

Epi sode 33
Seri es XI II

by
Tahsi n Guner

1

1

A car lurches to a stop in the car park, slightly askew. Brakes squeal. The driver - SEAN FOSTER, 37 - grimaces in agony, clutching the wheel with a deathly grip. He's well-muscled, gym-toned, very good looking - but right now his face is bright red, sheathed in sweat, his hair damp.

SEAN fumbles with the handbrake. Yanks it up. Then clutches the side of his knee, panting, trying to steady himself.

He searches through a pile of items on the passenger seat - a water bottle, a damp towel; toiletries.

With trembling hands, he extracts a mobile phone.

CUT TO:

DAN

2

CONTINUED: (2)

2

DAN rushes off, leaving CHRISSE looking bewildered. MALICK comes over, gives her a quizzical look.

CUT TO:

SEAN cradles the phone against his ear. Steeling himself against the pain. Trying to control his breathing. SOUND of the RING TONE, until DAN picks up.

DAN
(v/o)

SEAN
(Into phone)
Outside. The car park. Please...

A sudden jolt of white hot agony. He clutches his knee.
Screams.

DAN
(v/o)
Hang tight. I'm coming.

SEAN drops the phone. Pants heavily. Exhausted by his own
agony. His eyelids flutter shut, as he loses consciousness.

CUT TO:

4

4

A spreadsheet open on HANSSEN's computer - but he's paying it no attention, staring into space, a sense of depression about him. Impossible to say how long he's been sitting like that.

He seems to snap out of it, turns to the computer. Considers the spreadsheet for a moment, then brings up personnel files. Clicks on Sahira's profile. Scrolls to the bottom, where a section for disciplinary actions is filled in with a single formal warning - HANSSEN's name next to it as the authorising party. He considers the DELETE button.

There's a knock at the door. He quickly closes the page, returning the screen to the spreadsheet.

HANSSEN

Come in.

JAC enters, holding a patient file.

JAC

Hope I'm not disturbing you.

HANSSEN

No more than usual.

JAC

RTA's just come into AAU. Eighteen year old. Stabilised, but he has an aortic transection and potential abdominal trauma. Booked in for surgery tomorrow afternoon. Wondered if we could pair up.

She hands him the file. He takes a look.

HANSSEN

A leaking tear in the descending aorta... Hoping to dazzle me, Miss Naylor?

JAC

Hoping to save a young boy's life, Mr Hanssen.

HANSSEN

Fine. Book me in.

JAC

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

Delighted, JAC heads out. HANSSEN sighs. Looks back at his screen. Brings Sahira's profile back up. Stares at the written warning.

CUT TO:

5

5

DAN searches the car park, scanning the multitude of parked cars.

He spots SEAN's car. Runs over. SEAN's slumped in the driver's seat, unconscious.

DAN

Sean!

DAN tries the door - it's locked - hammers at the window.

DAN (cont'd)

Sean!

He doesn't stir. DAN searches the ground for something to break the window. Finds a brick.

DAN smashes the brick through the window.

DAN unlocks the door from the inside. Throws it open.

DAN (cont'd)

Sean...

He slaps SEAN's face, stirring him awake.

SEAN

My hero...

DAN rolls up SEAN's trouser leg, noticing a large gash on the lower part of his knee.

DAN

How d' you get the cut?

SEAN

Knee buckled. Fell off the treadmill. Looked like an idiot.

DAN rolls the trouser leg all the way past the knee - swollen, the skin showing signs of cellulitis, stretched and inflamed.

SEAN (cont'd)

Just give me shot and I'll be out of here.

DAN

Mate, this looks bad.

(CONTINUED)

6

6

N/s THEATRE RUNNER and N/s THEATRE ATTENDANT push SEAN on a gurney towards theatre, DAN keeping pace.

DAN
Want me to call Charlotte?

SEAN
She's in France, visiting her
sister. You sure this is necessary?
I thought we agreed we'd wait...

DAN
It's just a keyhole. You'll be up
and at 'em in less than two weeks.

SEAN
(disgruntled)
Two weeks!

CHRISSE hurries in, and DAN steps aside with her, while the N/s THEATRE RUNNER and N/s THEATRE ATTENDANT prep SEAN in the background.

CHRISSE
Malick's on the warpath.

DAN
Yeah, well, tell him to stuff it.

CHRISSE
I think I'll leave it to you to
deliver that particular message.

DAN looks worried.

DAN
(Of SEAN)
I've known him since we were
eleven. Can't just leave him in the
lurch.

She softens, seeing his anxiety.

CHRISSE
I hope Malick understands.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISSEIE heads out. DAN goes over to SEAN.

SEAN
That Chrisseie? T 5 0 . T c 0 5 5

DAN
Thought I'd introduce you when
you're in less pain.

SEAN
Appreciate it...

Then a look of apprehension.

SEAN
I don't want you putting me under.

DAN
What'd you think I'm gonna do? Chop
off your leg? Tc -0mean2 Tw (Wh

SEAN
I mean it.

7

7

HANSSEN approaches the Nurses' Station. Two N/s NURSES are chatting quietly and giggling, quietening when they spot him. HANSSEN gives them a polite smile, and they quickly busy themselves with tasks, uncomfortable in his presence.

HANSSEN scrolls down the surgery list on the screen. Looking for a potential GS/CT crossover case. Finding nothing, he spots the case that JAC talked about at the bottom - both his and her name beside it.

Off camera, SAHIRA and GREG laugh, drawing HANSSEN's attention. They're chatting next to a sleeping N/s PATIENT, MRS KERRIGAN.

HANSSEN approaches, and when they see him, they quieten, SAHIRA's smile disappearing. HANSSEN painfully aware.

HANSSEN
(To SAHIRA)
How's Mrs Kerrigan?

SAHIRA
Her B/P's a little hypotensive, 90 over 60, and her potassium levels are 4.8, looking a lot better.

HANSSEN
So the Digoxin worked. Thought it might.

SAHIRA
Actually, we decided to give her I/V amiodarone. Seems to have done the trick.

HANSSEN
We?

GREG
Guilty as charged.

HANSSEN
(To SAHIRA)
We discussed Mrs Kerrigan's post-op treatment plan fairly thoroughly, did we not?

SAHIRA
Yes, but she had post operative atrial fibrillation and the Digoxin didn't seem to be doing much to help.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

GREG

To be fair, post operative
management on patients following a
CABG is a speciality of mine.
Wrote a paper on it while I was at
The Trafalgar.

HANSSEN gives him a sour smile.

SAHIRA - very slightly off with HANSSEN...

SAHIRA

Is there anything else?

HANSSEN

No.

SAHIRA wanders off with GREG. HANSSEN looks back at the
screen displaying the surgery list. Considers.

CUT TO:

8

8

PRESENT: DAN, N/s ANAESTHETIST, N/s ODP, N/s SCRUB NURSE, N/s THEATRE RUNNER, N/s THEATRE NURSE.

A spinal block has been performed on SEAN, and he can't feel anything from the waist down. He lays on his back, the knee and leg prepared with antiseptic solution. The knee's exposed and the area immediately around it is draped with a sterile towel.

DAN has made a small incision (1/2 cm) in the skin over the knee towards the outer side of the knee cap. The opened incision is held open with artery forceps and DAN is inserting a scope.

DAN
(To N/s ODP)
Can I have a white balance on that?

DAN presses the button on the scope and injects "saline" into the knee, then presses the button again to take the water out, allowing him to see the joint clearly.

SEAN
So this is what you do all day, is it? Bit like being a mechanic.

DAN
Give or take seven years of specialised training.

SEAN
And how's it feel working on a Ferrari?

DAN
I'd say you're more of an antique classic.

SEAN
You're only three years behind me, mate. Better watch out.

They share a smile. DAN examines the knee, looking at the monitor - studying the inner part of the knee, the ligaments and the outer part of the knee.

DAN
You must've really been storming it at the gym for it to get like this.

SEAN
When have we ever done half-measures?

(CONTINUED)

DAN

Still...

(Slightly tentative)

Coulda waited a bit.

SEAN

Gotta look the part. Half the reason people join is cos Sean Foster, ex-semi-pro rugby kick-arse, owns the place.

DAN

They can hardly miss it. Your picture's splashed all over the walls.

SEAN

Tastefully.

DAN

Wouldn't be surprised if you've had it put on the towels.

SEAN

Now there's an idea.

DAN

Yeah, but you really wanna be walking through the changing rooms, seeing blokes using them?

SEAN

You got a point.

They both laugh.

DAN looks to the arthroscope monitor, which indicates the

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EPI SODE 33 SHOOTING ORANGES SCENE 8

DAN and MALICK share an uneasy look.

CUT TO:

9

9

SAHIRA exits the staff room, putting on her coat, getting ready to leave for the night. GREG sidles over, his jacket on.

GREG
Sure I can't persuade you for one?

SAHIRA
Not tonight.

GREG
A cheeky half...

SAHIRA
Of chardonnay?

GREG
If that's the way you take it.

SAHIRA laughs. Considers.

HANSSEN approaches, holding a patient file.

HANSSEN
(To SAHIRA)
Could I have a quick word?

She nods, turns to GREG.

SAHIRA
I'm knackered - maybe tomorrow.

GREG
Suit yourself. Night.

He wanders off. She turns to HANSSEN. Waits. He regards her a little uncomfortably.

HANSSEN
I thought it might be time we...

He hesitates, finding his way.

HANSSEN
... Put things behind us. That whole black-mark-on-your record business. I'm going to remove it. Clean slate.

SAHIRA - quietly touched - she knows that wasn't easy for him.

(CONTINUED)

SAHIRA

I appreciate that. Thank you.

She picks up her bag, about to leave.

HANSSEN

And there's this...

He hands her the patient file - the same one that JAC had.

HANSSEN

Connor Lane. Eighteen year-old RTA. Scheduled tomorrow afternoon. Needs repair of the leaking descending aorta and a splenic tear. I thought we could pair up.

SAHIRA looks at the file - a little wary - but as she reads it, it's clear it's an exciting case.

SAHIRA

But I haven't performed an aortic repair since...

HANSSEN

I know.

SAHIRA

And you think I'm ready?

HANSSEN

I don't doubt your abilities.

SAHIRA nods.

SAHIRA

Thank you, Mr Hanssen.

She heads off.

HANSSEN - a small smile.

CUT TO:

10

10

SEAN' s wheel ed onto the ward by N/s STAFF, a dressing on hi s knee, DAN accompanying. CHRI SSIE gl ances over from the Nurses' Station. MALICK strides over to DAN. Takes hi m asi de. SEAN li stens in.

MALICK
So, abandoning a pati ent mi nutes
before surgery. . .

DAN
It was an emergency.

MALICK
No, it wasn' t.
(Gesturing towards SEAN)
I just checked hi s notes.

DAN
Why d' you do that? He' s not your
pati ent.

MALICK
He shoul dn' t be yours.

DAN
There were no other orthos around,
I had to take care of it.

MALICK
More like coul dn' t turn your back
on a mate from the old boy' s club -
all other patients, back of the
line, please.

DAN
I just remembered something - I' m a
Consul tant. You' re a Registrar.
Mi nd your own damn busi ness.

DAN moves to leave, MALICK puts a hand on hi s shoul der.

MALICK
Don' t wal k away from me.

DAN turns back, shaki ng hi s hand off hi s shoul der.

(CONTI NUED)

MALICK

You've postponed surgery for a seventy-four year-old man who's now gonna have to suffer another night of pain and discomfort - not to mention, for a patient his age, the more stressed he is, the more dangerous it becomes. Of course, I don't need to tell you that - you're a Consultant.

MALICK storms off. DAN looks a little guilty - then goes over to SEAN.

SEAN

You ought to take him outside.

DAN

I don't think that would go down too well with HR.

SEAN

Then let me do it.

CHRISSE comes over, ~~CHRISSE~~ ~~CHRISSE~~ the exchange.

CHRISSE

I think the SEANs quite enough testosterone floating about the ward today, thank you.

DAN

Chrissie, Sean. Sean, Chrissie.

CHRISSE

Dan talks about you all the time.

SEAN

Aw, bless.

DAN

DANCHRISSE in aw (S sho takin less.) Tj 1 0 0 1 234.91 277.2

CON

DAN
Sister Williams, haven't you got
work to do?

CHRISSE
About to finish my shift.

She nods at SEAN to go on.

SEAN

CHRISSE

Smiling playfully, CHRISSE heads off.

SEAN
(of CHRISSE)
You've done all right there.

DAN
Can't argue with that.

SEAN winces from a stab of pain in his knee.

SEAN (cont'd)
Starting to get the feeling back.

DAN
I'll get you some morphine.

SEAN
Make it a double.

DAN smiles. An N/s nurse is passing.

DAN
(to N/s NURSE)
10 mg of morphine for Mr Foster.

The nurse nods, gets to it. SEAN clutches his knee and grimaces.

SEAN
You're not going to leave me?

DAN watches as CHRISSE crosses the ward.

DAN
Course not. I'll stay for a while.
Keep you company, you big girl.

10

CONTINUED: (3)

10

FADE OUT on DAN' s look of quiet apprehension.

FADE OUT:

12

12

BLACK SCREEN.

SOUND OF ALARM CLOCK.

FADE UP:

DAN wakes up on the bed, wearing the same clothes.

He fumbles for the alarm. It falls off the bedside cabinet. Cracks. The alarm continues with a distorted buzz.

He picks up the alarm clock, noticing the wide crack in its casing. Sighs irritably.

CUT TO:

14

14

SAHIRA hurries through Wyvern, spots the lift doors closing. She has a small chocolate stain on her lapel.

SAHIRA
Hold the lift.

A hand reaches out, pulls the doors open, revealing it's JAC. SAHIRA heads into the lift.

SAHIRA
Thank you.

JAC notices her lapel.

JAC
I hope that's chocolate.

SAHIRA notices it, shakes her head.

SAHIRA
Indy...

She takes out a piece of tissue, spits on it, and SAHIRA wipes her lapel. JAC rolls her eyes. SAHIRA spots the look.

SAHIRA
What?

JAC
Nothing. I've heard spit washing's making a comeback.

SAHIRA shoots her a look. Finishes wiping off the chocolate.

SAHIRA
I was in a hurry. Spent most of the night boning up for this aortic transaction I'm performing today.

JAC reels on her, furious.

JAC
What?

SAHIRA looks startled and confused by her outburst.

CUT TO:

14A

14A

(Previously scene 13).

SEAN has got his good leg off the bed, and slowly manoeuvres off his injured leg, while DAN and CHRISSE supervi se.

DAN
Steady.

SEAN
Feels better already. You're a genius.

CHRISSE
Please don't tell him that.

DAN
(To CHRISSE)
I've been telling him that for years. Finally he gets it.

SEAN starts to stand, and DAN hooks his arm under his.

SEAN
I'm not one of your little old ladies with a dodgy hip.

DAN relinquishes his grasp.

DAN
Don't knock 'em - little old ladies are my bread and butter.

He stands up. Puts his weight on the knee.

DAN (cont'd)
How's it feel?

SEAN takes a few steps, wincing slightly, hiding it.

SEAN
Almost good as new.

CHRISSE passes SEAN the crutches.

SEAN
Don't need 'em.

He grimaces as he takes another step on his bad knee.

CHRISSE
Call me over-zealous, but I'd rather you did. You don't wanna get me into trouble, do you?

(CONTINUED)

She thrusts the crutches under his arms.

SEAN
(To DAN)
She always this bossy?

DAN
Oh, a nightmare.

CHRISSE gives him a playful scowl.

SEAN
Which way are the stairs?

DAN
How about making it across the ward
first?

15

15

RACHEL HARRING - 11, bit of a tomboy, loud and boisterous, a tough kid - lies in bed, one arm covered in bandages from where a series of cuts have been sutured. She watches FRIEDA, who's tending to an N/s PATIENT's IV.

RACHEL
Oi! Vampire! I'm thirsty.

FRIEDA
There's a jug of water beside your bed.

RACHEL
I don't want water, I want coke.

FRIEDA strides over to her. Politely restraining her anger.

FRIEDA
For the fourth time, I'm not your maid.

RACHEL takes out a smartphone with one hand. Presses buttons.

RACHEL
Status update. Evil nurse being a cow again.

FRIEDA heads over to SACHA at the Nurses' Base.

FRIEDA
Permission to kill patient. Is there a form for that?

SACHA
She's not that bad.

RACHEL
(To SACHA, shouting from bed)
Oi! Fatso! Tell her to get me a coke.

SACHA - quietly annoyed - forces a smile. Turns away from RACHEL.

SACHA
Or she might be the devil incarnate - either way, we have a sacred duty of care...

(CONTINUED)

FRIEDA
... To handle annoying overflow
from the ED?

SACHA
To keep her here until her Mother
finally arrives to pick her up.

FRIEDA
Where is she?

SACHA
Apparently, stuck at Manchester
airport.

FRIEDA
I'm doctor, not babysitter.

SACHA
I agree, it's probably not a role
that comes naturally to you. But
this is what you wanted, Frieda -
the whole place to yourself. Enjoy.

SACHA wanders off.

RACHEL
(o/c)
Vampire? Are you listening to me?

FRIEDA scowls. Her phone rings. She takes it out.

RACHEL (cont'd)
(o/c)
Is that your blood bank calling?

FRIEDA's about to turn off the phone, when she sees who's
calling.

She steps aside. Answers the phone in Ukrainian.

As she listens, a look of numb shock settles on her face.

CUT TO:

SAHIRA

What are you playing at?

SAHIRA strides away.

HANSSEN looks at the coffees in his hand. Glances about. Vaguely embarrassed. Puts one of the cups on the counter.

On HANSSEN - frustrated. This isn't going quite as well as he'd hoped.

CUT TO:

17

17

Close on SEAN and DAN' s faces - close together, both straining, panting, SEAN' s face bright red, dripping with sweat.

Close on SEAN' s fingers diggi ng fi ercel y i nto DAN' s flesh, hi s arm hooked around hi s neck. DAN heaves hi m up one step at a time, hi s arm wrapped tightly around hi s waist. The physicality of a rugby scrum, the heat of a sexual encounter.

Down below, MALICK strides across the Car Park, then slows as he spots the two of them climbing the stairs, SEAN straining.

MALICK looks concerned, then continues on towards the entrance.

SEAN and DAN reach the landing, where the crutches are propped against the bannister.

SEAN
One more flight.

DAN
I think that' s enough for one morning.

SEAN
When did you become ?

They share a laugh. SEAN heads for the next flight. Grimacing. DAN glances at hi s knee - concerned. Puts a hand on hi s shoulder.

DAN
I' m serious. Let me catch my breath.

SEAN stops. Regards hi m wi th quiet di sdai n.

SEAN
Don' t humour me. You' re hardly breaking a sweat.

They share an uneasy look. SEAN glances away.

DAN
You' ve just had surgery, mate. Give yourself a break - no pun intended.

SEAN relents. Catches hi s breath. Hi s face darkens, sobre.

(CONTI NUED)

SEAN
 are on my back again.
 Don't know how long I can hold them
 off this time. If I don't get back
 to the grindstone, it'll be just
 the excuse they need to take
 everything.

DAN hesitates.

DAN
 You thought about asking
 Charlotte's Dad for a loan?

SEAN
 How's that gonna look? I can't even
 take care of his daughter? Besides,
 then she'll find out how bad things
 are...

DAN

SEAN
 I don't want her worryi ng. And
 anyway, my knee's gonna be fine...
 Isn't it?

SEAN throws him a tentative look. Half a statement, half a
 question.

DAN
 'Course it is. You're the man.

SEAN - reassured. Heads for the next flight.

SEAN
 You have a rest, princess. Think I
 can do the next one solo.

DAN watches - apprehensive - as SEAN lifts his bad leg up the
 first step, grimacing.

CUT TO:

18

18

SAHIRA and HANSSEN at CONNOR's bedside, ANNIE holding his hand, SAHIRA and an N/s NURSE checking on him. He's still unconscious.

HANSSEN
We're still waiting for your son's
medical records - is there anything
we should know? Allergies?
Medications?

She shakes her head, barely looking at them. Fraught with anxiety and fear.

HANSSEN
Any recent medical history?

She thinks for a moment.

ANNIE
He had his appendix out about two
years ago.

SAHIRA
(To N/s NURSE)
Let's give him an I/V of
amoxicillin.

The N/s NURSE nods, heads off.

SAHIRA
We'll be taking your son into
surgery this afternoon. Is there
anything else you'd like to ask,
Mrs Lane?

ANNIE
I'm always telling him to put on
his seatbelt. I can't remember if I
said anything this time. Did I tell
him and he just ignored me or did I
forget?

SAHIRA
Teenage boys aren't known for
listening to their Mothers.

ANNIE
But I should've seen the other car.

SAHIRA
And it's not your fault a drunk
driver decided to run a red light.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE nods. SAHIRA touches her shoulder.

SAHIRA
We're gonna take good care of him.

ANNIE
Thank you.

HANSSEN gives SAHIRA a grateful smile. They stride across the ward together.

19

19

SACHA works at the Nurses' Base, when MARY-CLAIRE storms over.

MARY-CLAIRE
Have you seen Frieda? She's been gone for ages.

SACHA
I was wondering the same thing.

FRIEDA appears behind them, in time to overhear...

MARY-CLAIRE
Maybe I should check the morgue. She loves that place.

FRIEDA
I'm here.

SACHA
Where have you been?

MARY-CLAIRE
Yeah?

SACHA
Mary-Claire, I can handle this.

MARY-CLAIRE shoots FRIEDA a dirty look, then heads off. SACHA waits for an answer from FRIEDA.

FRIEDA hesitates.

FRIEDA
I need to take holiday. Tomorrow. For one week.

SACHA laughs, thinks it's a joke. Then sees the look on her face.

SACHA
You can't just suddenly jet off to a tropical island because you're having a bad day.

FRIEDA
I'm not going to tropical island, I'm going to Ukraine.

SACHA
It's a bit short notice. Is it an emergency?

(CONTINUED)

20

20

SAHIRA operates on a pig heart. Concentrating fiercely, as she sutures the upper end of a graft onto the aorta.

HANSSEN drifts in. She throws him an annoyed look, then continues with the procedure while he stands and watches.

HANSSEN
Doing well...

SAHIRA
Not well enough. The graft's not holding.

HANSSEN
Take a breath. Try again.

She concentrates fiercely, breath held.

HANSSEN
A breath, Sahira.

Reluctantly, she takes a breath. Tries again. Smiles, despite herself when she completes the procedure.

HANSSEN
There.

HANSSEN looks pleased with his star pupil.

SAHIRA
Attaching to the lower end to the aorta...

SAHIRA continues with the next stage of the procedure.

SAHIRA
So are you going to explain why you stole Jac's case from under her and gave it to me?

HANSSEN
"Stole" is a bit harsh.

She gives him a look. Continues with the procedure.

HANSSEN
I thought you deserved the opportunity.

SAHIRA
The opportunity to screw up an aortic transaction again?

(CONTINUED)

HANSSEN

That was a long time ago. It won't happen this time.

SAHIRA

How can you be so sure?

HANSSEN

The most experienced of Registrars have crises of confidence - it's how they deal with them that sets them apart.

SAHIRA

So this is you getting me back in the saddle?

HANSSEN

It's what I've always encouraged you to do. Ever since you were a gangly F1 with glasses and a line in chronic self-doubt.

SAHIRA gives him a coy look. Keeps working.

SAHIRA

"We learn more from our failures than our successes." I believe I remember you drilling that into me.

HANSSEN

I'm touched you recall it with such alacrity.

SAHIRA

(teasing)

I hang on your every word,

As he's lowered into the chair, he yells in pain, reaches for his knee.

CHARLOTTE

(o/c)
Sean?

They all look up to see CHARLOTTE - a little younger than SEAN, a little bit Twickenham, but not a rugby cliché. No collars turned up here. She's stylish and striking. Standing in numb shock at the sight of her husband in the wheelchair.

SEAN - embarrassed, emasculated in some way - avoids her Sean?

22

22

HANSSEN and SAHIRA approach the Nurses' Station, having come from the wet lab.

SAHIRA
I'll get in some more practice
after lunch.

HANSSEN
You don't want to over-rehearse.

SAHIRA
I'm not gonna get through it on
deep-breathing exercises alone.

ANNIE
(o/c)
Help! Something's wrong.

They rush over to the bay, where CONNOR, still unconscious, is having difficulty breathing - wheezing, his face going red.

SAHIRA feels his throat.

SAHIRA
Throat's swollen.

HANSSEN
(Checking monitor)
B/P's low.

SAHIRA
Small rash around his neck.
(Look to the IV)
Could be the amoxicillin.

ANNIE
What's happening?

HANSSEN
Can we get some help here?

Two N/s NURSES comes running.

SAHIRA
(To ANNIE)
I think he might be going into
anaphylactic shock.

ANNIE
Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

HANSEN
(To N/s NURSE)
Unhook the IV, swap it for a bag of fluids.

SAHIRA
(To other N/s NURSE)
And we'll need hydrocortisone, adrenal in and chl orphenami ne.

SAHIRA puts an oxygen mask on CONNOR, whose eyes flutter open.

ANNIE
Connor...

She grabs his hand. Holds it. He stares up weakly at SAHIRA.

SAHIRA
It's okay, Connor, you've just had a reaction to some antibiotics. We'll have you sorted in a few minutes. Just try to take some slow deep breaths...

HANSEN turns his gaze on ANNIE, who gives him a nervous, slightly guilty look.

CUT TO:

23

23

DAN and CHRISSIE help SEAN back to bed, MALICK hanging back, looking through SEAN's patient notes. CHARLOTTE watches anxiously.

SEAN
(To CHARLOTTE)
I just lost my balance, that's all.

MALICK
How much pain have you been in, Mr Foster?

SEAN
What's it to you?

MALICK
I'm Mr Malick. GS Registrar.

SEAN
Registrar?
(To DAN)
Is that above or below a Consultant?

MALICK
How much pain?

SEAN
It's nothing I can't handle.

MALICK
Those weren't fits of laughter you were making on the floor.

DAN
You wanna check that bedside manner.

MALICK
I'd rather have a Doctor with a lousy bedside manner than one who lets me cripple myself.

DAN
(To MALICK)
Watch your mouth.

SEAN
(To MALICK)
The stairs were my idea. He was being a mate.

CHRISSIE
Could all three of you please calm down?

(CONTINUED)

MALICK (cont'd)

(To SEAN)

With all due respect, while you're here, Mr Hamilton's not your mate, he's your Doctor.

DAN

(To MALICK)

You can go now.

MALICK

Not until I've had a look at that knee.

SEAN

I told you, you're not my Doctor.

MALICK

(Of DAN)

And he shouldn't be...

(to DAN)

And you know that.

SEAN

(To DAN)

You gonna let him talk to you like that?

CHARLOTTE

Will you stop acting like teenagers?

CHRISSE and CHARLOTTE share an exasperated look.

DAN considers. Nods at MALICK.

DAN

(To SEAN)

It's all right.

MALICK moves over to the bedside. Waits for DAN to step aside. Reluctantly, he does.

MALICK takes his place.

CUT TO:

24

24

SAHIRA and an N/s NURSE check on CONNOR, who has stabilised, his eyes closed, breathing easy. ANNIE holds CONNOR's hand, while HANSSEN observes.

SAHIRA
(To N/s NURSE)
Call microbiology and switch him to
Erythromycin and Metronidazole.

The N/s NURSE nods, heads off.

HANSSEN
(To ANNIE)
You said he had an appendectomy two
years ago?

ANNIE nods.

HANSSEN
Did the allergy to penicillin not
manifest itself then?

ANNIE
Don't blame me if you haven't done
your jobs right.

SAHIRA
Without his medical records, we're
relying on you to give us accurate
information.

ANNIE
I must've forgot. It was the shock.

CONNOR
(o/c)
What's going on? Where am I?

CONNOR's stirring awake. ANNIE gently caresses his head.

ANNIE
We were in an accident, darling.
You're gonna be okay.

He tries to lean up.

SAHIRA
Take it easy. I'm Ms Shah, this is
Mr Hanssen. We're your Doctors.

CONNOR
Are my fingers okay?

(CONTINUED)

SAHIRA
Your fingers?

ANNIE
He plays the piano.

HANSSEN
Your fingers are in tip-top
condition.

CONNOR sighs. Relieved.

SAHIRA
What's the last thing you remember?

CONNOR
We were on our way to a recital. I
was supposed to be performing.
(To ANNIE)
What happened?

She hesitates. Guilt-stricken.

SAHIRA
There was a drunk driver. It wasn't
your Mother's fault.

CONNOR looks at ANNIE, startled.

CONNOR

CHRISSE takes the dressing off SEAN's knee, revealing it extremely swollen. SEAN's pale and sweaty - he doesn't look well.

MALICK examines the knee, while CHRISSE takes SEAN's temperature, pulse and blood pressure.

MALICK
Knee's very swollen.

DAN
As it would be after surgery.

MALICK
Take a look...

DAN looks over.

MALICK
You think that's normal swelling
after a keyhole procedure - in your
clinical opinion?

DAN considers.

DAN
Hard to say. Hard pf

MALICK

So you keep saying.

CHARLOTTE

Something more, like what?

CHRISSE

Pulse 103.

MALICK

Given the temperature, the B/P, the pulse rate...

(Pointedly to SEAN)

... And the fact that you obviously do not feel well... I suspect some sort of infection.

DAN

I cleaned out all the infection.

MALICK

Well, something's going on. You done an MRI?

DAN - uneasy. MALICK shakes his head.

DAN

We've been treating it conservatively.

MALICK

Yeah, well you may wanna rethink that treatment plan.

SEAN

I'm not having another operation.

CHARLOTTE

That's not up to you.

SEAN

Yes, it is. I'm fine.

CHARLOTTE

The other night you could hardly sleep, the pain was so -

SEAN

I've never been able to sleep. Born insomniac.

CHARLOTTE

The sheets were soaking with sweat.

26

26

SAHIRA checks CONNOR over, who looks quite ill, HANSSEN beside her. ANNIE at the bedside, holding CONNOR's hand.

SAHIRA
(To CONNOR)
Is there anyone we can call for you?

CONNOR
No.

SAHIRA
You sure your parents wouldn't like to know that you're -

CONNOR
Annie's all I need.

He squeezes her hand. SAHIRA throws them a glance.

ANNIE
There's no need to look at us like that.

SAHIRA - genuinely surprised.

SAHIRA
I wasn't...

ANNIE
We didn't do anything until he turned sixteen...

SAHIRA
I really don't need to know.

ANNIE
... And by then he wasn't even in my class anymore.

SAHIRA
So you're his teacher?

ANNIE
Was. That's what I'm saying. He's in A-Level college now.

CONNOR
Old enough to know what I want.

HANSSEN
What are you studying?

(CONTINUED)

CONNOR

Music History, Music Theory, and
Music Practice.

HANSSEN

Always good to have a broad range
of interests.

ANNIE

He's very talented. Grade 8.

CONNOR

All thanks to you.

ANNIE

Nonsense.

SAHIRA and HANSSEN continue their examination.

HANSSEN

SAT's are a little low. We may have
to bring the operation forward.

This gets SAHIRA's attention, as well as ANNIE's.

ANNIE

Why?

HANSSEN

The anaphylactic shock - it's
exacerbated his condition.

ANNIE hangs her head, guilt-ridden.

ANNIE

(To CONNOR)

Oh God, Connor, I'm sorry. I didn't
know you were allergic.

CONNOR

It's all right. I'm gonna be okay.
Come here...

He pulls her weakly towards him.

SAHIRA gives HANSSEN a concerned look.

CUT TO:

27A

27A

(Previously scene 29.)

FRIEDA checks on an N/

MARY-CLAIRE
Funny how?

RACHEL
Sort of numb.

MARY-CLAIRE marches back to FRIEDA.

MARY-CLAIRE
I think you should take a look.

FRIEDA sighs, strides over to RACHEL.

RACHEL
Finally. Are you deaf or some -

FRIEDA
Shut up and listen. If you want my attention you call me Dr Petrenko, or if words of three syllables are beyond you, just Doctor will do. Understand?

RACHEL
Yes, Doctor Pe-tren-ko.

FRIEDA
Show me your hand.

RACHEL offers her hand, and FRIEDA takes a look.

CUT TO:

28

28

HANSSEN and SAHIRA head from CONNOR and ANNIE in the bay, to the Nurses' Station.

SAHIRA
You need to get Jac in on this.

HANSSEN
We're not here to pass judgement.

SAHIRA
It's got nothing to do with that.

They stop at the Nurses' Station.

SAHIRA
If we're bringing the op forward,
then I won't have time for any more
practice.

HANSSEN
You don't need it.

SAHIRA
His condition's deteriorating. God
knows what I'll find when I get in
there.

HANSSEN
All the more reason we operate as
soon as possible.

SAHIRA
With back-up.

HANSSEN
Miss Naylor is no longer available.

SAHIRA
Then ask Greg.

HANSSEN - almost imperceptibly starts at the suggestion. But SAHIRA sees it.

SAHIRA
I know what you think of him, but
you're wrong.

HANSSEN
Your personnel file says otherwise.

SAHIRA
He's a good surgeon.

(CONTINUED)

HANSSEN
He's a liability.

SAHIRA
No, he's not...

She hesitates, hating to admit it...

SAHIRA
... but I might be.

SAHIRA walks away.

On HANSSEN - watches her leave. Closes his eyes in despair.
Things are just getting worse and worse.

CUT TO:

31

31

FRIEDA examines RACHEL's hand.

FRIEDA
Whole hand?

RACHEL
No, just this part here.

She gestures to part of her hand.

FRIEDA
Why you not say something before?

RACHEL
Thought it was pins and needles.

FRIEDA
I'll send you for scan.
(Gesturing to arm)
How you do this?

RACHEL
Climbing over a wall.

FRIEDA
You escape from prison?

RACHEL
From school.

FRIEDA
Twenty nine stitches from fall off
wall?

RACHEL
There was broken glass at the
bottom.

FRIEDA
Clever.

RACHEL
Shut up.

FRIEDA
You hate school that much?

RACHEL

RACHEL shrugs.

RACHEL
Feel a bit dizzy.

FRIEDA
You bang your head when you fell?

RACHEL
Don't think so. Can't remember.

FRIEDA checks her eyes with a pen torch. RACHEL flinches.

RACHEL
What you doing that for?

FRIEDA
Checking your brain hasn't fallen out. Stay still.

FRIEDA takes a look.

FRIEDA
You know what day it is?

RACHEL sticks her tongue in her lower lip, and gives the universal "idiot" face.

RACHEL
Tuesday.

FRIEDA
Raise your arms... Look left...
Look right.

RACHEL does as she's asked.

FRIEDA
Your brain appears to be functioning, but I'll send you for a scan just in case.

RACHEL
You gonna get me that drink now?

FRIEDA
Vending machine's down the hall.

RACHEL
I can't go.
(Brandishing her hand)
I'm invalided.

FRIEDA
I'm not your Mother.

RACHEL

Well, she's not here, is she?

FRIEDA

I'm not surprised when you behave
like spoilt brat.

RACHEL - stung - but barely shows it.

FRIEDA walks away, leaving RACHEL staring daggers after her.

CUT TO:

33

33

SEAN lays on the scanner bed, half-way out of the machine, DAN standing over him.

SEAN
You really think this is necessary?

DAN
Think of it this way - it'll keep
the ball and chain happy.

SEAN
My mission in life.

DAN
Gotta ask - any piercings?

SEAN
Yeah, two on my nipples and one
down there...

He nods towards his groin.

DAN
Hopefully the giant magnet you're
about to go through won't mangle
'em too much.

They share a smile, but SEAN's face betrays a ripple of fear as he looks at the tunnel he's about to go through.

SEAN
So much for being at the wheel.

For a moment, DAN sees the fear in SEAN's eyes - exposed and helpless. DAN quietly wounded by the sight.

He gives SEAN's shoulder a brief squeeze, then nods at the radiographer behind a glass window.

DAN watches SEAN slide into the tunnel.

CUT TO:

34

34

CHARLOTTE paces the corridor, anxious. DAN emerges from the scanner room.

DAN
It's gonna take about forty five minutes. If you like you can sit in the cafe or the relative's - (room)

CHARLOTTE
I'll wait here.

She sits on one of two chairs, side by side.

DAN considers the second seat. Sits beside her. Awkward silence.

DAN
My bet is the scan'll show nothing wrong and he'll be sprinting out of here by the end of the week.

CHARLOTTE
You're as bad as each other. Both in denial.

DAN - uneasy.

DAN
He's a tough nut. He's gonna be fine.

CHARLOTTE
You're only saying that cos he's got you wrapped round his little finger.

DAN - deeply troubled by the comment. They fall back into uneasy silence.

CUT TO:

35

35

CONNOR in bed. Discreetly looking at his mobile phone. His contacts are open to "Mum". ANNIE approaches with a cup of coffee. He hides the phone under the blanket.

ANNIE
How you feeling?

CONNOR
Wish they'd hurry up. Wanna get it over with.

She holds his hand, kisses it. HANSSEN approaches with SAHIRA, both in scrubs, along with N/s NURSE and N/s PORTER.

HANSSEN
We're going to start prepping you now.

CONNOR - apprehensive, as the N/s NURSE starts the prep, and the N/s PORTER prepares the bed to be moved.

CONNOR
(to HANSSEN)
Is it dangerous, this operation?
(Looking at SAHIRA)
Could I die?

ANNIE
Of course you're not gonna die.

CONNOR
(To SAHIRA)
Could I, though?

SAHIRA - the tiniest of hesitations, thrown by the directness of the question.

HANSSEN
Like all surgery, it has its risks, but I'm confident that in our capable hands you'll be back performing recitals in no time.

CONNOR
How confident?

HANSSEN gives SAHIRA an intentional look.

HANSSEN
Couldn't be more.

CONNOR looks to SAHIRA.

(

HANSSEN

Think of us as surgical virtuosos.

CONNOR gives a small smile.

SAHIRA

(to CONNOR and ANNIE)

I'll see you both after surgery.

She heads off.

CONNOR

(To HANSSEN)

Do you play music in there? While you're operating?

HANSSEN

Some do, yes.

CONNOR

Do you like classical piano?

HANSSEN

CONNOR

I love you.

ANNIE

I love you too.

The N/s NURSE gently tugs the phone from his grip. Hands it to ANNIE.

CONNOR exchanges a frightened look with her, before he's wheeled away.

ANNIE stares at the phone in her palm - then drags her gaze up to HANSEN, fearing his judgement.

ANNIE

They don't understand what we've got between us. No one does.

HANSEN - unnerved.

CUT TO:

FRIEDA a tray of medication. Coming the other way, holding a can of drink, RACHEL deliberately knocks into her, causing her to drop the tray. It clatters on the floor.

At the Nurses' Base, SACHA glances over.

RACHEL

FRIEDA
You did that on purpose.

RACHEL
No, I didn't.

FRIEDA
Then maybe I need to check your eyes again.

RACHEL
Maybe you need to check yours.
Freak.

FRIEDA - a flash of anger - her hand lashes out and knocks the can of drink
FRIEDA - immediately stunned by her own outburst, as the can hits the floor and the drink spills out.

RACHEL laughs.

RACHEL
Oh my God. Crazy alert.

SACHA hurries towards them.

RACHEL
(To N/s PATIENTS)
Witnesses. Did everyone see that?

SACHA arrives.

SACHA
All right, let's calm down.

RACHEL

I'm gonna sue you. My Mum works in a solicitors' office. Wait till she gets here.

SACHA

Rachel, Dr Fatso will get you another drink.

SACHA regards FRIEDA with a stunned expression. She avoids his gaze, her face tight with anger.

CUT TO:

38A

38A

(Previously scene 42).

SAHIRA, dressed in scrubs, stares intently at a computer monitor, watching a video of a transactional aortic repair. Freezing. Rewinding. Replaying in slow motion.

HANSSEN comes in, also dressed in scrubs.

SAHIRA
Have you paged Jac?... or Greg?

HANSSEN
No.

She looks up from the screen. Stunned. He hesitates - uncomfortable.

HANSSEN
Sahira...

He takes a step closer.

HANSSEN
Trust me. Trust yourself.

SAHIRA
If you're wrong, he could die.

HANSSEN
Every day we hold life or death at the tips of our scalpels - this is no different.

She still looks doubtful.

HANSSEN
There's something else I used to say during our glory days.

SAHIRA - a slight smile.

SAHIRA
Is that how you think of them?

HANSSEN - vaguely embarrassed.

HANSSEN
Yes. Don't you?

She gives him a smile. He comes closer.

(CONTINUED)

HANSSEN

I used to say that the difference
between a good surgeon and a
brilliant surgeon came down to
nothing more simple nor more
difficult than the ability to
summon...

SAHIRA

... courage.

HANSSEN

... courage.

HANSSEN smiles - touched she remembers.

SAHIRA considers him.

CUT TO:

40

40

SACHA and FRIEDA at the Nurses' Base.

SACHA
What's going on?

FRIEDA
Nothing.

SACHA
If it gets back to Hanssen that you went ballistic on an 11-year-old girl... Come on, Frieda. Talk to me.

FRIEDA hesitates. Before she can answer, RACHEL wails with anguish from the bay. They look over to see her sitting on the bed, staring at her smartphone, tears streaming down her face. She pounds the phone against the bed. Sobbing.

FRIEDA and SACHA run over.

RACHEL looks at FRIEDA - destroyed.

RACHEL
They videoed it.

FRIEDA picks up the smartphone. Looks at the screen. The SOUND of GIRLS laughing and jeering coming from the phone. A grainy image of RACHEL lying amongst a pile of rubbish. FRIEDA looks troubled by what she sees.

CUT TO:

MALICK

If this was any other patient you'd
be recommending surgery. Right?

DAN doesn't answer.

CHRISSE interrupts, frowning at their raised voices.

CHRISSE

What is it with you two? Some sort
of male bonding ritual? If it is, I
wish you'd get it over with and
give me some peace.

She heads off.

MALICK hands him the scan.

DAN looks down at it, then across at SEAN as he's wheeled on
a gurney back into the bay, CHARLOTTE with him.

CUT TO:

She shakes her head.

RACHEL

My Mum says it's one of the best.
Spends all her savings on it.
She'll be really upset if she knows
I hate it.

FRIEDA

So you suffer alone?

RACHEL nods.

FRIEDA

That's not good for you.

RACHEL

How would you know?

FRIEDA considers her for a long moment.

FRIEDA

My Father died this morning.

RACHEL stares at her, shocked.

FRIEDA

He have heart attack. I think if I
tell no one, maybe it hasn't
happened. Maybe I can pretend
. Ma goo Oythd you know?

45

45

Music plays: CLASSICAL PIANO - ROMANTIC.

PRESENT: N/s ANAESTHETIST, N/s SCRUB NURSE, N/s THEATRE NURSE, N/s THEATRE RUNNER, N/s ODP. The N/s ANAESTHETIST monitors CONNOR's obs.

CONNOR lies on the table, his chest and abdomen open. The aorta is clamped above the diaphragm.

HANSSEN examines the kidney, SAHIRA watching intently.

HANSSEN

Kidney's too damaged to be repaired. I'm going to have to remove it.

SAHIRA

Hopefully that'll be the worst of his troubles.

HANSSEN

It will. I'm sure.
(To N/s SCRUB NURSE)
Clamps, please.

The N/s SCRUB NURSE hands him the clamps, and SAHIRA watches nervously as he clamps the renal artery and vein.

CUT TO:

46

46

DAN at SEAN's bedside, CHARLOTTE sitting next to him. DAN describes the procedure, gesturing to SEAN's exposed leg. Sobre, hating every word he utters.

DAN

Mr Malick' I'll make an incision along the underside of your calf from here to here - hopefully no more, unless the infection's spread further than we thought. While he's cleaning out and decompressing the calf muscle, I'll be doing the same to the knee.

SEAN

You said I was gonna be fine.

DAN

You will be.

SEAN

Why should I believe you?

A moment of uneasy silence.

DAN

We'll start prepping you in about -

SEAN

No.

CHARLOTTE

What?

SEAN

I'm not having it. Just give me the antibiotics, see how we go with those.

DAN hesitates.

DAN

That's not my recommended treatment plan.

SEAN

Come on, Bear. This is me. I can fight anything off.

CHARLOTTE

His name's not Bear. It's Mr Hamilton and he's your surgeon.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN
(to DAN)
Remember that time I got flu when we played that match in Scarborough? Didn't stop me from thrashing their sorry arses, did it? Didn't stop me one bit.

DAN
I could put you on a course of broad spectrum antibiotics, but...

CHARLOTTE
No.

SEAN
(to CHARLOTTE)
Whose knee is it? Yours or mine?

DAN
... if the antibiotics don't work then it makes surgery more dangerous and more invasive.

SEAN
(to DAN)
When have we ever run away from a risk?

DAN hesitates. Looks like he might be swayed.

CHARLOTTE
(standing)
All right, this stops. Now.
(to DAN)
I want you to leave.

SEAN
What d'you think you're doing?

CHARLOTTE
(voice rising)
I want another doctor.

MALICKoice kCHRISIE lks or ruom a e annse os' topati on Tj 1 0 0 1 2

CHARLOTTE

(to DAN)

If you wanna sit by his bed, give him some flowers and grapes, reminisce about your triumphs on the pitch, then be my guest - but you are not treating my husband.

A beat. DAN locks eyes with SEAN.

DAN trudges over to MALICK and CHRISIE at the nurses' station.

DAN

(to CHRISIE)

Page the on-call ortho for a consult.

(to MALICK)

He's all yours.

DAN walks away. MALICK and CHRISIE watch him leave.

CUT TO:

FRIEDA approaches RACHEL in the bay, along with SACHA who's holding a scan.

RACHEL
(Of scan)
What's that?

SACHA
These are the results of your scans. Your head's fine, but we've found some nerve damage in your hand. That's what's causing the numbness.

RACHEL
Is that serious?

SACHA
No - but we will have to perform an operation to correct it.

47

CONTINUED:

47

FRIEDA

I'll check in on you while they're
fixing your hand. Keep an eye on
things for you.

RACHEL gives a small smile. Nods.

RACHEL

My Dad died too. When I was little.
Hardly remember him. I'm sorry
about yours.

They squeeze each other's hand.

FRIEDA catches a stunned look from SACHA

CUT TO:

48

48

N/s NURSE sets up the IV infusion of antibiotics for SEAN. CHARLOTTE sits beside SEAN, frantic with worry, fuming with anger.

SEAN
(To CHARLOTTE)
I know what I'm doing.

CHARLOTTE
Then explain it to me. Please.

SEAN
I've gotta get back to work.

CHARLOTTE
You're the boss. You can take a few weeks off.

SEAN
(Angry, spilling out)
No, I can't!

She registers the desperation in his face. Exposed. A look between them. She waits for more. SEAN hesitates.

SEAN
Business isn't good.

CHARLOTTE
What d'you mean?

SEAN
That new "work-out complex" down the road. It's taking all our customers. Seems my name isn't the draw it once was.

CHARLOTTE
How bad?

SEAN
We could lose everything.

CHARLOTTE
This is why you've been pushing yourself so hard...

SEAN
I'm doing it for you.

CHARLOTTE
Don't you dare put this on me.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

You want the nice house, don't you?
The nice cars? The holidays?

CHARLOTTE

I want my husband.

She glares at him through her tears.

SEAN

Dan was supposed to be keeping
everything in check.

CHARLOTTE

He knows about this?

He avoids her gaze.

CHARLOTTE

The two of you together, keeping it
from little wifey - don't want her
to worry her little head off?

SEAN looks vaguely ashamed. MALICK approaches.

MALICK

On-call ortho'll be here in about
an hour.

(To SEAN)

In the mean time, are you sure
there's nothing I can do to knock
some sense into your thick skull?

SEAN

You better watch your mouth.

CHARLOTTE

(To SEAN)

Why should he? It takes a thick
skull to keep working on a busted
knee with nothing but painkillers
and steroids to stop you from
collapsing.

MALICK

Steroids?

A look between CHARLOTTE and SEAN. She turns to MALICK.

CHARLOTTE

From his best mate.

SEAN - uneasy. MALICK waits for more.

CUT TO:

49

49

DAN plays basketball, shooting hoop after hoop. He dribbles the ball down the court, towards the net. Notices CHRISSE approach. Continues down the court, puts the ball through the net, then dribbles it back, glancing at her uneasily.

CHRISSE
Are you going to talk to me or do I
have to drag it out from you bit by
bit?

DAN keeps bouncing the ball, avoiding her gaze. She takes a step towards him.

CHRISSE
Dan...?

Still nothing from him. He bounces the ball. Bristling.

CHRISSE
What's wrong?

DAN
(sharply)
Nothing, Chrissie. Nothing.

CHRISSE - stung by his abrasiveness - as MALICK strides over.

MALICK
Rugby Boy. You wanna tell me about
the corticosteroids you've been
giving your mate for the last
eighteen weeks?

CHRISSE gives DAN a stunned look.

DAN catches the ball, glances up at MALICK and CHRISSE staring at him.

CUT TO:

Musi c: CLASSI CAL PIANO.

N/s THEATRE STAFF as before.

HANSEN has removed the kidney and sutured the peri toneum sac, abdominal wall and skin.

He connects the lower end of the woven graft onto the damaged

DAN bounces the ball, avoiding MALICK and CHRISSE's gaze.

DAN
(to MALICK)
What would you have done if it was
your mate?

MALICK
I wouldn't steal drugs from the
pharmacy.

DAN
I didn't steal them. I signed them
out like I would for any other
patient.

MALICK
Bit dodgy

MALICK

How many doses?

DAN

Four. Six weeks apart.

MALICK

Four? No wonder his knee's infected. The steroids have compromised his immune system. Did you even think about that?

DAN

That's all I've been thinking about since he got here.

DAN stares at MALICK - exposed, guilt-ridden. He tears away towards Wyvern entrance.

MALICK watches him go.

CUT TO:

53

53

FRIEDA files patient notes at the Nurses' Base. SACHA tentatively approaches.

SACHA
Why didn't you tell me?

FRIEDA
It's a personal matter.

SACHA
I'm so sorry.

She keeps filling. Impassive.

FRIEDA
Thank you.

SACHA
Of course you can have the week off. Go now.

FRIEDA
I finish my shift.

SACHA
Frieda...

FRIEDA
We're busy.

SACHA
Don't be ridiculous.

She reels on him, tears springing to her eyes.

FRIEDA
I said, I finish my shift.

N/s STAFF and PATIENTS look over, including MARY-CLAIRE arriving at the Nurses' Base. FRIEDA hides her face.

SACHA
Mary-Clai re, could you watch the ward, please?

MARY-CLAIRE looks disgruntled, as SACHA gently ushers FRIEDA away.

CUT TO:

54

54

SEAN lies in bed, the IV infusion up and running. CHARLOTTE sits on the chair, turned away from him, both staring into space. The air icy cold between them. SEAN looks pale, sweaty, more ill than he did before, but struggling hard to hide it.

DAN approaches, holding a bunch of grapes and a get well card.

SEAN regards him warily.

DAN
Was gonna get flowers too, but was worried you might get the wrong idea.

SEAN barely cracks a smile.

SEAN
I'm not gonna change my mind.

CHARLOTTE - seething - gets up and leaves.

DAN puts the grapes and card aside, sits in her chair. A beat.

DAN
Listen... The steroids I've been giving you...

SEAN looks up at him weakly, barely able to hold his gaze.

DAN
Sean...?

SEAN looks away, breathing a little heavy.

DAN
You all right?

SEAN
I'm fine.

DAN pulls back the blanket, checks SEAN's leg. It looks awful. The skin darkened, the infection clearly spread even further.

DAN - horrified - a terrible realisation sinking in.

DAN
Oh God, no...

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED:

54

OUT on DAN' s terri fi ed face.

CUT TO:

55

55

SACHA and FRIEDA sit on the steps. FRIEDA dabs at her eyes with a tissue.

FRIEDA
My Father had work ethic. Never
took sick day. Worked like a pig.

SACHA
Like a dog.

FRIEDA
Like a dog. Sorry.

She looks sad and wistful at the same time.

FRIEDA
He make sacrifice for us, for his
children, for his family, his whole
life. He was never good at telling
us he loved us, but this was how he
showed it. This was kind of man he
was. He gave. Gave so we could go
to good school, gave so I could
come here...

She chokes back tears.

FRIEDA
I finish my shift.

SACHA nods - feeling for her - and puts an arm around her.

CUT TO:

SEAN

Please. I've gotta get back to work.

DAN

Sean, listen to me. If I don't operate on you right now, you're gonna lose this leg - or worse. Understand?

The truth hits home. He nods numbly.

SEAN

You've got the wheel.

DAN offers a strained, terrified smile.

DAN

Can't go wrong with a Ferrari.

SEAN offers his hand. DAN grips it fiercely.

CUT TO:

56

56

N/s THEATRE STAFF as before.

SAHIRA finishes suturing the upper part of the graft.

SAHIRA
Upper part of the graft complete.
Moving onto the lower...

She starts suturing the lower part of the graft.

The monitors start to bleep.

HANSSEN
He's hypotensive. 70 over 50.

SAHIRA
Must be losing blood from inside
the thoracic cavity. This is what
happened before.

HANSSEN
Take a breath. Don't panic.

SAHIRA
I'll need to extend the incision,
attach the graft to the ascending
aorta.

She makes the cut.

CUT TO:

57

57

DAN and MALICK at the sink, scrubbing in. DAN's face taut with anxiety. N/s THEATRE STAFF busy around him, wheeling equipment into theatre.

A N/s RUNNER drops some metal kidney trays, which clatter on the floor.

DAN
(Snapping)
Watch what you're doing or get out
of my theatre.

The N/s RUNNER nervously gathers up the trays.

DAN seethes as he continues scrubbing. CHRISSE's hand touches his shoulder.

He looks round. She gives him a small smile.

CHRISSE
Thought I'd scrub in.

Their eyes meet - a brief moment of connection - she knows how scared he is.

DAN
Thanks.

She turns on the tap. They scrub.

CUT TO:

59

59

N/s THEATRE STAFF as before.

Feeling the pressure, SAHIRA adjusts the clamp on the descending aorta.

SAHIRA
Adjusting the clamp. Hopefully
it'll give me enough space to
attach the - (graft).

The clamp slips, tears the aorta. Blood spurts out.

SAHIRA
Oh God. Clamp's torn the aorta.

She grabs the aorta in her hands to try and stop him bleeding to death.

HANSSEN
Stay calm.

SAHIRA
I'm holding his bleeding aorta in
my hands, how am I supposed to stay
calm?

The monitors bleep more rapidly.

CUT TO:

60

60

(Previously scene 62).

PRESENT: DAN, CHRISSIE, MALICK, N/s ANAESTHETIST, N/s ODP,
N/s THEATRE RUNNER, N/s THEATRE NURSE.

SEAN lies on his back, under general anaesthetic. The knee has been prepared with antiseptic solution, the area immediately around the knee draped with a sterile towel, leaving the knee exposed.

DAN has already made an incision, and opens it with "self retaining retractors".

He opens the muscles in the knee joint which are black and brown.

DAN

Muscles in the knee joint are dead.

MALICK

Let's hope it hasn't spread much further.

DAN cuts away the dead tissue, placing the first piece in a kidney dish.

CUT TO:

61

61

MUSIC CONTINUES.

N/s THEATRE STAFF, as before.

The N/s ANAESTHETIST frantically transfuses CONNOR with blood.

SAHIRA
I don't know what to do...

HANSSEN
Stay calm, concentrate...

SAHIRA
I don't know what to do with the
clamp, Henrik. I can't do it.

HANSSEN - devastated. He considers...

HANSSEN
(To N/s THEATRE RUNNER)
Page Mr Douglas.

SAHIRA glares at HANSSEN.

CUT TO:

62A

62A

(Previously scene 64).

N/s THEATRE STAFF as before, CHRISSE as Scrub Nurse.

DAN adds another clump of dead tissue to a small pile in the kidney dish. Continues excavating.

DAN
It's so swollen. I can't see what
I'm doing.

CHRISSE
Take your time.

DAN
The one thing I don't have.

As he scrapes at the dead tissue, he nicks an artery and it squirts out blood.

DAN
Damn it. Popliteal artery.

The monitors start to bleep with urgency.

CHRISSE
B/P's falling.

DAN places swabs and pressure on the nicked artery.

MALICK
(To N/s ANAESTHETIST)
Do we have blood available? We'll
need 2-4 units.

The N/s ANAESTHETIST gets on the phone.

MALICK widens the incision to 12cm.

DAN watches numbly.

CUT TO:

63

63

MUSIC CONTINUES. N/s THEATRE STAFF, as before. GREG comes in, dressed in scrubs.

SAHIRA
Aortic trauma. The clamp slipped. I can't find the right spot for the clamp.

GREG
Right angle forceps and umbilical tape.

The N/s SCRUB NURSE hands him the items.

SAHIRA's about to step aside...

GREG
Whoa, where d'you think you're going? This is your op. You can do it.

GREG sets to passing the umbilical tape around the aorta.

GREG
Now remember... No matter how bad the situation during aortic repairs, you just pass the tape around the aorta in order to regain control. Wanna have a go?

She hesitates.

GREG
You need to release the aorta with your right hand and clamp it with your left.

SAHIRA stares at the aorta grasped in her hand.

SAHIRA
I could cause another bleed. If I do that he could -

GREG
Take a breath.

HANSSEN quietly fumes. SAHIRA takes a breath.

GREG
Now go for it.

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED:

63

SAHIRA clamps the aorta. HANSSEN watches them working together. Hating every minute of it.

CUT TO:

(Previously scene 68).

N/s THEATRE STAFF as before, CHRISSE as Scrub Nurse.

Using clips and ties and vicryl sutures, MALICK finishes repairing the artery. He removes the clamp.

CHRISSE
Colour's returning to his foot.

MALICK
Problems aren't over yet. You seen this?

67

67

HANSSEN, SAHIRA and GREG exit theatre one, into reception.

SAHIRA
(To GREG)
Thank you.

GREG
You kidding? You barely needed me.

He gives her a wink, then heads out, leaving HANSSEN and SAHIRA alone. She regards him with quiet fury.

SAHIRA
He could've died.

HANSSEN
That was always a possibility,
regardless of whether -

SAHIRA
I should never have been in here
alone.

Her voice cuts the air.

HANSSEN
If I don't push you, then how do
you expect to achieve -

SAHIRA
Give it a rest.

HANSSEN - taken aback.

SAHIRA
You wanna know something? Those
glory days you're so fond of...?
Some days, they were a living hell.
Mr Hanssen looking over my
shoulder, picking up on every tiny
mistake...

HANSSEN
... To shape you into the talented
surgeon you've become today.

SAHIRA
Shape me?

HANSSEN
Help you.

(CONTINUED)

SAHIRA

And you have - and I appreciate it.
I really do. But I don't need you
watching over me anymore. Don't
need it. Don't want it. I'm through
being your special project.

She storms out, leaving HANSSEN devastated.

CUT TO:

67A

67A

(Previously scene 70).

DAN and MALICK scrubbing their hands at the sink. Tense silence.

DAN suddenly pounds the sink. Full of anger and despair.

CUT TO:

69

69

HANSSEN strides down the corridor, still in his scrubs.

ANNIE hurries over to him.

ANNIE
Is he okay?

He stops with her in the corridor.

HANSSEN
He's fine. He's being transferred
to the High Dependency Unit on
Darwin. You can see him there.

She sighs with relief.

HANSSEN moves to leave, then turns back.

HANSSEN
You should know I'll be informing
your school about your
relationship.

ANNIE
But we haven't done anything wrong.

HANSSEN
That's not up to me to decide.

Her face crumples.

ANNIE
Please... I know how it looks. I'm
not stupid. He's eighteen, I'm
forty-two. How could we possibly
have anything in common? But we
have how we feel. Why can't that be
enough?

HANSSEN
You abused a position of power.

She withers under his gaze. Walks away. HANSSEN watches her go.

CUT TO:

70

70

71

71

73

73

RACHEL lies in bed, post-op, considering her bandaged hand, FRIEDA standing beside her.

RACHEL
It's not numb anymore.

FRIEDA
That's a good sign.

RACHEL
But it hurts.

FRIEDA
The pain'll go in time.

RACHEL
I know that. I'm not an idiot.

FRIEDA
No. Just a freak.

They share a smile.

RACHEL glances over FRIEDA's shoulder. Excited.

RACHEL
Mum!

FRIEDA turns to see N/s RACHEL's MOTHER - mid-30s, looking a little bedraggled, wearing a business suit - rushing onto the ward, frantic with worry.

FRIEDA pats RACHEL's hand, then heads over to the Nurses' Base, as N/s RACHEL's MOTHER hurries over to RACHEL.

FRIEDA watches for a moment. N/s RACHEL's MOTHER asks her what happened. RACHEL shows her her arm, says something to her, then brings out the mobile phone. Shows her the picture. Says a few more words, breaking into tears.

N/s RACHEL's MOTHER - stunned and upset - draws her close and holds her tight.

FRIEDA smiles to herself, turns away to see SACHA on the other side of the Nurses' Base, watching her. He taps his watch. Mouths "Go".

She looks at the time. And nods.

CUT TO:

74

74

SEAN in bed, staring at the large dressing on his leg.
CHARLOTTE beside him. DAN stands by the bed, still dressed in his scrubs.

DAN
The infection had spread a lot further and more deeply than I'd hoped. We had to remove muscle from your calf...

SEAN looks up at DAN, mortified.

SEAN
How much?

DAN
About forty percent. You'll be able to build up strength in what's left, but...

SEAN
But what?

DAN
You'll always walk with a limp. And there's still a chance... You could lose the leg.

SEAN meets DAN's gaze, burning into him. CHARLOTTE - numb, calm.

*
*

CHARLOTTE

SEAN keeps staring at DAN.

DAN

He turns to SEAN.

DAN
I did everything I could.

Including putting here in the first place.

*
*

DAN
If I hadn't treated you, you would've got the steroids from somewhere else.

*

(CONTINUED)

*
*
*

DAN
At least this way I could keep an eye.

*

Thanks for that.

*

An impasse.

*

DAN
For what it's worth, I'm sorry.

*

(voice rising)

*

CHRISIE looks over from the Nurses' Station, along with N/s PATIENTS and N/s STAFF. SEAN regards DAN with a look of quiet despair. On DAN - devastated

*

CUT TO:

CONNOR lies in bed, hooked up to the usual monitors.

ANNIE sits beside him, holding his hand. HANSSEN and SAHIRA

CONNOR

No. . .

ANNIE

They love you, Connor. And they
miss you. And so will I.

76

76

DAN's at the Nurses' Station, filling Sean's notes. Quietly reeling from his encounter with Sean. CHRISSE comes over. Touches his shoulder.

CHRISSE
My shift ends in half an hour.

He touches her hand.

DAN
I'm gonna give it a miss tonight.
I'm knackered.

CHRISSE
Thought you might wanna talk.

DAN
I'm okay.

CHRISSE
Call me if you change your mind.

He nods. Gives her a kiss and a reassuring smile.

She wanders off, and his smile evaporates.

CUT TO:

76A

76A

77

77

Through the window, HANSSEN watches SAHIRA down below, waiting outside Wyvern.

HANSSEN takes out his mobile. Finds her name in his address book. Considers it a moment, then calls.

Down below, SAHIRA starts to fumble in her bag for her phone. Just as she finds it, GREG appears at her side. She checks who's calling. Frowns. Then cuts the call, putting the phone back in her bag.

HANSSEN watches GREG and SAHIRA leaving together as SAHIRA's voice message kicks in:

SAHIRA

(v/o)

Hi, it's Sahira. I'm afraid I can't get to the phone just this minute...

In the background of the message, there's the sound a child screaming... interrupting.

SAHIRA (cont'd)

(v/o)

In-dy...

(Then back to the message addressing whoever's calling)

... And well that's probably why! So just leave your message... Thanks...

HANSSEN hangs up. Watches GREG and SAHIRA chatting. He says something, she laughs. Touches her arm briefly.

HANSSEN looks away.

CUT TO:

MALICK gets changed out of his scrubs, his shirt off. DAN comes in. They clock each other. DAN goes over to his locker. Throws it open. Takes out his clothes. Slams it shut savagely. MALICK shakes his head. DAN clocks it.

DAN
Got a problem?

MALICK meets his gaze.

MALICK
No. Have you?

DAN glares at him. Dumps his clothes on the bench. Rips off his shirt.

MALICK turns back to his locker.

DAN pulls stuff out of his bag. Aggressive. Slamming his shoes on the bench.

MALICK
I haven't said anything to Griffin
if that's what youThhl?70mTj 1 N

DAN

You swagger round here like you own the place.

MALICK

Why? Cos I won't keep my mouth shut if a colleague undermines the care of a patient?

DAN

Everything I did was in his best interests.

MALICK

Today, maybe. But your mate wouldn't be in the state he's in now if you'd done your job in the first place.

DAN launches himself at MALICK. The two men crash messily into the lockers.

MALICK

Oh, you wanna play?

MALICK shoves him hard. DAN stumbles backwards, loses his footing, grabs onto MALICK as he falls, pulls him into him. They crash against a wall.

MALICK throws a punch, catches DAN on the shoulder. DAN lashes out, misses. MALICK enjoys the moment. Both men with their fists raised, poised, dancing around each other.

MALICK

Come on then, Rugby Boy, let's see what you got.

DAN launches himself at him, MALICK sidesteps the punch, and the two men become locked, their arms round each other's bodies.

DAN strains against the lock, but MALICK holds fast.

Their faces close together. Sweat dripping off their skin. DAN's eyes filled with pain and anguish. He meets MALICK's gaze. And then he kisses him fiercely, aggressive, almost like an extension of the fight. Kisses him in a way he'd never kiss Chrissie. MALICK responds, matching his passion.

DAN pulls away. Numb. Disoriented. His world shattered.

Almost as if in a trance, DAN gathers his things, stuffs them in a bag. Without looking at MALICK, he hurries out.

78

CONTINUED: (2)

78

MALICK remains where he is - startled.

CUT TO:

79

79

HANSEN sits at his desk, staring at an old picture on the computer of himself and Sahira.

He brings up Sahira's profile. The written warning at the bottom.

He clicks the delete button. A message asks him if he's sure he wants to delete the written warning.

He clicks 'OK'.

CUT TO:

79A

79A

CHRISSEIE heads down the corridor, her coat on.

DAN closes the door.

He kisses her. She pulls away, bewildered.

CHRISSE

Dan...?

He meets her gaze - looking close to the edge, the cracks really showing. Tears in his eyes.

DAN

I love you. I love you so much.

He cups her face in his hands. Kisses her again, more passionately.

DAN

I don't wanna wait anymore...

He kisses the side of her face, works his way down to her neck. Something slightly desperate about him, just a little too manic. CHRISSE looks uneasy.

CHRISSE

Wait. Not here...

She withdraws slightly.

DAN

Please... I need this. I need to be with you.

He leans his forehead against hers, their noses touching, their eyes meeting. Desperate intimacy. CHRISSE considers him - her heart going out. Gently caresses his face. Full of

CONTINUED:

They start ki ssi ng.