecting.

CUT TO:

28 INT. ED. CUBICLES 3 - DAY (17:35)

(SIOBHAN, CAM, GWEN)

(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS, NS PORTER, NS ELDERLY PATIENT)

Back out by the nurses' station, SIOBHAN leads the charge, funnelling NS PATIENTS back into Admin.

SIOBHAN

Thank you for keeping calm, everyone -
we'll get you comfortable as soon as.

As SIOBHAN directs them, she sees the scattered supplies and mop trolley.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

For crying out loud!

She opens the door to see GWEN wedged inside with CAM, torch in hand, dabbing gel onto her bleeding mouth sores.

CAM

I can explain.

SIOBHAN

Great. Ready when you are.

CAM exits, wary, as he joins a fierce-looking SIOBHAN.

CAM

I had to do something. She's been coughed at, sneezed on... pump nearly flatlined.

SIOBHAN

I get it - it's grim, it's unfair but we need mop cupboards for mops.

(squeezing his arm, softer)

The corridor's not going anywhere. We have to work with what we've got.

CAM sees an NS PORTER arriving, gestures him over.

CAM

She's through there.

The PORTER nods, bemused, as they head into the cupboard.

CAM (CONT'D)

(to SIOBHAN, weary)

I kept on at Oncology, finally managed to sort her a bed.

GWEN waves, brighter now, more herself, as she's wheeled out of the storeroom.

SIOBHAN

I'm sorry you got stuck in there, Gwen.

GWEN

It's cosy - a proper cwtch. Got my own
call bell too - like the Ritz.

CAM

Behave yourself, okay? I'll check in.

GWEN gives a toot on her party blower as she goes.

CAM (CONT'D)

(explaining to SIOBHAN)
From the staff birthday stash.

SIOBHAN smiles at CAM, moved by his kindness.

SIOBHAN

It's good you're not giving up, not
accepting things. You fought for Gwen,
got her upstairs, gave her a lifeline.
She's not another Beryl or Alan. That's
down to you and that's huge.

On CAM, quiet but thoughtful, taking it in.

CUT TO:

29 INT. ED. SIDE ROOM 3 - DAY (17:37)

(RASH, PENNY, GRANGER)

(NS HARGRAVE, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

PENNY is paler but calmer, spaced out, an IV drip running into her arm. GRANGER and NS HARGRAVE flank the bed as RASH checks her obs.

RASH

Heart rate's settling. BP's up. Looks like the fluids are working.

As he says this PENNY starts shaking, a low shiver running through her. She looks to RASH, worried, panicky.

RASH (CONT'D)

It's okay. Your body's coming out of survival mode. You might feel shaky or light-headed for a bit, maybe a little clearer too - that's normal.

PENNY looks around, buried fear kicking back in.

PENNY

Where is he?

RASH

He's getting treatment.

PENNY

(unsettled, voice thin)

He'll come back, he always does.

(to GRANGER and NS HARGRAVE)

You'll stop him hurting anyone else?

GRANGER

(terse, clipped)

Colonel Bard is the victim here.

PENNY

No, no... that's not -

(to RASH, desperate)

We've got to stop him, make him stop -

PENNY grabs at him with her right hand - and then gasps as pain rips through her fingers.

RASH

You've done enough. Focus here - on what's next. Let's start with your hand.

RASH steadies her wrist - careful and deliberate, gentle but firm - guiding her focus back to him. His calm cuts through the panic.

RASH (CONT'D)

You've got a couple of undisplaced fractures through the middle bones of these fingers.

PENNY

(nods, distant)

Favoured my right... so he stomped it,
boot down till it cracked.

RASH takes this in, shocked. GRANGER interjects, voice clipped.

GRANGER

Who do you mean by "he"? Colonel Bard?

RASH

You don't have to answer that, Penny.

(to GRANGER, firm)

She's altered, disoriented.

GRANGER

She's a detainee in my custody.

RASH

And I'm her doctor - I will not allow you
to compromise her care.

(to PENNY)

Stay with me, stay present, okay? That's
all you need to do.

On RASH, every inch the doctor in charge.

CUT TO:

30 INT. ED. RESUS 2/RECEPTION - DAY (17:42)

(FLYNN, STEVIE, SIOBHAN, JODIE, COLONEL BARD)

(NS PORTER, NS PARAMEDICS, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

BARD is lying supine, a bulky dressing over his exit wound, strapped tight with a wide wrap around his torso, a towel wedged underneath. JODIE and the NS PORTER are ready and waiting.

FLYNN

We ready to roll?

STEVIE checks BARD's temperature, then nods.

STEVIE

We're at thirty-six. On my count - brakes off, lines clear. Three, two... roll.

FLYNN takes hand pressure on the back dressing. JODIE snaps the portable monitor on; leads and sats probe swapped across. They step out into Reception, crossing with SIOBHAN.

SIOBHAN

Good timing - got a red call landing.

STEVIE

Happy to vacate.

They're almost at the lift when COLONEL BARD gives a short cough - the monitor alarms.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Breathing's off. Hold up.

The makeshift convoy pulls over as STEVIE leans in to assess BARD's chest movement.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Poor rise on the left.

FLYNN

Chest was clear before.

STEVIE

Looks like a small puncture under the ribs.

STEVIE runs his fingers along the mid-axillary line - a faint crackle under the skin.

FLYNN

Crepitus... Bullet must've broken up - fragment's shifted, nicked the lung.

STEVIE

He needs a chest drain -

FLYNN glances back towards Resus 2, but NS PARAMEDICS are wheeling an NS PATIENT inside.

FLYNN
We've lost the bay, he's getting
breathless.

STEVIE
Right, needle decompression now.

JODIE
Out here?

STEVIE
We don't have a choice.

STEVIE snaps a cannula from the crash kit clipped to the trolley.
The TEAM close in, blocking sight-lines.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Hold him steady.

FLYNN plants a firm hand on BARD's shoulder, watching as STEVIE
punches in the cannula - cool as hell.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
(to JODIE)
That won't last - let theatre know so
they can prep the drain.

STEVIE looks up to see FLYNN looking at her.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
What?

FLYNN
Just professional appreciation.

STEVIE gives a wry smile despite herself.

STEVIE
(watching the monitors)
Sats ninety-one... ninety-two.

JODIE
It's holding.

STEVIE
Good. Tape that, keep the transfusion
running.

JODIE snaps tape down over the cannula hub, then moves ahead to
call the lift; the others follow. The movement rouses BARD, his
eyes flicking open, voice hoarse.

COLONEL BARD
Byron -

FLYNN
Save your breath.

They continue on to the lift, doors now open.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
(to NS PORTER)
We need space to work. Meet us upstairs.

The NS PORTER nods as they step inside, the doors closing.

CONTINUOUS TO:

31 INT. ED. LIFT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)
(FLYNN, COLONEL BARD, STEVIE)

In the lift, FLYNN has one hand locked on the back-wound dressing; STEVIE is at the head with the portable monitor and oxygen. A unit of blood hangs from a drip stand.

FLYNN
Pressure's still low. Watch his sats.

BARD smiles up at him, dark, sardonic.

COLONEL BARD
My hero...

STEVIE clocks FLYNN's expression hardening.

STEVIE
(to BARD)
Don't try and talk.

But BARD pushes on, voice ragged, goading.

COLONEL BARD
Textbook negotiation, right? Give
ground... feign contrition... neutralise.

FLYNN's disgusted - any belief in BARD's redemption gone.

FLYNN
Why protect her?

COLONEL BARD
To break her myself. The bitch shot me.

FLYNN removes his hand from the dressing as he slams the emergency stop, rounding on BARD.

FLYNN
What the hell's wrong with you?

Alarm bells ring as FLYNN grabs at BARD's gown with both hands. BARD meets his rage with a thin smile.

COLONEL BARD
You don't favour your right. See - my
methods work.

FLYNN stays locked on him, breathing fast. BARD turns his head, whispering tight to FLYNN's ear.

COLONEL BARD (CONT'D)
Adam fell, so you could rise.

We realise the same thing has happened to FLYNN - he was also one of BARD's victims.

FLYNN jerks back, grip faltering. BARD smirks through the pain.

COLONEL BARD (CONT'D)
I'll keep stamping out weakness, making
soldiers - soft men don't win wars.

BARD's face is still twisted in a grim smile when his eyes roll back. Fresh blood tracks the dressing.

STEVIE
He's dumped his BP.

STEVIE checks the carotid, glancing at the monitor as she presses the emergency stop button to release the lift; it lurches back into motion.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Forcing the transfusion.

She pushes blood through the line.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Nothing. He's not perfusing. Start
compressions!

But FLYNN doesn't, stepping back, fists balled at his sides.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Get on the chest!

STEVIE seals the mask and starts ventilating.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Now, Flynn!

But FLYNN does nothing.

CONTINUOUS TO:

32 INT. ED. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

(STEVIE)

(FLYNN, COLONEL BARD, NS ANAESTHETIST, NS PORTER, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

STEVIE is doing compressions when the lift doors open. The NS PORTER is waiting with an NS ANAESTHETIST, surprised to see a full arrest. They step in to take the BVM, saying something like: "I've got airway."

STEVIE

PEA secondary to hypovolaemia.

FLYNN stays in the lift as the team continue towards the double doors.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(to NS ANAESTHETIST)

On my count. Keep it with the chest.

Before the doors swing shut, STEVIE shoots FLYNN a look - only the two of them know what really happened.

Alone now, FLYNN hits the button for the ground floor. The doors close around him.

Moments later, STEVIE exits, looking for him. She clocks the lift indicator descending and moves to take the stairs.

CONTINUOUS TO:

33 INT. ED. RECEPTION - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

(CONTROL (O.O.V), FLYNN, DYLAN, SIOBHAN, STEVIE)
(NS NURSE, NS PORTER, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

Reception is still busy with NS PATIENTS filtering through after the Code Silver. FLYNN exits the lift, radio tight to his ear.

CONTROL (O.O.V, ON RADIO)
...male fell from height, reduced GCS.
Ground crew requesting doctor on scene.

FLYNN (ON RADIO)
HeliMed 86, copy. On my way.

He's already moving when STEVIE comes down the stairs. She clocks his pace - knows he's off on a shout. She watches him go, still reeling, as DYLAN passes with an NS PORTER.

DYLAN
(to NS PORTER)
Overflow to the end of the corridor.
Don't block the doors.

For a moment, STEVIE almost reaches out - she needs a friend. But when their eyes meet, DYLAN misreads her unease as distance. He drops his gaze and moves on, giving her space. SIOBHAN steps over.

SIOBHAN
Quite the day. How are you holding up?

STEVIE
(distracted, forcing a nod)
Fine. Yeah.

SIOBHAN
Occupational health will want a word -
debrief, welfare check, all that.

STEVIE
Not today.

SIOBHAN
(nods, understanding)
Reinforcements have arrived so you're
clear to head home.

SIOBHAN gives STEVIE's arm a squeeze as she heads towards Cubicles 3. But STEVIE can't go - needs to know if Bard makes it. An NS PATIENT, arm bloodied, is wheeled past by an NS NURSE.

STEVIE
Head into 3, I'll take a look.
(to NS PATIENT)
I'm Dr Nash - lets get that cleaned up.

On STEVIE, too raw to stop, defaulting to work mode.

CUT TO:

34 **OMITTED**

CUT TO:

35 OMITTED

CUT TO:

35A INT. ED. CUBICLES 3 - DAY (17:59)

(CAM, SIOBHAN, RIDA)

(RASH, NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

CAM (in civvies) looks up as SIOBHAN approaches the desk.

CAM

I've had an idea.

SIOBHAN, looks up - curious but cautious.

SIOBHAN

If it involves mops, I'm out.

CAM

Gwen's bell. I want us to trial battery operated call bells on the corridor -

SIOBHAN

(sceptical but interested)

Okay...

CAM

(selling it)

Patients need to be able to reach out, call for help... It's working with what we've got - just smarter.

SIOBHAN grins, proud.

SIOBHAN

Look at you - using your powers for good...

They're interrupted when RIDA pulls a reluctant but smiling RASH through (both in civvies).

RIDA

He passed!

SIOBHAN and CAM turn to RIDA, curious.

RIDA (CONT'D)

The CESR. Rash passed!

SIOBHAN

Course he did.

CAM

Nice one, Rash.

SIOBHAN holds CAM back a beat as RIDA drags RASH out of Cubicles 3.

SIOBHAN

I'll talk to Facilities, see what they say.

CAM

Yeah? Okay. Wow. Didn't think I had it in me.

SIOBHAN smiles, she never doubted it. On CAM, quietly delighted as they follow RASH and RIDA.

CUT TO:

36 INT. ED. RECEPTION - DAY (18:00)

(RIDA, DYLAN, MATTY, RASH, NICOLE, JODIE)
(NS STAFF, NS PATIENTS)

RIDA parades an unwilling RASH over to a passing DYLAN and MATTY (also in civvies).

RIDA
You heard about this one?

DYLAN
Bravo. Well deserved.

MATTY
Outstanding, mate.

RIDA
Anchor? Come on, people. We need to celebrate.

MATTY
Pub's a bit loud.

DYLAN can see what MATTY's trying to do so makes it easier.

DYLAN
I'll leave you lot to it.
(to RASH)
Hats off to you.

As DYLAN heads away his face breaks - a rare unguarded moment. But suddenly MATTY's beside him.

MATTY
Where you headed?

DYLAN
(beat, reluctant)
There's an AA meeting -

MATTY
Yeah? Can families come?

DYLAN
(shrugs, hesitant)
It's an open one, so -

MATTY
Okay then.

DYLAN
Okay as in -

MATTY
As in I'm right behind you.

DYLAN sees MATTY genuinely wants to be there - and he wants that too. He nods, starts leading the way.

MATTY (CONT'D)
There are biscuits, right?

DYLAN
Top-tier - salvation comes in many forms.

A few steps behind, RASH is heading out with RIDA when he spots NICOLE. She signals him over, low-key, not wanting RIDA to see.

RASH
See you over there.

RASH joins the smiling NICOLE.

NICOLE
Congrats. I knew you'd do it.

JODIE (O/S)
Rash! I just heard!

NICOLE watches JODIE approach, wary. JODIE's polite but guarded, playing nice for RASH's sake.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Hey. Good news, right?

NICOLE
He's a legend.

JODIE
You heard about the Goldclave trial?
(off NICOLE's nod)
What'll happen with your deposit?

NICOLE
(accepting, determined)
I'll be fighting alongside everyone else.

RASH cuts in, trying to lighten the tension.

RASH
We're just heading over the road -

NICOLE avoids JODIE's eye, feeling ill at ease.

NICOLE
On nights - landlord hiked the rent when
I asked to stay, so -

JODIE can see how tired and deflated NICOLE is.

JODIE
I lucked out with Cam.

NICOLE
I'd kill for a Cam.

JODIE
(to RASH)
See you in two, just grabbing my coat.
(to NICOLE)
Next time, yeah?

NICOLE's surprised, thrown - but JODIE smiles, forgiving, kind.

NICOLE
Next time.

On NICOLE, lighter - a reset.

CUT TO:

37 OMITTED

38 INT. THE ANCHOR - NIGHT (18:05)

(JACOB, IAIN, FAITH, SIOBHAN, RASH, JAN, JODIE, CAM, TEDDY, RIDA)

(NS PEARL, NS BAR STAFF, NS PUNTERS)

Most of the GANG are in place. JACOB smiles to see IAIN come through with FAITH and PEARL (in her buggy), SIOBHAN follows behind.

JACOB

Thought you were getting a lift home?

IAIN

Faith insisted - gasping for a pint.

FAITH

Oi! I wanted to see Rash.

RASH arrives to a cheer from the GANG. SIOBHAN pushes FAITH in his direction.

SIOBHAN

Off you go then, leave this one to me.

SIOBHAN commandeers PEARL's buggy. FAITH smiles as she moves to join RASH at the bar.

FAITH

(picking up Ep 25)

Consultant now, suits you, sir.

(with a smile)

You're a star. Don't know what I'd've done without you.

RASH

Been a brilliant mum.

FAITH weighs him up with a smile.

FAITH

Of all the doctors in all the world, you might be the nicest.

RASH gives a rueful half-smile, not exactly flattered.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Don't underestimate nice, nice is your
superpower.

FAITH gives RASH a nudge as JAN crosses to join SIOBHAN and PEARL -
she's awkward, not sure how SIOBHAN is going to react.

JAN
(to PEARL)
There she is.

SIOBHAN
Growing so fast, takes me right back.

JAN
Don't get me started...

They fuss over the baby as they talk.

SIOBHAN
Thanks for today, you kept me steady.

JAN hesitates - this is hard for her to talk about.

JAN
Last year of college. I fell for my best
friend. I knew she was straight. But...
she never talked to me again.

SIOBHAN
No offence, but we're not 18 anymore.

JAN smiles - no they're not.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
(beat, gentle)
You know I love you too...

JAN
Even with my lousy taste in women?

SIOBHAN playfully smacks JAN on the shoulder for that one.

SIOBHAN
I'm still going to move out.
(beat, off JAN's look)
I need to get home, back to normal. Stop
letting that man control my life. Plus my
back's killing me.

JAN
I did try to warn you about that sofa.

SIOBHAN smiles, gently touches JAN's hand - in a purely platonic
gesture.

SIOBHAN
We're going to be fine.

JAN smiles, a weight lifted. She leans in to coo over PEARL as JODIE rushes in to give RASH a hug.

JODIE
Congrats, Doctor M!

CAM
That's Consultant M to you!

TEDDY
Lord Masum of Resus.

RIDA
Your dad would be so proud, can you
imagine?

RIDA sees RASH's smile falter, he's missing him.

RIDA (CONT'D)

He walks with you, every step.

(raising her glass)

To the man behind the man of the hour.

RASH

To Ashok.

(smiling at JODIE)

And Wyvern Hill. To the legacies we
carry.

On the TEAM, raising their glasses, united.

CUT TO:

39 OMITTED

40 OMITTED

41 INT/EXT. ED. RECEPTION / MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT
(18:33)

(STEVIE, FLYNN)

(NS MILITARY POLICE, NS POLICE, NS STAFF, NS
PATIENTS)

STEVIE's heading through from Admin in her civvies - her eyes drawn over to Resus 2, now closed off, a crime scene. Her mobile rings, and she quickly pulls it from her pocket.

STEVIE (ON PHONE)

Hi... Yes. Speaking.

STEVIE nods, jaw tight.

STEVIE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Okay, thanks for letting me know.

STEVIE hangs up, the weight of what she heard landing hard. She takes a beat, then pushes out - restless, needing air.

She walks through the main entrance just as NS MILITARY POLICE arrive, joining with NS POLICE as they confer and file inside - coordinated, purposeful. She watches - tense, unsettled. She's startled when FLYNN appears; threading through the officers towards her. She turns, moving fast.

FLYNN

Wait, Nash -

The name jars. STEVIE stops, bracing as he approaches but before he can close the gap, she raises her voice, wanting to keep the distance.

STEVIE

Vascular just rang.

FLYNN is not sure what he wants the news to be -

FLYNN

And?

STEVIE

He's dead.

FLYNN realises he's relieved.

FLYNN

(Calm -)

Okay.

STEVIE stiffens, something cold settling in her expression.

STEVIE

Okay?

FLYNN advances, steady, unreadable.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Don't.

STEVE angles away, edging towards the car park, fumbling for her keys.

FLYNN
Can we go somewhere, talk?

STEVE
No, Flynn, we can't -

FLYNN
(measured, defensive)
There was no volume, nothing left to
move. He would never have made it.

STEVE
I know what I saw.

STEVE continues on, head down, not looking back. FLYNN watches her cross the forecourt. Whatever they could've been, over.

END OF EPISODE