

CASUALTY: SERIES 15

EPISODE 8

“NO MORE MR NICE GUY”

BY CHRIS JURY.

Patrick is out on his ‘awayday’ with Josh and Finn. Colette has been unexpectantly left in charge of the department and Dan chooses this day, of all days, to roll his sleeves up and help out.

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CHARACTERS

REGULARS:

Colette
Dan
Barney
Holly
Chloe
Patrick
Max
Amy
Josh
Finn

GUESTS:

Laura Sutton
Jenny Atkinson
Graham
George Bryant
Chris Thomas
Fireman
Policeman x 3

LOCATIONS

A & E INTERIORS:

New Corridor
Reception
Admin
Resus
Suture Room
Ambulance Bay
Cubicles
Triage
Staff Room
Relative's Room

A & E EXTERIORS:

Ambulance Bay

OTHERS:

Int/Ext. Street. Ambulance x 3
Ext. Jubilee Gardens
Ext. Montague Ave
Ext Street. RTA.

“NO MORE MR NICE GUY”
By Chris Jury

8/1. EXT. STREET. DAY. [10.05]

AN AMBULANCE SPEEDS THROUGH THE STREETS OF HOLBY.

RADIO (V/O):3026, respond to 76A, Montague Ave, Female patient, fall and injury's. Patient conscious and breathing.

INSIDE, JOSH IS ON THE RADIO. FINLAY IS DRIVING. PATRICK IS IN THE BACK. HE APPEARS BETWEEN JOSH AND PATRICK.

JOSH: From 3026. All received and responding.

FINLAY TURNS ON THE SIREN AND THE AMBULANCE ACCELERATES AWAY.

PATRICK: What've we got?

THIS IS PATRICK'S 'CHALLENGE' DAY OUT WITH THE PARAMEDICS. HE IS WEARING A FLUORESCENT JACKET WITH 'DOCTOR' WRITTEN ON THE BACK.

JOSH: A female injured and lying on the street in Montague Ave.

PATRICK: Montague Ave? That's on the estate up by the park right?

FINLAY: That's right, the Castlebar.

THE AMBULANCE SPEEDS ROUND A CORNER, SIRENS WAILING BUT AHEAD OF THEM A LORRY IS TRYING TO TURN ROUND. THE ROAD IS COMPLETELY BLOCKED AND TRAFFIC IS PILING UP ON BOTH SIDES OF THE JAM. FIN SUCKS AIR THROUGH HIS TEETH TO EXPRESS HIS FRUSTRATION.

JOSH: Just what we need.

FINLAY SLOWS DOWN AND THE AMBULANCE COMES TO A HALT JUST BEFORE A TURNING TO THE RIGHT AND ON THE OTHER SIDE, A TURNING TO THE LEFT.

PATRICK: Hey listen, It's okay, if you turn right down here, you can cut through to Kingsdown Street, through the park and on to Montague Ave that way.

FINLAY LOOKS TO JOSH.

JOSH: Take the left. Then go down Brook Lane and up to the dual carriageway and on to the Castlebar from the roundabout.

FINLAY NODS AND SWINGS THE AMBULANCE TO THE LEFT.

PATRICK: No, Josh, honestly, I'm telling you if you go down Kingsdown St you'll cut five minutes off the journey.

THE AMBULANCE IS TEARING UP THE TARMAC, SIRENS WAILING, LIGHTS FLASHING.

JOSH: Well, that would be true enough apart from the fact they've just made Randall Rd into a pedestrian walk way which makes Kingsdown St a dead-end.

PATRICK: What?

FINLAY: Yeah, it's all traditional cobbles and vegetarian street cafes now.

PATRICK: Randall Rd? When did this happen?

THE AMBULANCE TAKES A BEND FAST, THROWING PATRICK ABOUT A BIT.

JOSH: About two months ago.

PATRICK: So you can't get through that way at all then?

JOSH: That's right.

PATRICK: Sorry, I didn't know.

JOSH: No reason why you should.

FINLAY: After all it's not your job to know is it?

AND THAT'S PATRICK WELL AND TRULY HOIST BY HIS OWN
PETARD. EVEN PATRICK HAS TO SMILE. HE STUFFED HIMSELF
THERE.

PATRICK: I walked into that one didn't I.

FINLAY: Like a lamb to the slaughter.

FINLAY LAUGHS AND HITS THE DUAL CARRIAGEWAY AND THE
AMBULANCE ROARS AWAY.

CUT TO:

8/2. INT. NEW CORRIDOR. DAY. [10.07]

HOLLY HAS ARRIVED AT HOLBY. SHE IS A BIT LATE AND BUSTLES UP THE NEW CORRIDOR AND NEARLY COLLIDES WITH BARNEY COMING OUT OF THE SUTURE ROOM.

HOLLY: Ah, Barney, any news?

BARNEY: Sorry?

HOLLY: Patrick's day out with the Paramedics. The big macho, 'my job's harder than your job' challenge. Has anyone been murdered yet?

THEY WALK TOWARDS RECEPTION.

BARNEY: We don't know they've not been in yet.

HOLLY: I don't know who to feel more sorry for - Josh or Patrick.

BARNEY: It's Finn I feel sorry for. It'll be like trying to umpire McEnroe and Connors.

HOLLY AND BARNEY WALK THROUGH INTO RECEPTION. IT IS A MADHOUSE. ALL THE SEATS ARE FULL. PEOPLE ARE LEANING AGAINST THE WALLS. DOCTORS AND NURSES HURRY TO AND FRO.

HOLLY: Oh, dear, looks like it's going to be one of those days.

BARNEY: Yeah, well, these days, every day is 'one those days' isn't it.

AND THEY GO ON THEIR WAY FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE BUSY RECEPTION REVEALING AMY AT THE DESK STRUGGLING GAMELY TO COPE. A WELL SPOKEN, MIDDLE-AGED MAN, CHRIS THOMAS, GETS TO THE HEAD OF THE LINE.

THOMAS: Hi, listen, I can see you're very busy but I've been waiting over an hour now.....

THOMAS IS OBVIOUSLY A BUSINESSMAN OF SORTS. SHARP SUIT, EXPENSIVE OVERCOAT. HE IS ALSO OBVIOUSLY UNCOMFORTABLE IN THE DEMOCRATIC PANDEMONIUM THAT IS A CASUALTY WAITING ROOM.

AMY: You will be seen as soon as possible, Mr.....

THOMAS: Thomas, Chris Thomas. Yeah but you see the thing is I'm meant to be at a very important meeting.....

AMY: I am sorry Mr Thomas but you can see for yourself the situation....

THOMAS: Yes, but look, it won't take five minutes. It only needs a couple of stitches.

HE HAS A BLOODY HANDKERCHIEF WRAPPED ROUND THE FIRST FINGER OF HIS LEFT HAND.

AMY: I think that's for the doctor to decide, don't you?

THOMAS: [ARCH] That's if I live long enough to see one.

AMY SIGHS - SHE REALLY DOESN'T NEED THIS. THOMAS REALISES BEING STROPPY ISN'T GOING TO GET HIM WHAT HE WANTS AND CHANGES TACTIC.

THOMAS: Sorry, that was unnecessary. I don't want to be a pain. It's just I can't really afford to be sitting around here for hours on end, today of all days.....

AMY: It's okay Mr Thomas. You're right here in the computer and honestly a nurse will see you as soon as they possibly can.

THOMAS: Okay, great. thanks.....

AND AMY HAS ALREADY TURNED TO THE NEXT PATIENT. A SMILING THOMAS TURNS AWAY AND THE SMILE DROPS FROM HIS LIPS. AS HE MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO HIS SEAT HE SHAKES HIS HEAD IN EXASPERATION AND MUTTERS ANGRILY UNDER HIS BREATH.....

THOMAS:Morons.....

CUT TO:

8/3. INT. ADMIN. DAY. [10.12]

IN ADMIN COLETTE IS IN ON THE PHONE TO THE NURSES AGENCY.

COLETTE: I know but she was meant to be here an hour ago.....Hasn't she got a mobile?.....

BUT COLETTE SEES DAN ROBINSON WALK INTO THE DEPARTMENT. SHE ROLLS HER EYES THE LAST THING SHE NEEDS IS THE BOSS SNOOPING ABOUT ON A DAY LIKE THIS.

COLETTE: Oh great. That's all I need.....no, sorry Alan, I wasn't talking about.....hang on a minute Alan...

DAN APPROACHES THE DESK.

COLETTE: Dan, hi.

DAN: Hi. Is Charlie about?

COLETTE: He's just called in actually. The Nannie's not turned up. He's got to stay at home and look after Louis.

DAN: Oh, right. What about Duffy?

COLETTE: It's her day off.

DAN: Oh right. So you're in charge then?

COLETTE: Looks like it.

DAN: And not before time.

COLETTE BLUSHES AT THE LITTLE COMPLIMENT.

DAN: What about Patrick?

COLETTE: No, sorry, it's not his shift. Mind you he'll probably be in later. He's gone out with the paramedics today.

DAN: On his day off?

COLETTE: Yes. I think it was some sort of bet.

DAN NODS ALTHOUGH HE'S NOT EXACTLY SURE HE UNDERSTANDS BUT SUDDENLY COLETTE REMEMBERS SHE IS MEANT TO STILL BE TALKING ON THE PHONE...

COLETTE: Oh, excuse me for a minute will you.....

DAN: Please, carry on. Don't mind me....

COLETTE: [INTO PHONE] Hello, Alan, are you still there?.....Sorry about that.....I know but I really need someone down here ASAP.....

CHLOE COMES UP LOOKING STRESSED AND HARASSED.

CHLOE: Colette, can anyone give me a hand in triage. It's getting ridiculous out there.

COLETTE: Hang on Alan.....[TO CHLOE] I'm sorry Chloe. I'll get someone to come and give you a hand as soon as I can I promise. But the agency nurse hasn't turned up, Charlie's off and what with Adam leaving us in the lurch

CHLOE: I won't hold my breath then.

HOLLY ARRIVES.

HOLLY: Colette this MUA in the suture room.....

HOLLY SPOTS DAN.

COLETTE: [INTO THE PHONE] Look, Alan, I'm going to have go.....

HOLLY: Oh, hello, Dan I didn't see you there I haven't jumped the queue have I?

DAN: Not at all.

BARNEY: Blimey, a queue. How very English.

COLETTE: Yeah, well just get someone over here as soon as possible.....Yeah, bye.

BARNEY: Colette, you haven't seen Spencer have you?

COLETTE HAS FINALLY GOT OFF THE PHONE.

COLETTE: He's not in today. He's on a course.

BARNEY: A bed pushing course, no doubt.

COLETTE WINCES NOT SURE OF DAN'S RESPONSE BUT DAN LAUGHS.

COLETTE: No, it's some daft health and safety thing.

BARNEY: It's just that the CVA in Resus is ready to go up to a ward.

COLETTE: Well, can't you take her up?

CHLOE: Colette, he should be helping me in Triage! I've got a dozen medical expected cases in reception.....

HOLLY: And this woman in the suture room with the wrist fracture. She needs an MUA pretty sharpish. I'll need a nurse to help me manipulate the wrist.

COLETTE: Right.....I see.....I erm.....

COLETTE LOOKS AT THE BOARD. FOR A MOMENT SHE REALLY DOES HAVE NO IDEA WHO TO PUT ON WHAT. EVERYONE IS AWARE THAT THIS IS PARTICULARLY EMBARRASSING IN FRONT OF DAN.

DAN: Well, look I'll tell you what. Why don't I take the CVA up to the ward.

COLETTE: Sorry?

DAN: A bit of 'back to basics' will do me good.

DAN STARTS TO TAKE HIS JACKET OFF.....

COLETTE: No Dan, come on, you don't have to do that, I'm sure we can manage.....

.....AND HANGS IT UP ON A PEG.

DAN: I'm sure you can, but to be honest it's that or write up the Trusts new mission statement and frankly I think helping you lot out might be a tadge more useful, don't you?

BARNEY: You said it.

DAN IS ROLLING UP HIS SLEEVES READY FOR ACTION.

DAN: Come on then where is she?

BARNEY: Follow me.

BARNEY LEADS DAN TOWARDS RESUS. HE THROWS A LOOK BACK TO COLETTE, HOLLY AND CHLOE BEFORE HE DISAPPEARS.

CHLOE: [IRONIC] That was nice of Dan.

COLETTE: Yeah, wasn't it.

COLETTE SMILES BUT CAN'T QUITE DISGUISE THAT KNOT OF FEAR THAT HAS SUDDENLY FILLED HER BELLY.

CUT TO:

8/4. EXT. MONTAGUE AVE. DAY. [10.25]

FINNS AMBULANCE IS APPROACHING A SMALL ESTATE OF COUNCIL MAISONETTE'S ON MONTAGUE AVENUE. A YOUNG WOMAN, LAURA THOMAS, IS SITTING AT THE BOTTOM OF A SET OF STEPS LEADING UP TO A FIRST FLOOR MAISONETTE. THE GLASS DOOR AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS HANGS OPEN. THE UPPER PAIN OF GLASS IS SMASHED. SHE IS BLEEDING PROFUSELY FROM A NASTY WOUND IN HER FOREARM. A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN IS ATTENDING TO THE WOUND WRAPPING TOWELS ROUND IT ETC. JOSH, FINLAY AND PATRICK MOVE INTO THE YOUNG WOMAN.....

JENNY: Oh, thank God you're here. It was an accident. She fell down the stairs and put her hand through the door. It was terrible, I've never seen so much blood.....

JOSH: Okay, okay, Mrs.....?

JENNY: Atkinson, Jenny Atkinson.

JOSH: Well, thanks Mrs Atkinson, you've done well.....

JOSH MOVES INTO THE YOUNG WOMAN.....

LAURA: Done well! It's her fault I'm in this mess!

.....BUT PATRICK IS ALREADY EXAMINING HER.

PATRICK: She's hypovolaemic, I'll get us some IV access.

FINLAY IS LOOKING AT JENNY ATKINSON WHO DOESN'T LOOK WELL HERSELF - GREY SKIN, SWEATING, SUNKEN EYES.

JOSH: Sure. [TO THE YOUNG WOMAN] Hello love my name's Josh, what's your name?

LAURA: Laura Sutton.

JENNY: [TO FINLAY] I only wanted to talk to her.

FINLAY: What about you? Are you okay?

JENNY: Me? Yeah, I'm fine. Just look after Laura.

LAURA: She's not fine. She's out of her head. Just keep her away from me, okay, that's all I ask.

JOSH THROWS A LOOK TO FINLAY.

JOSH: Okay, sure, whatever you say.

PATRICK IS ALL SET TO PUT THE IV IN. JOSH TRIES TO SLOW HIM DOWN A BIT.

JOSH: Hang on, Patrick we better get her into a collar first.

PATRICK HANDS JOSH A COLLAR AND TOGETHER THEY START TO PUT IT ON.

JENNY: Is she going to be okay?

FINLAY: I think she'll live.

JOSH: Have you any pain anywhere else, Laura?

LAURA: My ankle hurts.

FINLAY MOVES INTO EXAMINE LAURA'S ANKLE.

JOSH: This is my colleague Finn.

MEANWHILE JOSH AND PATRICK HAVE FITTED LAURA WITH A NECK COLLAR AND JOSH HAS BEGUN TO REMOVE THE TOWEL FROM LAURA'S WOUND AND IS EXAMINING HER ARM. PATRICK GOES BACK TO PREPARING THE IV.

JOSH: He's going to take a look at your ankle, while I get a clean dressing on this arm of yours.

PATRICK: And I'm Dr Spiller and I'm just going to put a needle into your arm so we can get some fluids into you, replace some of the blood you've lost.....

WHILE HE IS TALKING PATRICK HAS IN FACT PUT THE IV IN.

PATRICK: There we are. All done. I bet you never felt a thing did you?

A SMILING PATRICK IS ALMOST CHARMING. AS JOSH AND FINLAY DO THEIR STUFF THEY EXCHANGE A LOOK. PATRICK'S NOT DOING SO BAD AFTER ALL. FINLAY HAS TAKEN OFF LAURA'S TRAINER AND EXAMINES HER ANKLE. THERE IS A LARGE TENNIS BALL SIZED SWELLING.

FINLAY: This doesn't look to bad Josh. We've got a large amount of swelling but good capillary refill and good sensation.

JENNY: What does that mean?

PATRICK: It means she might have a fracture of the lateral malleolus but until we can get her into x-ray it's hard to tell.

JOSH: [TO JENNY] That's a fractured ankle to you and me, love.
[TURNING TO LAURA] Okay, Laura we'll have you on your way to hospital in just a few minutes.

LAURA GLARES AT JENNY. JOSH AND FINLAY EXCHANGE GLANCES WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT THEN?

CUT TO:

8/5. INT. TRIAGE. DAY. [10.30]

CHRIS THOMAS HAS FINALLY GOT INTO TRIAGE TO SEE CHLOE.

THOMAS: Is this going to take long?

CHLOE REMOVES THE TEA-TOWEL FROM HIS FINGER. IT'S NOT A SERIOUS INJURY BUT THE TOP OF THE FINGER HAS BEEN CUT THOUGH AND IS HANGING ON BY A NARROW PIECE OF SKIN.

CHLOE: I shouldn't think so.

THOMAS: It's just I've got this big business presentation in Edinburgh this evening.

AS HE MOVES HIS HAND THE TOP OF HIS FINGER FLAPS SICKENINGLY LOOSE. THOMAS CANNOT SEE THIS.

CHLOE: Right. How did this happen exactly?

THOMAS: Cutting up mounting boards. Stanley knife slipped.

CHLOE: Ouch.

THOMAS: Yeah. Tell me about. I mean, I'm meant to be an Executive President, I shouldn't be messing about with sellotape and mounting boards. But as usual the morons in the arty farty department let me down. I mean we've all known about this presentation for three months.

CHLOE: Okay, this [THE FINGER] doesn't look to bad Mr Thomas but I think you are going to have to see a doctor.....

THOMAS: What? I thought you were going to deal with it here and now.

CHLOE: No I'm afraid not. My job is just to assess the situation.....

THOMAS: But I've been here over an hour and an half. It's only a cut finger.

CHLOE: Yes, but in a cut this deep it's possible there may be nerve damage. A doctor needs to determine whether or not you need surgery.....

THOMAS: Surgery!

CHLOE: There's no need to be alarmed Mr Thomas. It would only be very minor surgery under a local anesthetic and you'd only be in hospital for a few hours, overnight at most.

THOMAS: Overnight! Oh, no, sorry that just can't happen. This is make or break time. Understand? I *have* to be in Edinburgh for six thirty.

CHLOE: I see.....

THOMAS: And that means I have to catch the three fifteen flight, which means I have to be at the airport at two o'clock.

CHLOE: Well, that's not for three hours Mr Thomas. I'd be surprised if you were still here in three hours.

THOMAS: You reckon?

CHLOE: I reckon. Anyway, if you just wait in reception for a minute I'll see what I can do.

CHLOE SMILES AT THOMAS WHO SEEMS A LITTLE RE-ASSURED.

CUT TO:

8/6. EXT. MONTAGUE AVE. DAY. [10.35]

BACK AT MONTAGUE AVENUE, FINLAY IS PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO LAURA'S LEG SPLINT. JOSH HAS GONE TO THE AMBULANCE TO GET THE STRETCHER/TROLLEY. PATRICK IS STANDING WITH JENNY ATKINSON. HE LOOKS ACROSS AT THE BROKEN GLASS ON THE FRONT DOOR.

PATRICK: [TO JENNY] Is this your house?

LAURA: No, it's not! It's mine.

FINLAY: There, now, that's not too bad is it. A couple more minutes and we can get you on your way to the hospital.

BUT LAURA IS NOT LISTENING. JOSH RETURNS WITH THE STRETCHER/TROLLEY.

LAURA: And if she had left my house when I asked her. None of this would have happened.

JENNY: Laura, I'm so sorry.....

PATRICK: [TO LAURA] Do you want us to call the police?

JENNY: There's no need for the police.....

PATRICK: Mrs Atkinson, if Laura's been assaulted.....

LAURA: I told her if she didn't leave I'd throw her out myself but she still wouldn't go.....

FINLAY AND PATRICK EXCHANGE GLANCES - A BEWILDERED PATRICK SHRUGS 'WHAT DID I SAY?'

JENNY: Look, I'm sorry I shouldn't have gone inside uninvited, I know that.....but I didn't expect her to come at me like that.....

PATRICK: So hang on, are you saying she attacked you.

JENNY: No. she didn't attack me.....

LAURA: I did. I'm entitled. It's my flat. I don't want it messed up by filth like her.

JENNY: She was just trying to push me out of the door.....I was taken by surprise that's all, it's just instinct to get out of the way.....The next thing she's tumbling head over heels down the stairs.....I'm so sorry, it wasn't meant to be like this.....

AND JENNY IS CLOSE TO TEARS.

LAURA: Oh please, don't turn on the waterworks.

PATRICK: [TO PHYLIS] So do you want us to call the police?

FINLAY FINISHES PUTTING THE SPLINT ON TO LAURA'S LEG.

JENNY: No, I've told you. [TO JOSH] Can I go with her to the hospital, in the ambulance?

JOSH: Well.....

LAURA: No!

JENNY: Laura, please.....

LAURA: No.

LAURA GRABS PATRICK'S ARM.

LAURA: I don't want her in the ambulance. Understand.

PATRICK: If you say so. [TO JENNY] I'm sorry but that's fairly unambiguous.....

JOSH AND FINLAY ARE EXCHANGING GLANCES AS THEY LIFT LAURA ON TO THE TROLLEY. AND WHEEL HER TOWARDS THE AMBULANCE. JENNY AND PATRICK FOLLOW.

JENNY: But Laura please, we need to talk.....

LAURA: I've nothing to say to you.

JENNY: But you can't expect me to just walk away from this as if nothing has happened.....

LAURA: Funny, but that's exactly what I do expect from you actually.

FINLAY GOES AND JUMPS IN THE DRIVERS SEAT OF THE AMBULANCE. JOSH STANDS READY TO CLOSE THE AMBULANCE DOORS.

PATRICK: Listen, Laura, if she wants to come with you it's not a problem, it's quite normal for.....

LAURA: What's the matter with you people? Read my lips; I don't want that woman within half a mile of me let alone in the back of the bloody ambulance.

PATRICK: Okay fine. Received and understood.

PATRICK SHRUGS TO JENNY AND JOINS LAURA IN THE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE.

JOSH: Okay, sorry, we really do have to get going now.

THE DOORS OF THE AMBULANCE CLOSE AND A TEARFUL JENNY WATCHES AS IT DRIVES SWIFTLY AWAY.

CUT TO:

8/7. INT. ADMIN. DAY. [11.02]

THE CUBICLE AREA IS A LITTLE LESS FULL AND ONE OR TWO CUBICLES ARE FREE. AN ELDERLY PATIENT SITS PATHETICALLY ON A TROLLEY WAITING AS BARNEY AND COLETTE SEARCH THE ADMIN AREA FOR SOMETHING.

COLETTE: They've got to be here somewhere.

DAN ROBINSON APPEARS. BARNEY AND COLETTE EXCHANGE A NERVOUS LOOK.

DAN: Okay, that's one patient safely delivered to the ward. Whose next?

COLETTE: Well it's Mrs Dewberry here....

BARNEY: If we can ever find her notes.

DAN: What a palaver, eh, Mrs Dewberry? We finally get you a bed.....

THE PHONE RINGS. MUCH TO COLETTE'S CHAGRIN DAN ANSWERS IT.

DAN: Hello, Emergency Department.....Who? Oh, right, sorry.....No, no, you've got the right number.....Right, I see.....okay, I'll tell her.....

HE GOES TO PUT THE PHONE DOWN BUT SEES CHLOE APPROACHING. HE QUICKLY PICKS THE PHONE BACK UP TO TRY AND CATCH THE SPEAKER BEFORE THEY HANG UP.

DAN: Oh, hang on you can speak to her yourself.....Hello, Hello.....

BUT THE CALLER HAS GONE. HE HANGS UP AND TURNS TO CHLOE.

DAN: That was your personal banker on the phone. Can you call him back.

CHLOE BLANCHES. THE BANK MANAGER CALLING IS BAD ENOUGH BUT TO BE TOLD THE NEWS BY DAN.....

CHLOE: My personal banker?

DAN HAS REJOINED THE SEARCH FOR MRS DEWBERRY'S NOTES.

DAN: Yes your bank manager. [TO COLETTE] I'll bet some doctors walked off with them.....[THE NOTES]

CHLOE: What did he say?

DAN: Just that he wanted to talk to you.

CHLOE: Right.

SHE TAKES THIS IN BUT BEFORE CHLOE CAN SAY ANYTHING ELSE. JOSH, PATRICK & FINLAY, ARRIVE WITH LAURA SUTTON AND JENNY ATKINSON.

DAN: [LIGHTLY] And here we go again. No sooner do we shift them out of one end they come in the other.

COLETTE: [TO JOSH] Do you want to go straight in here Josh?

COLETTE SHOWS THEM ALL INTO A CUBICLE. THEY PREPARE TO LIFT LAURA OFF THE STRETCHER ON TO THE TROLLEY.

JOSH: Hi, Colette, this is Laura Sutton. She's had a bit of a fall

PATRICK: And she's got a lacerated right forearm and a suspected fracture to the lateral malleolus.

AND, OOOOH. THAT IS IRRITATING.

JOSH: She has indeed. Thank you Patrick.

THEY ARE READY TO LIFT LAURA ACROSS.

JOSH: Everybody ready, one two three.

THEY LIFT LAURA ACROSS.

COLETTE: Right, well, Hello Laura. I'm Colette.....

HOLLY APPEARS.

HOLLY: And I'm Holly.

COLETTE: Yes and this Dr Miles. She's going to take a look at you.

JOSH: Okay, Laura, good luck. You're in safe hands now.

PATRICK SEEMS RELUCTANT TO LEAVE.

PATRICK: [TO HOLLY] Okay, Holly, you'll need to assess the FDS to the fingers.

HOLLY IS NOT AT ALL HAPPY TO HAVE PATRICK TREATING HER LIKE A MED STUDENT IN FRONT OF EVERYONE.

HOLLY: [ARCH] Is that right, Patrick?

JOSH: [TO PATRICK] Come on. Our jobs finished now.

PATRICK: [TO HOLLY] And the ankle will obviously need an x-ray.....

HOLLY: Nothing gets past you does it Patrick.

JOSH: Come on. {TO HOLLY} Sorry.

HOLLY SMILES AT JOSH AS HE LEADS PATRICK AWAY, BUT SHE IS NOT HAPPY.

COLETTE: Barney do you want to give Holly a hand I'll try and find those notes.....

BARNEY NODS AND COLETTE GOES TO LEAVE THEM BUT DAN HAS ALREADY FOUND MRS DEWBERRY'S NOTES.

DAN: It's okay, I've found them. Come on Mrs Dewberry let's get you up into a nice comfy bed.

DAN PUSHES MRS DEWBERRY OFF TOWARDS THE LIFT. BARNEY AND COLETTE EXCHANGE A GLANCE. HOLLY IS ALREADY TAKING THE DRESSING OFF LAURA'S ARM, WHILE BARNEY UNWRAPS THE ANKLE.

HOLLY: Okay, Laura, this doesn't look too bad.....

IT MIGHT NOT TO A DOCTOR BUT TO AN ORDINARY PUNTER LIKE YOU AND ME IT LOOKS HORRIBLE. A SIX INCH GASH IN THE WHITE FLESH OF THE UNDERSIDE OF THE FOREARM.

HOLLY: [TO BARNEY] Okay, we've got a six inch laceration but it's not very deep and all the bleeding is Venous. I can't see any deep structures involved [TO LAURA] Can you wiggle your fingers for me Laura.

LAURA DOES SO.

HOLLY: Finger function is okay. No obvious FDS problems. Okay, lets get her some analgesic for the pain and then down to x-ray, to check out this ankle and the lac for any FB's. Then I'll close the lac later and if it's a fracture we can put her in a POP.

BARNEY: Okay, right, I'll speak to x-ray.

HE GOES.

HOLLY: Okay Laura. Things aren't looking too bad at all. We can't really tell about your ankle until after the x-ray but I think I can safely say you'll walk again. And the wound in your arm looks a lot worse than it is and probably just needs a few stitches. I think you've had a lucky escape. Don't you?

LAURA: Yeah, I suppose so

CUT TO:

8/8. INT. RECEPTION. [11.15]

JOSH, PATRICK AND FINLAY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CROWDED RECEPTION TOWARDS THE STAFF ROOM.

JOSH: It's the hardest thing about the job really. Just as you're getting to know the patients a little bit it's time to hand them on

PATRICK: Give me a break Josh. Holly can barely work out what socks wear. I was just checking she knew what day it was.

JOSH: Oh, right.

AND PATRICK HAS GONE ON AHEAD.

FINLAY: Thoughtful guy.

JOSH: Lovely.

AND THEY TOO HAVE PASSED ON REVEALING JENNY ATKINSON APPROACHING THE FRONT DESK OF RECEPTION.

JENNY: Hi, sorry to interrupt.

AMY: That's okay. How can I help.

JENNY: I'm looking for Laura Sutton. She was in a bit of an accident and I think the ambulance brought her here.

AMY: Okay, let's see if we can find her for you.....

AS AMY SCANS THE COMPUTER, JENNY LOOKS NERVOUSLY AROUND. ALMOST AS IF SHE HAS SOMETHING TO BE ASHAMED OFF.

CUT TO:

8/9. INT. STAFF ROOM. DAY. [11.17]

JOSH, PATRICK AND FINLAY ENTER THE STAFF ROOM AND HEAD FOR THE KITCHEN AREA AT THE BACK. MAX IS JUST FINISHING A CUP OF COFFEE. HE PASSES THEM ON THE WAY OUT.

MAX: [TO PATRICK] Oh, hi. How's it going?

PATRICK: Great, no problems.

MAX: Listen, I can't stop I'll catch you later, yeah?

PATRICK: Yeah sure.

PATRICK CARRIES ON TO THE COFFEE MAKING AREA. MAX NODS CONSPIRATORIALLY TOWARDS JOSH AND FINLAY.

MAX: I can't wait to hear all about it.

PATRICK: Coffee or tea?

MAX IS IMPRESSED PATRICK IS OBVIOUSLY TRYING VERY HARD.

MAX: Well, you've got to give it to him. He is trying.

FINLAY: Very.

JOSH: Boom, boom.

A SMILING MAX EXITS. JOSH AND FINLAY JOIN PATRICK BY THE KETTLE. HE HAS THREE MUGS READY.

JOSH: Coffee please, white no sugar.

FINLAY: Same here.

PATRICK STARTS TO SPOON OUT THE COFFEE BUT JOSH'S RADIO CACKLES INTO LIFE.

RADIO: 3026, respond to The Jubilee Gardens, off Clifton Vale. Male patient, collapsed and unconscious.

THEY VIEW THE THREE FRESH CUPS OF COFFEE ON THE WORK SURFACE WISTFULLY.

FINLAY: I thought it was too good to be true.

PATRICK: What?

FINLAY: You making us a cup of coffee.

THEY SET OFF AT A BRISK WALK/JOG.

PATRICK: It's obviously not meant to be.

FINLAY: Obviously not.

JOSH: [INTO RADIO] From 3026. All received and responding.

FINLAY: Jubilee Gardens. This will be fun.

PATRICK: This Jubilee Gardens. Is it the Jubilee Gardens?

FINLAY: Yup, Holby's very own cardboard city.

JOSH: Where all the junkies and alkie hang out.

PATRICK: Lovely.

AND THEY DISAPPEAR THROUGH THE DOORS TO THE NEW
CORRIDOR, TOWARDS THE AMBULANCE BAY.

CUT TO:

8/10. INT. LAURA'S CUBICLE. [11.42]

DAN IS WHEELING LAURA'S TROLLEY OUT OF THE CUBICLE READY TO TAKE HER TO X-RAY. AMY APPEARS COMING TOWARDS THEM FROM RECEPTION.

AMY: Oh, hello Dan. I'd heard you were doing some real work for a change.

DAN: [NOT OFFENDED] Just a bit of trolley pushing. I think even I can handle that.

AMY: [TO LAURA] You do realise you're getting the star treatment don't you. This is the big cheese himself. The boss of bosses. The Capo Di Capi.

DAN: Haven't you got something you should be doing Amy? Like writing your letter of resignation?

AMY LAUGHS, THIS IS JUST JOLLY BANTER.....ISN'T IT?

AMY: Absolutely. [TO LAURA] Laura, you've got a visitor.

LAURA: A visitor? No one knows I'm here.

AMY: It's a Mrs Jenny Atkinson?

LAURA: What?! I said I didn't want her here.

DAN AND AMY ARE A LITTLE TAKEN ABACK BY THAT NEGATIVE REACTION.

AMY: Oh. She is asking to see you.

LAURA: Well, I don't want to see her.

AMY: Oh, right.

DAN AND AMY EXCHANGE GLANCES.

AMY: I have to say that she does seem very concerned.....

LAURA: Look, until today I hadn't seen her nor hair of her for 17 years. And as far as I'm concerned I'll be happy if it's another seventeen before I see her again. Okay?

AMY: I see. So what would you like me to tell her?

LAURA: 'Get lost' does it for me. [TO DAN] Can we get going now?

DAN: Sure. Yeah. I suppose we should.

AS DAN PUSHES THE TROLLEY ROUND THE CORNER HE AND AMY EXCHANGE A LOOK BUT THEN AMY IS LEFT ON HER OWN WONDERING WHAT ON EARTH SHE IS GOING TO TELL JENNY.

CUT TO:

8/11. EXT. JUBILEE GARDENS. DAY. [11.45]

THE AMBULANCE PULLS UP NEXT TO THE ENTRANCE OF A DARK CONCRETE TUNNEL - THE UNDERGROUND WALKWAY LEADING TO THE JUBILEE GARDENS. THE TEAM JUMP OUT AND MOVE QUICKLY ROUND TO THE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE AND UNLOAD THE TROLLEY AND VARIOUS BAGS OF EQUIPMENT

FINLAY: This is as close as we can get with the ambulance.

JOSH: We have to go the rest of the way on foot.

PATRICK: Aren't we going to wait for the police?

FINLAY: Well, we could but they're not going to be rushing to get here I can tell you.

THE THREE OF THEM WALK BRISKLY TOWARDS THE TUNNEL.

JOSH: Yeah, we better get on. And listen Patrick, this is the sort of place where anyone in a uniform is the enemy right. So stay close.....

THEY DISAPPEAR INTO THE BLACKNESS.

JOSH (V/O): And I'll do the talking.....

PATRICK (V/O): All right, all right. Message received and understood.

CUT TO:

8/12. INT. RECEPTION. DAY. [11.46]

JENNY ATKINSON IS WAITING IN RECEPTION. SHE LEANS HEAVILY ON THE COUNTER, AND RUBS HER FOREHEAD AS IF IN PAIN - ALMOST AS IF SHE HAD A HANGOVER IN FACT. AMY ARRIVES BACK AT HER RECEPTION DESK.

AMY: I am sorry Mrs Atkinson but Laura is on her way down to x-ray at the moment so she won't be able to accept any visitors for quite a while.

JENNY: Oh, right. How long is she going to be down there?

AMY: Well, it's difficult to say.....

JENNY: I could just wait here couldn't I? 'Till she comes back?

AMY: Well, yes, you could, but we are pretty busy today, it could be quite a long wait.

JENNY: That's okay. I'll wait.

JENNY GOES TO TURN BACK TO HER SEAT.

AMY: Right, well, the thing is Mrs Atkinson. Laura has actually said she doesn't want any visitors at the present time at all.

JENNY: I said I'll wait.

AMY: Yeah, but she was quite specific actually.

JENNY: You mean she specifically said she didn't want to see me.

AMY: I'm afraid so.

JENNY: I'm her mother.

AMY: So I understand.

JENNY LOOKS AT AMY FOR A MOMENT.

JENNY: I'll wait.

AMY: Okay, but I have to say Laura was very clear.....

JENNY: It's okay. I'll wait.

AND A DETERMINED JENNY IS ALREADY HEADING FOR A SEAT.
THERE'S NOT A LOT ELSE AMY CAN DO. SHE BREATHES A SIGH
OF RELIEF AND TURNS TO THE NEXT IMPATIENT PATIENT IN THE
QUEUE.

CUT TO:

8/13. EXT. JUBILEE GARDENS. DAY. [11.48]

THE BLACKNESS OF THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL. PATRICK, JOSH AND FINLAY EMERGE FROM THE TUNNEL INTO THE SHADOWY DINGINESS OF THE JUBILEE GARDEN.

PATRICK: Oh, lovely.

IT IS A TRULY GRUESOME PLACE. CARDBOARD DWELLINGS LEANING AGAINST THE WALLS AND USED NEEDLES, EMPTY CANS AND BOTTLES EVERYWHERE.

FINLAY: Listen, Patrick do you want to take this one with Josh?

PATRICK: [SURPRISED BUT SECRETLY PLEASED] Yeah, sure, whatever.

THE PARAMEDICS BREAK THOUGH A SMALL CROWD THAT HAS GATHERED AROUND A MIDDLE-AGED ALCOHOLIC TRAMP WHO HAS COLLAPSED. JOSH RECOGNISES ONE OF THE TRAMPS, GRAHAM, THE SELF-APPOINTED SPOKESPERSON AND DEFENDER OF DOWN AND OUTS.

JOSH: Oh, hello Graham.

GRAHAM: Hello, Mr Griffiths.

GRAHAM IS WELL SPOKEN AND WEARING THE REMNANTS OF A ONCE WELL-CUT SUIT. ALTHOUGH OBVIOUSLY AN ADDICT AND LOW-LIFE HIMSELF HE IS MORE ARTICULATE THAN YOUR AVERAGE JUNKIE.

JOSH: What's his name Graham?

GRAHAM: Alex, he was just giving us a little bit of the old river dance routine you know the old diddly, diddly, diddly, when he went purple and keeled over. We were worried it might be his heart or something.

PATRICK HAS KNELT DOWN BESIDE ALKIE ALEX AND SUDDENLY REALISED WHY FINLAY GAVE HIM THE CHANCE TO DO THE EXAMINATION AS THE GUY IS FILTHY AND STINKING. PATRICK EXCHANGES A GLANCE WITH A SMILING FINLAY.

GRAHAM: He's a strong as an Ox you know. A real fighter. There must be something really wrong for him to keel over like that.

PATRICK: Has he been drinking?

GRAHAM LAUGHS INCREDULOUSLY.

GRAHAM: Whose this? Forest Gump?

JOSH SHAKES ALEX....

JOSH: Hello, Alex? Alex, can you hear me.....?

.....WHO RESPONDS DROWSILY.

ALEX: Oh, for God's sake woman leave me alone I've got a headache.....

HE CLUMSILY TRIES TO PUSH JOSH AWAY.

PATRICK: There's nothing wrong with this guy, Josh. He's just drunk.

JOSH NERVOUSLY GLANCES AT GRAHAM.

JOSH: Well perhaps we better do a blood sugar just to be on the safe side.

PATRICK: [ASIDE, TO JOSH] Sure, but I'm telling you blood test or not this guy does not need A&E care. Detox maybe but not A&E.

GRAHAM GLARES AT PATRICK. JOSH AND FINLAY EXCHANGE A NERVOUS GLANCE.

GRAHAM: It's not for you to decide who to treat and who not to treat. He's a human being and you took a hypocritic oath to care for him.

PATRICK: Hippocratic.

GRAHAM: What?

PATRICK: You said the hypocritic oath. It's Hippocratic.

FOR A MOMENT GRAHAM IS HUMILIATED AND WRONG FOOTED BUT HE SOON PULLS HIMSELF BACK.

GRAHAM: I know what I said. And I'll tell you what hypocritic seems about right to me. You don't want people like us messing up your nice clean hospital do you/

PATRICK: Josh this is ridiculous.

JOSH: Yeah, okay. Graham, there's no need for this really.....

GRAHAM: It's okay when it's some well fed, freshly scrubbed private patient with lots of dosh isn't it. But as soon as you're faced with someone who really needs a doctor you don't want to know do you?

PATRICK: Okay, enough's enough. Come on, Josh, there's nothing wrong with this man that eight hours sleep and a couple of pints of water won't cure. Let's get out of here.

GRAHAM STEPS UP CLOSE TO PATRICK.

GRAHAM: You're not going anywhere - Doctor.

PATRICK: Come on Graham, get out of the way.

GRAHAM: I'm telling you - Doctor - The only way you're getting out of here is if you take Alex with you. Understand?

THE OTHER JUNKIES ARE BEGINNING TO SMELL A BIT OF EXCITEMENT, A BIT OF A RUMBLE AND LIKE KIDS IN THE PLAYGROUND THEY SURROUND GRAHAM AND PATRICK...FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

GRAHAM: We won't let you just leave him there. No way.

PATRICK IS BEING PUSHED AND JOSTLED. THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO ESCALATE OUT OF CONTROL.

JOSH: Erm, listen, Patrick, I'm afraid his blood sugars a bit low, down at 3, he could be hypoglycemic and we're going to have to take him into Holby City after all.

PATRICK IS ASTOUNDED.....

PATRICK: What?

.....AND SNATCHES THE TEST FROM JOSH.

JOSH: Okay, Graham?

GRAHAM: Yeah, great.

JOSH: Come on then, you can give us a hand getting him onto the stretcher.

GRAHAM AND A FEW OF THE OTHERS HELP JOSH AND FINLAY. A FURIOUS PATRICK APPROACHES JOSH.

PATRICK: Josh.....What are you doing? His blood sugar's fine.

JOSH QUICKLY TAKES THE TEST FROM PATRICK AND HIDES IT. HE TAKES PATRICK TO ONE SIDE.

JOSH: I know that but we're taking him in anyway.

PATRICK: Why? Just because some soap box lawyer quotes the Hippocratic oath at us.

JOSH: No, because you didn't keep your mouth shut as instructed, and if we don't take him in this lot are going to lynch us.

JOSH LEAVES PATRICK AND HELPS FINLAY AND THE OTHERS TO LOAD ALKIE ALEX ON TO THE STRETCHER TROLLEY. A GLOATING GRAHAM SMILES TRIUMPHANTLY AT PATRICK. WHO IN TURN GLARES AT JOSH - AND, BLIMEY, IF LOOKS COULD KILL.

CUT TO:

8/14. INT. TRIAGE. DAY. [12.30]

IN TRIAGE CHLOE HAS TAKEN A MOMENT TO MAKE A QUICK CALL TO HER BANK MANAGER.

CHLOE: Yeah, no . That will be fine. 10.30 on Friday. Sure. See you then.

SHE PUTS DOWN THE RECEIVER AND IS CLOSE TO TEARS.
BARNEY COMES IN.

BARNEY: Right whose next....? [HE SEES SHE IS UPSET] Heh, are you okay?

CHLOE: Yeah, fine. It's just I've been called into see the bank manager.

BARNEY: Oh.

CHLOE: I keep going over my overdraft limit and he's had enough.

BARNEY: Oh.

CHLOE: I was hoping to keep him at bay until that E-Grade post came up.....

BUT JUST THEN THE PATIENT WITH THE CUT FINGER, CHRIS THOMAS APPEARS.

THOMAS: Well, this is cosy isn't it.

CHLOE: Ah, Mr Thomas.....

THOMAS: No wonder there's a two hour wait out there.

CHLOE: I was just about to come and find you actually.

THOMAS: You do realise that my career is teetering on the brink of disaster while you two sit in here chatting.....

CHLOE: Mr Thomas, before you dig yourself a bigger hole to climb in, I'd just like to say that the doctor's ready to see you now.

THOMAS: What? Oh, right. Great. [HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH] Okay, okay, looking good. We can still make it.

CHLOE: In fact, Staff Nurse Wolfe will show you the way.

BARNEY IS STARTLED TO HEAR THIS.

THOMAS: Great, let's go then, shall we?

BUT REALISES THERE IS NO WAY OUT.

BARNEY: This way Mr Thomas.

BARNEY SHOWS THOMAS THE WAY. AS HE GOES HE TURNS TO CHLOE AND MOUTHS 'THANKS A BUNCH'. CHLOE SMILES AND MOVES ONTO THE NEXT VICTIM.

CUT TO:

8/15. INT. ADMIN/RECEPTION/NEW CORRIDOR. DAY.
[12.35]

IN THE CUBICLE AREA DAN RETURNS FROM X-RAY PUSHING LAURA SUTTON ON HER TROLLEY. AS HE APPROACHES ADMIN COLETTE WAVES HIM ON LIKE A TRAFFIC COP.

COLETTE: Sorry Dan you'll have to take Laura straight into the suture room, they're stacking up like bees in a hive in here.

COLETTE JOINS DAN PUSHING THE TROLLEY

DAN: Still no sign of that agency nurse?

COLETTE: Apparently she went to The Royal by mistake and they've nabbed her. The agencies trying to find someone else.

DAN: Well that's not good enough is it. Listen, when I get a minute I'll get on the phone and give 'em a bit of roasting

THEY PASS BACK OUT INTO RECEPTION ON THEIR WAY TO THE SUTURE ROOM. IT'S STILL VERY BUSY. AN ILL LOOKING JENNY ATKINSON IS STILL WAITING. SHE SPOTS LAURA BEING WHEELED PAST BUT LAURA DOES NOT SEE HER.

COLETTE: Listen, Dan, this is really great and we're all dead grateful and everything but.....

DAN: But don't I have a job to go to?

COLETTE: Well.....

JENNY ATKINSON WATCHES INTENTLY AS THEY DISAPPEAR INTO THE LONG CORRIDOR.

DAN: Well, yes I do of course but I've called my secretary and cleared my diary for the rest of the day.

COLETTE: Oh. Right, great, thanks....

BUT IF THE TRUTH BE TOLD SHE DOESN'T SOUND VERY GRATEFUL.

DAN: No, thank you. I'm loving every minute of it.

AND DAN DISAPPEARS WITH LAURA INTO THE SUTURE ROOM.

COLETTE: Oh, right, great.

AND JOSH, PATRICK AND FINLAY HAVE ARRIVED WITH THE DRUNK FROM THE JUBILEE GARDENS. THEY COME TANKING UP THE LONG CORRIDOR AND HEAD TOWARDS RECEPTION TO GET INTO A&E.

COLETTE: Hang on a minute, Josh. There's no cubicles I'm afraid. You might as well park him in Resus.....

PATRICK: Sure why not? We can give him open heart surgery while we're about it.

THE TROLLEY REVERSES DIRECTION AND THEY PUSH IT BACK TOWARDS RESUS.

COLETTE: Sorry?

JOSH: Don't ask.

MAX AND BARNEY COMES In AND START GLOVING-UP READY TO DEAL WITH THE PATIENT FROM JUBILEE GARDENS.

MAX: Okay, so what have we got?

PATRICK: Semi conscious male. Perfectly normal BM. Stinks of alcohol. Symptoms alternate between indiscriminate lust, irrational aggression and maudlin self pity.

MAX: Sorry?

PATRICK: He's drunk. We should have never brought him in.

MAX: Oh, right.

JOSH: I'm sorry Colette, I know you're busy in here today. But we had no choice really.....

FINLAY: Patrick chose Jubilee Gardens to start a medical ethics debating society and it all turned a bit nasty.....

PATRICK: Listen, if you two had backed me up instead of crumpling like a couple of frightened school girls, we wouldn't be stood here wasting everybody's time.....

COLETTE: Heh, heh, come on. The last thing I need today is you lot clashing antlers all over the department.

PATRICK: Yeah, well as far as I'm concerned it's your mess Josh, you can clean it up.

PATRICK GOES. MAX AND BARNEY ARE ALMOST AMUSED. JOSH IS EMBARRASSED.

JOSH: [TO COLETTE] I'm sorry Colette. We had no choice honestly. Do you think we can find him a quiet corner to sleep it off?

COLETTE: Barney, put him in the long corridor and please let's all keep an eye on him.

JOSH: Thanks.

AND SHE GOES.

MAX: So, it's going well then, Patrick's day out on the road.

JOSH: Yeah, brilliant.

AND JOSH LEAVES. CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY FINLAY. MAX AND BARNEY EXCHANGE AN AMUSED LOOK.

CUT TO:

8/16. INT. SUTURE ROOM. [12.40]

IN THE SUTURE ROOM, HOLLY IS TALKING TO LAURA SUTTON.

HOLLY: The x-rays are pretty encouraging. The laceration in your arm is clear of any foreign bodies so we can get that stitched up straight away.

LAURA: What about my ankle?

HOLLY: Well, I'm afraid you've broken a little bone in your foot called the fifth metatarsal.....

LAURA: Oh, great!

HOLLY: But honestly it's not something to get too excited about. It's so small it'll heal itself in a few weeks. We won't even have to put you in plaster.

LAURA: Oh, right.

HOLLY IS LOOKING ABOUT HER THE SUTURE TROLLEY DOESN'T SEEM TO BE IN THE SUTURE ROOM.

HOLLY: We'll just strap it for you and basically as soon as I've sorted out this arm you can go home. I'll just get a trolley from next door and we can do it now.

LAURA: Okay.

HOLLY LEAVES. HE TURNS LEFT INTO THE RESUS ROOM TO GET THE TROLLEY AND DOESN'T SEE JENNY ATKINSON APPROACHING FROM THE DIRECTION OF RECEPTION. JENNY POPS HER HEAD ROUND THE DOOR OF THE SUTURE ROOM AND SEES LAURA. SHE STEPS INSIDE.

JENNY: Laura.

LAURA: What are you doing here? I told them I didn't want to see you.

JENNY: I couldn't just walk away. I feel responsible.....

LAURA: You are responsible.

JENNY: Yes, I know.

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND THEY BOTH KNOW THAT JENNY IS RESPONSIBLE FOR A LOT MORE THAN LAURA'S CURRENT INJURIES.

JENNY: I haven't had a drink for a year, Laura, a year today.

LAURA: Oh, yeah, sure. That's why you look so healthy, right?

AND LAURA'S RIGHT. JENNY DOES LOOK DOG ROUGH.

JENNY: Please, if you'll just hear me out.....

BUT LAURA HAS NO INTENTION OF HEARING ANOTHER WORD.

LAURA: Help! Help!

JENNY: Laura....

HOLLY IS IN THE DOORWAY WITH THE SUTURE TROLLEY. ALARMED BY LAURA'S CRIES SHE ABANDONS THE TROLLEY AND RUNS IN TO THE ROOM.....

HOLLY: [TO LAURA] You okay?

LAURA: It's this woman she's drunk, or mad or both. I'm frightened.....

HOLLY: [TO JENNY] Okay, right, I don't know who you are but if you don't step outside right now I'm going to call security.....

JENNY: Hang on, please don't. I'm Laura's mother.

HOLLY IS STOPPED IN HER TRACKS.

HOLLY: Oh.

SHE LOOKS TO LAURA FOR SOME SORT OF EXPLANATION.

LAURA: Look, it doesn't matter does who she is does it? She's not stable and I don't want her around me.

HOLLY: Right.

JENNY LOOKS HARMLESS ENOUGH AND HOLLY DOESN'T REALLY KNOW WHAT TO DO.

JENNY: It's, okay. I'm sorry. I'll go. I've caused enough trouble for one day.

HOLLY: That's probably for the best.

JENNY STARTS TOWARDS THE DOOR. HOLLY FOLLOWS HER.

JENNY: But I can wait outside right?

HOLLY: [NOT CONVINCED THIS WOULD BE WISE] I suppose so....

LAURA: [CALLING OUT] You can do what you like. I'm not going to talk to you.

AND JENNY IS OUTSIDE THE SUTURE ROOM.

HOLLY: Sorry.

AND HOLLY TAKES THE SUTURE TROLLEY WITH HER AND GOES BACK INTO THE SUTURE ROOM CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. JENNY LEANS ON THE WALL OVERCOME WITH EMOTION AND PHYSICAL TIREDNESS. BACK IN THE SUTURE ROOM HOLLY STARTS TO DEAL WITH LAURA'S ARM.

HOLLY: You okay?

LAURA: She's an alcoholic.

HOLLY: Oh, right. Shall we have a look at this arm then.

HE PUSHES THE SUTURE TROLLEY CLOSER TO THE BED AND STARTS TO TAKE THE DRESSING OFF LAURA'S ARM.

LAURA: Until today, I haven't seen her since I was seven.

HOLLY: I see.

LAURA: She locked me in the flat and went on a two day bender to get married to her new boyfriend.

HOLLY: Right.

LAURA: In Spain.

HOLLY DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

LAURA: She'd locked the door and told me to be quiet or the bogey man would get me. I ran out of food after the first week. A neighbour heard me crying and told the council. The police had to break the door down to get me out. I was taken into care. It was in all the papers.

THIS IS A VERY UNCOMFORTABLE MOMENT FOR HOLLY AS LAURA'S ANGER AND RESENTMENT IS ALMOST A PALPABLE PRESENCE IN THE ROOM.

LAURA: I though I must have done something wrong for her to lock me up like that.....

LAURA IS CLOSE TO THE EDGE BUT SHE'S NOT GET LET THAT EMOTION OUT AGAIN NOT AGAIN, NOT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.

LAURA: I only saw her once or twice after that and that was in court. I spent the next nine years being pushed from pillar to post, children's home, to foster home, to children's home.

HOLLY: Can you lift your arm for a minute Laura.

LAURA LIFTS HER ARM INTO POSITION READY FOR THE STITCHES.

LAURA: The thing is she did me a favour really.....

HOLLY IS SURPRISED BY THAT REMARK.

LAURA: ..You know what they say 'What doesn't kill you, makes you stronger.....'

HOLLY: Okay, Laura, if you can hold still, I'll see If I can sort this arm out.

AND AS HOLLY STARTS THE SEWING LAURA'S ANGRY FACE TELLS US SHE IS LOST IN THE PAINFUL MEMORY OF IT ALL.

CUT TO:

8/17. EXT. AMBULANCE BAY. DAY. [12.45]

JOSH AND FINLAY BURST OUT OF THE DOORS OF THE AMBULANCE BAY MOVING QUICKLY TOWARDS THEIR AMBULANCE. PATRICK IS STANDING THERE DRINKING COFFEE.

JOSH: Ah, there you are.

FINLAY: We've got an RTA on the Cotham Rd.

PATRICK DRAINS HIS COFFEE CUP AND THROWS IT IN THE BIN.

PATRICK: Let's go.

ALL THREE OF THEM MOVE QUICKLY TOWARDS THE AMBULANCE.

JOSH: Colette's a bit fed up.

PATRICK: I'll bet she is. Cluttering up the corridors with sleeping alcoholics.....

JOSH: Not about the drunk. About us two, sniping and snapping.

PATRICK: Oh right.

THEY ARE AT THE AMBULANCE DOORS.

JOSH: Shall we knock it on the head.

PATRICK: Oh, no. No way. I'm not chickening out now.....

PATRICK GETS IN THE AMBULANCE.

JOSH: I meant the sniping and snapping.

JOSH GETS IN THE AMBULANCE.

PATRICK: Oh, right. I see. No, no, I think we should stay as we are don't you? We're having such fun.

CUT TO:

8/18. EXT/INT. AMBULANCE. DAY. [12.46 - TC SC 17]

FINLAY GUNS THE ACCELERATOR AND THE AMBULANCE SPEEDS AWAY AS PATRICK AND JOSH GLARE AT EACH OTHER.

JOSH: What is the matter with you Patrick?

PATRICK: I've been stuck in an ambulance all day with you two. That's what's the matter with me.

JOSH LAUGHS INCREDULOUSLY.

JOSH: It's amazing. You just have no idea how to talk to people do you.

PATRICK: Yeah but I don't have to do I Josh. 'Cos talking doesn't do much good when someone's guts have been ripped open and their wearing their intestines as a necklace. Someone's got to get in there and sew it all back together. That's what I do. I'm a nuts and bolts man. A good one at that. And without me you two are just street cleaners.

FINLAY: I beg your pardon?

PATRICK: Without me, and people like me, you might as load the punters into the ambulance and take 'em straight to the morgue. Because without me that's where they're going to end up.

JOSH AND FINLAY ARE A BIT GOBSMACKED REALLY, BECAUSE UP TO A POINT HE'S RIGHT OF COURSE. BUT WHY, OH WHY, DOES HE HAVE TO BE SUCH A GIT ABOUT IT?

CUT TO:

8/19. INT. CUBICLE. DAY. [12.55]

MAX ENTERS A CUBICLE WHERE CHRIS THOMAS IS WAITING IMPATIENTLY

MAX: Mr Thomas?

THOMAS: Halle-blooming-lujah.

MAX: You've cut your finger I believe. Shall we take a look?

MAX TAKES OFF THE DRESSING AND LOOKS AT THE FINGER.

THOMAS: Guess how long I've been waiting to see you?

MAX: Three Days?

THOMAS GIVES HIM A WITHERING LOOK. NOW IT HAS BEEN CLEANED UP THOMAS'S FINGER DOESN'T LOOK TOO BAD. A BIT FLAPPY BUT NOTHING SERIOUS.

MAX: Well, Mr Thomas, that doesn't look too bad.

THOMAS: That's what I've been saying for the last four hours.

MAX: I am sorry Mr Thomas but it is one of those days I'm afraid.

THOMAS: You're telling me. The thing is I've got this big presentation in Edinburgh this evening.....

MAX: To be honest I think a couple of steristrips to hold the skin in place and a fresh dressing should see you right.

THOMAS:What?.....No surgery?

MAX: Surgery? No I think that would be a bit over the top don't you?

THOMAS: Not even stitches.

MAX: No, not even stitches.

THOMAS: I've waited four hours for that?

MAX: Better safe than sorry. I'll get a nurse to sort you out.

THOMAS: What!? I thought you were going to deal with it now?

MAX: You don't need a doctor to put on a fresh dressing Mr Thomas.

THOMAS: I know that but I've already seen a nurse hours ago. She said I had to wait to see you.

MAX: And now you've seen me.

THOMAS: This is ridiculous. If I ran my business like this I'd be bankrupt in six months.

MAX: It shouldn't be more than half an hour or so.

THOMAS: [PLEASANTLY SURPRISED] Half an hour. Oh right. [HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH] Right, you sure? 'Cos on that basis I can still make it to the airport.....

BUT MAX HAS GONE, LEAVING THOMAS PLEASED THAT HIS ORDEAL IS NEARLY OVER BUT SHAKING HIS HEAD IN SELF-RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION THAT IT HAS TAKEN THAT LONG TO GET THERE.

CUT TO:

8/20. EXT. STREET. RTA. DAY. [12.58]

JOSH, FINLAY AND PATRICK ARRIVE AT THE RTA. AN ARTICULATED LORRY (NB; THE SAME LORRY FROM EARLIER?) HAS TAKEN A CORNER TOO QUICKLY AND THE TRAILER AND IT'S LOAD OF PALLETS OF BRICKS [AND OR STEEL GIRDERS] HAS SWUNG OVER ON IT'S SIDE ALL OVER A BUSY JUNCTION. THE LORRY DRIVER HAS BEEN INJURED AND THERE ARE ALSO VARIOUS WALKING WOUNDED - PEDESTRIANS AND PASSERS BY, CAUGHT UP IN THE ACCIDENT - MOST SERIOUSLY A FIVE DOOR HATCHBACK WHICH IS TRAPPED UNDER A PRECARIOUS PILE OF BRICKS/GIRDERS. THE CAR HAD BEEN COMING OUT OF THE JUNCTION AND NEARLY RAN INTO THE SIDE OF THE LORRY BEFORE BEING BURIED UNDER IT'S HEAVY LOAD. THE ARTICULATED TRAILER HAS CRUSHED THE BONNET AND WINDSCREEN OF THE CAR AND THE LEGS OF THE DRIVER, AN OLD MAN, GEORGE BRYANT, ARE TRAPPED UNDERNEATH THE ENGINE BLOCK OF HIS OWN CRUMPLED CAR.

THE THREE AMIGOS JUMP OUT OF THE AMBULANCE AND MAKE THEIR WAY QUICKLY TOWARDS THE ACCIDENT. A POLICEMAN MEETS THEM.

JOSH: Okay, what've we got?

POLICEMAN: The lorry drivers got cuts and bruises and there's various walking wounded. But the one I'm worried about is the old geezer trapped in the hatchback.

JOSH: Okay, Finn get on the radio we're going to need more ambulances. Then check out the lorry driver and the walking wounded. We'll take the old man.

FINLAY GOES. JOSH LOOKS AT THE PILE OF CARS.

JOSH: We're going to need the fire brigade aren't we?

POLICEMAN: On their way.....

DOWN THE STREET THERE IS THE PARNING OF CAR HORNS AS DISGRUNTLED DRIVERS EXPRESS THEIR ANGER AT THE NOW COMPLETELY CLOSED ROAD.

POLICEMAN: Look, I'll leave you to it if you don't mind.....

HE GOES.

JOSH: Sure....

PATRICK: Josh, if you stay out here I'll get in with the old geezer and get some IV access, whatever else he needs he's going to need fluids and pain relief, you can maintain c spine control and keep him calm.....

PATRICK RUSHES ROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAR AND DIVES INTO THE PASSENGER SEAT NEXT TO THE OLD MAN. JOSH SHAKES HIS HEAD DESPAIRINGLY AT PATRICK TAKING CONTROL YET AGAIN.

JOSH: Hello, I'm Josh and this is Dr Spiller.

JOSH IS GETTING OUT THE OXYGEN THERAPY KIT.

PATRICK: Hello.

PATRICK SHUFFLES ACROSS TO GET CLOSE TO THE OLD MAN.

JOSH: What's your name?

BRYANT: George Bryant.

PATRICK QUICKLY EXAMINES BRYANT. WHILE JOSH PREPARES A CERVICAL COLLAR TO PLACE ROUND GEORGE BRYANT'S NECK.

JOSH: Okay, George. The fire brigade will be here in a couple of minutes.....

PATRICK: Right, Josh he's maintaining his own airway, breathing spontaneously, no obvious chest injuries.....

JOSH:And they'll have you out of here before you know it.

JOSH HOLDS THE OXYGEN MASK TO THE OLD MAN'S MOUTH.

JOSH: Can you take a couple of couple of gulps of oxygen for me, George.....

PATRICK:tachycardic with a pulse of 110 and capillary return decreased at 5 secs. I'll need 20 mg Nubain for analgesia.

AND PATRICK IS ALREADY QUICKLY AND EFFICIENTLY ROLLING UP THE PATIENTS SLEEVE.

JOSH: In the meantime we're going to try and make you a bit more comfortable.

AND IN ONE SLICK MOVE PATRICK INSERTS THE NEEDLE INTO A VEIN, NO MEAN FEAT HUNCHED AND CRAMMED INTO THE MANGLED PASSENGER SEAT OF A CRUMPLED FIVE DOOR HATCHBACK.....

JOSH: Now, this might seem like a silly question but are you in any pain?

PATRICK: Okay, Josh IV in.

.....IN FACT HE'S SO QUICK JOSH IS NOT READY.

PATRICK: Josh any sign of that Nubain?

A STARTLED JOSH HAS BEEN WRONG FOOTED BY PATRICK'S SPEED UNDER FIRE.

JOSH: Yeah, okay, hang on a minute.

JOSH QUICKLY TURNS TO HIS EQUIPMENT BAGS AND STARTS PUTTING THE DRIP TOGETHER. PATRICK IS WAITING HE CALLS OUT ACROSS GEORGE.

PATRICK: Josh, sorry didn't you hear me? I said I'm ready for the Nubain.

JOSH: Right, okay, be with you.....in half.....a sec

JOSH IS QUICKLY FINISHING THE DRIP AND PERHAPS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIS EPISODE WE SEE JOSH A LITTLE UNDER PRESSURE AS HE STRUGGLES TO KEEP UP WITH THE ULTRA EFFICIENT PATRICK.

JOSH: And here we go.

HE HANDS THE DRIP TO PATRICK.

PATRICK: What kept you?

JOSH SHRUGS. AND CATCHES GEORGE BRYANT SMILING
KNOWINGLY AT HIM. JOSH SMILES BACK.

CUT TO:

8/21. INT. RECEPTION. DAY. [13.01]

IN RECEPTION, THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO CALM DOWN A LITTLE. THE SEATS ARE STILL FULL BUT THE PEOPLE LEANING ON THE WALLS AND FILLING THE CORRIDORS HAVE GONE. COLETTE COMES OUT TO SEE AMY.

COLETTE: How are we doing?

AMY: Well a lot better than we were an hour ago. Well done.

COLETTE: Yeah, well. all I can say is 'come back Charlie all is forgiven'.

AMY: No come on. You're doing really well. Charlie could learn a thing or two.

COLETTE: Yeah, right.

ACROSS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF RECEPTION HOLLY IS SAYING GOOD BYE TO LAURA SUTTON WHO IS BEING DISCHARGED.

HOLLY: The stitches will come out in six or seven days and I'll make you an appointment at the fracture clinic for next week. Okay?

JENNY ATKINSON HAS SPOTTED LAURA AND MAKES HER WAY ACROSS RECEPTION TOWARDS HER.

LAURA: Yeah. Thanks doctor.

HOLLY LEAVES TOWARDS ADMIN, LAURA TURNS THE OTHER WAY TOWARDS THE EXIT ONLY TO FIND JENNY STANDING THERE.

JENNY: Laura.

LAURA: You don't give up do you?

LAURA STARTS TO LEAVE. JENNY TRIES TO FOLLOW HER BUT SHE SUDDENLY DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL WELL. HER SKIN IS A HORRIBLE SHADE OF YELLOWY GREY AND SHE IS SWEATING PROFUSELY.

JENNY: I just thought I might be able to give you a lift home or something.

LAURA: The biggest favour you can do me is to stay out of my life.

JENNY IS FINDING IT DIFFICULT TO KEEP UP WITH LAURA.

JENNY:Yeah, but with that arm and everything you're going to find it difficult to look after yourself. Maybe I could get some shopping in for you, cook you a meal or something.....

LAURA: What does it take to get through to you? It's too late. I don't want anything from you. I don't need anything from you.

JENNY: Laura, please.....I just need to talk to you.

JENNY STUMBLES FORWARD GRABBING HOLD OF LAURA'S ARM BUT THE TRUTH IS IT IS AS MUCH TO HOLD HERSELF UP AS IT IS TO STOP LAURA LEAVING.

LAURA: Get your hands off me.....!

LAURA UNHOOKS JENNY'S FINGERS FROM HER ARM AND PUSHES THE ARM AWAY. MUCH TO HER SURPRISE JENNY COLLAPSES UNCONSCIOUS TO THE FLOOR. THERE IS A SCREAM FROM A STANDERBY AND A SMALL CROWD GATHERS AROUND.

LAURA: Always the drama Queen.....

THE CIRCLE OFF ONLOOKERS IS BROKEN BY HOLLY AS SHE RUSHES IN TO EXAMINE JENNY.

HOLLY: What's happened?

LAURA: I don't know one minute she's standing there the next she's out cold.

HOLLY: It's your mother isn't it? What's her name.

LAURA: Jenny.

HOLLY: Jenny. Jenny can you hear me?

LAURA: She's just fainted.

COLETTE AND CHLOE ARRIVE WITH A TROLLEY.

HOLLY: _____ She hasn't just fainted I'm afraid. [TO COLETTE] She's jaundiced with a highly extended abdomen, I think we better get her straight into resus.

THE STRETCHER IS ALREADY NEXT TO JENNY AND THE TWO NURSES AND HOLLY ARE IN POSITION. LAURA WATCHES ON APPARENTLY UNMOVED BY WHAT SHE IS WITNESSING.

HOLLY: Okay, ready to lift, one, two, three, go.....

AND JENNY'S BODY IS LIFTED ON TO THE STRETCHER BLACKING OUT THE SCREEN.

CUT TO:

8/22. INT. RESUS. DAY. [13.03 - TC Sc20]

THE DOORS OF RESUS CRASH OPEN AND CHLOE, COLETTE AND HOLLY WHEEL JENNY IN. LAURA FOLLOWS ON BEHIND.

HOLLY: Okay, can we get a line in and do me a BM stick. We'll need to get some bloods sent off ASAP. We'll need FBC, Coag screen, U's & E's, glucose, LFT's and amylase.

HOLLY IS EXAMINING JENNY QUICKLY AND EFFICIENTLY.

HOLLY: This looks like advanced liver disease to me. Do we know if she's receiving treatment anywhere?

CHLOE AND COLETTE SHAKE THEIR HEADS.

HOLLY: Laura?

LAURA: I don't know! I haven't spoken to her for 17 years.

HOLLY: Do you know her date of birth?

LAURA: Yeah.

HOLLY: Okay, Colette can you get the details from Laura and check if there's anything on the computer.

COLETTE: Okay, Laura do you want to come with me?

LAURA AND COLETTE MOVE TOWARDS THE DOOR AS HOLLY AND CHLOE BUSY THEMSELVES OVER HER MOTHER.

CHLOE: Her BM's down to 2.2.

HOLLY: Okay, lets give her 50 mls of 25% glucose.....

LAURA WATCHES FROM THE DOORWAY IMPASSIVE BUT NOT AS EMOTIONALLY DISTANCED AS SHE THOUGHT SHE WOULD BE.

COLETTE: Laura.

LAURA RELUCTANTLY TURNS AWAY AND FOLLOWS COLETTE TOWARDS RECEPTION/ADMIN.

CUT TO:

8/23. EXT. RTA. DAY. [13.05]

BACK AT THE CAR WRECK, PATRICK IS STILL IN THE PASSENGER SEAT OF THE MANGLED HATCHBACK ATTENDING TO THE OLD MAN WHO IS FEELING BETTER AS THE FLUID AND PAIN KILLERS DO THEIR WORK. JOSH HAS GOT HIS NECK COLLAR IN PLACE.

PATRICK: Okay, Josh his BP's okay but he's remaining tachycardic at 100, despite the fluid. He's getting shocked and cold we need to move him pretty fast really.

JOSH: How are you feeling know Mr Bryant? How's the pain in your legs?

BRYANT: A lot better thank you.....

THE FIRE BRIGADE HAVE STABILISED THE HATCHBACK WITH WEDGES AND BLOCKS AND A FIREMAN IS INSIDE PLACING A RAM VERTICALLY IN THE CAR TO PREVENT ANY COLLAPSE OF THE ROOF.

FIREMAN: Okay that's me done. The only problem now George is that trying to move this lot [THE BRICKS/GIRDERS] is like playing pick up sticks. We're going to have get a crane in and lift them all of one by one.

PATRICK: How long is that going to take?

FIREMAN: Well, depends, it could be thirty, forty minutes.

PATRICK: Forty minutes? Josh, forty minutes is too long.

JOSH THROWS A GLANCE TO GEORGE BRYANT WHO IS LISTENING INTENTLY TO WHAT IS BEING SAID.

JOSH: Be with you in a minute Mr Bryant [TO PATRICK] Patrick could I have a word?

AN IRRITATED PATRICK STRUGGLES OUT OF THE HATCHBACK.

CUT TO:

8/24. INT. RESUS. DAY. [13.06]

BACK IN RESUS THE IMMEDIATE CRISIS IS OVER, HOLLY AND CHLOE HAVE GOT JENNY ATKINSON REASONABLY COMFORTABLE AND ARE TIDYING UP. COLETTE ARRIVES BACK IN RESUS WITH JENNY ATKINSON'S NOTES.

COLETTE: Yeah, you were right. She's one of Dr Chesney's up in the Liver Unit. Full blown scirosis of the liver and irresectable, multi focal, primary hepatoma

SHE HANDS THE NOTES TO HOLLY.

CHLOE: Oh dear.

COLETTE: She must have the constitution of an Ox to go chasing around Holby like she has today.

CHLOE: Well, she must have had to drink that much booze in the first place.....

JENNY HAS WOKEN UP.

JENNY: What happened?

HOLLY: Oh, hello, Jenny. Your blood sugar level dropped very low and caused you to collapse. We've given you some glucose and that seems to have stabilised the situation for the moment

JENNY TAKES IN THAT NEWS.

JENNY: I see. So is this it? Is it the big one?

HOLLY: Well, I think we ought to wait until Dr Chesney in the Liver Unit has had a look at you before jumping to any conclusions. I'll have a word with him and see if we can get you admitted straight away.

JENNY: Right. What about Laura? Is she still here?

COLETTE: Yes. She's waiting in the relatives room.

HOLLY: Does she know?

JENNY: That I'm dying you mean? No she doesn't. And I don't want you to tell her.

HOLLY: She'll find out sooner or later.

JENNY: Yes, but not yet. There's something I have to do first. Can I see her?

HOLLY: You can as far as I'm concerned.

JENNY: Please, will you ask her? Just to talk to me for ten minutes. Then I won't bother her again.

HOLLY: Sure. I'll ask.

JENNY SLUMPS BACK ONTO HER PILLOW EXHAUSTED BY IT ALL.
HOLLY AND COLETTE EXCHANGE A GLANCE - NOT OPTIMISTIC
ABOUT LAURA'S REACTION TO THIS LATEST DEVELOPMENT.

CUT TO:

8/25. EXT. RTA. DAY. [13.08]

JOSH IS ANGRY HE HAS TAKEN PATRICK OUT OF THE EARSHOT OF GEORGE BRYANT WHO IS STILL TRAPPED IN HIS CAR.

JOSH: You as good as told that old man that he was going to die,

PATRICK: If it takes us 40 minutes to get him out of that car, he *is* going to die. He's almost certainly got significant lower limb injury, he's losing blood all the time, he's hypovlaemic and going into shock. He needs to be in Resus not stuck in what's left of a 5 door hatchback.

JOSH: I do know all that Patrick, only too well. I'm just intrigued to know how you think it will help the patient to know it.

PATRICK: I'm just telling it how it is Josh.

JOSH: Really. Well, I just hope Mr Bryant appreciates your honesty.

PATRICK REALISES THAT JOSH HAS A POINT.

PATRICK: So what are we supposed to do for 40 minutes? Sit and watch him die?

JOSH: Look, all we can do is keep him as comfortable as possible and talk to him, keep him calm, keep his mind off the situation.....

PATRICK: Talk to him?

JOSH: That's right.

PATRICK: For 40 minutes?

JOSH: 'Fraid so?

JOSH AND PATRICK ALMOST SMILE THE IRONY NOT LOST ON EITHER OF THEM. BUT THEN FINLAY ARRIVES.

FINLAY: Josh, listen, I really need a hand, there's some sort of delay in sending out the other crews and it's like a battle field over there.

JOSH: Oh, right. Okay. [TO PATRICK] Erm....are you.....?

PATRICK: It's okay. I've only got to talk to him, right? What can be so difficult about that?

JOSH ARCHES A SKEPTICAL EYEBROW AND LEAVES WITH
FINLAY. PATRICK TURNS AND BRACES HIMSELF TO GO ONE TO
ONE WITH THE OLD MAN.

CUT TO:

8/26. INT. ADMIN/CUBICLE. DAY. [13.10]

ALKIE ALEX SNORES NOISILY AWAY BARNEY PASSES AND ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE BASHES HIS TROLLEY TO SHUT HIM UP ALKIE ALEX STARTS AWAKE.....

BARNEY: Whoops, sorry.

AND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THE TERRIBLE PAIN IN ALEX'S HEAD KICKS IN. A SMILING BARNEY MAKES HIS WAY OVER TO CHLOE WHO IS IN ADMIN SORTING OUT SOME CASUALTY CARDS. IN THE CORNER

BARNEY: Ah, there you are. Listen have you got a moment?

CHLOE: Why? What's going on?

BARNEY: Nothing, nothing. I just wanted to talk to you about that E grade post.

CHLOE: What about it?

BARNEY: Well, it's like you said they come up so rarely.

CHLOE: And?

BARNEY: And I can't really afford to miss this one either.

CHLOE: So you're going to apply for it as well?

BARNEY: Well, yeah. I mean I won't get it.....

CHLOE: [JOKING] Too right you won't, sunshine, not with me in the race.

CHLOE IS MAYBE DISAPPOINTED BUT HIDING IT WELL.

BARNEY:But you've got to go through the motions haven't you if only for practicing interview technique and filling in the forms.....

CHLOE: Yeah, of course.

BARNEY: I was just worried you might be upset what with the bank calling and everything.

CHLOE: Yeah, well an E-grade post is only worth a few quid a week extra and it's going to take a lot more than that to satisfy that pack of ravaging beasts.

BARNEY: So we're okay then.

CHLOE: [SMILING] Yeah, sure, I just hope you won't be too disappointed when I get the job that's all.

BARNEY: May the best man win.

AND AS SHE GOES DAN ROBINSON APPEARS BESIDE BARNEY.

DAN: You two haven't fallen out I hope?

BARNEY: No. It's just a bit of healthy career rivalry that's all.....

DAN IS NOT CONVINCED BUT BEFORE HE CAN REPLY HE IS STOPPED IN HIS TRACKS BY THE UNBELIEVABLY IRRITATING TONES OF BEETHOVEN, AS PLAYED BY A MOBILE PHONE, CUTS THROUGH THE BACKGROUND NOISE. DAN AND BARNEY TURN TOWARDS THE CUBICLE WHERE THE TERRIBLE NOISE IS COMING FROM. BEHIND THE CURTAIN THEY HEAR CHRIS THOMAS ANSWER THE PHONE AND BEGIN TO SPEAK.

THOMAS: (V/O) Hello?.....[URGENT] Ah, Matt, how did it go?.....[RELIEVED] Great, great.....I know, I know, I'm sorry but it's a bloody shambles down here. None of the morons would last five minutes in business.....

DAN AND BARNEY EXCHANGE GLANCES.

DAN: [QUIETLY] It's okay I'll deal with this.

HE QUIETLY APPROACHES THE CURTAIN LISTENING TO THOMAS' CONVERSATION ALL THE TIME.

THOMAS: (V/O) Yeah, well I'm going to kick some flabby welfare state butt and hopefully get out of here in the next half hour.....

DAN PULLS THE CURTAIN BACK.

DAN: Ah, sorry. Excuse me. No mobiles in the hospital I'm afraid they can interfere with the equipment.

THOMAS: Hang on, Matt, [TO DAN] Okay, sorry, I'll turn it off after this call.....[INTO PHONE] So, Matt, If you get down to the airport and pick up the tickets.....

DAN ADVANCES INTO THE CUBICLE. IN THE BACKGROUND BARNEY IS PRETENDING TO DEAL WITH SOME PAPERWORK BUT IS ACTUALLY LISTENING INTENTLY TO WHAT FOLLOWS.

DAN: I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to turn it off *now*.

THOMAS:[TO DAN, VERY IRRITATED] Sorry what are you saying?

DAN: I'm saying that Mobile phones can potentially cause serious problems with our equipment and

THOMAS: I've told you I'll turn it off after this call.

DAN: I'm sorry that won't do. You are going to have to turn that phone off right now. I'm afraid.

DAN AND THOMAS GLARE AT EACH OTHER. OVER BY ADMIN, BARNEY IS LOVING EVERY MINUTE OF THIS.

THOMAS: Okay, that's it no more Mr Nice Guy. [INTO PHONE] Matt, I'm going to have to go. I'll hopefully see you at the airport in about an hour.

HE HANGS UP AND TURNS FURIOUSLY ON DAN.

THOMAS: Now listen pal I don't know who you think you are giving out your orders but I've been waiting in this hell hole for four and a half hours to get a couple of stitches in a cut finger. My entire career is on the verge of flushing away down the toilet because of your incompetence, and if I want to make a phone call to try and rescue something from the wreckage, I damn well will! Understand!

BARNEY CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

DAN: [CALM] How did you cut your finger Mr Thomas?

THOMAS: What?

DAN IS LOOKING AT THOMAS' NOTES.

DAN: [DEAD CALM] I'm just interested to know how you received the injury in the first place.

FOR A MOMENT THOMAS HOPES THAT MAYBE DAN IS THE DOCTOR COME TO TREAT HIM.

THOMAS: I told the nurse. I cut it with a Stanley knife.

DAN: I see. And whose fault is that Mr Thomas?

A FURIOUS THOMAS GLARES AT DAN. BARNEY IS OPEN MOUTHED IN ADMIRATION.

THOMAS: Okay, that's it I've had enough. I want to speak to the senior manager of this department and I want to speak to him right now.

DAN: You *are* speaking to him.

THOMAS: What?

DAN HOLDS OUT HIS HAND TO THOMAS. FOR BARNEY THIS WHOLE SCENE IS ALMOST JUST TOO SCRUMPTIOUS TO BEAR.

DAN: Dan Robinson, Directorate Manager for Clinical Care.

DAN HOLDS OUT HIS IDENTITY BADGE TOWARDS THOMAS. THOMAS IS GOBSMACKED - THE STEAM COMPLETELY KNOCKED OUT OF HIS SAILS.

THOMAS: Well, no wonder this place is in such a shambles if the senior manager is running around pushing trolleys about.

DAN: Mr Thomas, insulting me isn't going to improve your situation. The only thing you can do is wait patiently like everybody else and you will be seen as soon as possible.....

DAN TURNS AND EXITS. CLOSING THE CURTAIN AND LEAVING A HUMILIATED THOMAS REALISING HE HAS COMPLETELY BLOWN HIS CREDIBILITY.

AS DAN EMERGES FROM THE CUBICLE A MUCH IMPRESSED BARNEY TURNS AWAY FROM THE ADMIN DESK TO DEAL WITH HIS NEXT PATIENT AS HE PASSES DAN HE PUTS UP HIS HAND FOR A HIGH FIVE. DAN SLAPS IT AND PASSES ON. NOTHING IS SAID. NO EYE CONTACT MADE BUT THEY BOTH KNOW A TRIUMPH WHEN THEY SEE ONE..

CUT TO:

8/27. INT. RELATIVES ROOM. DAY. [13.12]

HOLLY IS WITH LAURA SUTTON IN THE RELATIVES ROOM.

HOLLY: She's been seeing a consultant here at Holby for some time. I've just spoken to him and as soon as a bed becomes available we're going to admit her.

LAURA: I don't believe this.

LAURA IS OBVIOUSLY VERY UPSET.

HOLLY: I am sorry. I wish there was a gentler way of saying it...

BUT APPARENTLY IT'S NOT JENNY'S CONDITION THAT'S UPSETTING LAURA.

LAURA: I thought I was free of it all, finally getting my head together, getting my life together - I've got my own flat, a little job, I'm going to college next year - then there's a knock at the door and 'Heeeeere's Mummy' and the whole thing kicks off again.

HOLLY: Oh, I see.

LAURA: Well, if the manipulative cow thinks she can just walk back into my life. She's got another trick coming.

AND LAURA IS UP ON HER FEET GATHERING HER BAGS.

HOLLY: Erm, she has asked to see you actually.

LAURA: Ha! I'll bet she has.

HOLLY: She is very poorly.....

LAURA: Yeah, well, my heart bleeds no one held a gun to her head and poured the drink down her throat, did they? She did it to herself.

HOLLY: According to her notes she hasn't been drinking for over a year.

LAURA: I don't care if she's become Mother Teresa and is single handedly feeding the starving of the world. There's nothing she can say to me that I want to hear. Now if you don't mind I'm going home.

SHE GOES TO THE DOOR OBVIOUSLY ABOUT TO LEAVE.

HOLLY: But what about you?

LAURA: What about me?

HOLLY: Well, it sounds as if there are things you need to say to her. She is very seriously ill and you might not get another opportunity to say them.

LAURA: What are you talking about? How ill?

HOLLY: Well, Dr Chesney in the Liver Unit can give you a better idea of that than I can. I just think for your own sake you ought to at least talk to her, before it's too late.

LAURA: Before it's too late? Are you saying she's dying?

HOLLY: Like I said it's not really my place to say anything but

LAURA SITS DOWN. DESPITE WHAT SHE'S SAID BEFORE JENNY IS HER MOTHER AND IT'S A SHOCK TO THE SYSTEM TO HEAR THAT SHE IS DYING. LAURA DOESN'T KNOW IF THE TEARS IN HER EYES ARE TEARS OF ANGER, FRUSTRATION OR SORROW. PROBABLY ALL THREE.

HOLLY: I'm sorry. I know she didn't want you to find out like this.

BUT LAURA'S PRIDE WILL NOT ALLOW HER FALL TO PIECES IN FRONT OF HOLLY AND SHE PULLS BACK FROM THE BRINK.

LAURA: How long has she got?

HOLLY: That's something you would have to ask Dr Chesney.

LAURA: She is my mother. Aren't I entitled to know?

HOLLY: Honestly I'm not trying to avoid the question but.....

LAURA: Well, what are we talking about? Years? Months? Weeks?

HOLLY: Laura, she's not my patient....

LAURA: Well what? Two years? A year? Six months?

AND HOLLY LOOKS DOWN UNCONSCIOUSLY GIVING THE GAME AWAY. LAURA IS OBVIOUSLY SHOCKED.

LAURA: Six months. She's got six months.

AND LAURA'S FACE HARDENS AS SHE FIGHTS TO KEEP THE
FLOOD OF EMOTIONS THAT THREATEN TO OVERWHELM HER
HIDDEN FROM HOLLY.

LAURA: So she's finally done it. She's finally drunk herself to death.

CUT TO:

8/28. EXT. RTA. DAY. [13.14]

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CAR WRECK, PATRICK IS BACK IN THE PASSENGER SEAT OF THE HATCHBACK. THE OLD MAN GEORGE BRYANT IS LOOKING ON EXPECTANTLY DURING A LONG PAUSE AS PATRICK TRIES TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO SAY. HE FINALLY COMES UP WITH.....

PATRICK: Nice cars these aren't they?

THE OLD MAN, GEORGE BRYANT IS INCREDULOUS.

BRYANT: You are joking aren't you.

PATRICK LOOKS AT THE MECHANICAL CARNAGE ALL AROUND AND IS EMBARRASSED INTO SILENCE AND THERE IS ANOTHER PAUSE.

BRYANT: You know I think I'm going to be able to cope with having twelve tons of bricks and steel on top of me legs and tubes shoved in my arms and all the rest of it, but I reckon spending 45 minutes trapped in this car with you is going to be blooming agony.

PATRICK SMILES REALISING THE OLD MAN IS JOKING.

PATRICK: I know, I'm sorry. I've not quite got the old Dr Kildare bedside manner have I.

BRYANT: Dr Kildare? More like Dr Crippen.

PATRICK LAUGHS.

BRYANT: Never mind you're probably more of a nuts and bolts man, right?

PATRICK: I couldn't have put it better myself.

BRYANT: I thought so. Like me.

PATRICK: Yeah?

BRYANT: I'm an engineer - well 'was' an engineer. Retired. I used to built these things. Back when we used to built proper cars.

PATRICK: Right.

BRYANT: I always said the blooming things would be the death of me. I didn't expect it to be quite so literally.

PATRICK SMILES AGAIN. HE'S BEGINNING TO LIKE THIS OLD GEEZER.

CUT TO:

8/29. INT. RESUS. DAY. [13.16]

IN RESUS A CAUTIOUS AND SUSPICIOUS LAURA IS AT JENNY'S BEDSIDE. JENNY IS OBVIOUSLY NOT WELL AND SOMETIMES HAVING TO FORCE THE WORDS OUT.

JENNY: I'm sorry Laura I didn't want you find out like this.

LAURA: Well, to be honest I'm intrigued to know why you didn't come right out with it this morning. Lay it on me right from the beginning. I would have thought imminent death was the type of ultimate trump card you'd just love to play.

JENNY: Yes but that's just it. I didn't want to use the illness as some sort of emotional blackmail. I wanted to talk to you clean.

LAURA: Clean?

JENNY: Look Laura there's nothing I can say that can put right what I did to you during your childhood.

LAURA: Too right.

JENNY: And I'm so sorry about what happened this morning.....

LAURA: You're not the only one.

JENNY: And I know I've gone about it in completely the wrong way, as usual, but I just thought that least I owed you was to tell you face to face how sorry I am for everything that happened when you were a kid.

LAURA: That's big of you.

JENNY: There are no excuses for what I did.

LAURA: But.....?

JENNY: No buts. What I did to you was unforgivable. I was a drunk and I hurt everything that was precious to me. That's what drunks do.

LAURA LOOKS AT HER IMPASSIVELY NOT SURE WHAT TO MAKE OF ALL THIS.

JENNY: And you were precious to me Laura. Still are.

LAURA: Oh, please.....

LAURA TURNS AWAY FEIGNING CYNICISM, BUT REALLY TRYING TO SUPPRESS AND DISGUISE THE UNEXPECTED EMOTIONS THAT THREATEN TO OVERCOME HER.

JENNY: If it's any consolation it wasn't much fun for me either. Drinking yourself to death isn't all it's cracked up to be.

LAURA: Is this all part of some therapy programme or something?

JENNY: Why? Would that make a difference?

LAURA: I don't know.

JENNY: All I can say is that for thirty years I drank until I was drunk every single night. And every single morning I woke up and swore never to do it again, only to repeat the same sorry process that very same night. Yet today I haven't had a drink for a year, and stand a good chance of dying sober. So whatever it is it can't be all bad, can it?

LAURA IS TRYING TO TAKE ALL THIS IN. SHE'S NOT EXACTLY JUMPING FOR JOY BUT MUCH TO HER OWN SURPRISE SHE HAS BEEN DEEPLY TOUCHED BY WHAT JENNY HAS HAD TO SAY AND DOES FEEL SOME COMPASSION FOR HER SICK MOTHER.

CUT TO:

8/30. EXT. RTA. DAY, [13.20]

IN THE MANGLED HATCHBACK THINGS ARE GOING FAIRLY WELL. GEORGE BRYANT IS TALKING ALTHOUGH HE IS OBVIOUSLY DETERIORATING BECOMING WEAKER AND OBVIOUSLY COLD.

BRYANT:In fact I was such a good engineer they promoted me off the shop floor.

PATRICK: Up through the ranks eh? Very impressive.

BRYANT: You must be joking. Worst thing that ever happened to me. I hated being in an office. Pushing bits of paper around, attending endless 'meetings' - and the politics! I spent most of the first two years pulling the knives out my back put there by my ever-so polite colleagues. Nightmare. And all the time I just wanted to get in amongst it again, get some oil under me finger nails. Make something that actually worked.

PATRICK: Makes sense to me.

BRYANT: That's probably what brought on the first heart attack. The stress of not really being able to cope in that world but pretending everything was okay.....

NOW REALLY IS BAD NEWS. PATRICK IS SUDDENLY ON FULL ALERT.....

PATRICK: Heart attack?

BRYANT: Yeah. Well, two actually.

REMEMBERING GEORGE'S VULNERABILITY, PATRICK TRIES NOT VERY SUCCESSFULLY, TO HIDE HIS ANXIETY FROM GEORGE.

PATRICK: When was this?

BRYANT: Well, I had the big one ten years ago. The little one was two years after that.....

PATRICK: George, why on earth didn't you tell me?

BRYANT: You didn't ask.

AND PATRICK HAS TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE TRUTH - MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS TALKING TO PATIENTS BUSINESS AFTER ALL.

PATRICK: True enough.

BRYANT: Sorry. Listen, I couldn't have a drink could I. I'm getting awfully thirsty.

PATRICK: Sure, I'll sort something out.

THIRST IS ANOTHER BAD SIGN - PATRICK LOOKS AROUND LOOKING FOR JOSH. THEY REALLY DO NEED TO GET BRYANT TO HOSPITAL.

CUT TO:

8/31. INT. SUTURE ROOM. DAY. [13.23]

IN THE SUTURE ROOM COLETTE IS HALF WAY THROUGH TREATING CHRIS THOMAS' FINGER. SHE HAS CLEANED THE WOUND AND IS ABOUT TO APPLY THE STERISTRIPS. SHE HAS ON SURGICAL GLOVES AND HOLDS THE STRIPS DELICATELY IN HER FINGERS.

COLETTE: This really won't take a minute Mr Thomas.

THOMAS: Then I can go?

COLETTE: Then you can go. You'll be on your way in five minutes. Okay

THOMAS TRIES TO LOOK AT HIS WATCH.

THOMAS: Five minutes. Okay.....

COLETTE: Can you just hold your hand up.....

DAN APPEARS AT THE DOOR. HE HAS HIS JACKET BACK ON. HE AND THOMAS EXCHANGE A HOSTILE GLANCE.

DAN: Colette can I have a word?

COLETTE: Can you just excuse for me for minute Mr Thomas.

THOMAS: Oh, for Pete's sake.....

BUT THOMAS CATCHES SIGHT OF DAN OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE AND QUICKLY BACKS OFF.

THOMAS: Yeah, sure, whatever.

COLETTE STEPS OUT OF THE ROOM. SHE STANDS JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR STILL HOLDING THE STERISTRIP IN HER FINGERS.

DAN: Sorry Colette, they need me back upstairs. I'm going to have to love you and leave you I'm afraid.

IN THE SUTURE ROOM THOMAS DECIDES TO TAKE A LOOK AT HIS FINGER.

COLETTE: Oh, right, well thanks for your help.

DAN: Not at all. It's been a fantastic day. I've learnt more about the team dynamics of this department in the last few hours than in the rest of the time I've been here.

IN THE ROOM THOMAS WAGGLES HIS FINGER AND MUCH TO HIS SURPRISE THE TOP OF IT FLAPS ABOUT IN A MOST UNPLEASANT MANNER. IN AN INSTANT THOMAS GOES WHITE THEN, GREEN.....

COLETTE: [UNEASY] Oh, right, that's good.

DAN: And I have to say I think you're all doing a fantastic job.....

AND DAN FREEZES IN HIS TRACKS AS OVER COLETTE'S SHOULDER HE WATCHES THOMAS FAINT CLEAN AWAY AND TOPPLE FORWARD OFF THE TROLLEY HEAD FIRST AND CRASH HIS FOREHEAD INTO THE HARD FLOOR.

DAN: Colette.....

WITH HIS BUM STILL IN THE AIR. THOMAS LIES STILL AS THE DEAD ON THE FLOOR OF THE SUTURE ROOM. COLETTE AND DAN RUSH BACK INTO THE ROOM.

COLETTE: Oh, my Goodness, what happened? He's only got a cut finger.....

DAN: He just toppled forward off the trolley.....

COLETTE TURNS THOMAS OVER BUT HE IS UNCONSCIOUS.

COLETTE: Mr Thomas? Mr Thomas can you hear me?

DAN: I'll get a doctor.

COLETTE: I think Max is next door.....Mr Thomas?

COLETTE STARTS TO EXAMINE MR THOMAS, FEELING HIS HEAD, MAKING SURE HIS AIRWAY IS CLEAR ETC.....DAN AND MAX COME RUSHING IN.

MAX: Colette?.....Oh dear.....Is he all right?

COLETTE: [DISTRESSED] I don't know. I was just talking to Dan and.....

DAN: And he keeled over.

MAX: It's the guy with the cut finger isn't it?

COLETTE: Yeah, Chris Thomas.

MAX QUICKLY EXAMINES THOMAS, LOOKING AT HIS FOREHEAD AND SEEING AN IMPACT BRUISE ALREADY FORMING.

MAX: Mr Thomas? Can you hear me?

THERE IS A MURMUR FROM THOMAS AS HE BEGINS TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS.

MAX: Mr Thomas?

THOMAS: What happened?

MAX: You've been unconscious. [TO DAN & COLETTE] Can you give me a hand?

THEY LIFT THOMAS UP ON TO THE TROLLEY. MAX CONTINUES TO EXAMINE THOMAS.

THOMAS: What happened?

MAX: We're not sure. Perhaps you fainted?

THOMAS: Fainted?

MAX: Yes. I think maybe you fainted off the trolley and banged your head on the floor?

THOMAS LOOKS AT THE FLOOR.

THOMAS: Banged my head?

MAX: Yes. I'm afraid so. Do you know where you are?

THOMAS: I'm at the hospital aren't I?

MAX: That's right. And why did you come here?

THOMAS: My finger. I cut my finger.

MAX: That's right.

THOMAS LOOKS AT HIS FINGER AGAIN AND GOES ALL QUEASY AGAIN.

THOMAS: Oh, that is so gross.....

MAX: It's okay Mr Thomas we'll get a dressing on that. How's your neck? Any pain here?

HE EXAMINES THOMAS'S NECK.

THOMAS: No but my head hurts.

MAX: Yes, well that must have been quite a nasty bump to knock you out like that,. [TO COLETTE] Okay, Colette lets check his GCS and we better get him a neck collar and strap him down to the trolley. [TO THOMAS] Then I think it might be best if we sent you down to x-ray. Just to check there's no damage to the skull.

COLETTE & DAN CRINGE - THOMAS ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THAT ONE BIT.

THOMAS: You are joking aren't you?

MAX: I'm sorry. But it won't take long. Better be safe than sorry wouldn't you say?

THOMAS GLARES AT AN EMBARRASSED COLETTE.

THOMAS: Oh great. Well that's it then isn't it. I can kiss Edinburgh good bye. A six hundred thousand contract down the drain. [TO DAN] You do realise I'm going to sue, don't you. You people can't be allowed to get away this. And you're not going to. Not this time.

MAX LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY TO A WORRIED LOOKING COLETTE WHO LOOKS TO AN EVEN MORE WORRIED DAN.

CUT TO:

8/32. EXT. RTA. DAY. [13.28]

BACK AT THE RTA, PATRICK IS WRAPPING GEORGE IN SOME SORT OF A BLANKET AS THE OLD MAN HAS COMPLAINED OF GETTING COLD. GEORGE IS STILL TALKING BUT HE IS MUCH, MUCH WEAKER AND FINDING THE WORDS HAS BECOME DIFFICULT.

BRYANT: Mind you..... those heart attacks..... were the best thing that ever happened to me.

PATRICK: How so?

BRYANT: Well, after that..... every day's a bonus..... isn't it? Makes you think about what you want out of life.

PATRICK: I suppose so.

PATRICK HAS FINISHED TRYING TO MAKE GEORGE MORE COMFORTABLE.

PATRICK: Is that better?

GEORGE NODS WEARILY.

BRYANT: After the second attack.....I realised....the only thing I really cared about in the whole wide world was Margie.

PATRICK: Margie?

BRYANT: My wife.....And working the hours I did.....I never saw her.

PATRICK: Are you on any medication for your heart condition George?

BRYANT: When I did I was stressed out.....and knackered.....

PATRICK: Beta blockers for example?

BRYANT: If I carried on like that I'd be dead. anyway.....So I jacked it all in.....

BUT SUDDENLY BRYANT HAS REMEMBERED HIS WIFE.

BRYANT: Oh, no, what about Margie? She'll be wondering where I am? Whose going to tell her about all this?.....Someone's got to tell her....

BRYANT IS BECOMING AGITATED. TRYING TO MOVE IN HIS SEAT. HIS SPEECH IS BECOMING PUNCTUATED BY HIS BREATHING.

PATRICK: George.....

BRYANT: I've got to get out of here.....

PATRICK: Calm down George. It's okay. The police will have already contacted her.....

BRYANT: But she's on her own.....I've got to.....

PATRICK: They won't leave her on her own George.

BUT IT'S ALL TOO MUCH FOR GEORGE WHO SLUMPS BACK IN HIS CHAIR.

PATRICK: It's okay George. Calm down. They'll take Margie to the hospital. She'll be waiting for us when we get there.

BRYANT: Really?

PATRICK: Really. So come on calm down. You're not doing yourself any favours getting all hot and bothered.

HE EXAMINES BRYANT AGAIN.

BRYANT: Are you married.

PATRICK: No. I've so far managed to avoid that dubious pleasure.

BRYANT: I can highly recommend it.....

PATRICK: Can you still feel your legs George?

BRYANT: Not really, they're sort of numb.

THIS IS NOT GOOD NEWS. PATRICK LOOKS AT HIS WATCH AND THEN OUT OF THE WINDOW TRYING TO ESTABLISH WHAT'S TAKING THE FIRE BRIGADE SO LONG. BRYANT WATCHES HIM FOR A MOMENT, THEN....

BRYANT: Thanks by the way.

PATRICK: For what?

BRYANT: For trying your best.....even though it's hopeless.

PATRICK: It's not hopeless. What are you talking about?

BRYANT: I might have been a useless line manager, Doctor.....but I'm not an idiot.

PATRICK: Look, honestly the fire brigade will get you out of here in no time and you'll be in Holby City before you know it. You're going to be fine.

BRYANT: It's all right.....you don't have to give me all the old flannel.I've had ten years to get used to the idea of dying. Mind you this isn't quite how I'd imagined it would be.

PATRICK: George, you are not going to die. I won't let it happen.

BUT BRYANT HASN'T HEARD HE'S DRIFTING OFF INTO A WORLD OF HIS OWN.

BRYANT: I'm very tired,.....very sleepy.....I feel.....

AND BRYANT IS DRIFTING AWAY TO THE LAND OF NOD.

PATRICK: George, George, don't go to sleep. Mr Bryant.....

PATRICK REALISES HE NEEDS TO DO SOMETHING FAST.

PATRICK: Josh! Josh.....!

CUT TO:

8/33. INT. SUTURE ROOM. DAY. [13.32]

DAN AND MAX ARE TAKING A RIGHT EAR-BASHING FROM CHRIS THOMAS.

THOMAS: I mean, we put ourselves in your hands when we come in here don't we. I mean, we have to trust you.

COLETTE COMES IN WITH BARNEY.

COLETTE: It's okay x-ray will do him straight away.

THOMAS: But none of you know what you're doing do you? If you were any good you'd be working in a private hospital.

BARNEY: There you are, Mr Thomas. It must be your lucky day.

BUT MR THOMAS DOESN'T FIND IT FUNNY.

COLETTE: This is Barney Mr Thomas, he'll take you down to x-ray right now.

BARNEY AND COLETTE TAKE THE BRAKES OFF THOMAS' TROLLEY.....

THOMAS: I'll bet he will. No delays now, eh. Not now your necks are on the line.

.....AND START TO WHEEL THE TROLLEY OUT OF THE ROOM.

THOMAS: I mean it's crazy, People catching killer diseases, having scalpels left inside them, having the wrong kidney taken out. It's a bloody nightmare.

THEY COME OUT OF THE SUTURE ROOM

THOMAS: And nobody ever accepts responsibility for any of it. You all just carry on as if nothing had happened.

THEY CROSS THE SMALL WAITING AREA AT THE TOP OF THE LONG CORRIDOR.

THOMAS: Well, not this time. I'm going all the way with this. The courts, the papers, the Ombudsman, somebody is going to pay for this.

THEY ENTER THE MAIN RECEPTION AREA.

THOMAS: Get out of here while you can. I only came in with a cut finger, now I've got a fractured skull.....

MAX: Okay, Mr Thomas, that's enough.....Barney.

MAX INDICATES FOR BARNEY TO GET THOMAS OUT OF THERE ASAP. BARNEY GIVES COLETTE A SYMPATHETIC LOOK AND PUSHES THOMAS AWAY TOWARDS X-RAY.

THOMAS: I'm telling you Robinson I'm going to sue your officious, pen pushing, backside from here to.....

COLETTE, MAX AND DAN WATCH THE RANTING THOMAS AS HE DISAPPEARS ROUND THE CORNER. DAN TURNS TO THEM.

DAN: Okay, Colette get Thomas's notes and meet me in Charlie's office in fifteen minutes. Then we can get our story straight.

MAX: A process we normally call 'reviewing the case'.

DAN ARCHES AN EYEBROW - YEAH RIGHT.

DAN: And Max can you bring his x-rays up as soon as possible.

DAN BUSTLES OFF AND MAX AND COLETTE EXCHANGE A WRY LOOK BEFORE JUMPING TO THEIR TASKS.

CUT TO:

8/34. EXT. RTA. DAY. [13.34]

AT THE CAR ACCIDENT. THE FIRE BRIGADE ARE MAKING PROGRESS. THE PILE OF BRICKS AND GIRDERS HAS BEEN DISMANTLED AND THEY ARE PREPARING TO CUT MR BRYANT OUT OF HIS MANGLED CAR. BUT INSIDE THE CAR THINGS ARE NOT GOING SO WELL. MR BRYANT IS BEGINNING TO TALK NONSENSE AND HIS BREATHING IS BEGINNING TO BECOME MORE LABORED. PATRICK HAS GOT ANOTHER LINE INTO HIS OTHER ARM. JOSH HAS SET UP THE DRIP OUTSIDE. PATRICK HAS MOVED IN CLOSE HOLDING THE OLD MAN'S HAND.

PATRICK: George, come on George

BRYANT: I shouldn't have been driving really.....much too old.....silly old sod.....

PATRICK: That's it. Keep talking to me. Come on George.

JOSH: How is he?

PATRICK GIVES JOSH THE OLD BORDER LINE HAND GESTURE. BUT BEFORE JOSH CAN REPLY, A FIREMAN APPROACHES.

JOSH: Hang on a minute.....

JOSH GOES TO TALK TO THE FIREMAN. BRYANT COMES ROUND A BIT RECOGNISING PATRICK.

BRYANT: Hey, what's up Doc?

PATRICK: George, don't go drifting off like that okay. You gave me the heeby jeebies.

JOSH APPEARS AT THE WINDOW.

JOSH: Ah, Mr Bryant, good to see you back with us again. I'm sure you'll be glad to hear that we're ready to cut you out. Patrick, you'll need to clear, let the cutters in from that side.

PATRICK: Okay. [TO BRYANT] Listen, George, I'm going to have to leave you for a minute but I don't want you to go to sleep. Okay.

BRYANT TAKES PATRICK BY THE HAND STOPPING HIM FROM LEAVING.

BRYANT: I need you to do me a favour.

PATRICK: A favour sure, whatever, as long as you promise to stay awake.

JOSH APPEARS AGAIN AT THE WINDOW.

JOSH: Patrick?

PATRICK: Okay, Josh.

BRYANT: In the door.....

GEORGE POINTS ACROSS TO THE POCKET ON THE INSIDE OF HIS DOOR PATRICK REACHES ACROSS HIM INTO THE POCKET AND PULLS OUT A PAPER BAG CONTAINING A BOX.

BRYANT: That's for Margi.....to say sorry.....

PATRICK LOOKS INSIDE THE PAPER BAG THERE IS A BENT AND MANGLED BOX OF CHOCOLATES.

BRYANT: They're her favourites.....That's where I'd been this morning.....You see.....we had this silly row last night.....

PATRICK: George you can give them to her yourself when we get to the hospital.

BRYANT:I said the quickest way to get to Montague Avenue was to cut through to Kingsdown Street

PATRICK: And up through the park.

BRYANT:She said they've just made Randall Rd into a pedestrian walk way

PATRICK:Which makes Kingsdown St a dead-end..

BRYANT:Why would you close Randall Rd.....?

PATRICK: Don't ask me.

AND AN IRRITATED JOSH IS AT THE WINDOW AGAIN.

JOSH: Patrick. Unless you get out of there we can't do anything.

PATRICK: Okay, okay.

BRYANT: Will you give her the chocolates for me.....tell her she was right I was wrong and I'm sorry.....It's important.....I don't want it to end on a row.....Promise you'll do that for me.

PATRICK: Okay. I promise. But, George, I want you to stay away awake remember. We're nearly there but you've got to stay awake okay.

GEORGE NODS GROGGILY AND PATRICK CRAWLS OUT OF THE CAR AS THE FIRE BRIGADE CUTTERS ROAR INTO LIFE.

CUT TO:

8/35. INT. RESUS. DAY. [13.36]

HOLLY ARRIVES IN RESUS. LAURA IS STILL WITH JENNY.

HOLLY: Okay, Jenny I've spoken to Dr Chesney in the Liver Unit and he's found you a bed. You'll be going up in five minutes or so.

JENNY: Thank you doctor.

HOLLY: Laura, if you want to wait you can go and see your Mum in the ward in about half an hour.

LAURA: I don't think so. It's been a bit of a day all round. I think I could do with crawling into bed myself.

JENNY: Maybe see you again though?

LAURA: Maybe.

JENNY: I understand. See how you get on.

LAURA: Yeah. See how I get on.....Okay, look, I better get going.

THERE IS AN AWKWARD PAUSE AS LAURA DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO NEXT. FINALLY SHE SUMMONS UP ENOUGH COURAGE TO GIVE JENNY A LITTLE PECK ON THE CHEEK.

LAURA: Bye, Mum.

JENNY HOLDS LAURA TIGHTLY FOR A MOMENT.

JENNY: Bye, love and thanks.

LAURA STANDS AND IT IS CLEAR SHE IS A BIT EMOTIONALLY CHOKED. SHE JUST NODS AND LEAVES. HOLLY SMILES AS HE WATCHES HER GO. WHEN HE TURNS BACK TO JENNY SHE IS SOBBING AND TEARS ARE RUNNING DOWN HER CHEEKS.

HOLLY: Heh, are you okay?

JENNY: Yeah, I'm okay. I'm happy that's all. I'm not used to it.

CUT TO:

8/36. RTA. DAY. [13.38]

AT THE CAR WRECK JOSH IS HOLDING MR BRYANT'S HEAD STILL. AS THE FIRE BRIGADE CUTTERS MAKE LIGHT WORK OF MR BRYANT'S HATCHBACK. THE ROOF AND FRONT DOORS HAVE BEEN REMOVED. RELIEF CUTS TO THE BASE OF THE FRONT DOOR POSTS HAVE BEEN MADE AND RAMS ARE BEING PUT INTO POSITION TO ULTIMATELY RAM THE DASH AND STEERING WHEEL COLUMN UP AWAY FROM GEORGE.

PATRICK IS FIFTY YARDS AWAY LEANING FORWARDS ON TO A POLICE CAR, EYES SHUT, HEAD DOWN. FINLAY APPEARS BY HIS SIDE.

FINLAY: Patrick? You okay?

THERE IS A LOT OF NOISE AND PATRICK DOESN'T REPLY.

FINLAY: Patrick?

FINLAY LEANS IN CLOSER.....

FINLAY: Patrick?

.....AND TOUCHES PATRICK ON THE BACK. PATRICK JUMPS UP STARTLED, ROUGHLY PUSHING FINLAY AWAY.

PATRICK: Finn! What the hell are you doing?

FINLAY: Sorry. I didn't mean to startle you. I was just checking you were okay.

PATRICK: Okay? Of course I'm okay. Why shouldn't I be okay?

FINLAY: No reason. But leaning over like thatI don't know.....you looked.....

PATRICK: Looked what?

FINLAY: Looked.....upset.

PATRICK: Oh come on, Finn. give me a break!

AND PATRICK TURNS AWAY HEADING BACK TOWARDS THE HATCHBACK. FOR A MOMENT FINLAY WATCHES HIM GO AND SECRETLY HE IS AMAZED, BECAUSE, ACTUALLY, THIS ISN'T JUST THE NORMAL BOLSHY PATRICK, NO, SOMETHING ELSE IS GOING ON HERE, PATRICK SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN GENUINELY AFFECTED BY HIS CHAT WITH OLD MR BRYANT. BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO PONDER ON THIS AS THE FIREMAN SHOUTS ACROSS.....

FIREMAN: Okay, we're ready to lift him out.

THE FRONT OF THE CAR HAS BEEN RAMMED AWAY FROM BRYANT'S LEGS. WHICH CAN BE SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME MANGLED AND BLOODY. PATRICK QUICKLY JUMPS IN TO EXAMINE BRYANT.

PATRICK: Okay, Josh his BP's going to drop as his legs come clear, so lets get some more IV fluid into him - I'll apply pressure dressing to these open wounds and Finn we'll need box splints for these legs. And lets get a spine board standing by.

FINLAY ARRIVES WITH THE SPINEBOARD AND THE STRETCHER/TROLLEY.

PATRICK: You see George I said we'd get you out of there in time.....George are you listening to me?..... Come on George, Margie's waiting for you at the hospital.....

JOSH AND FINLAY EXCHANGE GLANCES. THEY'VE NOT SEEN PATRICK LIKE THIS BEFORE.

CUT TO:

8/37. CHARLIE'S OFFICE. DAY. [13.50]

COLETTE AND DAN ARE TALKING ABOUT THE CHRIS THOMAS CASE.

COLETTE: I think it's like Max said he just fainted and fell forward onto the floor.

DAN: Probably, but even so the question that is going to be asked is why he was left unobserved sitting on the side of a trolley in the first place.

COLETTE: He only had a cut finger.

DAN: Tell that to the judge. He should have been lying down in a cot, with the sides up. The procedures are there for a reason, Colette.....

COLETTE: Hang on a minute the only reason I left him alone was because you said you wanted to speak to me.....

DAN: Okay, okay, calm down, I'm not looking for someone to blame here. If Thomas pursues this these are the type of questions you are going to be asked.....

MAX ARRIVES WITH THOMAS'S X-RAYS.

MAX: I've got the x-rays.

COLETTE AND DAN FOLLOW HIM OUT OF THE ROOM TO THE X-RAY LIGHT BOXES BY ADMIN.

MAX: The good news is he hasn't done any damage falling off the trolley.

COLETTE EXCHANGES A LOOK WITH A VERY RELIEVED DAN.

DAN: No fractured skull or anything?

MAX: No, he's fine on that front.

DAN: So what's the bad news?

MAX HAS PUT THE X-RAYS UP ON THE BOXES. HE POINTS TO A PARTICULAR SPOT.

MAX: This fogging here indicates an enlargement of the pituitary fossa with effacement of the anterior and posterior clinoids. Which is highly suggestive of an SOL in the pituitary.

COLETTE: No.

MAX: 'Fraid so.

DAN: Thomas has got a brain tumour.

MAX: Well, it's not a brain tumour per se, and anyway, we'll have to admit him over night and do a CT scan in the morning. But I'd put money on it, yes.

DAN: What a stroke of luck.

MAX: Sorry?

DAN: Well, I just mean if he hadn't fallen off that trolley he would never have found out about the tumor. I mean we've probably saved his life.

MAX: Well, I don't know about that.....

DAN: Perhaps I should come with you when you talk to him?

MAX: No, it's okay, I don't think that will be necessary.

DAN: No, come to think of it you're right, we don't to appear to be putting him under any undue pressure or anything.

COLETTE: Can I come? I'd love to see his face.....

DAN: No, you haven't got time. You'll be too busy filling in that incident form - which ought to be on my desk by the end of the shift, Okay?

COLETTE: Okay. I'll do it as soon as I've done the one concerning the unsafe staffing level in the department on this shift.

DAN: [ALARMED] What?

COLETTE: Only joking.

AND THAT'S COLETTE TELLING DAN THAT SHE'S NOT GOING TO TAKE THE WRAP FOR THIS. THEY EXCHANGE A GLANCE AND DAN UNDERSTANDS.

DAN: Right, yeah, touché. [TO MAX] Let me know how it goes.

MAX: Of course.

DAN GOES MAX AND COLETTE EXCHANGE A GLANCE BEFORE
MOVING QUICKLY OFF BACK TO WORK.

CUT TO:

8/38. EXT/INT. TRAVELING AMBULANCE DAY. [13.52]

THE AMBULANCE SPEEDS THROUGH THE STREETS OF HOLBY.

PATRICK: Come on Finn. Can't this heap go any faster?

JOSH: Take it easy Patrick. What on earth are you so agitated about?

PATRICK: He's got a history of 2 MI's and I reckon he might be on Beta blockers so I can't really tell what's going on with his heart.

AND NOW JOSH IS WORRIED TOO.

PATRICK: We don't know how much blood he's lost. I'm worried he could go into EMD arrest at any moment.....

.....AND SHIT THERE GOES THE MONITOR.

PATRICK: And there he goes. Damn!

JOSH AND PATRICK JUMP INTO ACTION.

PATRICK: Okay he's going to need adrenaline, CPR and intubation. And Finn, radio into Holby I don't want any delay when we get there.

JOSH INCREASES THE FLOW OF FLUIDS INTO THE OLD MAN'S BODY AND INTUBATES HIM, WHILE PATRICK APPLIES CARDIAC MASSAGE.

PATRICK: Come on George. Not now. You're nearly there.....

CUT TO:

8/39. INT. SUTURE ROOM. DAY. [13.53]

MAX IS IN A CUBICLE TELLING CHRIS THOMAS ABOUT HIS TUMOR.

MAX: Until we get the CT scan we do not know for sure what is going on. So we'd like to admit you overnight if that's okay.

THOMAS IS COMPLETELY GOBSMACKED.

THOMAS: A brain tumor. I don't believe it.

MAX: A Pituitary Tumor isn't really a brain tumor Mr Thomas. 95% are benign and almost always treatable, especially if they are discovered early, like this one.

THOMAS: And now I suppose you're going to try to tell me that if I hadn't fell off that trolley you wouldn't have discovered the tumor in the first place.

MAX: Well, that is true isn't it? In many ways you've been very lucky. Another six months or a year and that tumor could have been very nasty.

THOMAS: Not half as nasty as my lawyer, believe me.

AND THOMAS GLARES AT MAX. COLETTE RUSHES IN FROM THE NEW CORRIDOR.

COLETTE: Max, the entrapment RTA has arrested now. ETA two minutes.

MAX: Okay. On my way. [TO THOMAS] I'm going to have to go I'm afraid. But there is a bed ready for you upstairs and someone will come and collect you in a few minutes

THOMAS: I've heard that before.

MAX: Well, anyway, I hope everything turns out okay.

THOMAS: I'll bet you do.

BUT MAX HAS ALREADY GONE. COLETTE TURNS TO THOMAS.

COLETTE: Good luck, Mr Thomas.

THOMAS: Good luck? I'm going to need it, aren't I, spending a night in this place.....

BUT THOMAS IS TALKING TO HIMSELF AS COLETTE TOO HAS
GONE.

CUT TO:

8/40. NT. NEW CORRIDOR. DAY. [13.56]

THE AMBULANCE DOORS CRASH OPEN AND JOSH, FINLAY AND PATRICK RUSH MR BRYANT BACK ALONG THE NEW CORRIDOR TOWARDS RESUS. PATRICK IS APPLYING CARDIAC MASSAGE. MAX, COLETTE AND BARNEY SMOOTHLY JOIN THE CONVOY.

PATRICK: This is George Bryant, victim of an RTA, trapped in his vehicle for 35 minutes, massive fractures to both legs and pelvis, extensive tissue loss and hypovolaemia. Steady deterioration during entrapment despite 2 litres of Hartmans and 3 units of Geli - history of ischaemic heart disease, 2 MI's - EMD arrest about 6 minutes ago. CPR and 2 mg adrenaline.

THEY HAVE ARRIVED AT RESUS. THE TROLLEY IS QUICKLY WHEELED THROUGH THE DOOR.....

MAX: Transfer the fluids onto level one - hold off with the O neg - how old is he Patrick.....?

.....Which closes behind them.

CUT TO:

8/41. INT. RECEPTION. DAY. [13.57]

IN RECEPTION THINGS HAVE CALMED DOWN A LOT. SO MUCH SO THAT HOLLY AND BARNEY HAVE TAKEN A MINUTE TO GOSSIP WITH AMY.

BARNEY: Well, I agree with Patrick. The guy was a drunk and should have been left in the gutter where he belonged.

AMY: Barney!

BARNEY: No, I'm sorry we don't need his sort cluttering the place up.

HOLLY: But what about Patrick and Josh? I heard they were at each other like cat and dog all day.

AMY: Yeah, they well I hope they 're still not at it.

BARNEY: No, apparently they've got a nasty entrapment, RTA, out on the Cotham Rd.

AMY: And what about this guy who knocked himself out in the suture room?

BARNEY: Oh, yeah, that was brilliant.

HOLLY: Wasn't it the same guy Dan took to pieces so magnificently earlier on?

AMY: Apparently.

HOLLY: I would have paid good money to have seen Dan's face.

BARNEY: Well, if Thomas sues, Dan could need every penny he can get.....

HOLLY NOTICES JENNY ATKINSON BEING WHEELED INTO RECEPTION OUT OF THE NEW CORRIDOR TOWARDS THE LIFT.

HOLLY: Excuse me a minute will you.

SHE LEAVES BARNEY AND AMY AND HEADS TOWARDS JENNY.

HOLLY: Hello. Have they found you a bed?

JENNY: Yes. Not that I'll be in it for long.

HOLLY SMILES. THERE'S NO POINT IN DENYING THE TRUTH.

JENNY: Still. I've got Laura back. And I just want to say that I don't know what you said to her but I owe you.....

SHE TAKES HOLLY BY THE HAND.

JENNY: Thank you.

THERE ARE TEARS IN HER EYES AS JENNY IS WHEELED AWAY. HOLLY MAKES HER WAY BACK TOWARDS ADMIN AS TWO POLICE OFFICERS [THE SAME ONES FROM THE RTA EARLIER] ESCORT AN ELDERLY WOMAN UP TO AMY AT THE RECEPTION DESK.

POLICEMAN: Hi Amy, this is Mrs Bryant. Her husbands been involved in an RTA and we've been asked to bring her here.

AMY: Oh, right.

AMY COMES OUT FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER.

MRS BRYANT: Is he here yet? Is he all right?

AMY: Well, look let me show you to the relatives room.....

SHE DOES SO.

AMY: And I'll go and find out what's going on. Perhaps you would like a cup of coffee, or tea.....?

MRS BRYANT SHAKES HER HEAD

MRS BRYANT: No thanks.

SHE IS OBVIOUSLY FAR TOO WORRIED TO THINK OF TEA.

CUT TO:

8/42. INT. RESUS. DAY. [14.17]

BACK IN RESUS THE TEAM ARE DESPERATELY TRYING TO SAVE GEORGE BRYANT. PATRICK IS STILL APPLYING CARDIAC MASSAGE.

MAX: How long have we been going?

COLETTE: He's had a down time of 28 minutes.

JOSH: Still no output.

COLETTE: Asystolic for 15 minutes

MAX: Fixed and dilated pupils throughout - no respiratory effort. Patrick I think we should stop. Everyone Agree?

PATRICK: No way, come on.

MAX: Patrick. The man is dead.

PATRICK: No. I won't let that happen.

THE OTHERS ARE EMBARRASSED. THIS IS SOMETHING THEY HAVE SEEN BEFORE - AN OBSESSIVE, COMPETITIVE, PATRICK, REFUSING TO ADMIT DEFEAT.

MAX: Patrick.

BUT JOSH RECOGNISES THAT THIS IS SOMETHING DIFFERENT HE STEPS FORWARD AND GENTLY TOUCHES PATRICK ON THE SHOULDER. THEY EXCHANGE A LONG LOOK. NOTHING IS SAID. EVENTUALLY PATRICK LOOKS AWAY.

PATRICK: Time?

COLETTE: 14.31.

PATRICK: Okay. Time of death is 14.31. Agreed?

EVERYONE NODS. PATRICK GLARES AT MAX AND WALKS AWAY, OVER TO THE SINK TO WASH HIS HANDS. MAX LOOKS TO JOSH, WHAT'S GOING ON? JOSH SHRUGS. AMY APPEARS.

AMY: Max. The police have brought in a Mrs Bryant. Apparently her husbands been involved in this RTA.....

EVERYONE LOOKS AT THE DEAD BODY ON THE TROLLEY.

AMY: Oh. [PAUSE] Oh, dear.

MAX: It's okay. I'll come and talk to her.

PATRICK: I'll do it.

MAX: Sorry?

THE OTHERS DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THIS, PATRICK DOESN'T DO RELATIVES DOES HE?

PATRICK: I'll talk to Mrs Bryant.

MAX: It's okay Patrick, I don't mind.

PATRICK: I said I'll do it.....

PATRICK ALMOST SHOUTS AT MAX BUT PULLS BACK FROM THE BRINK.

PATRICK: Look, sorry. It's just that I was the one with him at the end. It might be best if I spoke to her. That's all.

MAX: I thought you didn't do the talking to relatives thing.

PATRICK: Well, I do today. Okay?

MAX: Sure. Be my guest.

PATRICK: Thank you.

PATRICK PICKS UP GEORGE BRYANT'S PAPER BAG AND LEAVES WITH AMY. THE OTHERS EXCHANGE GLANCES, BLIMEY, WEIRDER AND WEIRDER, A POLITE PATRICK.

BARNEY: Did he just say thank you?

COLETTE: Seems unlikely.

BARNEY: True. Must be hearing things.

THE OTHERS GET BACK TO BUSINESS BUT AN INTRIGUED JOSH
FOLLOWS PATRICK TOWARDS THE RELATIVES ROOM.

CUT TO:

8/43. INT. RECEPTION/RELATIVES ROOM. DAY. [14.25]

PATRICK IS OUTSIDE THE RELATIVES ROOM. HE IS LOOKING AT GEORGE BRYANT'S MANGLED BOX OF CHOCOLATES. JOSH COMES OUT FROM THE RESUS AREA AND WATCHES HIM.

PATRICK LOOKS THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR OF THE RELATIVES ROOM AT MRS BRYANT PACING UP AND DOWN. HE LOOKS BACK AT THE CHOCOLATES.

FROM A DISTANCE JOSH WATCHES AS PATRICK SEEMS TO WIPE SOMETHING FROM HIS EYES.

BACK IN CLOSE, WE WONDER, IS THAT WETNESS OF THE EYES A TEAR? SURELY NOT. BUT NO TIME TO FIND OUT BECAUSE PATRICK PUTS THE CHOCOLATES BACK IN THE PAPER BAG, BREATHES DEEPLY AND ENTERS THE RELATIVES ROOM.

JOSH MOVES IN CLOSER UNTIL HE CAN SEE INTO THE RELATIVES ROOM THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR. HE WATCHES AS PATRICK BEGINS TO TALK TO MRS BRYANT. SHE SITS DOWN IN SHOCK AT THE DREADFUL NEWS.

PATRICK LOOKS UP, ALMOST AWARE THAT HE IS BEING WATCHED. HE SPOTS JOSH. THEIR EYES LOCK AND ALTHOUGH THERE ARE NO KNOWING SMILES OR ENCOURAGING NODS THE EMPATHY BETWEEN THEM IS OBVIOUS.

PATRICK TURNS AWAY AND JOSH WATCHES AS HE HANDS MRS BRYANT THE BOX OF CHOCOLATES AND HOW UPON LOOKING INSIDE SHE BREAKS DOWN AND WEEPS AND HOW PATRICK SITS BESIDE HER AND AWKWARDLY TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS. JOSH SMILES AND GOES ON HIS WAY. LEAVING PATRICK TO COMFORT THE GRIEVING MRS BRYANT.

THE END

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