Then she sees that the roll of loo paper has been placed under $\ensuremath{\mathsf{BAZ'}}$ s

Transition.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. ARTERIAL ROAD. DAY 1.

5

It's raining. A M DDLE AGED WOMAN is sitting in a queue of traffic. She has her radio tuned in to Radio 4 and all we can hear is John Humphrys and the swish of windscreen wipers. A car edges into the next lane of traffic. THE WOMAN is distracted by the throb and volume of its music. She glances across, annoyed, expecting to see a lad in a beaten up Fiesta. Instead she sees FRANKIE, in her District Nurse's uniform, singing along with the radio. It's 'A Bat Out Of Hell' and her expression is fearsome. FRANKIE meets THE WOMAN's eyes and a grin breaks through. She waves happily. THE WOMAN does a little surprised finger wave back. And aoO 3knand a

7 EXT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. DAY 1.

JEAN (60) is coming out of the house, but calling back into it.

JEAN

Make sure you know who's at the door before you open it. And remember to eat.

She starts to close the door but has another thought.

JEAN (CONT'D)

And don't go climbing on any chairs. I'll do the windows tomorrow.

She slams the door and hurries off. FRANKIE drives past, looking for a parking space. She beams at JEAN and waves. JEAN waves back, cheerful, hiding her tiredness. But as she turns away, the mask slips. She's knackered.

CUT TO:

8

8 INT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 1.

FRANKIE's watching, amused and fond, as MR THOMAS (late 80's) serenades her as she prepares to give him his insulin. He's perched on his bed, trousers around his hips. She's looking at a urine test (plastic dip strip) as he flings his arms around flamboyantly, singing, as if in death throes (it's the words of the penultimate verse of 'Frankie and Johnny').

MR THOMAS

(si ngi ng)

Well, roll me over on my left side, Roll me over so slow, Roll me over on my left hand side, Frankie, Them bullets hurt me so. I was your man, but I done you wrong.

FRANKIE's pleased with the test.

FRANKI E

Spot on again. Right, where's it to be, Mr Thomas, thigh, tummy, bum?

MR THOMAS

Like the song said (sings) 'Roll me over on my left side, Frankie.'

He leans on his left side and slaps his right thigh. She laughs.

7

MR THOMAS (CONT'D)

(si ngi ng)

I was your man, but I done you wrong.

On his face, as FRANKIE gives the injection.

FRANKI E

Sorry if my hands are cold.

MR THOMAS

Funny sort of job.

FRANKI E

I'm a funny sort of woman.

CUT TO:

9 INT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY 1.

9

FRANKIE's writing up her notes in a yellow folder as MR THOMAS comes in.

MR THOMAS

Jeanie left me meat pie - fancy a bite?

FRANKI E

Steak and kidney for breakfast? No, thank you.

MR THOMAS

Breakfast? What's the time, then?

He looks at the wall clock. It's 8.30.

MR THOMAS (CONT'D)

Bloody thing's stopped.

FRANKI E

No, it's half eight. How long have you been up?

MR THOMAS shrugs and then launches into poetry.

MR THOMAS

My day or night myself I make, whene'er I wake or play, and could I always stay awake it would be always day.

FRANKI E

Well, you remember to eat regularly. Little and often, yes?

MR THOMAS

(cheerful)

I know, I know. No sugar, no booze, not hing that makes life worth living.

FRANKIE gets up as MR THOMAS puts his pie in the oven.

FRANKI E

Apart from Jean's meat pies, eh? I'll see you tomorrow. Be good.

He stares at the cooker and thumps the oven switch.

MR THOMAS

Now bloody what?

The oven light hasn't come on. FRANKIE glances at the cooker circuit switch, high up on the wall, and sees that it's up. She flicks it down and the oven light comes on.

FRANKI E

Helps to turn it on.

MR THOMAS

Who made it, then?

FRANKI E

What?

MR THOMAS

(irascible)

'What'?' The pie, what else? That's what we're talking about, isn't it?

FRANKI E

(taken aback)

Ch. Right. I thought you said Jean made it.

MR THOMAS

Did she? That was good of her.

FRANKIE goes, amused by the circuitous conversation.

CUT TO:

9A EXT. AERIAL TOP SHOT. REDLAND. DAY 1.

9A

Transition.

CUT TO:

9B EXT. /INT. DN OFFICE. MAIN RECEPTION. DAY 1.

9B

FRANKIE's heading into the building, on her mobile (to lan). As she walks through the main reception she's upbeat and crisp.

FRANKI E

(on phone)
Good morning. This is your friendly wake up call. I do hope you're ready to jump into action like my very own superman. Carpet stain remover and all other cleaning materials, under the sink. Bye.

She ends the call, briskly as she walks on:

CUT TO:

10 INT. DN OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY 1.

10

This is the biggest room and it has three old desks (a computer on each), a couple of small bookcases and filing cabinets etc. It's the room where they catch up with their paper work.

The team are all there, apart from FRANKIE; ANDY, MARY, PAULA and KAREN. All good humoured and fast, in passing, not a set piece... Everyone's checking the computers for emails, etc but PAULA's looking for a note she made.

ANDY

(to Paula)

We can't visit her if we don't even know her name -

KAREN

Telling her off won't help - she wrote it all down -

ANDY

On a haematology specimen bag! What use is that? And then she threw it away!

PAULA

Don't go on. You know how rude Dr Faceache is, I get flustered.

MARY

What's this?

She holds up a Hematology Specimen bag (stapled to a form). ANDY, PAULA and KAREN react.

ANDY

There you go!

PAULA

I told you I didn't chuck it.

MARY

And you're not supposed to staple these things.

MARY turns it sideways, reading round the edge, as FRANKIE enters. They acknowledge her but continue.

MARY (CONT'D)

(reading)

Mrs Hales, Ž7, 36 weeks gone, raised BP...

PAULA

I remember! She's just moved here from some Army place. Her husband's in Iran.

MARY

(reading) Af ghanistan.

PAULA

Yeah, and her midwife's off sick -

FRANKI E

(attempting Scots accent)
This isnae Tannochbrae. There must be more than one midwife in the city?

PAULA

She said the team's stretched to breaking -

ANDY

(expl ai ni ng)

Dr

ANDY

Oaktree Estate.
(to Frankie)
Which I think you'll find is in your part of town.

FRANKI E

Well, it just had to be, didn't it? Twelve visits today. Twelve! Give us the address...

FRANKIE groans.

CUT TO:

11 INT. FRANKIE'S CAR. / EXT. DN OFFICE. CAR PARK. DAY 1. 11

FRANKIE is starting her car up. The radio comes on. It's Radio 2, it's 9.30 and Ken Bruce is starting his show.

KEN BRUCE (V. O.)

Another great Tuesday morning, only four days to the weekend, and we're all just raring to go, are we not?

FRANKI E

A little late, a little stressed but on the whole, Kenneth, yeah.

KEN BRUCE (V. O.)

And to get us all in the mood to take the world by its scruff...

The first track of his show plays. It's 'We Love To Boogie' by T Rex.

FRANKI E

(joining in, turning the music up, happy)
Now you're talking, my man! The tracks of my years. Ch, yeah!

And she seat-bops and sings along as she pulls out into the traffic.

CUT TO:

11A EXT. AERIAL TOP SHOT. HOUSING. DAY 1. 11A

Transition.

CUT TO:

12 INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY 1.

It's a new build house, neat and bright. HEATHER is 27, heavily pregnant and FRANKIE is taking her BP, as HEATHER chats brightly (a tad too brightly). There's a large 'oils on canvas' family portrait on the wall, a soldier, HEATHER and a little girl. Another framed family photo is on display.

HEATHER

Royal Engineers. Bomb disposal. Well, IED's.

FRANKI E

Brave man.

HEATHER

Army barmy.

There are footsteps on the stairs and FRANKIE's surprised as RUBY (8, the girl in the photo) enters, in her pj's.

FRANKI E

Hello! No school today?

RUBY

I'm poorly.

HEATHER

Every virus going, Ruby comes down with it. I really appreciate this, Nurse.

FRANKI E

Frankie. Not a problem It's only taken a few minutes.
(finishing)
Are you going to look after your Mum for me?

HEATHER

We look after each other. And she's very good - too good sometimes! Every time I take a nap she does the same. Old before her time.

CUT TO:

13

13 INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 1.

IAN is sitting in his boxers, in the detritus of last night, looking rough, sipping coffee. He has a sudden panicky thought, jumps up, goes to his trousers which are lying over the back of a chair and gropes with rising alarmin the pockets. Then, relax, he's found what he was looking for.

12

He brings it out, a ring box. Opens it. Three months salary at least has been spent on this engagement ring.

CUT TO:

13A EXT. JEAN'S BLOCK OF FLATS. DAY 1.

13A

Est abl i sher.

CUT TO:

14 INT. JEAN'S BLOCK OF FLATS. DAY 1.

14

FRANKIE comes in and walks to the lifts. There's a notice by them 'Lifts under service'. She sighs.

CUT TO:

15 INT. JEAN'S BLOCK OF FLATS. STAIR WELL. DAY 1.

15

FRANKIE toils up the stairs, with her bag. She looks up. They go on forever.

CUT TO:

16 INT. JEAN'S BLOCK OF FLATS. STAIRWELL LANDING. DAY 1. 16

FRANKIE's waiting at a door, she can hear someone coming to answer. She puts on a smile, recovering from the climb up the stairs. The door opens and it's JEAN.

FRANKI E

Ch. Hello again.

JEAN

Come in.

FRANKI E

I've got the right flat, haven't I?

CUT TO:

17 INT. JEAN'S FLAT. SITTING ROOM. DAY 1.

17

Continuous action: The room is neat and pleasant, not cluttered, stylish. JEAN and FRANKIE come in, with FRANKIE somewhat confused.

FRANKI E

Mr Winters...

JEAN

Jack, yes.

The penny drops.

FRANKI E

You're Mr Winters's wife! I didn't realise.

JEAN

He's in the bedroom, ready.

But FRANKIE's still catching up with the implications of this as she takes off her coat.

FRANKI E

So, you're caring for your father

FRANKIE opens her lunch box as MARY enters with coffee for everyone.

PAULA

Look - Cheryl Cole's got a handbag just like mine.

MARY

Obscene the money people spend on nonsense like handbags.

FRANKI E

Problem solving, team We've got a woman who's not young herself, looking after a terminally ill husband and a frai 5a 1 for

ANDY

So, don't ask a question to which there is no known answer.

FRANKI E

'How can we help Jean Winters?'

MARY

What can we do? Short of sticking her dad in a home -

FRANKI E

They don't want that.

ANDY

Can they pay for help?

FRANKI E

I doubt it.

ANDY

There you go then. Hey - haven't we got a GP meeting this affie?

FRANKIE Looks at the clock, 1.45. She jumps up, alarmed.

CUT TO:

19 INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY 1.

19

The vacuum cleaner stands in the middle of the floor, the washing-up is all piled into soapy steaming water, IAN is putting beer cans into a recycling box, a scene of industry. He breaks off to make a phone call. CU of the mobile 'Franks'. It rings and rings and rings.

CUT TO:

19A EXT. AERIAL TOP SHOT. ROAD NETWORK. DAY 1.

19A

Transition.

CUT TO:

20 INT. FRANKIE'S CAR. / EXT. ARTERIAL ROAD. DAY 1.

20

FRANKIE's driving, ANDY's feeling nervous - his foot pressing an imaginary brake and his knuckles white as he braces against the dash board.

FRANKI E

You're a terrible passenger.

FRANKIE laughs and puts her foot down. ANDY clutches the dashboard.

FRANKI E

Four.

CUT TO:

21 INT. HEALTH CENTRE. STAFF OFFICE. DAY 1.

21

FRANKIE and ANDY pull up chairs as the clock hands reach two o' clock but DR EVANS goes in for the kill anyway.

EVANS

Hurrah! At last. Let's get started, shall we? Mr Banswell.

FRANKI E

Fine, nicely stable, on the new insulin regime.

EVANS

Mrs Isadora Harker.

FRANKI E

Referred to the community psychiatric nurse and we're carrying on with the -p

EVANS

Mr Thomas.

(trying to remember)
Pernicious anaemia?

FRANKI E

And diabetes. MId dementia.

EVANS

What's the problem?

ANDY grins. FRANKIE sighs, repeats ploddingly.

FRANKI E

His daughter can't look after both of them

EVANS

What can I do about that? Precious little. Next on my list, Theresa Price.

FRANKIE glances at ANDY, he wryly makes a 'told you so' face.

CUT TO.

22 INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 1.

22

The curry stain is still there. Pan up and go into:

CUT TO:

23 INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 1.

23

Slap bang wallop into the middle of a row between IAN and FRANKIE. The kitchen's spick and span. IAN's in police uniform, ready to go out. He's indignant and hurt.

I AN

I'm sorry. How many times do I have to apologise? I've spent hours doing the house and you don't even say thank you.

FRANKI E

You've just pushed the hoover round - I bet you've not done the loo or -

She stops. Appalled at her own words, her own part in this bickering. The silence is unnerving for IAN.

I AN

What?

FRANKI E

I just heard myself. Sorry, frustrating day. I shouldn't take it out on you.

I AN

I'm used to it.

FRANKI E

Am I that bad?

I AN

No, just...

FRANKI E

What?

I AN

If you were a pie chart, work would be 90%, and I'd be a little sad crumb of the boring pastry.

FRANKI E

Nah - you're a big fat mouthful of stuffed crust. With a hint of smelly old anchovy.

I AN

(gent l e)

I love you.

FRANKI E

When I'm angry?

I AN

No. No punch line. I love you.

FRANKI E

And I love you. I'm not getting middle aged and crabby, am I?

IAN starts to say 'no' but has a sudden thought.

I AN

My God. I've just realised. You will be, won't you?

FRANKI E

What?

I AN

You'll be forty minus four.

FRANKI E

Also known as 36.

I AN

Yeah, old enough to be a granny!

FRANKI E

(deadl y col d) Keep di ggi ng.

I AN

I mean, think about it - shagging a middle aged woman! Desperate or... (what?)

He sees her expression, decides not say any more.

CUT TO:

24 INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 1.

24

FRANKIE's pouring herself an outsize glass of wine. IAN's in the hall, gathering up keys and mobile etc, amused but fighting his corner.

I AN

It was a joke, honest. Fine. It's special duty, traffic control at Colston Hall. Be back soon as we're stood down. About one.

FRANKIE ignores him He has one last try.

I AN (CONT'D)

I'll try not to wake you. Put your ear plugs in.

Music blasts out from the kitchen. He goes. We see that FRANKIE's grinning, naughty. She licks a finger and marks the air as if to say 'One to me.'

FRANKIE turns the music up. It's Pixie Lott, 'All About Tonight'.

Outside, IAN opens the letter box and shouts through -

I AN (CONT'D)

And turn that music dówn.

FRANKIE laughs, dances, madly, wildly, all the way to the front door. She can see him at the letter box. She puts the chain on noisily, then bends down to his level.

FRANKI E

Make me.

She dances back into the kitchen. The door opens behind her but is stopped by the chain. She does a happy V sign in the air, in case he can see.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 1.

IAN's chuckling as he closes the door, takes his key out of the door and walks away. She's won this time but he'll get her, oh, yes. These two are forever winding each other up.

CUT TO:

26 INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 2.

26

25

The alarm is buzzing like a mad buzzing thing. FRANKIE has her ear plugs in and it takes a while to wake her. Feeling the worse for wear she shuts it off. Falls back, taking the ear plugs out. Realises that she's alone. Looks at the empty pillow beside her. Reacts, surprised. Sits up and looks at her mobile, nine calls. She pulls a face at herself, wondering what she's missed. She gets up.

CUT TO:

27 INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. STAIRS. / HALLWAY. DAY 2.

27

FRANKIE mooches down the stairs, mooches past the front door on her way to the kitchen. Pauses. Returns. Oooher. The chain is still on the door. FRANKIE realises she locked IAN out. Guilt, and then a bit of an appalled snigger, and then guilt again. Maybe the tease went a bit far after all.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. FRANKLE'S HOUSE. / INT. FRANKLE'S CAR. DAY 2.

28

FRANKIE's pulling away from her house. She notices I AN's car parked up. She slows down and looks in as she passes. I AN's fast asleep in the driver's seat, his head back, mouth open. FRANKIE gazes at him, wondering whether to wake him or not. And then, drives on.

CUT TO:

29 INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY 2.

29

FRANKIE's taking a sample of HEATHER's blood. RUBY is watching, fascinated.

FRANKI E

(to Ruby)

You don't miss your pals at school?

RUBY shrugs.

RUBY

If I laugh a lot. Or run. And when I go upstairs. And in the shower.

FRANKIE waggles the stethoscope at her.

FRANKI E

Want a go?

But just then her mobile rings. She answers it, checking the display - no name displayed.

FRANKI E (CONT'D)

Frankie Maddox... Hi Jean... right, ok.

FRANKIE winces as JEAN squawks down the phone.

CUT TO:

30 INT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. HALL. / KITCHEN. DAY 2.

30

FRANKIE has just come in, she is about to 'yoo hoo' when she hears raised voices. She listens, and notices smoke in the air.

JEAN (O.S.)

I told you, dad! I told you and told you and told you!

MR THOMAS (O.S.)

(cross)

I wanted a pie. You never make me a pie.

JEAN (O. S.)

I said, don't use the oven - and you had a pie yesterday!

FRANKIE opens the kitchen door.

FRANKI E

Hi.

JEAN's too frazzled to take a breath.

JEAN

You just missed the bloody fire brigade.

FRANKIE sees, on the table, a pile of wet and burnt teatowels.

MR THOMAS

I didn't call them

No, Dad, your poor neighbours did. Agai n.

(to Frankie)

I was worried about him taking a chest full of smoke.

MR THOMAS

I'm al ri ght.

JEAN

He was coughing and I panicked.

FRANKI E

I'll have a listen to his chest.

MR THOMAS

You will not.

JEAN

You'll do as you're told dad. Not that you ever do. He knows he's not to use the oven.

FRANKI E

I think that might be my fault. I turned it on yesterday. At the wall.

JEAN

What?

FRANKI E

He had a pi e.

JEAN

It was already cooked.

FRANKI E

Yes. He put it in the oven and I thought... you know, he wanted it warm I just turned it on.

JEAN

Thanks. Great. Fabulous. I leave that up so that he can't ... oh, what's the use? (to MR THOMAS again)

And anyway, it's an oven, dad, not a washing machine.

FRANKI E

Why don't we sit down? Come on, here, Mr Thomas, come and sit down.

And at last JEAN takes a breather. Sits down, exhausted.

I'm 60. I can't spread myself this thin any more.

MR THOMAS

What's all this smoke? I can't be doing with all this carry on, every bloody day.

He goes out into the garden. FRANKIE meets JEAN's eyes.

FRANKI E

Cuppa?

CUT TO:

31 EXT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. GARDEN. DAY 2.

31

MR THOMAS is in his greenhouse, lost in the familiarity of the work, at peace.

JEAN (V. O.)

I'm at breaking point. I can't go on much longer like this.

CUT TO:

32 INT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. DAY 2.

32

JEAN and FRANKIE are at the table, with tea.

FRANKI E

No one could.

JEAN

l'm so tired.

FRANKI E

I can see. List en, I'm requesting a case conference, so we can get him assessed.

JEAN

No, thanks, but no.

FRANKI E

It's the only way we'll get any help for you. Maybe a carer once a day, to get him up in the morning or settle him down at night.

JEAN

I don't want anyone to...

FRANKI E

What?

I don't want anyone to know. That we need help.

FRANKI E

Why not?

JEAN

They'll take him away. They'll put him in a home.

FRANKI E

No, they won't.

JEAN

They will. The social workers and all them It's what they did with mum

FRANKI E

Your Mum needed full time nursing. Your dad's just a bit frail.

JEAN

I won't have him going into one of those places.

FRANKI E

Neither will anyone else. That's why we need the assessment. If you don't get help you'll be ill and then what'll he do? And Jack? Please, trust me, I'll get you the help you need. By hook or by crook.

JEAN

What sort of help are we going to get, with all the cut backs?

FRANKI E

Pah! I laugh at cut backs. I sneer at them

The two women smile, tension lifted.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

So, I'll start the wheels rolling?

JEAN

If you're sure they won't take him away, kicking and screaming.

FRANKI E

I'm sure. Positive.

A beat.

OK. Thanks.

A voice breaks in, querulous. MR THOMAS is in the doorway, peeved.

MR THOMAS

When you two have finished gassing. I've had bugger all to eat all day.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. / INT. FRANKIE'S CAR. DAY 2. 33

FRANKIE and JEAN are standing by FRANKIE's car. 98(33) Tj 1 520 1 96H

FRANKI E

I gaily tossed them to him If he's got all the catching skills of a house brick, it's not my fault.

ANDY

The man's a saint.

CUT TO:

35A EXT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. DAY 2.

35A

Est abl i sher.

CUT TO:

36 INT. FRANKLE'S HOUSE. KLTCHEN. NIGHT 2.

36

FRANKIE's trying to do some paper work at the kitchen table. She hears the front door open. She steels herself to be cool. But the inner door doesn't open. She glances at it. She turns back to her paper work. The door opens a crack. She tries not to look over. And then it's flung open, making her jump and involuntarily scream IAN is there, completely resplendent in police uniform but wearing a scary mask.

IAN Hello, little girl.

CUT TO:

37 INT. FRANKLE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 2.

37

The scary mask is on the floor and IAN and FRANKIE are in bed, post coital, happy and a bit silly.

I AN

I really wanted to get a Dr Who mask.

FRANKI E

In bed with Dr Who... suppose it depends which one.

I AN

No, one of the monsters. The Ancient One.

FRANKI E

Yeah?

I AN

'Cos you and him..

The penny begins to drop.

39A EXT. AERIAL TOP SHOT. HOUSING. DAY 3.

39A

Transition.

CUT TO:

40 INT. HEALTH CENTRE. CORRIDOR. DAY 3.

40

FRANKIE is talking to DR EVANS in a corridor as the world goes on around them It's a snatched consultation.

FRANKI E

Mr Thomas wants to stay where he is. And that's what his family wants too.

EVANS

But if his daughter's exhausted, and his neighbours have called the fire brigade out twice already-

FRANKI E

One was just a toaster setting off the alarm We've all done that. All they need is a bit of help. A few hours a day -

EVANS

You just told me that the Care Agency can't give you any hours!

FRANKI E

So we'll just have to kick up a stink. You could request an assessment from occupational therapy -

EVANS

I could but there are more pressing cases, people with no relatives at all.

FRANKI E

There must be something we can do.

EVANS

(weary)

Why do you always insist that there's something we can do? Sometimes there isn't. Apart from putting the old guy into a care home.

FRANKI E

(exasperated)
That's where we started.
(MORE)

FRANKI E - EP 1 SHOOTI NG SCRI PT - 30.08.12 p.31

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

He go. And she doesn't want that either.

EVANS

You do know that the longer you indulge this old man, the more pressure you put on his daughter?

DR EVANS walks away. FRANKIE watches her go, exasperated.

FRANKI E

(calling)

His wife went into care and it wasn't a good experience.

EVANS

This isn't a good experience. Sitting in that room listening to aches and pains and people with insurance claim bad backs all day isn't a good experience. Life's full of it.

FRANKIE would love to throw a brick at her head. FRANKIE heads of f, at speed, cross.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY 3.

41

FRANKIE's sitting in a traffic jam. She sees HEATHER going into a cafe, holding RUBY's hand. It reminds her of her concern for RUBY.

CUT TO:

41A EXT. AERIAL TOP SHOT. CITY STREETS. DAY 3.

41A

Transition.

CUT TO:

42 OM TTED

42

43 INT. CAFE. DAY 3.

43

RUBY and HEATHER look up, smiling, as FRANKIE approaches their table. She pretends surprise.

FRANKI E

Hello.

(to RUBY) No school again?

44 EXT. CAFE. / INT. FRANKIE'S CAR. DAY 3.

44

FRANKIE's parked up and on her mobile.

FRANKI E

Paedi atri cs, please. Hi, could I speak to Mr Lasco? Franki e Maddox.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. DAY 3.

45

FRANKIE's getting out of her car, concerned... The front door is ajar.

CUT TO:

46 INT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. HALL. / KITCHEN. DAY 3.

46

FRANKIE steps warily into the kitchen but is mightily relieved to see MR THOMAS at the table, making a sandwich, cutting a loaf.

FRANKI E

Morning, Sir.

MR THOMAS jumps, alarmed, immediately on guard.

MR THOMAS

What the hell do you want?

FRANKI E

It's me, Frankie -

MR THOMAS

Get out of my bloody house -

FRANKI E

Mr Thomas, it's me, the district nurse.

MR THOMAS

Bugger off, I don't want you here -

FRANKI E

I've got to do your insulin -

MR THOMAS

(yelling)

Get out! Get out!

FRANKI E

Ok, ok, I'm going.

But as she turns to go, alarmed by his rage, he throws a hand out and hits the side of her head. The blow knocks her into the door jamb and she cries out.

MR THOMAS

That'll teach you. I was in the Army. I'm not some poor old codger you can rob.

He advances on her with the bread knife. FRANKIE stumbles to the door, clutching her head, shocked.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. MR THOMAS'S HOUSE. DAY 3.

47

FRANKIE is sitting on the wall of a neighbour's house as JEAN pulls up in her car. FRANKIE goes to meet her, a red welt obvious on her forehead. JEAN, fed up, gets out.

JEAN

Life's never dull, is it?

FRANKI E

l'm so sorry.

JEAN

(a sigh)

It's alright. Not your fault.

FRANKI E

I stopped to talk to Dr Evans, so I'm later than usual. Maybe his blood sugar's low.

JEAN

No, not your fault. He gets like that.

She pushes up a sleeve - a huge ugly bruise. FRANKIE stares at it, appalled.

FRANKI E

Jean. That's - (awful)

JEAN

It's only just started. Well, a few weeks ago.

FRANKI E

I wish you'd told us.

JEAN

I meant to but... He's my dad. How could I? And he doesn't know he's doing it.

FRANKI E

This can't go on, Jean.

JEAN

I can manage.

FRANKI E

I'll have to speak to Social Services.

JEAN

(pani c)

No - that's why I didn't tell you. I don't want them barging in.

FRANKI E

I have no choice. What if he hits a child, or someone who hits him back?

JEAN

He never goes out! He won't get the chance - that's it. They'll lock him up now.

FRANKI E

It won't come to that.

JEAN

He hat es those places. It broke his heart when we couldn't manage Mum any more. We'd visit her every day, and it was terrible. She was never in her own clothes, they'd say hers were in the wash or lost... and she was so sad and... all the life went out of her. She lost so much weight, we knew she wasn't eating and no one cared... He'll go downhill just like my Mum did.

JEAN is near to tears. She sees MR THOMAS at the window. He waves cheerfully and she manages a smile, waves back.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Butter wouldn't melt.

FRANKIE follows her gaze.

JEAN (CONT'D)

He nursed my mum for years. And now when he needs looking after...

FRANKI E

You're doing a great job. He thinks the world of you.

I coul dn't bear to see him go into a home. Please, don't tell anyone about this. Please.

FRANKI E

OK, but he needs to be assessed.

JEAN

No. Please. Once they get their foot in the door... please, leave things as they are. Please.

FRANKIE wavers.

CUT TO:

48 INT. DN OFFICE. STAFF ROOM. DAY 3.

48

Lunchtime again, all the team are there but MARY (a part-timer) is putting her coat on to go home. KAREN's on her second yoghurt and the others have their usual, but FRANKIE is eating a bag of chips, protesting, mouth full, laughing, in the face of MARY's disapproval.

FRANKI E

It's a veg. It's hot. Stop looking at me like that!

MARY

If she'd got into good habits when she was younger....

KAREN

(teasing) Too late now.

PAULA

36! Have to start checking for osteoporosis soon.

KAREN

Chubby people don't usually get it.

She isn't chubby so this is clearly a joke and no offence taken.

FRANKI E

Oy! What is this?

ANDY notices the mark on FRANKIE's forehead. She sees he's looking and quickly brings her hair across it.

ANDY

Good morning?

FRANKIE sees that he's calm but determined.

FRANKI E

In confidence?

ANDY

If that's what it takes.

FRANKI E

I'm a bit shaken actually. I did walk into a door. But I was sort of knocked into it. And he didn't mean to.

ANDY

Please tell me it wasn't lan.

FRANKIE laughs in surprise.

FRANKI E

Ian? Good God, no. It was Mr Thomas. If it was Ian he'd be in ITU by now.

ANDY

Mr Thomas.

FRANKI E

He was probably a bit light-headed, needing his insulin, and he gets a bit confused -

ANDY

Hang on... what's all this 'in confidence' thing? You have done an incident report?

FRANKI E

No, there's no need. It's nothing -

ANDY

Have you told anyone at all?
(when the answer's no)
Franks! You can't pretend it's not happened.

FRANKI E

He's old, confused, I startled him-

ANDY

Then make a note of it. Make sure everyone else knows.

ANDY looks in her eyes.

FRANKI E

No need. He's a softie really. Give over - I'm not concussed.

ANDY brings a pen torch from his pocket and continues talking as he shines it in her eyes, checking the pupil reaction.

ANDY

So something happens tomorrow, you're ill, and one of the others visits him..

FRANKI E

(of the torch)
Talk about overkill.

ANDY

(continuing)
Don't you think you owe it to them to warn them?

ANDY
Hopel ess. Bloody hopel ess.
(fierce)
Get him assessed. The least you should do.

CUT TO.

50A EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY 3.

50A

Est abl i sher.

CUT TO:

51 OM TTED

51

52 INT. HOSPITAL. SCAN ROOM. DAY 3.

52

(Just a dressed side ward, in effect).

HEATHER is on the examination couch and the scan is showing a healthy baby, heart beating. HEATHER smiles at RUBY, relieved.

RUBY

Hello Molly.

FRANKI E

I thought you didn't know if it was a boy or a girl?

HEATHER

We don't.

RUBY

From the minute they told me, I just knew.

FRANKI E

(to the scan TECHNICIAN) Don't you say a word.

A sense of relief and happiness as HEATHER sits up, FRANKIE hands her paper towels to wipe off the jelly, and RUBY grabs her bag etc, ready to go.

CUT TO:

52A EXT. AERIAL TOP SHOT. CONGESTED CITY STREETS. DAY 3. 52A Transition.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. ARTERIAL ROAD. / INT. FRANKIE'S CAR. DAY 3.

53

East bound. FRANKIE's driving on a dual carriageway, speaking on the hands-free (blue-tooth). HEATHER and RUBY are in the back. HEATHER's holding RUBY's hand and she's looking out at the traffic, happy enough.

It's a very slow moving queue of traffic, a jam, leading into a roundabout. They're in the outside lane, surrounded by traffic.

FRANKI E

Hi, Andy. Any problems?

ANDY (V. O.)

None at all. We've split your calls up between us. How's the Mum?

FRANKIE glances in the mirror and HEATHER smiles at her.

HEATHER

(calling to ANDY)
Dying for a cup of tea.

ANDY (V. O.)

You're driving a patient -

FRANKI E

No. Yes. Off duty. Don't go on. I've got Ruby an appointment with paediatrics tomorrow. She waved to the new baby and do you know, I think the new baby may just have waved back!

No response from RUBY. FRANKIE moves the mirror so that she can see RUBY. Her eyes are closed and her head has fallen back against the head rest.

ANDY (V. O.)

How's your head?

FRANKI E

Fine, thanks, how's yours? (then, worried)

Ruby?

HEATHER

She's asleep...

And then HEATHER realises that something's wrong. She gives RUBY a little shake.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Ruby...

FRANKI E

(to Andy)

Hold on, Andy, don't hang up.

HEATHER is panicking, trying to wake RUBY.

HEATHER

Oh, my God!

FRANKIE glances around at the traffic and starts to scramble out, putting on her hazard lights.

FRANKI E

Hold on.

HEATHER

She's not breathing! She's stopped breathing! My God!

FRANKI E

I'm coming - can you hear us, Andy?

CUT TO.

54 INT. DN OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY 3.

54

ANDY's on the phone.

ANDY

Frankie - yeah - where are you? I'll call paramedics -

CUT TO.

55 EXT. ARTERIAL ROAD. DAY 3.

55

East bound. The light is fading fast and the rush hour traffic is static. FRANKIE is going around to the other side of the car, to RUBY.

FRANKI E

We're on the dual carriage-

Reception drops.

FRANKI E (CONT'D)

Hello? Ch, damn it -

FRANKIE grabs RUBY under the arms and hauls her onto the road. HEATHER scrabbles out of her side of the car, oblivious to the traffic all around her, caring only for RUBY.

CU of RUBY as FRANKIE drags her from her seat and more or less drops her onto the road with a thump. The shock is enough - RUBY gasps and is back in the land of the living. FRANKIE bends over her, rubbing her cheeks.

FRANKI E

Hey there, Ruby Tuesday... (to HEATHER) She's back with us.

HEATHER

Thank God, oh, thank God.

RUBY is drowsily waking up, disoriented. She struggles to sit up.

FRANKI E

Ruby, lie still darling. You're alright, but lie still...

RUBY's eyes roll back in her head and she drops into unconsciousness again. FRANKIE immediately feels for her pulse as she reaches for her mobile.

HEATHER

She's gone again - wake up. Ruby! Wake up.

EMERGENCY SERVICES (V.O.)

(on Loudspeaker) Pergency, which emergen

Emergency, which emergency service do you require?

FRANKI E

(on phone)

Ambul ance.

Pause while she's connected.

AMBULANCE SERVI CE (V.O.)

(on Loudspeaker)

Emergency ambulance, tell me exactly what has happened?

FRANKI E

(on phone)

This is a cardiac arrest call. I'm Lead District Nurse Frankie Maddox and I'm on the Colton Dual Carriageway with an eight year old child in cardiac arrest.

(MORE)

RUBY comes to again, groans and lashes out weakly at the weight on her chest.

FRANKI E (CONT'D)

We have respiration and heart beat.

She looks down the hard shoulder.

FRANKI E (CONT'D)

OK. We're going to come in under our own steam

AMBULANCE SERVI CE(V. O.)

A police motor cycle is on its way and an ambulance.

FRANKI E

Sorry. Can't wait.

(to RUBY)

Sweetheart, we're going to put you back in the car.

(to HEATHER)

You get in.

HEATHER hurries around to her side of the car.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. ARTERIAL ROAD. DAY 3.

56

A police car pulls up on the other side of the barrier and dual carriageway. The policeman driving it puts his blue light on, and gets out. He leaps over the central barrier. As he gets near to FRANKIE's car he sees them manhandling RUBY into the back seat, and FRANKIE running back to the driver's seat. Already the cars immediately in front of FRANKIE's car are doing their best to edge out of the way, so that she can get through. The YOUNG PLOD starts yelling at the drivers where he is, many of whom have no idea of what's happening behind them

YOUNG PLOD

Right, pull over... over here... clear a lane - come on. Move!

CUT TO:

57 EXT. ARTERIAL ROAD. DAY 3.

57

Crane shot. As the YOUNG PLOD gets a swathe cut between the cars, FRANKIE's car edges forward and he runs in front, banging on rear windows, gesticulating wildly, losing it.

YOUNG PLOD

Come on! Move!

CUT TO:

58 EXT. ARTERIAL ROAD. / INT. FRANKIE'S CAR. DAY 3.

58

RUBY's awake but exhausted and sore. HEATHER can't take her eyes off her. The YOUNG PLOD is running ahead of them, making their way clear.

FRANKI E

(to herself))

Good bloke. You can do it, come on.

HEATHER

How far to the hospital?

FRANKI E

At this rate three minutes. Off at the next roundabout...

CUT TO:

59 EXT. ROUNDABOUT. DAY 3.

59

The YOUNG PLOD clears the last few feet before the roundabout he steps aside and FRANKIE drives past, bipping her horn. The open road is in front of her and a sign to the hospital. The YOUNG PLOD stands watching, and then, as he walks back down the way he's come, past all the cars, he's greeted with applause and a couple of honked horns. He grins, bashful, takes a silly bow.

CUT TO:

60 INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. DAY 3.

60

RUBY is on a gurney and is being run down the corridor, an oxygen mask at her face. HEATHER is trying to follow but she's struggling, crying, very, very pregnant. As they run past a wheel chair FRANKIE grabs it and rams it behind HEATHER's legs. HEATHER sort of slumps into it and FRANKIE runs on with her.

CUT TO:

61 INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. DAY 3.

61

A total contrast. Silent and empty, apart from FRANKIE, waiting for news from the cardiac unit. She looks at her phone, there's a text that reads'?????'. She makes a call.

Hi Andy. We made it. They've got her all wired up but they're 90% sure it's super ventricular tachycardia. Looking at giving her a pacemaker tomorrow.

CUT TO:

62 OM TTED

62

63 INT. FRANKLE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 3.

63

FRANKIE's trying to resist the temptation to look at the engagement ring again. She's gazing down at the closed drawer, her fingers itching to open it. We hear the front door open.

I AN (O. S.)

I am bloody starving. Shall we go out for a steak?

CUT TO.

INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 3.

64

The table is set with some care, flowers or candle, wine and matching glasses for once. IAN's looking on in amazement as FRANKIE puts a large steak on his plate.

I AN

Alright. Fess up. What you done?

FRANKI E

What?

I AN

You never cook dinner.

FRANKI E

I do so.

I AN

Not dinner dinner. Past a and crap. Not proper dinner.

FRANKI E

Maybe I've turned over a new leaf.

I AN

No, seriously, Franks, what you done?

It's my birthday tomorrow. And I know you'll have arranged a surprise for me.

I AN

Who told you?

FRANKI E

No, I don't know what the surprise is, but it's always something.

(wry)

Usually a party.

I AN

Bit predictable, eh?

FRANKI E

There's nothing wrong with that. And I wanted to make a fuss of you, before you make a fuss of me. Cos I love you.

I AN

Ah, babe.

CUT TO:

65 INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 4.

65

FRANKIE wakes up, no alarm clock ringing yet. She peers at the clock, 6.58. She cancels the alarm stretches. And then she sees something else, a bunch of flowers and a birthday card.

She reads the card aloud, fondly.

FRANKI E

'You are the wind beneath my wings. You make everything possible and even the grey days bright. Now get up and get rid of that curry stain.'

She grins.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

'All my love, for ever and a day, lan.'

CUT TO:

66 INT. DN OFFICE. GENERAL OFFICE. DAY 4.

66

FRANKIE comes in and hears a row blistering away in the General Office.

PAULA

I don't think you should tell me off in front of everyone, actually, Mary.

MARY

I'm not telling you off, I'm just explaining why it matters.

KAREN

I thought there was a system for official warnings and things.

ANDY

Get over yourselves, girls. Who's on about any sort of 'warning'?

FRANKIE appears in the doorway.

FRANKI E

I thought you'd all be out on the road by now.

ANDY

We've got to make home visits to five clinic patients from yesterday.

MARY

She -

(to Paula)
- 'forgot' to take their specimens
to the labs.

PAULA

Why did you say 'forgot' like that? Like ?

MARY

Happy birthday, chick.

Everyone remembers. Guilty.

ANDY

Yeah, happy bat hday Franki e.

MARY

Here you go... a big silly card.. and a pressie...

FRANKI E

I'll save it for tonight, eh?

67

67 INT. DN OFFICE. FRANKIE'S OFFICE. DAY 4.

FRANKIE's sorting through a pile of paper, harassed, as ANDY comes to the doorway.

ANDY

You still here?

FRANKI E

No, I'm on the by-pass, getting a speeding ticket. Ch, god, I've lost them How could I lose them?

ANDY

If it's the mileage claims, all done.

FRANKI E

What, entered and everything?

ANDY

Time sheets and monthly report too, while you were being heroic on the by-pass.

FRANKI E

I love you, Nurse Peat.

ANDY

Are you going to manage to take a few hours off and enjoy your birthday?

FRANKI E

Later. I said I'd call in on Heather. Take her a nightie and stuff. And they're starting Mr Thomas's assessment so...

ANDY

(pl eased)

Mracles and wonders!

FRANKI E

What? I do listen to you sometimes.

ANDY

So you filled in an incident report?

FRANKI E

No. No need. It was an accident.

ANDY

It bloody wasn't.

FRANKI E

Ch, shut up.

ANDY

You want them to assess him with only half the information.

FRANKI E

I refer the honourable member to my earlier response.

ANDY turns away as FRANKIE has a thought.

FRANKI E (CONT'D)

You couldn't call the Army, could you?

ANDY

Aye. I'll ring Whitehall right away. One two one two, isn't it?

FRANKI E

He's in Afghanistan, Stephen Hales. How hard can it be?

ANDY

Hen, do you even know which regiment he's in?

FRANKI E

He disarms bombs and IED's. But don't you put yourself out for him

She goes. ANDY reacts, exasperated.

CUT TO:

67A EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY 4.

67A

Est abl i sher.

CUT TO.

68 INT. HOSPITAL. SIDE WARD. DAY 4.

68

FRANKIE is reading HEATHER's BP chart. The stuff she brought from HEATHER's house is nearby, including a framed photo of

I thought someone should know.

HEATHER

It's up, isn't it?

FRANKI E

Not surprising. Right. From now on you don't budge from that bed.

HEATHER

(amused)

And Ruby?

FRANKI E

You can take it in turns.

HEATHER

But won't they mind? (meaning the nurses)

FRANKI E

You're kidding? Two people in one bed? If the bosses find out, it'll be an NHS directive this time next week.

HEATHER

Are you sure you can give us all this time?

FRANKI E

Positive. And it might just make up a tiddly bit for being so slow to get Ruby to a consultant.

HEATHER

Like I said, she wasn't your patient.

FRANKI E

(mock martyred)

The world is my patient.

They grin, liking each other. Just then the doors open and a porter brings in a wheel chair.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Hey, Ruby - you're on!

CUT TO:

69 INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. DAY 4.

69

A silent scene, long shot maybe, FRANKIE's getting a drink from a vending machine.

HEATHER's beside her, her eyes locked on a wall clock. FRANKIE sees how distracted she is, gives her armalittle squeeze.

CUT TO:

70 INT. HOSPITAL. SIDE WARD. DAY 4.

70

RUBY is being settled back into bed, still sleepy, and HEATHER's chivvying FRANKIE out of the door.

HEATHER
Go home. Go on. We're fine.

FRANKIE You've got my number?

HEATHER

SHEI LA

Don't make it any harder, please.

JEAN

They're locking him up.

MEHTA

We're taking your father into care under section four of the mental health act.

FRANKI E

Where are you taking him?

SHEI LA

St Joseph's.

JEAN

You promised me this wouldn't happen.

MEHTA

(to Frankie)

He's very disoriented. Didn't know his daughter. He picked a knife up and threatened us.

JEAN

He was confused! He didn't mean it.

SHEI LA

(gently)

Very confused, yes. We can't leave him here.

FRANKIE knows they're right to do it. She's sad but calm

FRANKI E

(to Jean)

It's an emergency thing, not the full twenty eight days, let him go for now and then we'll sort it.

MR THOMAS

Why are they taking me away?

FRANKI E

I'm sorry. We can't leave you in the house alone.

MR THOMAS

(but) Jean's here. My Jeanie. Aren't you, lovey? Tell them

JEAN can't bear to speak.

FRANKI E

Jean has to go home.

MR THOMAS

Liar! Liar! She wouldn't leave me all alone.

FRANKI E

Her husband needs her.

MR THOMAS

I need her. Stuff him Let him make his own tea. Jean! Jeanie! I don't want to go.

He's lead on. SHELLA steps forward and stops JEAN following.

SHEI LA

Let him get settled in. Seeing you like this is only going to upset him

It's obviously true, they turn to watch as MR THOMAS is gently guided into the hospital mini bus, a NURSE helping him

JEAN

(qui et)

Ch, Dad.

(to Frankie, bewildered) Stop them You promised...

FRANKI E

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have. This is the only thing we can do. And the best.

JEAN

(more in sorrow than anger)
You cow. You right royal cow.

CUT TO:

73 INT. LOCAL PUB. DAY 4.

73

The pub's very quiet because it's still early. IAN's hanging a birthday banner, champagne is sitting in a bucket, a chair has been dolled up as a Posh and Becks type throne. ANDY enters with a great bundle of heart shaped helium balloons.

ANDY

That's the last message I run for you.

I AN

You look sweet.

ANDY

Wolf whistled from one end of town to the other. No more than a sex object.

CUT TO:

74 INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 4.

74

A montage: FRANKIE's tired and feels like crying but she's getting ready for the party, she's already in her 'Pretty Woman' dress and is starting to apply make-up. She has a large glass of wine and takes a big swig.

Her face is almost done. She regards a set of false eyelashes and then regards her reflection... hmmm Not sure. She sighs.

She puts on a track on her MP3 player. Waits until it starts. Dances back to her mirror.

Puts her hair up (or what ever) aided by anticipation, music and wine, her mood is lifting.

Now she's all done. Fab. Big hair, big lips, big eyes. She blows a kiss at her reflection, has a thought and goes to the ring drawer. Nothing there. She does a mad little dance of glee.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 4.

75

FRANKIE is all dolled up for the party and she looks fab as she comes out of the house. Very, very glam She's so happy. She's making a call on her mobile, waiting for IAN to answer as the TAXI DRIVER is walking away towards his cab (he's just knocked on the door).

FRANKI E

(on the phone)
On my way, sweet thing. Get ready
to be completely knocked out by m

to be completely knocked out by my fabulousness.

The TAXI DRIVER grins, glancing around at her.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(on the phone)
If I'mlate it'll be because the driver's ploughed into a shop front, dazzled by all my bling.

The TAXI DRIVER laughs, gets in the cab.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Love you.

HEATHER

Look at you. Been Gok Wanned?

CUT TO:

79 INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT 4.

79

FRANKIE's on her mobile, right next to a 'No mobile phones' notice. Intercut with following scene.

FRANKI E

You really have tracked him down?

CUT TO:

80 EXT. LOCAL PUB. NI GHT 4.

80

ANDY's on his mobile.

ANDY

He's already on his way home. Soon as they knew there was concern about her BP.

FRANKI E (V. O.)

That's great. Where is he now?

ANDY

Somewhere between Afghanistan and Brize Norton and here -

FRANKI E (V.O.)

Not good enough. Does he know about Ruby's pacemaker?

ANDY

No - how could he?

FRANKI E (V.O.)

Do they not have phones?

ANDY

Erm, he's been on an Army transport plane. She's been in hospital.

FRANKI E (V. O.)

Right, well, they both need him here right now. They need him here.

ANDY

I don't know what you want me to do about it-

Yeah. Promise. And I an. . .

I AN (V. Q.)

(sul ky) What?

FRANKI E

(It'll) Be worth the wait.

FRANKIE's about to put the phone away but finds the midwife looking at her.

M DW FE

Off, please.

FRANKI E

Ch, yes. Sorry.

She turns it off.

CUT TO:

85 INT. HOSPITAL. DELIVERY ROOM. NIGHT 4. 85

A medley of shots, to a track from 'The M serable Rich', preferably 'Ringing The Changes':

FRANKIE is rubbing HEATHER's back as she has a contraction.

HEATHER's walking around, restless and sweating. She stops for a contraction, grabs FRANKIE's arm

CUT TO:

86 INT. LOCAL PUB. NIGHT 4. 86

Continuing medley. The party's full on, KAREN and PAULA are having a great time with some GUYS and ANG E's bringing drinks from the bar. MARY's wishing she could go home and get an early night. IAN watches it all, a bit sourly. MARY meets his eyes and smiles consolingly. He just about manages to crack one back.

CUT TO:

87 INT. RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT 4. 87

ANDY looks around at everyone coming off a train. No sign of Tc (87) 88 OM TTED 88

89 INT. HOSPITAL. DELIVERY ROOM. NIGHT 4.

89

FRANKIE and a MIDWIFE help HEATHER to find a comfortable position, kneeling on the bed. She's half laughing and half crying, growing tired now.

FRANKIE watches as a MIDWIFE encourages HEATHER to use the gas and air. She sneaks a glance at her wrist watch. Eleven o' clock. She winces.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. RAILWAY STATION. / INT. ANDY'S CAR. NIGHT 4.

90

ANDY's dozing, facing the exit from the station. A crowd of people come through the doors, disgorged from the latest train. He glances at them, yawns. STEPHEN, in combat dress, comes out of the station, eager to get home, but not in any mad rush (after all, he's not been watching the show). He sees a long queue for the taxis and sets off towards it. ANDY closes his eyes again and then realises what he's seen. He jerks awake. In a fumbling panic he gets out and runs towards STEPHEN.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. / INT. LOCAL PUB. NIGHT 4.

91

IAN's on his mobile, drunk and sorry for himself. He's gazing

92 INT. HOSPITAL. DELIVERY ROOM. NIGHT 4.

92

The baby's born, received by the M DW FE, lots of 'oohs and ahhhs' and stuff.

FRANKI E

Well done! Fabulous woman.

M DW FE

Congratulations, Mum, you have a little girl.

FRANKI E

She's gorgeous.

HEATHER

Hello darling. Hello. Ch, look at you..

(kiss)

And that's from your daddy. Your lovely daddy.

And she starts to cry. FRANKIE smiles ruefully at the M DW FE and says quietly.

FRANKI E

Af ghani st an.

CUT TO:

93 INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT 4.

93

STEPHEN and ANDY are belting down the corridor, STEPHEN's in front of ANDY but less familiar with the hospital and having to check the signs as he goes.

CUT TO:

94 INT. HOSPITAL. DELIVERY ROOM. NIGHT 4.

94

HEATHER's cradling the baby but very tearful and snotty, her eyes red, her nose blocked, wiping her nose as she talks, wiping her eyes, laughing and crying at the same time. A M DW FE is clearing up around them, ANOTHER M DW FE is writing up the notes.

HEATHER

He wanted to be here, he so wanted to be here, you see. And I want him home. With us. Our little family... Oh, I'm sorry, Frankie.

FRANKI E

You go ahead. Cry and blow, cry and blow. Find a rhythm

HEATHER laughs, breathless. The door slams open and STEPHEN's there. A lovely silent moment of shock and disbelief. And then he's with her, his arms around her, and the baby, laughing, crying, all that.

CUT TO.

Not for a bit. Is he a bit pissed of f?

ANDY

Make the call.

FRANKI E

He is, isn't he? And here's me practising how to say 'yes please' all week.

ANDY

What?

FRANKI E

He was going to propose. I found the ring.

ANDY

Bloody hell. No, seriously, Franks, make the call.

FRANKI E

Nah, best face to face. He can shout a bit and then he'll see the funny side, and it'll be fine.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. LOCAL PUB. NI GHT 4.

96

It's all in darkness. ANDY is waiting in the car and FRANKIE is peering in the pub windows. She turns and shrugs. He shakes his head, rueful.

CUT TO:

97 INT. FRANKIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 4.

97

FRANKIE's lying on the bed, on her mobile. Her party gear is crumpled on the floor. 'Frankie and Johnny' starts to play softly.

FRANKI E

I know you're upset. I know you're disappointed. I'm so sorry. I'm really really really sorry. I can't say it enough. But it's like you said, isn't it?

CUT TO: