

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by

1

1

OLIVER is running.

It's the kind of running you do when you're too young to be self-conscious. Flat out, full-pelt, too late-to-brake-now running.

He wears scrubs, 5 days' stubble, and the burnt aubergine bruise of a black eye lurks stubbornly around his left eye.

Right now he looks like he's running away from something - life, responsibility, Holby...

... But his pace slows as he spots what he's looking for and his face fills with horror.

OLIVER'S POV:

The paraphernalia of a car accident. The road sealed off; N/s POLICE OFFICERS are drawing the tell-tale stripey 'ACCIDENT' tape across the road, a few morbid N/s BYSTANDERS rubberneck at the carnage. An ambulance. A couple of police cars. N/s PARAMEDICS and N/s POLICE OFFICERS milling busily, frantically even, around the accident;

A Black Cab has crumpled itself into the side of a huge lorry carrying a heavy cargo - breeze blocks or scaffolding. It's a mess of broken glass and twisted steel. OLIVER barely slows as he ducks under the tape and heads towards the cab.

OLIVER walks slowly and warily towards the wreckage - his eyes bloodshot, his face pale and ghostly with anticipation.

As he gets closer - just a few feet from the taxi - he sees a small item lying in the middle of the broken glass on the ground: It's a small figurine - a goddess of some sort. OLIVER picks it up, stares at it - a realisation - clutches it, keeps walking.

We become aware, as he does, of a voice trying to get his attention.

PARAMEDIC (OOV)

Hey! HEY!

OLIVER looks over at a young, nervous-looking PARAMEDIC looking at him hopefully.

PARAMEDIC

You a doctor?

OLIVER hesitates - unable to answer.

(CONTINUED)

On the outside of the wardrobe hangs a funeral outfit - black suit, crumpled white shirt, black tie. It hangs there grimly; lifeless and empty. On the floor next to them, the order of service for Penny's funeral; Penny's face stares out at us from the cover along with those brutally short dates; 'Persephone Valentine - 1983-2011.'

LUCY (V.O.)

... So if you could, you know, just maybe give me a buzz back when you get this. Thanks Ollie.

As we move, finally to the large bed over by the window, we realise that - far from being empty, the room - and the bed is occupied.

Move to an overhead shot, looking down at OLIVER, as he listens impassively to LUCY's message.

He lies in the middle of the bed, dressed in nothing but a pair of tracksuit bottoms, staring up at the ceiling. He looks lost. Alone. Blank.

There's the sound of a key turning in the lock of the front door.

MAN'S VOICE

(Concerned)

Oliver?

OLIVER sits up. Shocked. Disoriented. What the hell?

CUT TO:

The living area is even more impressive than the bedroom -

TONY

Love to.

OLIVER's face lights up.

TONY

But I'm afraid I can't stay long. Bloody German office are making life unnecessarily complicated as usual. We're spending half a billion euros on this project and they're acting like they're doing US a favour...

OLIVER

I know how busy you are. It's kind of you to even...

TONY

Actually, it was Nadi a's idea.

OLIVER nods. Disappointed. Nadi a's really not his favourite person. He continues to lovingly craft the labour-intensive coffee.

OLIVER

She okay?

TONY

Fine fine. Busy with the boys. They're growing up fast. As boys do. We should get you over some time for Sunday lunch or something...

He says this every time he sees OLIVER. It never happens.

OLIVER

That'd be... yeah.

Another slightly awkward pause.

*
*

*
*
*
*

*
*

when you back at work?

OLIVER looks away; awkward

CONTINUED: (2)

TONY absorbs this calmly.

TONY

Look, Ollie. This isn't easy for
any of us. But you really think
burying your head in the sand...

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

You don't get it.

TONY

I'm sure you're right. The two of you were always a law unto yourselves. But I tell you what I do get. Sitting here feeling sorry for yourself isn't going to help anyone. It's certainly not what Pen would want you to be doing.

TONY's blackberry beeps. He reads his e-mail. Grateful for the excuse to leave. He stands, walks towards the door.

OLIVER pours the two cups of coffee.

TONY

Look, Ol. You know you can always call me if it's an emergency. You've got my work number?

OLIVER

I think so.

TONY reaches into his inside jacket pocket and hands OLIVER a business card.

TONY

Top one's my private line.

TONY smiles decisively. As if to make clear that the last topic is now closed for discussion.

TONY

You want my advice? Go back to work as soon as you can. Putting it off's only gonna make it worse. Don't give yourself time to think. You have to get on with things. You have to keep going. Because what's the alternative?

As TONY leaves, OLIVER glances down at the counter -

Two undrunk cups of coffee.

CUT TO:

LUCY WILTON is showing OLIVER into the cramped hallway of their flat.

LUCY is lovely. Late

LUCY (cont'd)

We had those mingling green cocktails? Creme de menthe and something else. Remember?

OLIVER

How could I forget? Took me six months to get the taste out of my mouth.

An awkward pause.

LUCY

So. Listen. About this. I feel like a complete...

OLIVER

Don't. Honestly. I get it...

LUCY

If there was any other way... If I could afford to cover Pen's rent as well I would but... a teacher's salary... Well, you know how it is. You work in the NHS...

OLIVER

Right.

They've reached the closed door to Penny's room. Both very conscious of the fact.

LUCY

Take as long as you like.

LUCY nods. Leaves him to it. OLIVER pushes the door to Penny's room open. Compared to the darkness of the living room, Penny's room - with its huge windows - is blindingly bright.

OLIVER hesitates. His foot hovers on the threshold.

He looks into the room - everything exactly as Penny left it.

He's hit by a visceral wave of guilt and grief. It's overwhelming.

OLIVER can't face it. Not yet.

OLIVER closes the door again.

CUT TO:

5

5

LUCY sits on the sofa, lost in a pile of marking or self-consciously turning the pages of a magazine without really reading it. She looks up as soon as OLIVER comes in.

OLIVER

(Struggling)

Listen, I - uh - I've been thinking about it, and you know what? I'm going to be really busy over the next few weeks and I really don't think I'm gonna have time to deal with all this, so, er, what I was thinking was that maybe I could cover Penny's rent for the rest of this month and next month.

LUCY

You're kidding me, right?

OLIVER takes out his cheque book. He's not kidding.

OLIVER

I can write you a cheque right now, if you just tell me how much...

LUCY

(Baffled)

Ollie, that's like seven hundred quid.

OLIVER

Right. And I guess there are bills and things on top of that, so shall we just call it nine hundred?

He hands a cheque to a baffled LUCY.

LUCY

You don't have to do this. Wouldn't it be easier to just...

OLIVER

If it's not enough, or if there's an emergency, you can always call me. You've got my work number, right?

LUCY

Same as Penny's I'm guessing?

OLIVER

Exactly. Great. Well. Thanks for everything...

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER hesitates. Awkward. Tense. He just wants to get out of there.

LUCY

Listen. I'm sure you've got much better things to do with your time but... if you ever fancy getting a drink or...? Doesn't have to be a drink. Could be a coffee or a cocoa... Although I do do this amazing green cocktail with creme de menthe...

OLIVER

Yeah, I might have to take a rain check on that one.

LUCY

Sure.

OLIVER

It's just I'm... things are gonna be kind of busy for me.

LUCY

I understand.

OLIVER notices a photograph of him and Penny - maybe it's on the fridge, or framed on a side table.

Two small children posing together - a happy little team - OLIVER dressed as a Wizard and Penny dressed as a Nurse.

OLIVER

I've gotta get on with things. I've gotta... (A decision) I've gotta go back to work.

CUT TO:

6

6

ELI ZABETH stands beside her Grandmother IDA's body, holding IDA's mobile phone.

We're in the last scene of Episode 31.

She brings the phone up so she can see the display. She presses buttons, she scrolls through numbers, finds the one she's looking for. Presses the call button.

A moment's silence. It rings and rings.

And then, into the silence, ELI ZABETH speaks.

ELI ZABETH
(Into phone)
Hello Mum.

The person on the other end hangs up. The flat, dull monotone drones on.

With a sinking feeling, ELI ZABETH realises what she'll have to do now.

JUMP CUT TO:

7

7

A sprawling, inhospitable-looking council estate on the edge of Holby/Bristol seen from a high vantage point.

A small ant-like figure makes her way across the estate.

ELIZABETH traces her way through this horribly familiar concrete wasteland.

It's the first time she's been back in 6 years, and she'd rather be anywhere else on earth.

CUT TO:

8

8

ELIZABETH stands outside the small, mini supermarket, staring through the window.

A slender black woman in her 40s with her back to us, wearing an unflattering tabard is stocking shelves; she's concentrating intently on her work; lost in it.

ELIZABETH stares through the glass at the woman's back. Is it her?

And then she turns around, to pick up some more jars. We recognise her at once as SIMONE.

ELIZABETH peers at her, surprised.

This is the first time she's seen her Mother in 6 years and the 'monster' suddenly doesn't look so frightening.

In fact, she looks achingly small and vulnerable.

ELIZABETH stands rooted to the spot.

She turns and looks at the road leading away from here.

It's not too late to walk away. SIMONE would never know.

But she can't.

Not yet.

CUT TO:

9

9

SIMONE continues to methodically stock the shelves; rhythmic and precise in her work.

She catches sight of something in her peripheral vision - someone standing there - and she turns - suddenly and awkwardly.

It's ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH

Hi .

SIMONE says nothing. She freezes. The large jar of olives slips from her paralysed hands and SMASHES on the lino. Olives roll crazily in all directions.

For a second, neither says anything as SIMONE struggles to form a coherent thought, let alone sentence. When she does, it's to call out to the N/s SHOP MANAGER who's come running over.

SIMONE

I'll pay for it. I'll pay for it,
Danny. Take it from my wages. I'll
clean it up. Sorry, Danny. I'll
pay. I will. My daughter... My
daughter...

SIMONE just stares at ELIZABETH, transfixed.

SIMONE

Your Grandmother's not going to
believe this!

ELIZABETH doesn't know what to say.

JUMP CUT TO:

4 weeks after we last saw him, OLIVER's doing a good impression of somebody who's fine. He's currently dealing with a chatty fifty-something Asian patient ANIL SHARMA - smiling, garrulous, seemingly permanently amused - sitting politely on the bed chatting away to him. A N/s NURSE stands by.

OLIVER is looking at ANIL's results on a portable tablet device that may or may not be made by Apple. OLIVER's not really listening to ANIL - focussing only on his results.

ANIL

... I come and go from this place all the time, so I'm getting to know all the names, you know?... The docs that really go the extra mile, and the ones who just wanna ship you outta here PDQ.
(Cheerful)
So what type are you?

In the corner of OLIVER's peripheral vision, he spots HANSSEN standing on the other side of the ward, with his arms folded, calmly observing him. A disconcerting presence to say the least.

OLIVER

Well, Mr... Mr...
(Checks his name on the

OLIVER

Could be a number of things...
could be muscular. If your work
involves sitting in the same
position for any length of time?

ANIL laughs.

ANIL

He asks me if my work involves
sitting in the same position for
any length of time!? Twelve hours
every day, my friend! That's what
they pay me for. Sitting on my
derriere!

OLIVER glances over again. HANSSEN is still watching him.

OLIVER

(Brusque)

If the pain persists you could try
your GP... I'll get one of our
nurses to discharge you.

ANIL picks up his jacket cheerfully.

ANIL

Thank you. Doctor...?

OLIVER

Valentine.

As OLIVER strides away, HANSSEN joins him in walking across
the ward.

HANSSEN

That looked like a very swift
diagnosis.

OLIVER

He's a hypochondriac.

HANSSEN

Oh?

OLIVER

Bloods, B/P and ECG showed nothing
and the only symptom was a
nondescript abdo pain.

HANSSEN

Sounds like rather an unimaginative
hypochondriac. I have a question
for you. Answer it carefully.
Should you be here?

OLIVER freezes.

OLIVER
Why wouldn't I be?

HANSSEN
Two weeks ago you returned from
your compassionate leave for
exactly one day before Mr Malik
sent you home again.

OLIVER

RIC

Under the circumstances...

ELIZABETH

You're my Consultant. While I'm here, I'm your responsibility. But who I am at home, when I'm not wearing this uniform... that's my private business.

RIC knows that he's being asked to back off.

RIC

I understand.

ELIZABETH smiles. Puts the mask firmly on.

ELIZABETH

Mr Bewley in bed (). His B/P's been stable for an hour now. I think he's ready to be discharged.

RIC

Thank you, Nurse Tait.

ELIZABETH goes over to:

MARY-CLAIRE is with two N/s PORTERS wheeling in a very fragile-looking and thin elderly patient, N/s MARION.

MARY-CLAIRE

This is Marion; she's had a bit of a fall, haven't you love?

RIC watches ELIZABETH go for a moment - trying to suppress his natural concern for her.

Can he remain detached?

CUT TO:

MALICK

Thing is, Valentine, I'm up on Keller now.

A can of lemonade clunks into the tray. MALICK grabs it.

MALICK

(Softly)

I can't watch your back from four floors up cos not even I'm that good. I can't be your Mr Miyagi any more. So you need to drop the paranoia and you need to bring your A-game every single day, cos you really can't afford for people to start asking awkward questions.

OLIVER

You think I don't know that?

MALICK

You want my advice? You go home tonight you get yourself laid, drunk, stoned, I don't even wanna know. But you do whatever you gotta do to get that crazy head of yours straight. I backed you for a reason. I trusted my instinct. And if there's one thing I really hate, it's being wrong.

As MALICK walks away, out on OLIVER - daunted and cowed.

CUT TO:

ELIZABETH

How's something like that allowed to happen?

MARY-CLAIRE

She's lucky. At least she's got neighbours counting the milk bottles. Think of all those old folk who just die and no-one notices for like six months till the smell starts wafting down the hall... or they get eaten by pigeons. That's why I need to find myself a boyfriend pronto.

ELIZABETH

You're twenty six.

MARY-CLAIRE

Exactly. The sooner I find a boyfriend, the sooner I get married, and the sooner I get married, the sooner I'll have eight kids who'll feed me soup through a straw when I'm too frail to feed myself.

Out on ELIZABETH as she stares at poor, malnourished N/s MARION.

CUT TO:

15

15

ELIZABETH crosses the estate, laden down with shopping bags. It looks like she's been shopping for an imminent apocalypse.

A woman on a mission.

When she gets to Simone's doorstep she hesitates.

So many ghosts to wrestle with.

CUT TO:

16

16

SIMONE's flat - the flat she shared with Ida - is tiny. Modestly furnished, ascetic even - and in something of a timewarp - it's not a comfortable place to be. Particularly not for ELIZABETH. So many horrible memories.

ELIZABETH has made SIMONE a rudimentary meal. SIMONE sits at the table eating it ravenously. She's just finishing it. ELIZABETH meanwhile - in rubber gloves - is emptying rancid food out of the fridge into a black bin bag. ELIZABETH's on edge - she just wants to get out of there as soon as possible.

ELIZABETH

You work in a supermarket, but you can't even buy yourself food.

SIMONE

Pineapple juice.

ELIZABETH

What?

SIMONE

You always loved pineapple juice. We used to have it after church, remember? You still like it?

ELIZABETH puts the food she's brought neatly into the cupboard.

ELIZABETH

I've got you bread and cheese and things. You don't have to cook anything. You can just make yourself a sandwich. And tins of soup. They last forever...

SIMONE is just gazing at ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH

Will you stop looking at me like that?

SIMONE

(Direct)

Why did you abandon us?

ELIZABETH can't look at her; at the hurt in SIMONE's eyes.

ELIZABETH

You know why.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZABETH spots Ida's handsome collection of figurines neatly arranged on the brick work mantelpiece above the electric fireplace - Jesus in pride of place. ELIZABETH picks up a small figurine - an old fashioned, crinoline lady (the same one SIMONE will later give her for her birthday.)

SIMONE

She was always your favourite.

ELIZABETH

I was never allowed to pick her up.

ELIZABETH notices that the figurines covered in dust.

ELIZABETH

What are you gonna do? Grandma did everything round here.

SIMONE

Maybe you can look after me. Just like I used to look after you... You can sleep in Grandma's room.

ELIZABETH

I'll call Social Services...

SIMONE

DON'T YOU CALL THEM!

ELIZABETH

You need help.

SIMONE

(Panic)

They'll make me leave my house.
They'll make me leave here. Please.
Don't you go calling them...

ELIZABETH

Who's going to look after you?

SIMONE

Jesus. He will look after me. He will look after you too, baby girl.

ELIZABETH

Jesus isn't going to do your shopping, though, is he?

But ELIZABETH catches sight of the small Jesus figurine on the radiator. It gives her an idea.

CUT TO:

ELIZABETH stands shyly and nervously on the doorstep of a

ELIZABETH sits with PASTOR CARL and two mugs of milky instant coffee. PASTOR CARL is pleased to see ELIZABETH, but a little wary - hurt even. He just looks at her and shakes his head.

PASTOR CARL

Six years.

ELIZABETH

They knew where I was. I sent Christmas cards...

PASTOR CARL

(Gently)

EPI SODE 36 SHOOTING BLUES

PASTOR CARL

So that's it? You're going to just disappear again?

ELIZABETH

I have my own life now, Pastor.

PASTOR CARL leans forwards.

PASTOR CARL

As long as I'm here, your Mother will be taken care of. She's a very precious part of our community here.

ELIZABETH

Thank you.

PASTOR CARL

But there's something I want you to do for me.

ELIZABETH

What?

PASTOR CARL

Will you come to your Grandmother's funeral tomorrow?

ELIZABETH shakes her head.

PASTOR CARL

Give yourself a chance to say goodbye. You can sit quietly at the back. No-one even needs to know you're here.

On ELIZABETH - wary - as the sound of ecstatic singing fades up and we:

JUMP CUT TO:

19

19

A N/s CONGREGATION in full, glorious voice.

Ida's coffin sits on its dais at the front.

The church is rammed with N/s CONGREGATION members - all here to pay their respects to this church stalwart. A sense of joy and thanksgiving.

As the hymn draws to a close, PASTOR CARL steps forwards.

PASTOR CARL

That was one of Ida's favourite hymns. Not hard to see why, with its great message of joy and hope. Because not only are we here to commit our sister Ida to our Lord Jesus Christ, there's another reason that this is an occasion of great joy. Because before she passed over, the Lord saw that Sister Ida was reunited with the granddaughter she loved...

PASTOR CARL tails off as he sees SIMONE rising to her feet. Her face is shining with happiness. She looks lucid, calm, and at peace. She nods with a deep conviction, a certainty. Her eyes are closed. She clutches ELIZABETH, who is next to her in a front pew. This is excruciating for ELIZABETH.

SIMONE

She is with him now. Jesus say Ida is at peace now in his loving arms. He's received her into the Kingdom and she is so happy to see our child Elizabeth return to us. Jesus say he has sent her as a blessing to us. Thank you, Lord. Thank you for returning her to us. The light of my Life. Thank you, Lord. Amen, Father, Amen!

PASTOR CARL smiles at SIMONE with something like gratitude.

PASTOR CARL

Amen.

Cries of 'Amen!' from the N/s CONGREGATION.

(CONTINUED)

All eyes on ELIZABETH. She wishes the ground would open up and swallow her.

CUT TO:

As the coffin is
N/s MOURNERS file out of the church. SIMONE is with the
coffin.

Go to:

ELIZABETH is with PASTOR CARL, watching SIMONE.

PASTOR CARL
You're not gonna come to the
burial?

ELIZABETH shakes her head.

ELIZABETH
I promised I'd come to the service.
That's all. (She hands him a piece
of paper) This is my number. Just
in case...

PASTOR CARL
I also have something for you.

PASTOR CARL hands ELIZABETH a small prayer book.

PASTOR CARL
I've been keeping it for you.

ELIZABETH opens the front cover - inside it's marked
'ELIZABETH TAIT' in neat, childlike handwriting. She smiles.
ELIZABETH hugs PASTOR CARL.

ELIZABETH
(Gestures to SIMONE)
Take care of her.

ELIZABETH shakes her head. Too upset to speak. She turns and
walks Take

21

21

ELIZABETH walks determinedly away from the church; leaving her old world behind her.

As she walks, she puts the prayer book in her bag.

We pull back, higher and higher above her, until she's just a tiny dot making her way across the estate.

Moving on.

CUT TO:

Over horrible loud, thumping music:

OLIVER stands in the middle of the dance floor;

He's barely moving.

Out of step with the rest of the world. He closes his eyes.

Feeling nothing.

CUT TO:

23

23

OLIVER stumbles out of the club; like it's just spat him out. His ears ringing, his eyes unfocussed, his face slackened by vodka, Alprazolam, and self-loathing...

He stumbles unevenly across the pavement. A drunk group of N/s MEN are coming in the opposite direction and one of them jostles OLIVER. OLIVER - without thinking - shoves the N/s BIG GUY violently.

OLIVER
Outta my WAY!

The N/s BIG GUY comes right back and smacks OLIVER in the face. Ideally a couple of punches.

OLIVER goes down like a sack of potatoes, but stumbles to his feet.

OLIVER
What was THAT? Was that supposed to hurt? Cos I didn't even feel it. Come on then. COME ON!

The N/s BIG GUY looks tempted, but his N/s FRIENDS drag him away, laughing.

OLIVER just stands there in the middle of the pavement; nose bleeding, eye starting to bruise up, and he laughs too.

As he staggers onwards - not looking where he's going - he all but collides with EDDI. EDDI's dressed up to the nines, and looking a little worse for wear herself. [N.B: Owing to the chronology, this cannot be the night before they meet in episode 34; it's a few days earlier]

EDDI
Hey! HEY! Why don't you watch where you're going?

OLIVER
Why don't YOU watch where you're going?

EDDI
(Dismissive)
Get a life, loser.

EDDI walks on. Slightly further up the road she flags down a taxi.

EDDI
Taxi!

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER shakes his head. Whatever.

As OLIVER turns unsteadily into the road, there's a sudden SCREECH...

A black taxi slams on its brakes just in time. It comes to a screeching halt in front of OLIVER.

The driver leaps out of his cab and races round to help OLIVER up. We recognise him right away as ANIL; the patient OLIVER discharged in scene 11. He's angry and upset.

ANIL

You crazy, my friend? I could've killed you.

OLIVER

You'll have to try a bit harder than that.

ANIL recognises him, but he can't quite place him.

OLIVER's swaying dangerously, and his eye is swelling up badly. He also clutches his ribs - bruised when he hit the pavement.

ANIL

You okay, ami go?

OLIVER

I'm FINE.

ANIL

No. No. You're not fine. You need to sit down. Why don't you get in the back of my cab?

OLIVER

I don't wanna get in your stupid cab.

CUT TO:

OLIVER is in the back of ANIL's cab as they drive through the night-time HOLBY streets. They're arguing.

ANIL
You need to let them check you over.

OLIVER
I'm not going to the hospital.

ANIL
You might have broken something.

OLIVER
I haven't. I'd know. I'm a Doctor. Allegedly.

ANIL smiles; realising how he recognises OLIVER.

ANIL
(To himself)
Of course.

OLIVER rests his face against the cold glass of the window. The night-time lights bounce off the glass.

OLIVER
Who is that? On your mirror...

OLIVER points to a small figurine hanging from ANIL's mirror.

ANIL
That's Lakshmi. Goddess of Wealth. She watches over me while I work. You have a faith?

OLIVER
No.

ANIL
Sad.

OLIVER
Why?

ANIL
You can't believe this life is all we have? An intelligent man like yourself?
(Amused)
You think death is it, the end... kaput.

OLIVER

Death is a combination of cardiac arrest and the cessation of all electrical activity in the brain. I've seen enough of them to know.

ANIL

I hate to contradict you my friend, but death is merely the end of one life and the beginning of another. What matters is what we do with each of the lives we're given. Karma.

OLIVER

You don't honestly believe that?

ANIL

I honestly do. Where'm I taking you, by the way?

OLIVER

I dunno. Home.

ANIL

You got someone waiting for you there?

OLIVER

No.

ANIL

You shouldn't be alone.

OLIVER

Shouldn't I?

ANIL

Come on! Who would you call if it was an emergency?

OLIVER

(Miserably)

Penny.

ANIL

Alright then. So where's this Penny live?

CUT TO:

From the black, abstract shapes slowly creep into focus, becoming a pair of unfamiliar curtains, an unfamiliar fireplace. . .

This is OLIVER's POV - the realisation of where he is dawning on him gradually.

He rubs his eyes, sits up. Disoriented. Finds himself lying fully clothed under a rug on an unfamiliar sofa. The blurry narrative of last night starts to come back to him. He remembers where he is. He feels sick. He sits where he is for a second.

Go to:

OLIVER - the Saharan throat of a desperate hangover - opens the fridge and takes out a carton of orange juice. He glugs thirstily then closes the fridge door. As he does, the photo on it comes into focus:

Two small children posing together - a happy little team - OLIVER dressed as a Wizard and Penny dressed as a Nurse.

Go to:

OLIVER's feet - no shoes, just socks - pad cautiously along the corridor and pause outside a door.

He pushes it open. Steps in.

Go to:

OLIVER almost can't breathe as he looks around Penny's room.

It still smells of her. A presence.

Everything exactly as she left it; clothes piled up on the floor.

OLIVER smiles - this chaos is so exactly her.

OLIVER almost trips over an old, much-loved teddy bear on the floor. It has one arm neatly bandaged. He picks it up and places it gently on her bed.

OLIVER walks over to the desk, which is an explosion of medical text books all piled up like jenga bricks - a testament to Penny's conscientiousness.

The half-open medical text book with a post-it marking a place: 'Ask Mr Hope' next to a half-drunk mug of coffee - a thick skin on its surface.

A jumper dropped casually on the floor.

The bed unmade with her imprint still in the sheets.

OLIVER sinks slowly onto the bed. Sits there.

He holds the jumper to his face, breathes it in.

He sinks back onto the bed. Lies there for a moment, unable to breathe. Penny feels so close at this moment, yet so impossibly remote.

LUCY (OOV)
Ollie?

OLIVER sits bolt upright - pulled suddenly into the present tense.

OLIVER
I was just...

LUCY nods, kindly - understanding.

LUCY looks at OLIVER for a long time, trying to come up with the right words. But there aren't any.

LUCY
You want some breakfast?

JUMP CUT TO:

27

27

OLIVER and LUCY are finishing their breakfast. OLIVER clutches a mug.

OLIVER
It's official. I am the biggest
tossler in the civilised world. No,
actually, thinking about it,
possibly the entire solar system.

LUCY
I'm serious. One more apology and
I'm gonna blacken your other eye.

OLIVER
Please do. It might lessen my
guilt.

LUCY
More coffee?

OLIVER
No, I'm good.

LUCY
Sorry, it's only instant. You
probably like the Fancy McGancy
stuff.

OLIVER
This is fine.

LUCY
We used to make a big breakfast
every Saturday morning. It was a
ritual. Penny used to make the most
amazing pancakes.

OLIVER
Yes she did.

LUCY
(Hopeful)
It's not a talent you share, is it?

OLIVER
Sadly not. I can do pasta, I can do
toast. And I'm utterly excellent at
ordering takeaways. Highly skilled.

LUCY
I thought you were supposed to be
good at everything.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER Looks at her. What?

LUCY
(Explaining)
Penny always called you the Golden Boy.

OLIVER doesn't want to go there.

LUCY
She always said she'd have to do ten hours work to figure out something you'd get in twenty minutes. Is that true?

OLIVER - awkward. This is too close to the bone.

OLIVER
Actually, you know what, I should really get going. I've just remembered... I've got to be somewhere...

LUCY
Anywhere in particular?

OLIVER
Oh, I've just... I've got a thing.

LUCY
A thing?

OLIVER
Yup.

LUCY just smiles. He's a shocking liar.

LUCY
Well, there you go. We've found something you're not good at.

JUMP CUT TO:

28

28

Time passes; the mugs and toast on the table give way to wine glasses.

Much later. Most of a day has passed. OLIVER and LUCY much more comfortable in each other's presence. A bottle of wine sits on the table - 3/4 drunk.

OLIVER is 'cooking.' He's not a brilliant cook - his main skill is making a mess - but you have to applaud the effort.

LUCY

So you get on with him better than Pen did?

OLIVER

Well. She was stubborn.

LUCY

Stubborn how?

OLIVER

When each of us turned twenty one, we got an allowance. She refused hers. Colander?

LUCY hands him a colander.

LUCY

You see that as stubborn?

OLIVER

Why slum it if you don't have to?

OLIVER drains the pasta.

LUCY

(Amused)

Is that how you see this place? As a slum?

OLIVER

(Back pedalling)

You think if I did, I'd have rocked up here at crazy o'clock and loitered for an entire Saturday? Don't suppose you've got any parmesan?

LUCY

(Shaking her head)

I can't get on with a cheese that smells like vom. (Beat) So why did you? Rock up?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

(Sincere)

I don't know.

LUCY

I'm not complaining or anything. I mean I'm glad you did.

OLIVER

You're glad I showed up off my face at four o'clock in the morning and

LUCY

You don't know that.

OLIVER

Penny died because the only thing she cared about was saving her patient. She knew the risks, but she climbed under that train because somebody needed her. She didn't even have to think.

LUCY

You'd do the same.

Out on OLIVER - he knows he wouldn't.

CUT TO:

30

30

LUCY sleeps soundly, angelically. The sheet is pulled up, but we can see that she's naked underneath the covers.

She's blissfully unaware that OLIVER is currently on the other side of the room, buttoning up his shirt as discreetly as he possibly can.

OLIVER retrieves his shoe from the corner of the room, where it had been flung in the throes of passion last night.

He steals one last glance at LUCY. He looks guilty, like he wants to reach out to her, but can't.

He places a cheque on the dressing table. Next month's rent.

And then, with his shoes in his hand, he creeps out the door.

LUCY sleeps on.

JUMP CUT TO:

31

31

Hard in on: a birthday cake, candles ablaze.

MARY-CLAIRE, and a couple of N/s NURSES are singing lustily next to the Nurses' Station.

ALL
Happy Birthday dear Elizabeth,
Happy birthday to you.

ELIZABETH is somewhere between mortified and slightly chuffed as MARY-CLAIRE holds the cake out towards her.

MARY-CLAIRE
Well go on. Blow 'em out. It's
unlucky if you don't.

ELIZABETH
I already told Chrissie I didn't
want any fuss...

MARY-CLAIRE
We also had a bit of a whip-round
and we got you these.

MARY-CLAIRE leans behind the desk and pulls out a huge bunch of flowers. She hands them to ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH
Fresh flowers aren't allowed on the
ward.

MARY-CLAIRE
Guess you'd better put 'em in the
staff room then.

ELIZABETH
Yes. Right.

MARY-CLAIRE
And birthday cocktails in Albies
tonight. Looks like there'll be a
good turnout. I've booked a
banquette. Seven o'clock. Don't be
late.

Out on ELIZABETH, as she carries the flowers through the ward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles. Touched, despite herself, by this gesture of acceptance.

CUT TO:

32

32

OLIVER, SACHA and CHANTELLE - along with some N/s PORTERS and N/s NURSES - are barreling along the corridor at speed.
[N.B: CHANTELLE has been in the job for less than an hour at this point.] SACHA looks at OLIVER with concern.

SACHA

(s.v)

So you ready to tell me the real story of how you got that shiner yet?

OLIVER

(Deflecting)

There's nothing to tell.

SACHA

I get it. First rule of Fight Club, right?

CHANTELLE hurries to catch them up.

CHANTELLE

So this patient's coming in a taxi?
Isn't that a bit random?

SACHA

Ambulances are generally a better option, given that they're medically equipped, they don't charge by the mile, and you're less likely to get racist banter from the driver.

CHANTELLE

Hey! My dad drives a cabbie and he's not racist!

SACHA

(Foot in mouth)

Of course he's not.

CUT TO:

The posse hurry out to meet their patient, passing SIMONE coming in the other direction. She looks confused, distracted - she's rubbing away at a nasty-looking cut on her head, as if to try and rub it clean.

As the posse go, SACHA is checking through the patient's

34

34

OLIVER's been examining ANIL for some time now, and he's starting to get frustrated. ANIL is in a large amount of pain, and is struggling to breathe. OLIVER's currently completing an ECG. SACHA comes over to check up on him.

OLIVER

If you were feeling dizzy and light-headed, why were you driving in the first place?

ANIL

You told me there was nothing wrong with me. Why would I ignore a Doctor?

OLIVER

You could have killed someone. What if you'd crashed?

ANIL

I thought maybe I was just hungry. But then suddenly I couldn't breathe, and the pain... I knew I was having a heart attack...

SACHA looks at the ECG reading.

SACHA

Nope. Doesn't look like a heart attack.

ANIL

So what is it?

SACHA looks to OLIVER, but OLIVER doesn't have a clue. He's really floundering here.

OLIVER

We're... Looking at various options...

SACHA

(To OLIVER)

Keep me posted.

SACHA walks away.

ANIL leans forward, confidentially.

ANIL

You seem a bit happier than the last time we met.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER Looks blank.

ANIL
(Smiling)
You don't remember?

OLIVER
I see a lot of patients.

ANIL smiles to himself. OLIVER goes over to CHANTELLE.

OLIVER
Chantelle, I'd like to get an X-ray
for Mr Sharma, and if you could put
him down for thirty minute obs.

CHANTELLE
Should I check that with Mr Levy?

OLIVER
(A little too quickly)
No. I'm fine. I've got it. I can
handle it.

CUT TO:

35

35

Pick up from the end of Episode 34; the end of scene 41:

ELIZABETH spots the cut in her Mother's head. It's bleeding.

ELIZABETH
What have you done?

ELIZABETH all but drags her Mother into a bay; She looks over at RIC on the other side of the ward. He hasn't noticed.

SIMONE
You have to help me. You have to
make it better. I need a Doctor.
Why don't you get nice Mr Griffin.
He can help me. He can make it
better...

ELIZABETH
No. He can't. This is nothing to do
with him.

SIMONE
Why did you lie to me?

ELIZABETH
I've never told a lie in my life.

ELIZABETH looks closely at her Mother's head. It's a really nasty gash.

SIMONE
You just want to get rid of me.

RIC - passing on his way to his office - glances over as he hears the commotion.

ELIZABETH
Please. You have to keep quiet.

SIMONE
You ASHAMED of me? I embarrass you
in front of all your friends? Your
own Mother?

RIC stops. Something makes him turn back. He walks towards the bay with ELIZABETH and SIMONE in it.

CUT TO:

36A

36A

37

37

CHANTELLE is nattering away to ANIL, as she removes the ECG pads from him and does a final set of ops. ANIL looks a bit healthier than the last time we saw him, albeit a little pale.

CHANTELLE

My dad never did nights till I was fifteen. Think it was just so he could keep an eye on me. He used to park outside Hollywood's, turn off his light and just sit there till I came out. (Cheerful) I didn't mind. Free ride home! My pals call him Dial-a-Dad. And I think Mum was glad to get him out the house. How's your wife feel about you working nights?

ANIL hesitates. For the first time, we see a crack in his cheery demeanour.

A short distance away, a stressed SACHA stares at a paper print out of ANIL's ECG. OLIVER chews his lip. In the b/g EDDI is working her magic - now in her Nurse's uniform.

SACHA

(Shaking his head)

It hasn't changed in the last two hours, it's not gonna change now.

OLIVER

We can't send him home.

SACHA

The tests are pretty conclusive.

OLIVER

We should run an MRI... or a Stress Test...

SACHA

(Shaking his head)

Mr Hanssen's due back any second now for his ward inspection.

OLIVER

So, what; we should just send all our patients home, regardless of their condition?

(CONTINUED)

SACHA

You heard him, Ollie. He described our patient throughout as completely chaotic and was keen to remind me that none of our jobs are safe. We've managed to get this place under control today by the skin of our teeth. So if you've done everything you can for a patient, and the tests show nothing, then you have to move him on. Help me out here, Ollie.

SACHA heads off into the ward. OLIVER looks over at ANIL, observing them. CHANTELLE approaches.

CHANTELLE

I think I've figured out what's wrong with Mr Sharma.

OLIVER looks at her. Surprised and hopeful.

CHANTELLE

He's got a broken heart.

OLIVER just stares at her.

CHANTELLE

His wife died three months ago.

OLIVER

(Frustrated)

What is wrong with you? You can't actually suffer from a broken heart...

CHANTELLE

Yeah you can. You read about it all the time. When someone's husband dies then, like, a week later...

OLIVER

It's just a figure of speech.

CHANTELLE

(Defensive)

Well at least I've come up with something. You're the Doctor round here. You're the one that's supposed to figure out what's wrong with people, not me. So what's your theory?

Out on OLIVER - A decision.

CUT TO:

37A

37A

OLIVER, CHANTELLE, and a couple of N/s PORTERS are
Something a bit furtive
about the whole enterprise.

ANIL
(Cheerful)
Am I allowed to know where we're
going, or is this mystery tour?

OLIVER
I just want to run a few more tests
on you, Mr Sharma.

CHANTELLE gestures for OLIVER to hang back slightly.

CHANTELLE
(s.v)
You sure we should be doing this?

OLIVER
Doing what?

CHANTELLE
The MRI, the Stress ... Mr Levy
told us to discharge him.

OLIVER
He's not Mr Levy's patient.

CHANTELLE
Yes but...

OLIVER
(Snappy)
Listen, you're not here to question
my judgment, you're here to do what
I tell you. Alright?

CHANTELLE gives OLIVER a dirty look - she's starting not to
like him very much.

CUT TO:

Scene moved to Scene 35

OLIVER

OLIVER' s agi tated, on edge.

OLIVER

Yes, but...

ELLIOT looks at OLIVER; he's completely baffled.

ELLIOT

I'm sorry, Oliver, but I simply don't understand... If you've run all of the necessary tests and they show nothing wrong with the patient, then isn't this just putting your patient through unnecessary stress?

OLIVER has no comeback to this. ELLIOT

ELLIOT

I'm sorry, Mr Sharma, there seems to be a mistake. We don't need to run this test after all.

ANIL smiles - putting a brave face on it.

ANIL

Can't say I'm disappointed.

OLIVER

I can't send him home.

ELLIOT

Why not?

OLIVER

I'm his Doctor. I have to find out what's wrong with him. I have to find...

ELLIOT

Find what? What exactly are you looking for?

ELLIOT's hit the nail on the head. This is the question.

OLIVER

I don't know.

Out on OLIVER - Lost.

CUT TO:

40

40

ELIZABETH stands on the other side of the curtain listening as RIC stitches up SIMONE's head. She's mortified.

RIC
So you came here to surprise
Elizabeth on her birthday?

SIMONE
That's right, Mr Griffin. Only she
don't want to see me.

RIC
I'm sure that's not true.

SIMONE
Yes it is. She hates me. My baby
girl breakin' my heart. You got any
medicine for that, Doctor?

RIC doesn't know what to say.

SIMONE
I think maybe she'd be happy if I
die. Just like her Grandmother. But
Jesus says to me "not yet, Simone."

RIC
(Disconcerted)
It's a nasty cut.

SIMONE
Didn't mean to cut so deep.

RIC
I'm sorry?

SIMONE
Had to get the dirt out. Have to
get it clean. Have to get the
badness out. Or it never goes. You
have to get it out of me, Mr
Griffin. You got to cut it out.

RIC looks at SIMONE sharply. Deeply concerned.

CUT TO:

41

41

ANIL is being wheeled back into the ward by two N/s PATIENTS.

In the office, EDDI is bollocking a slightly tearful CHANTELLE.

EDDI

So even though you knew Mr Levy wanted the patient discharged, you still followed Doctor Valentine upstairs like a lovesick puppy...

CHANTELLE

NO. I tried talking to him, but I mean... he's a DOCTOR.

EDDI

No he's not, he's an F1. If you wanna last more than ten minutes in this job, you'd better learn the difference...

Find: OLIVER watching the bollocking from the other side of the ward. SACHA comes over - so angry he can barely speak.

SACHA

You know, it's one thing to treat me like a chump - I'm old enough and ugly enough to take it. But this is Chantelle's first day here. You had no right to drag her into your mess.

EDDI comes over to them.

EDDI

We need to free up bed four. Mr Sharma...

SACHA looks at OLIVER pointedly.

OLIVER

Send him home.

EDDI

What d'you want me to tell him?

OLIVER

Tell him I couldn't find anything wrong with him.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

Out on OLIVER as he walks away; bitterly disappointed with himself.

CUT TO:

42

42

RIC and ELIZABETH speak in hushed voices.

RIC
I'd like to keep her in overnight.

ELIZABETH
She has a shallow cut to her head.
There's no need...

RIC
Just for observation.

ELIZABETH
What kind of observation?

RIC
(Gently)
Has your Mother ever had any kind
of Psyche evaluation?

This is the first time anyone's ever broached the subject of Psyche in relation to SIMONE. ELIZABETH can't deal with it.

RIC
There are people who can help you.
People who want to help. But you
have to ask for it.

ELIZABETH hesitates for a long moment. She looks over at her Mother. SIMONE sits in the bay, clutching her plastic bag, her legs swinging over the edge of the bed like a small child. ELIZABETH's mask descends again.

ELIZABETH
(Professional)
Thank you, Mr Griffin. I'll see you
tomorrow.

As ELIZABETH walks over to her Mother, out on RIC -
concerned.

CUT TO:

ANIL walks towards his cab. He's still a little breathless, tired-looking. Holding a brown NHS envelope.

He unlocks his cab. Gets into the driver's seat.

He touches the goddess on the dashboard reverently.

44

44

As ANIL's black cab drives away, we go to:

OLIVER sits in the passenger seat of TONY's extremely swanky car. It's something sporty - and a little bit too young for TONY. TONY looks pretty unimpressed right now.

TONY

I'm not being funny, old boy, but I said call me if there was an emergency. I didn't say whenever you're having a tough day at the office...

OLIVER

You're not listening to me. This guy collapsed at the wheel and I'd discharged him...

TONY

We've all made mistakes.

OLIVER

He could have died. He could have killed any number of people. And if I still can't figure out what's wrong him, then... then maybe I shouldn't even be a Doctor.

TONY looks at his son.

TONY

To be completely honest, I could never figure out why you wanted to be go to Medical School in the first place. Your sister... it made sense. She was always trying to save things as a child. Rescuing birds and putting bandages on her teddy bears, but you... you could've got yourself a proper job.

OLIVER

What do you mean? This isn't a proper job?

TONY

I mean one that pays well, one that you like, one that you're good at.

OLIVER

I'm good at this. I mean, I... I could be.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Really? Because that's not how it looks to the untrained eye. You completely flunked things last year, with your F-whatever...

OLIVER

F2.

TONY

... And now you're telling me that you've cocked things up so badly with this patient that...

OLIVER

For God's sake, Dad, I didn't ask you to come here so you could make me feel worse.

TONY

So why did you ask me to come here?

OLIVER

(Desperate)

I need you to tell me I can do this.

TONY

I don't know if you can do this or not. But from what I can see, the answer's staring you in the face. (Beat) What do you earn? Twenty five, thirty...?

OLIVER nods. TONY takes out a cheque book and a pen.

TONY

I'm gonna write you a cheque for ten thousand pounds. You can do whatever you like with it. Go travelling. Sit on your arse. Spend it on booze or birds or swimming with dolphins. Use it to figure out what you're going to do with your life. But stop wasting everyone's time trying to be like your sister. You've got so much more potential than she ever had. Don't throw it away.

TONY holds the cheque out towards OLIVER. OLIVER looks at his Father - disillusionment starting to creep over him.

We hear a persistent buzzing noise under this as we:

JUMP CUT TO:

45

45

An insistent, urgent buzzing brings LUCY hurrying to the front door.

She opens it to find OLIVER standing there, smiling. He's in a terrible state; drunk and unkempt again.

LUCY isn't happy to see him.

LUCY
What do you want, Ollie?

OLIVER
Can I come in?

LUCY looks at him with quiet dignity.

LUCY
You sneak out of my bedroom without even leaving a note. Just a cheque on the table like I'm some cheap hooker or something.

OLIVER
It wasn't like that.

LUCY
Then I hear nothing for two weeks, until you turn up out of the blue again expecting - what? - Meaningless sex? Sympathy?

OLIVER
I just want to talk.

LUCY
Go on then. Talk. I'm listening.

OLIVER
I screwed up again today.

LUCY
Is that news? As far as I can gather, all you ever do is screw up. Only now I guess Penny's not around to take the blame for you.

OLIVER looks at her - shocked.

LUCY
Penny and I used to tell each other everything. I was with her on holiday when she wrote you that postcard.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER reels. He doesn't know what to say.

LUCY

I told myself not to judge you, that you deserved a fair hearing. And just for a moment I thought maybe you were more than just a spoilt little rich kid. But I was wrong. You just take and you take and you take. Your Dad pays your rent. Your sister passed your exam for you. You think people are just there to be used. Well, you might have used Penny, but you're not gonna use me. I don't want any more of your money, and I don't want you coming round here again. You know what I wonder? I wonder how a Doctor who's screwed up and lied as often as you have still has a job?

She slams the door in OLIVER's face.

OLIVER sinks onto the doorstep. He sits there for a second.

LUCY's question rings in his ears. How does he still have a job?

CUT TO:

ELIZABETH - in an ugly tabard - covers her Mother's shift at the minimart. It's the mirror image of the first time we saw Simone. PASTOR CARL approaches with a basket of shopping. He smiles when he sees her.

ELIZABETH

The manager said if she failed to turn up again, he'd sack her. She needs this job.

PASTOR CARL

Bless you, Sister Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

It's just one shift. Just till she's better.

PASTOR CARL

It's more than that.

ELIZABETH

She turned up at the hospital today.

PASTOR CARL

I heard.

ELIZABETH

Mr Griffin... My boss. He thinks she needs help. Real help.

ELIZABETH looks at PASTOR CARL, questioningly.

PASTOR CARL

(Carefully)

Your Mother sees the world differently to the rest of us, but is that a sickness? I'm not so

PASTOR CARL

You know, God's already forgiven you. And in time, I think you'll forgive yourself.

ELIZABETH

I did what I had to do. You were kinder to me than they ever were. You're the one who bought me books, and helped me with my homework, and... made me feel like I was worth something.

PASTOR CARL

Your Mother did the best she could.

ELIZABETH shakes her head. She won't accept this.

ELIZABETH

You don't know what it was like.

PASTOR CARL

I know she and your Grandmother were very strict. I know it wasn't always easy...

ELIZABETH smiles grimly. She wants to tell him the truth.

ELIZABETH

Strict?

PASTOR CARL

But your Mother loves you. She always has.

ELIZABETH

I don't think she understands what love is.

PASTOR CARL

"Then Peter came to Jesus and asked..."

CUT TO:

47

47

OLIVER leans miserably on the kitchen counter.

He counts out his pills. One, two, three, four. Next to them is a postcard.

PASTOR CARL (CONTD)

(V.O)

... 'Lord how many times shall I
forgive my brother or sister who
sins against me? Up to seven times?

OLIVER turns the postcard over, even though he's read it 100 times before. It reads: "Tell the truth."

CUT TO:

48

48

PASTOR CARL

And Jesus answered, "I tell you,
not seven times, but seventy times
seven."

PASTOR CARL smiles and walks away as ELIZABETH continues to
stack the shelves. Trapped by her guilt.

Her mobile phone pings. It's an SMS.

ELIZABETH reads it:

From: Mary-Claire: Birthday Girl. Where R U?

If only she knew.

JUMP CUT TO:

ELIZABETH's hands shake as she sorts through it all; all of her Christmas cards, the ones she thought SIMONE had destroyed, her birth certificate: Father - Unknown.

A photograph of a young SIMONE shyly holding ELIZABETH as a baby... Here's proof of a Mother's Love.

SIMONE (OOV)
What you doing?

ELIZABETH looks up sharply; shocked out of her trance. SIMONE stands in the doorway; fierce, accusing, suddenly awake.

SIMONE
(More aggressive)
WHAT YOU DOING?

ELIZABETH
I was just... looking for something.

SIMONE
Those aren't yours! Those are my things! You got no right to go robbing my things.

ELIZABETH
I'm not...

SIMONE grabs her arms urgently.

SIMONE
DON'T LIE TO ME! You trying to rob my things. You just wanna thief me and run away again.

ELIZABETH
No...

SIMONE
Ungrateful child.

SIMONE starts to hit ELIZABETH. It's frenzied; like she's possessed, almost.

SIMONE

ELI ZABETH

No!

SIMONE looks at her and struggles to process what she's done.

SIMONE
(Mollifying)
Baby girl, I...

But ELI ZABETH shakes her head.

ELI ZABETH
I'm not your Baby Girl! Not any
more.

50

50

OLIVER runs alongside HANSSEN, struggling to keep up.

OLIVER
Since you started here, there've
been a lot of... redundancies...

HANSSEN
You want to know how you've dodged
the axe?

OLIVER
My track record isn't great, I know
that...

HANSSEN
I'll do you the courtesy of being
entirely honest with you. There are
numerous people on our staff who've
suggested your talents might be put
to better use elsewhere.

OLIVER
So why...?

HANSSEN
As you know, the inquest didn't
hold the hospital responsible for
your sister's death, but it
certainly didn't make us look good.
Now if in the direct aftermath of
an F2's death, we'd fired that F2's
brother, how would that have
played? Not to mention that you'd
have had a very strong case for a
potentially extortionate unfair
dismissal claim. So - hideous as
the irony may be - her death
granted you a kind of reprieve.

OLIVER
You mean the only reason I'm still
here is because she died?

HANSSEN
Your words, not mine.

HANSSEN walks away, leaving OLIVER staring into the void.

CUT TO:

ELI ZABETH is asleep at the Nurses' Station. On her feet, leant over the desk; the deep, vital sleep of the utterly exhausted.

RIC
(Urgently)
Elizabeth!

ELI ZABETH jerks awake. Disoriented. She looks around, trying to figure out what's wrong. Sees RIC struggling with an N/s patient MAUD who's turning blue and struggling to breathe.

ELI ZABETH sprints over; horrified.

RIC's listening to N/s MAUD's mouth for a sign of breathing.

RIC
Respirations have stopped. Pulse is
very slow. B/P's low...

ELI ZABETH takes her pen torch and shines it into N/s MAUD's eyes.

ELI ZABETH
Pupils are pinpoint. I don't know
what... (happened)

RIC
Pupils dilated. We need to bag her.
I want a sats monitor on and
naloxone.

ELI ZABETH scrambles to set up the Naloxone drip - she's all fingers and thumbs. ELI ZABETH struggles with the drip. RIC takes over and presses the button, sending the syringe of Narcan into the patient.

As soon as the dose hits N/s MAUD, she gasps awake.

ELI ZABETH is overwhelmingly relieved.

RIC just looks at her. They both know something is seriously wrong here.

ELI ZABETH looks away.

52

52

OLIVER stands, looking around the cupboard that he and Penny used to frequent when they were first F1s.

OLIVER (V.O.)
Dear Mr Hanssen.

He reaches along the windowsill, feeling for something.

He finds it. Smiles.

Pulls out a slightly yellowing cigarette packet, stashed away.

OLIVER (V.O.)
I am writing to tell you that you
were only half right. The only
reason I'm still here is because of
my sister. But the truth is that
I'm a liar and a cheat...

OLIVER flips the lid open. There's a lighter inside the packet and one cigarette left.

OLIVER sits down with his back against the wall.

OLIVER puts the cigarette in his mouth.

OLIVER (V.O.)
And I have no right to call myself
a Doctor.

He lights it.

CUT TO:

53

53

RIC's at the Nurses' Station. He's putting down the phone on what looks like a fairly disturbing phonecall, just as ELIZABETH comes over.

RIC
That was your Mother.

ELIZABETH'S mortified.

ELIZABETH
She called the ward?

RIC
Switchboard put her through.
Apparently she's already called
fifteen times this morning.

ELIZABETH nods. Not sure what to do with this new offensive.

RIC
She wanted to let you know that the
CIA have bugged her flat. She says
they want to drill a hole in her
head and take out all the secrets.

ELIZABETH
She says these things.

RIC
I have a colleague in the
Psychiatric ward, he's a friend,
Doctor O'Neill. I could ask him...

ELIZABETH
Thank you, Mr Griffin, but...

RIC
... Unofficially...

ELIZABETH
This is my private life. It's not
your business.

RIC
When one of my nurses starts
falling asleep on the ward, it
becomes my business. Your Mother
needs help.

ELIZABETH
I'm helping her.

(CONTINUED)

RIC
Professional help.

ELIZABETH
(An outburst)
YOU DON'T KNOW HER, OKAY?

53A

53A

RIC sits with PASTOR CARL. PASTOR CARL smiles patiently.

PASTOR CARL
I've known Simone for many years.
And you're right. At times, she is
a troubled soul.

RIC
She's 'mentally ill.'

PASTOR CARL
You and I perhaps differ in our
definition of 'ill.'

RIC
I've been a Doctor for thirty
years...

PASTOR CARL
(Interrupting)
And - with respect - I've been a
Pastor for thirty years... And I've
seen countless people that Doctors
have given up on healed by faith
alone... especially people
suffering from sickness of the
spirit.

RIC
Simone needs professional
psychiatric help. All the praying
in the world...

PASTOR CARL
You're not a man of faith?

RIC
I'm not here to discuss my beliefs.
I'm here because one of my
nurses...

PASTOR CARL
Elizabeth is an adult now. She's
capable of making her own
decisions...

RIC
She WAS capable of making her own
decisions. Before you decided to
fill her head with all these
notions that she's somehow
responsible...

(CONTINUED)

PASTOR CARL
She IS responsi ble.

RIC
How?

PASTOR CARL
The fi fth commandment; ' Honour your
Father and your Mother. '

RIC
You' re not seri ous?

PASTOR CARL
What could be more seri ous than the
word of God?

RIC
Well then maybe you shoul d consi der
the ni nth commandment?

PASTOR CARL
I' m not aware of having borne false
wi tness.

RIC
You' ve known El i zabeth how long?

PASTOR CARL
Si nce she was a baby. I baptised
her.

RIC
And when you saw her, sitting there
week after week in your Sunday
sermons, you' re telling me you had
no idea that her Mother and her
Grandmother were colluding in what
amounted to systematic child abuse?

PASTOR CARL' s smile fades pretty qui ckly.

PASTOR CARL
Now you just wait one moment. . .

RIC
You didn' t know that Simone would
routinely try to beat the Devil out
of her with a belt while Ida stood
by and watched? Maybe you can tell
me which part of the Bible
sanctions that?

All of the colour drains from PASTOR CARL' s face.

54

54

OLIVER walks onto AAU. He's blank, resigned. He's accepted his fate.

He sees CHANTELLE walking away from a N/s PATIENT. He goes over to her.

CHANTELLE
Doctor Valentine.

OLIVER
Three things. First of all, I treated you very badly the other day and that's unforgivable. You're gonna be a great Nurse.

CHANTELLE
(Chuffed and embarrassed)
Shut up! You really think so?

OLIVER
Second of all, can you see that this gets to Mr Hanssen?

OLIVER takes an envelope out of his pocket and hands it to her.

CHANTELLE
Sure.

OLIVER starts to walk away.

CHANTELLE
(Calling out to him)
Doctor Valentine? Oliver?

OLIVER turns back.

CHANTELLE
What was number three? You said there were three things.

OLIVER
Oh. Yeah.
(Beat)
Goodbye.

CHANTELLE
(Baffled)
What?

OLIVER takes one last look around and starts to walk away.

(CONTINUED)

EDDI (OOV)
Dr Val entine!

EDDI calls over from the Nurses' Base.

EDDI
The paramedics called. The patient
you discharged last week. Mr
Sharma...

OLIVER
What about him?

EDDI
(Urgent)
He's been in a major RTA. They're
gonna bring him in as soon as they
can cut him free from the wreckage.
They want to know what tests we ran
on him... What his results were...
I can't find them.

OLIVER
Where?

EDDI
What?

OLIVER
The crash. Where was it?

CUT TO:

55

55

Scene moved to Scene 53A

We smash right back into the opening scene.

OLIVER walks slowly and warily towards the wreckage of the taxi - his eyes bloodshot, his face pale and ghostly with anticipation.

As he gets closer - just a few feet from the taxi - he sees a small item lying in the middle of the broken glass on the ground: It's a small figurine - a goddess of some sort. OLIVER picks it up, stares at it - a realisation - clutches it, keeps walking.

We become aware, as he does, of a voice trying to get his attention.

57

57

There's a knocking on SIMONE's door. She stares out through the letter box. She's now in a state of advanced paranoia.

Sees RIC, PASTOR CARL, and N/s DOCTOR O' NEILL.

PASTOR CARL
Simone, it's Pastor Carl.

SIMONE
(Suspicious)
Who's that with you?

PASTOR CARL
You've met Mr Griffin? He works with Elizabeth.

SIMONE
(Confused)
What's he doing here?

RIC
I've brought a friend with me from the hospital. This is Doctor O'Neill. He'd like to talk to you.

SIMONE
What he wanna talk with me for?
What kind of Doctor is he?

RIC
He's a Psychiatrist.

SIMONE
No! NO! I'm not letting him in.
He's an evil man. He wants to lock me up and drill into my head. I'm not mad, you know?

RIC
No-one's saying you are.

SIMONE
Who told you I was mad? (A thought)
Was it Elizabeth? Did she tell you to come here? DID SHE?

RIC sees an opportunity for a white lie.

(CONTINUED)

RIC
 She wants us to help you.

CUT TO:

ANIL
(Smiling)
Look at you. You're just a boy. How
could you even begin to understand?

For the first time, OLIVER looks right at ANIL. Right into
his eyes.

OLIVER
I lost my sister. Nine weeks ago.

ANIL smiles back at him. Understanding.

ANIL
Penny.

With a great surge of effort, OLIVER manages to pull ANIL
away from the wreckage.

But he's too late. ANIL has crashed.

OLIVER
(Panicked)
No. NO. I'm not gonna lose you.

CUT TO:

59

59

Scene moved to Scene 60A

60

60

PASTOR CARL and RIC continue to knock at the front door.

PASTOR CARL
(Concerned)
Simone, please will you let us in?

RIC
We just want to talk to you.

SIMONE walks through to the living area, where she's put the box of Elizabeth mementoes in the middle of the table, next to a bin.

SIMONE
Why did you betray me, baby girl?
Why did you abandon me again?

She frantically pulls the photographs and mementoes out of the box and drops them into the bin.

SIMONE takes out a box of matches.

She calmly lights a match and drops it into the bin full of papers.

CUT TO:

61

61

MUSIC OVER:

ANIL is on the trolley, connected to an ECG, sats monitor, B/P cuff and pulseoximeter. He's wearing a neck brace.

He's really pale, sweaty and blue-grey in colour.

He tries to say something. OLIVER cranes his neck forwards to listen but ANIL can barely open his mouth.

The figurine of Lakshmi rolls out of ANIL's hand and drops to the floor.

OLIVER listens to ANIL's heart. His face falls.

The sats monitor shows 70%. The ECG is showing ectopic heart beats. 80...

OLIVER shouts out in panic to the N/s PARAMEDICS in the front of the ambulance.

ANIL is dying.

CUT TO:

61A

61A

MUSIC OVER:

The bin full of papers has ignited and has managed to set the curtains alight.

SIMONE stands back - horrified and terrified - paralysed by fear - as the flames start to spread.

She stands as far back as she can and curls up in a ball on the floor.

She puts her hands over her ears.

Trying to shut out the world.

CUT TO:

62

62

Scene moved to 63A

MUSIC OVER:

OLIVER is frantically trying to get a line in to Anil, but he can't.

The ECG is at 60... OLIVER's out of options.

OLIVER rips open ANIL's trouser leg and injects 5mg lignocaine.

He takes a scalpel and makes a stab incision over the saphenous vein in his leg.

He uses scissors to push the skin back and opens the forceps in the line of the vein. He desperately tries to reveal the vein underneath the tissue.

The ECG is at 40...

63A

63A

MUSIC OVER:

ELIZABETH is walking across the estate with her shopping bags when she sees a commotion up ahead.

Fire engines, police cars. Sirens and smoke.

A lurch in her stomach tells ELIZABETH to drop her shopping bags and run.

As she gets closer and closer, she sees that SIMONE's flat is ablaze. Flames are licking around the inside of the window.

A N/s CROWD have gathered. Nosey neighbours have gathered to gawp.

The N/s FIRE BRIGADE are in the process of smashing in Simone's reinforced steel door.

ELIZABETH spots PASTOR CARL.

And RIC, standing next to N/s DOCTOR O' NEILL.

ELIZABETH pieces the betrayal together at once.

What have they done?

She races towards the flat - smoke seeps from under the door - as PASTOR CARL and RIC hold her back.

She's hysterical.

CUT TO:

65

65

MUSIC OVER:

ANIL'S ECG continues to flatline.

OLIVER puts a needle in the catheter in ANIL'S leg, urgently injecting the frusemide into ANIL.

But it's no use. OLIVER then injects adrenaline into the catheter. Still nothing. The ECG continues to flatline. He's dead.

On OLIVER. Heartbroken. He looks down at the discarded Lakshmi on the ground.

It's all over.

Until the ECG suddenly blips. It's only a tiny blip, weak as hell, but it's slow and it's increasing. And it's something.

A sign of life.

CUT TO:

66

66

As SIMONE is carried out of her flat - badly burnt, face, hands and abdomen - being attended to by a crew of N/s PARAMEDICS - ELIZABETH rushes over to them. RIC follows.

As they carry SIMONE to the waiting ambulance, along with ELIZABETH she looks up at RIC;

ELIZABETH

Get away from me. Get AWAY. This is YOUR fault. You did this.

RIC

Elizabeth...

ELIZABETH

(To the N/s PARAMEDICS)

We want to go to St James's. NOT Holby...

As the ambulance doors shut on ELIZABETH and SIMONE, RIC is left on the outside.

CUT TO:

As ANIL is wheeled at pace towards theatre, ELLIOT and OLIVER run alongside. ELLIOT's looking at some results.

ELLIOT

I owe you an apology. I should've let you run the MRI. It looks like an underlying mitral valve prolapse has led to dilated cardiomyopathy. D'you know if he's been under a lot of stress lately?

OLIVER

His wife just died.

ELLIOT

That would certainly do it.

OLIVER

Will he need a new heart?

ELLIOT

I'm hoping the annuloplasty I do it. The heart's a much more resilient muscle than people realise.

OLIVER hesitates at the doors to the Scrub Room.

ELLIOT

You just saved this man's life. Don't you want to finish the job?

OLIVER

68

68

OLIVER' s surrounded by packing cases. All of hi s worldl y goods are packed away. He' s ready to move out.

TONY sits in the same chair he sat in at the beginni ng of the epi sode. He looks baffl ed.

TONY

So if you' re not going travelling, what are you gonna do?

OLIVER

I have no idea yet.

TONY

In that case, why give up thi s place?

OLIVER

I can' t afford it.

TONY

Don' t be ri di cul ous. I pay your rent.

OLIVER

Not any more.

TONY looks at him sharply. What?

OLIVER

I wanted to give you back thi s too.

OLIVER hands TONY the cheque.

TONY

(Confused)

You could have just stuck it in the post. Or torn it up.

OLIVER

I know.

TONY

Am I mi ssi ng something here, Ol ' ?

OLIVER

Yes. I think you are. I' ve been thinking about what you sai d about Penny. About how I have more potential than she ever had.

(CONTI NUE

TONY

You do.

OLIVER

You see, I don't know how you can say that. Because I don't think you ever really knew Penny.

TONY

(Terse)

I don't think that's entirely fair. She was my daughter.

OLIVER

And OLIVER l eaves.

CUT TO:

69

69

OLIVER and LUCY finish clearing away the last of Penny's things into a pile of cardboard boxes.

OLIVER
I think that's everything.

LUCY looks around the room - it's both sad, and something of a relief.

LUCY
There's only thing. If you're gonna be living here... there's kind of a few house rules.

OLIVER
Hi t me.

LUCY
If you cook, you don't have to wash up. Absolutely no talking when Gray's Anatomy's on. And we have a strict no shagging between housemates policy.

OLIVER
Guess we'll just have to be friends then.

LUCY smiles. Peace has been made.

LUCY
Friends.

They shake hands.

LUCY
Welcome to the slum, Golden Boy.

LUCY leaves the room. OLIVER goes over to Penny's desk. There's one photo still left on it; the photo of OLIVER and Penny as children; the nurse and the wizard.

OLIVER pulls it off the wall. Looks at it. Smiles. His mobile rings. The display shows 'Unknown Number.' He answers it.

OLIVER
(Into phone)
Hello?

OLIVER's surprised by the voice on the other end of the phone.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER
Mr Hanssen.

CUT TO:

70

70

RIC

hol di ng hi s mobi l e.

He scrolls through the numbers till he finds the one he's looking for. Presses the call button.

CUT TO:

71

71

OLIVER

Maybe he doesn't want to let people down.

HANSSEN

Granted. But the Doctor we're talking about has only made one serious medical error in his career to date. He left a swab in a patient. But that's a mistake that other, more experienced Doctors have made, and it's not a mistake anyone makes twice.

OLIVER

For what it's worth, this Doctor... he regrets all of it, every lie. He wishes more than anything that he could start again. Do everything differently this time.

HANSSEN

One of our cardiac patients came to see me earlier. Mr Sharma. Garrulous individual. Ring any bells?

OLIVER nods.

HANSSEN

He was telling me how you insisted on running test after test after test on him because you were so determined to get to the bottom of his condition, even though it meant disregarding the opinions of a Senior Nurse, a Registrar and a Senior Consultant.

OLIVER

(Shamefaced)

Yes.

HANSSEN

And not only was your hunch proven correct, but you then managed to perform an incredibly intricate venous cannula puncture

HANSSEN
Are you ready to start again,
Doctor Valentine?

SNAP TO BLACK.