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Tx 192
MF

Programme No. 1/LDS C684D

EPISODE TWENTY FOUR

C A S U A L T Y

FINAL VERSION

"BOILING POINT"

by

PETER BOWKER

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READ THROUGH - MONDAY 7TH DECEMBER 1992
SHOOTING DATES - TUESDAY 8TH - TUESDAY 22ND DECEMBER 1992

"CASUALTY" [Series VII] EPISODE 24: 'Boiling Point'

CAST:

REGULARS:

CHARLIE FAIRHEAD	-	CLINICAL NURSE MANAGER
SISTER LISA DUFFY	-	[DUFFY] - DEPARTMENT SISTER
MR. MIKE BARRATT	-	CASUALTY CONSULTANT
DOCTOR ROBERT KHALEFA	-	[ROB] - SENIOR HOUSE OFFICER
NURSE MARTIN ASHFORD	-	[ASH] - R.G.N.
SANDRA NICHOLL	-	STAFF NURSE
MAXINE PRICE	-	[MAX] - HEALTH CARE ASSISTANT
NORMA SULLIVAN	-	CASUALTY RECEPTIONIST
SIMON EASTMAN	-	GENERAL MANAGER, SURGICAL DIRECTORATE
ANDREW BOWER	-	
CLAIRE	-	SECOND RECEPTIONIST
JOSH	-	PARAMEDIC
JANE	-	PARAMEDIC

NON-REGULARS:

ERROL WALMSLEY	-	Strongly built afro-caribbean man in his mid 40s. A gentle presence, but capable of looking after himself - a fatal stab wound to the chest.
GORDON MCCAULEY	-	Mid 40s, squat, pugnacious, brickie by trade, ready to defend his patch at all costs - cuts to head and hands, broken elbow.
IAN	-	Slight, early 30s, edgy nervous man who grows increasingly active as night wears on - bruised ribs and cuts, unconscious due to head injuries.
TERRY	-	Early 20s, very mean and brutal looking, strong, physically fearless.
STEVE	-	17+. Slighter than Terry but equally thuggish in appearance and demeanour - cuts and bruises to back and bad cut to neck from which he loses enough blood to pass out.

"CASUALTY" [Series VII] EPISODE 24: 'Boiling Point'

CAST:

NON-REGULARS: [cont]

- JOHN WALMSLEY - 16+. Errol's son, afro-caribbean boy, looks quite amiable when he is with his Dad at home but ruthless and brutal when he is with 'the lads'. The transformation due to clothes, bravado and attitude.
- ELSPETH MCCAULEY - Gordon's wife, straight, uncompromising, early 40s.
- RAY MCCAULEY - Gordon's Dad, Scottish, late 60s, retired from the building trade and although naturally fit and strong has smoked and drank all his life. He has recently had a stroke from which he is recovering - fatal cardiac arrest.
- OZZY - Anesthetist
- FIRE CHIEF
- FIRST FIREMAN

NON-SPEAKERS:

- MARY - A woman in her early 30s, member of the vigilante group - facial injuries and respiratory complications from inhaling smoke and fumes.

Up to a dozen other ADULTS of various ages and builds who form the vigilante group, some clearly more eager for confrontation than others. The group must be multi-racial, if Errol was the only non-white member of the group it would convey the wrong impression from the one intended. The antagonism is primarily between generations, working people and dolies, and not related to race. My recent experience bears this out.

- LEE - 17+. A mean looking thug, never far away from Terry - cuts and bruises and respiratory complications from inhaling smoke and fumes.

"CASUALTY" [Series VII] EPISODE 24: 'Boiling Point'

NON-SPEAKERS: [cont]

Up to twenty other YOUNG MEN in the 14-25 age range. They should look intimidating, contemptuous of others and very dangerous in the way that only youth - high on its own power can be. Haircuts and fashions should be the usual collection of tracksuits, jeans, etc., The boys should be racially mixed - white and afro-caribbean. TERRY is very clearly the ringleader because of his physique and presence. These people should scare us.

* * * * *

LOCATIONS:

HOSPITAL INTERIORS:

Staff Room.
Cubicle Corridor.
Cubicle Two.
Admin.
Reception.
Admin Corridor.
Crash.
Crash Corridor.
Lobby.
Charlie's Office.
Basement Area.
Interview Room.
X-Ray Waiting Area.
Behind Crash Corridor.

EXTERIORS:

Int. Ambulance.
Ext. Casualty Entrance.
Ext. Holby City Hospital.

"CASUALTY" [Series VII] EPISODE 24: 'Boiling Point'

LOCATIONS: [cont]

OTHERS: :

Int. Duffy's Living-Room.
Ext. Housing Estate - Streets. ::
Int. Errol's House - Living-Room.
Int. Gordon's House - Living-Room.
Int. Errol's House - John's Bedroom.
Int. Errol's House - Kitchen.
Int. Gordon's House - Hall, Kitchen.
Int. Ian's House - Front Room.
Int. Shed.
Int. Garage.
Ext. Garages.

"CASUALTY"

[Series VII]

EPISODE 24: 'Boiling Point'

by

Peter Bowker

1. INT. BURGER KING. NIGHT. 8.30 p.m.

[DUFFY, ANDREW
AND PETER ARE
FINISHING OFF A
FOR THREE.

THREE LARGE COKES
WITH STRAWS AND
THE DEBRIS OF
FRENCH FRIES, ETC
LITTER THE TABLE.

DUFFY AND ANDREW
ARE SLIGHTLY GIDDY.

DUFFY IS READY
FOR WORK.

ANDREW PICKS UP
A CHIP AND GOES
TO FEED DUFFY]

DUFFY: No more for me, Andrew.

ANDREW: Very wise.

[ANDREW RAISES HIS
COKE]

To Lisa. A woman of brilliant
judgment, exquisite taste.

DUFFY: And no job if I don't get a
move on.

ANDREW: Run. Run. I'm only after
your money, woman.

DUFFY: You're in for a big
disappointment, then.

[AS DUFFY GETS
UP, HE GRABS
HER HAND AND
BRINGS HIS FACE
CLOSE TO HERS]

DUFFY: [INTIMATE] Andrew.

ANDREW: Mmm.

DUFFY: You've got my elbow in the
relish.

(PETER BANGS HIS
PLATE WITH HIS
CUP, LAUGHING AT
THIS DISPLAY]

DUFFY: [REMEMBERING] You did ring
the hotel, didn't you?

[ANDREW TEASING,
PUTS HIS HAND
TO HIS HEAD]

ANDREW: Oh ...

DUFFY: Andrew!

ANDREW: Yes. They said they could
fit us in.

DUFFY: Good man. Right. I'm
going. Give your Mum a kiss.

[PETER KISSES HER.

ANDREW FOLLOWS HER
TO THE DOOR]

[WHISPERING] Do you think Peter
has twigged?

ANDREW: I don't think he gives two
weetabix one way or the other.

DUFFY: [LAUGHS] Not exactly
traditional, is it?

ANDREW: I intend to save myself.

DUFFY: Manage twelve hours, can you?

:: [DUFFY KISSES HIM
AND GOES]

2. EXT. STREETS. HOUSING ESTATE. NIGHT.
9.00 p.m.

[A GANG OF AROUND
A DOZEN YOUTHS HANG
AROUND A CLOSED
LIBRARY.]

THE RINGLEADERS -
TERRY AND STEVE
ARE APPROACHING ONE
OF THE PLATE GLASS
WINDOWS, CARRYING
A HUGE DUSTBIN
WHICH THEY HEAVE
THROUGH IT]

TERRY: Yesss!

[TERRY, STEVE AND
LEE JUMP INTO A
BATTERED ESCORT
AND DRIVE AWAY AS
OTHERS RUN AWAY
FROM THE LIBRARY
AS THE ALARM RINGS
OUT.]

THEY HEAD TOWARDS
A ROW OF DECREPIT
GARAGES]

3. INT. LIVING-ROOM. ERROL'S HOUSE.
NIGHT. 9.01 p.m.

[THE LIVING-ROOM
IS IMMACULATELY
DECORATED IF SLIGHTLY
OLD FASHIONED.

THERE ARE PHOTOGRAPHS
OF JOHN ON THE
MANTELPIECE IN VARIOUS
STAGES OF GROWING
UP - UP TO ABOUT
EIGHT YEARS OLD HIS
MUM IS IN THE
PICTURES WITH HIM.

AN OLD WEDDING
PHOTOGRAPH OF
A YOUNG ERROL
AND HIS WIFE SITS
ON THE TELEVISION
SET.

ERROL SITS AT A
LARGE TABLE HELPING
HIS SON, JOHN, WITH
HIS HOMEWORK.

JOHN IS STILL IN
HIS SCHOOL UNIFORM.

ERROL HEARS THE
SOUND OF CAR TYRES
AND THE LIBRARY
ALARM.

HE GOES TO THE
WINDOW, OPENS THE
CURTAINS]

ERROL: If they go near my car
there'll be trouble.

JOHN: Sit down, Dad. It's just kids messing about.

ERROL: [GETTING AGITATED]
Breaking into houses, making people's life a misery. You call that messing about, do you?

JOHN: [IMPATIENT] Can we get on with this?

ERROL: [SIGHS] Yes, yes. Where were we?

JOHN: 1840. You were going to fill me in on the Chartists.

ERROL: So ... listen I'm just going to ring Mrs. Abrahams. Checks she's O.K. Then I'll be right with you.

JOHN: [AFFECTIONATE SARCASM]
Mrs. Abrahams is probably hot wiring your car.

[ERROL SHAKES HIS
HEAD IN DISAPPROVAL.]

JOHN SIGHS AND
WATCHES HIS DAD
GO OUT TO THE
HALL.

HE LOOKS OVER,
LISTENS FOR HIS
DAD'S VOICE ON
THE TELEPHONE THEN
SNEAKS OVER TO
THE WINDOW AND
TAKES A LOOK
OUT HIMSELF.

THROUGH THE WINDOW
JOHN AND WE SEE
A FIGURE - STEVE -
STANDING IN THE
SMALL FRONT GARDEN
LOOKING UP AT THE
HOUSE.

JOHN, LOOKING
CONCERNED, QUICKLY
CLOSES THE CURTAINS]

4. INT. STAFF ROOM. NIGHT. 9.10 p.m.

[CHARLIE GOES TO
HIS LOCKER AND
FINDS AN ENVELOPE
SELOTAPED TO THE
DOOR. HE TAKES
IT OFF THE DOOR.
SANDRA ENTERS]

SANDRA: Look Charlie I'm sorry
about copping out ...

[CHARLIE LOOKS
PUZZLED]

Over that radiation business. It's
just that lately ...

CHARLIE: [INTERRUPTING] You had
every right to act the way you did.

SANDRA: Thanks.

[SHE GOES OUT.]

CHARLIE OPENS
THE ENVELOPE.
A SMILE SPREADS
ACROSS HIS FACE
AS HE READS.

MAX ENTERS AND
HE STUFFS THE CARD
INTO HIS POCKET]

MAX: Do you think we can have a
bit of a chat some time tonight?

[CHARLIE TURNS,
SMILING]

CHARLIE: Of course we can. Is it about your Dad?

MAX: No, I s'pose I'm coming to terms with that. [BEAT] You feelin' any brighter?

CHARLIE: I'm doing O.K. thanks. And I've just had a bit of good news.

[CHARLIE EXITS
STILL LOOKING
HAPPY, MAX,
INTRIGUED, STARTS
TO HANG UP HER
THINGS]

5. INT. GORDON'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 9.20 p.m.

[A HOUSE WITH
THE SAME LAYOUT
AS ERROL'S BUT
MUCH SLICKER IN
DECOR.]

THE OPEN PLAN
LIVING-ROOM IS
DIVIDED OFF FROM
A KITCHEN/DINER
BY A CENTRAL UNIT.

GORDON AND ELSPETH
ARE STANDING IN THE
KITCHEN AREA.

RAY, GORDON'S DAD,
RECOVERING FROM A
STROKE, IS SITTING
IN FRONT OF THE
TELEVISION WHICH
IS TURNED UP LOUD.

GORDON AND ELSPETH
SPEAK IN LOWERED
TONES, THEIR
VOICES RISING AS
THE ARGUMENT GETS
MORE HEATED]

GORDON: Come on, love, we deserve
a break from this.

[GORDON NODS TOWARDS
RAY AND THE LOUD
TELEVISION]

ELSPETH: I don't want to go out.

GORDON: I thought we'd decided, Elspeth. If we just stay in, [POINTING OUTSIDE] they've won, haven't they.

[ELSPETH LOOKS
DOWNCAST.

DURING THE FOLLOWING
EXCHANGE THEY BOTH
HAVE THEIR BACKS
TO RAY WHO GETS
UP AND WALKS
TOWARDS THE KITCHEN,
HEARING THE END
OF THE CONVERSATION]

ELSPETH: But your Dad...

GORDON: He'll be fine. I need to get out. Having him stay makes me feel like a kid again.

ELSPETH: You don't want him here at all, do you?

GORDON: [VOICE RAISED] Of course I do. It just gets uncomfortable.

[GORDON SEES RAY
STANDING THERE]

Dad?

RAY: You're arguing about me?

GORDON: I'm sorry. I didn't mean ...

[RAY WAVES HIS
HAND TO HUSH
HIM.

RAY REACHES INTO
HIS BACK POCKET,
PRODUCE A TEN
POUND NOTE WHICH
HE GIVES TO GORDON]

RAY: Listen. I want the pair of
you out of here, go for a drink,
get a curry. Anything. The last
thing I want is you stopping in on
account of me.

ELSPETH: We can't take this off
you, Ray.

RAY: If I thought you couldn't go
for a pint because of me I'd pack
my bags.

ELSPETH: We're fine stopping in.

RAY: No. This isn't easy. I
know that. So, don't come back less
than merry. Alright?

GORDON: Thanks, Dad.

[GORDON TAKES THE
MONEY.

RAY SMILES - THE
MOOD RELAXES]

6. INT. CUBICLE CORRIDOR/ADMIN. NIGHT.
9.25 p.m.

[DUFFY PUTTING SOME
DETAILS ON TO THE
COMPUTER.]

SANDRA LEAVES A
CUBICLE]

SANDRA: The Doctor'll be along in
a minute.

[SANDRA GOES TO
ADMIN]

DUFFY: All packed, are you?
You'll love it. Be a second
honeymoon.

SANDRA: [SERIOUS] I don't think
so Duffy. This is make or break
time. [BEAT] I got another letter
from Julian this morning.

[DUFFY IS ABOUT TO
REPLY BUT CHARLIE
AND GOES OVER AND
KISSES DUFFY]

CHARLIE: Congratulations. That's
great news.

DUFFY: [SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSED]
Thanks, Charlie.

[TO SANDRA, A
BIT SHEEPISH:]

I'm getting married.

SANDRA: You're a dark horse,
aren't you? When's the big day?

DUFFY: Tomorrow.

[SANDRA SMILING,
SHAKES HER HEAD]

SANDRA: Good for you. [SHE KISSES
DUFFY] How come he gets an invite
and I don't?

CHARLIE: I'm bringing the shotgun.

[DUFFY HITS
CHARLIE OVER THE
HEAD WITH SOME
PAPERS.

SANDRA EXITS
LAUGHING]

DUFFY: [QUIETER] You seem
happier.

CHARLIE: I stopped pretending
there wasn't a problem. It feels
like a first step.

DUFFY: Good to have you back.

[SIMON ENTERS]

CHARLIE: [PUZZLED] Simon?

SIMON: I've been called in to open the safe for a patients keys. I've also got a report that Mike needs to see - do you know where he is?

::

CHARLIE: Try his office.

[CHARLIE LOOKS
PUZZLED TO SEE
SIMON IN. SIMON
MOVES OFF]

7. INT. ERROL'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 10.10 p.m.

[ERROL AND JOHN
ARE PACKING UP
HIS BOOKS FROM
THE KITCHEN TABLE]

JOHN: You're pretty sussed for an
old man.

[ERROL MAKES A
PLAYFUL GRAB AT
JOHN AND THEY
ENGAGE IN A MOCK
FIGHT. IT IS CLEAR
THAT ERROL IS
PRETTY ADEPT AT
THIS.]

THIS IS A FUN
FIGHT - NO SENSE
OF THREAT OR
VIOLENCE. ERROL
TWISTS JOHN'S ARM
UP HIS BACK]

ERROL: Do you still think I'm old?

JOHN: No - you're younger than me
- any age you like.

[ERROL RELEASES
HIM]

I'm going up. Brain needs a rest.

[ERROL INDICATES
ALL THE BOOKS
JOHN IS CARRYING]

ERROL: It'll all be worth it. You see. Good job - place of your own away from here - Porsche in the drive.

JOHN: Dream on, Dad.

ERROL: Okay. A Skoda - who's arguing?

[JOHN GOES
UPSTAIRS ERROL
SMILES AFTER HIM.]

HE HEARS THE
SCREECH OF CAR
TYRES OUTSIDE AND
AND THE SMILE
FREEZES ON HIS
FACE.

HE LOOKS CONCERNED
AS HE STARTS TO
TIDY ROUND.

WE FOLLOW JOHN
UP THE STAIRS TO
HIS BEDROOM WHERE
HE QUICKLY AND
SILENTLY CHANGES
FROM SCHOOL UNIFORM
INTO YOUTH UNIFORM
OF HIGH TONGUED
TRAINERS, JACKET,
BAGGY JEANS ETC. ETC.

HE GOES TO THE
WINDOW, OPENS IT,
LISTENS OUT FOR
HIS FATHER, PUTS
OUT THE BEDROOM
LIGHT, AND CLIMBS
OUT OF THE WINDOW]

8. INT. RECEPTION. NIGHT. 10.17 p.m.

[MIKE ENTERS THE
AREA BEHIND THE
COUNTER. SPEAKS
AT A STAGE WHISPER
TO NORMA]

MIKE: You manage it, sweetheart?

NORMA: Yes, had some rather funny
looks in the shop.

MIKE: You'll get a medal for this.
Where is it?

[NORMA NODS DOWN
TO A SPACE BELOW
THE COUNTER AND
ATTENDS TO A
YOUNG WOMAN WHO
LIMPS UP TO THE
COUNTER]

NORMA: [URGENTLY] Mike!

[MIKE MANAGES TO
GET UP AND BLOCK
ROB'S VIEW OF
RECEPTION AS HE
ARRIVES]

ROB: I've got a dermatology case
I'd like you to look at.

MIKE: Right, lead the way.

[MIKE LEADS ROB
OFF.]

DUFFY HAS JUST
DROPPED A PATIENT
OFF - AND SPOTS
SANDRA WHO IS
ABOUT TO PICK
ANOTHER PATIENT
UP]

SANDRA: [HUMMING] Here comes the
bride.

DUFFY: Shh. It's supposed to be a
secret. I'm sorry about not
telling you Sandra, but I just
wanted to keep it really quiet
until it actually happens.

NORMA: [SHOUTING] I hear
congratulations are in order,
Sister Duffin!

[DUFFY SHAKES
HER HEAD AND
GETS A PATIENT
CARD]

9. EXT. STREETS. NIGHT. 10.22 p.m.

[TERRY, STEVE AND
OTHER GANG MEMBERS
ARE GATHERED
ACROSS THE ROAD
FROM GORDON AND
ELSPETH'S HOUSE.]

THEY AREN'T
STANDING FAR FROM
A BATTERED FORD
ESCORT.

JOHN RUNS UP THE
ROAD TO JOIN THEM]

TERRY: Watcha John boy, better
late than never.

STEVE: Dad kept you in again, did
he?

JOHN: What were you doing in the
garden?

STEVE: Thought I'd see where you'd
got to.

[JOHN, TURNING HIS
BACK ON STEVE]

JOHN: What we doing?

[TERRY LAUGHS AND
POINTS INTO THE
BACK OF THE ESCORT]

TERRY: That's what we're doing.
Videos, tele's, CDs.

STEVE: If you can handle it, that
is, schoolboy.

∴ [TERRY PUTS HIS
ARM ROUND JOHN
AND THEY HEAD
FOR GORDON AND
ELSPETH'S HOUSE]

TERRY: It's not John I'm worried
about. Get round the back with the
others and take the stuff.

[STEVE HESITATES,
NOT QUITE BELIEVING
HIS DEMOTION]

STEVE: You're kidding, I'm a front
door man.

TERRY: Go on!

[STEVE HEADS
RELUCTANTLY FOR
THE BACK.

TERRY AND JOHN
GO TO THE FRONT
DOOR.

TERRY TURNS TO
JOHN AND WINKS]

Right. Let's kick start the
economy.

[TERRY AND JOHN
TAKE TURNS TO
KICK AT THE FRONT
DOOR UNTIL IT
BEGINS TO SPLINTER
AT THE FRAME - IT
DOES THIS IN THE
SPACE OF FOUR OR
FIVE KICKS]

10. INT. GORDON'S HOUSE. NIGHT.
[CONTINUOUS]

∴
[RAY IS WATCHING
TELEVISION. THERE
IS A SERIES OF
MASSIVE BANGS AT
THE FRONT DOOR.]

HE LOOKS AROUND
ALARMED, AND
STARTS TO GET UP
AS JOHN AND TERRY
ENTER THE ROOM
WITH TWO KIDS
INCLUDING LEE
BEHIND THEM. THEY
ARE VERY HIGH ON
THE ACTION]

JOHN: Shit! There's somebody in
here.

[TERRY PUSHES RAY,
WHO IS NOT TOO
STEADY ON HIS FEET]

TERRY: You sit down and stay
quiet, Grandad. No harm'll come to
you, all right?

[RAY TRIES TO KEEP
COMING AT HIM. IT
IS CLEAR THAT TERRY
CAN HANDLE THIS.]

JOHN STARTS TAKING
THE RECORD PLAYER
APART]

RAY: Don't you speak to me like that. Get out of this house! Go on! Bigger off! The lot of you!

TERRY: Take my advice, Mister. Sit yourself down and shut that.

[RAY TAKES A SWING AT TERRY, WHICH HE EASILY PARRIES.

WHEN RAY TRIES AGAIN, TERRY CATCHES HIS ARM AND HE PUSHES HIM DOWN INTO THE CHAIR.

JOHN SNEAKS AN UNEASY GLANCE AS HE EXITS QUICKLY WITH RECORD DECK AND AMP.

THE OTHERS ARE GRABBING THE TELEVISION AND VIDEO]

RAY: You mean beggars! Leave that stuff alone. Get your filthy hands off!

[RAY STRUGGLES, TERRY SHOVES HIM DOWN INTO THE CHAIR]

TERRY: I thought I told you.

[TERRY LIFTS HIS HAND AND SMACKS RAY ACROSS THE FACE. WE HEAR LAUGHTER.

FROM RAY'S P.O.V., WE SEE TERRY RAISE HIS ARM TO DELIVER ANOTHER BLOW]

11. INT. CUBICLE CORRIDOR/RECEPTION.
NIGHT. 10.30 p.m.

[AN N.S. PATIENT
EMERGES WITH ROB
FROM THE CUBICLE.
HE LOOKS PLEASED
AND TURNS TO
SHAKE ROB'S HAND]

ROB: And don't forget the
appointment with outpatients.

[N.S. PATIENT
EXITS, ROB WATCHES
AFTER HIM, MIKE
APPROACHES.]

SIMON APPROACHES
TOWARDS THE END
OF THIS EXCHANGE]

MIKE: Only six hours to go and at
last the boy has a satisfied
customer.

[SIMON HANDS MIKE
A REPORT]

Cheers, mate. Back to bed now, eh?

SIMON: [IRRITATED] Now I'm here I
might as well stay for a couple of
hours - plenty to catch up on.
Rob, it'd be nice to see you before
you go - if you can get away.

[SIMON EXITS.]

ROB AND MIKE
WATCH SIMON GO]

MIKE: The undead - he never sleeps.

:: [ROB EXITS.

MIKE GOES TO
NORMA]

About five minutes Norma, all right?

[CLAIRE AND NORMA
SHARE A CONSPIRATORIAL
GLANCE]

12. EXT. STREETS. NIGHT. 10.38 p.m.

[GORDON AND ELSPETH
WALK HOME FROM THE
PUB, WRAPPED AROUND
EACH OTHER, SLIGHTLY
MERRY, RELAXED AND
GIGGLY, UNTIL THEY
SEE THAT THE FRONT
DOOR OF THEIR HOUSE
HAS BEEN KICKED IN]

GORDON: No! What's happened?

[GORDON AND ELSPETH
RUN INTO THE HOUSE]

13. INT. GORDON'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.
[CONTINUOUS]

[RAY IS CROUCHING
ON THE FLOOR,
CLUTCHING HIS HEAD,
WHICH IS BLEEDING.]

[WE HEAR GORDON AND
ELSPETH ARRIVE
BACK]

GORDON: [VOICE OVER] Dad! Dad!

[GORDON AND ELSPETH
ENTER, RAY TURNS,
HIS FACE IS BATTERED
AND BRUISED, BUT
HE TRIES TO MUSTER
A SMILE, HE IS
DABBING AT ONE OF
THE WOUNDS]

ELSPETH: Oh, Ray. What've they
done to you.

RAY: It's not as bad as it looks.

ELSPETH: Let me take a look, sit
down.

GORDON: Who did it, Dad? Who did
this to you?

RAY: Some lads, group of
youngsters, they got away with the
video.

ELSPETH: Get me some cold water,
Gordon.

GORDON: What did they look like?

RAY: Was too quick. They looked
like all the youngsters. Baseball
caps and the like.

[GORDON GOES TO
A CUPBOARD, BRINGS
OUT A BASEBALL BAT]

GORDON: I'm glad they like to play
baseball, I'll go and give them a
game.

ELSPETH: Gordon! For God's sake.
We should get your Dad down the
hospital.

GORDON: And let them get away with
it. Attacking my Dad? In my own
house?

[GORDON GOES TO
THE TELEPHONE AND
STARTS TO DIAL.

ELSPETH LOOKS AT
RAY, GENTLY
HELPS HIM TO HIS
FEET]

ELSPETH: Come on, Ray. Are you
O.K. to walk to the car?

RAY: No bother, love.

ELSPETH: Can't you leave that till
we get back, Gordon?

GORDON: No.

[ELSPETH SHAKES
HER HEAD AS SHE
LEADS RAY OUT
INTO THE HALL]

14. INT. HALL. NIGHT. [CONTINUOUS]

[ELSPETH LEADS
RAY TOWARDS THE
FRONT DOOR]

ELSPETH: O.K. Ray. Nice and easy.

RAY: I'm sorry about your things.

ELSPETH: Come on. It's you that
matters.

15. INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT. [CONTINUOUS]

::

[GORDON IS ON
THE TELEPHONE]

GORDON: Enough's enough, Errol.
We've got to stamp on 'em this
time.

MONTAGE:

16. INT. ERROL'S KITCHEN. NIGHT. 10.45 p.m.

[ERROL GRABS A
LARGE SPANNER
FROM A KITCHEN
DRAWER]

16A. INT. IAN'S FRONT ROOM. NIGHT.
[CONTINUOUS]

[IAN TAKES A HAMMER
FROM HIS TOOL BOX]

16B. INT. SHED. DIFFERENT HOUSE. NIGHT.
[CONTINUOUS]

[A DIFFERENT HAND
PICKS UP A PICK
AXE HANDLE]

16C. INT. GARAGE. NIGHT. [CONTINUOUS]

[A DIFFERENT HAND
GRABS A TYRE LEVER
FROM THE CORNER
OF A GARAGE]

17. INT. RECEPTION. NIGHT. 10.50 p.m.

::

[NORMA GREETES
ROB AS HE DASHES
INTO RECEPTION
WHERE JANE IS
WAITING]

NORMA: You're needed right away,
Rob. Jane'll explain.

JANE: Where've you been? We've
got a poisonous snake bite. We
radioed ahead.

ROB: I didn't take it. Where's
Mike?

[JANE ALREADY
MOVING OFF]

JANE: How should I know? We've
taken the patient straight to
crash. B.P.'s gone through the
floor.

ROB: How did it happen?

JANE: He's some sort of cabaret
performer.

[ROB AND JANE
HEAD FOR CRASH]

18. INT. CRASH. NIGHT. 10.51 p.m.

[ASH, SANDRA,
DUFFY AND CHARLIE
ARE GATHERED ROUND
A SUPINE FIGURE
ON ONE OF THE
CRASH BEDS.

JOSH IS ALSO IN
ATTENDANCE.

DRIPS ARE APPARENTLY
BEING ATTACHED
AND CHARLIE IS
APPARENTLY ON THE
TELEPHONE TO
ANOTHER DEPARTMENT,
ROB ENTERS]

CHARLIE: About time too, Rob.

ROB: I didn't take the call, how's
he doing?

CHARLIE: Pretty bad. B.P. 70 over
50. Unconscious on arrival.
[cont ...]

[ROB GETS THROUGH
TO THE FIGURE ON
THE BED, COVERED
FROM HEAD TO TOE
IN A BLANKET.

ROB LOOKS PUZZLED,
THEN REALISES THAT
ALL IS NOT WHAT
IT SEEMS.

MIKE AND MAX
HAVE ENTERED
AT THE BACK.

ROB DRAGS THE
BLANKET BACK
OFF THE FIGURE.

IT IS A BLOW-UP
MALE DOLL
DRESSED IN ONLY A
SEQUINED JOCKSTRAP
AND TASSLES.

AN ENLARGED
PHOTOGRAPH OF
ROB HAS BEEN
ATTACHED TO THE
HEAD WITH ELASTIC
BANDS.

CHEERING AND CLAPPING]

CHARLIE: [cont] Looks like you
got here too late, Rob.

ROB: Would he be suitable for an
organ snatch?

SANDRA: Don't know. We haven't
looked under his pouch yet.

ROB: I shall miss a lot of things
about this department. But your
sense of humour won't be one of
them.

[SHOUTS OF 'BOO'
'POOR SHOW' ETC]

CHARLIE: We'd just like to give
you this token of our appreciation.

[ROB OPENING THE
ENVELOPE]

ROB: Thank you. I've learnt a hell of a lot over the last six months.

MIKE: Some of it to do with medicine, I hope.

ROB: [DETERMINEDLY SERIOUS] The most important thing I've learnt is that A and E is a team game - and I've been privileged to work with one of the best.

ALL: Ah! Thank you! Crawler!

[ROB SHRUGS,
SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSED,
AND LEAVES CRASH.

THE OTHERS START
TO MOVE OFF QUITE
HAPPY]

JOSH: [TO DUMMY] Thanks Simon, you can put your clothes back on now.

19. EXT. STREETS. NIGHT. 10.55 p.m.

[GORDON WALKS DOWN
THE STREET CLUTCHING
HIS BASEBALL BAT.]

HE JOINS A GROUP
OF ABOUT A DOZEN
OTHER MEN AND WOMEN,
MOST OF WHOM ARE
CARRYING IMPROVISED
WEAPONS. AT THE
HEAD OF THE GROUP
IS ERROL]

ERROL: Ian saw them at the garages
behind Brinkman Street.

GORDON: What we waiting for, then?

ERROL: Hang on. Hang on. Let's
not forget why we got this group
going.

GORDON: 'cos the police don't give
a stuff about what happens to us.

[A FEW SHOUTS
OF AGREEMENT]

ERROL: Gordon, I know you're upset
about your Father, but we need to
keep this under control.

GORDON: Tell that to them, Errol.

[THEY MOVE OFF]

20. EXT. GARAGES. NIGHT. 11.00 p.m.

[TERRY, STEVE, JOHN
AND LEE ARE AMONG
A GROUP OF KIDS
UNLOADING VARIOUS
NICKED GOODS FROM
A BATTERED FORD
ESCORT AND RUNNING
INTO A GARAGE.]

TERRY AND JOHN
ARE STILL HIGH
FROM THE JOB THEY
PULLED AT GORDON
AND ELSPETH'S HOUSE.

THE REST OF THE
GANG START TO
DISPERSE AS TERRY
LOCKS THE DOOR.

STEVE IS KEEPING
A LOOK OUT]

TERRY: That's the lot. Get rid of
these in the pub tomorrow, no
bother.

JOHN: We'll be quids in.

TERRY: That old get'll think twice
before he starts throwing the slaps
around. Any more I'd 'ave given
him this.

[TERRY INDICATES
THE KNIFE IN HIS
POCKET.]

THEN TERRY LOCKS
THE GARAGE.

STEVE - WHO HAS
BEEN KEEPING
A LOOKOUT - WHISTLES
DOWN THE ALLEY
TOWARDS THEM.

TERRY AND JOHN
AND OTHERS RUN
AND SCRAMBLE OVER
THE WALL AT THE
END.

STEVE ALSO RUNS
TOWARDS THE WALL
BUT NOW GORDON
AND ERROL ARE IN
PURSUIT.

STEVE RUNS AND
TAKES A JUMP AT
THE WALL AND
LOSES HIS GRIP.

HE SLIDES TO THE
FLOOR AND GORDON
CATCHES UP WITH
HIM.

GORDON LIFTS HIM UP]

GORDON: You're in bother,
sunshine.

STEVE: Come on Mister. I wasn't
doing nothing.

[GORDON CHUCKS
STEVE TO THE
FLOOR AND HITS
HIM ON THE BACK
WITH THE BASEBALL
BAT.

STEVE CURLS INTO
A BALL AND AWAITS
THE SECOND BLOW.

GORDON LIFTS
THE BAT HIGH
ABOVE HIS HEAD.

ERROL GRABS
THE BAT]

ERROL: Gordon. Leave it!

[GORDON, OUT OF
CONTROL, CROUCHES
AND GRABS STEVE
AND CHUCKS HIM
AGAINST THE WALL]

GORDON: If you haven't got the
stomach, Errol, look the other way.

[ERROL PUTS HIMSELF
BETWEEN GORDON AND
STEVE]

ERROL: This isn't what we're here
for, and you know it.

[ERROL FACES GORDON
DOWN. STEVE TAKES
HIS CHANCE AND SLIPS
BY THEM]

We've found their stash and that
one's learnt his lesson.

[STEVE STANDS AT
THE END OF THE
STREET A SAFE
DISTANCE AWAY,
CLUTCHING HIS BACK]

STEVE: You're dead, pal. We'll be
coming round and you're bleeding
dead.

[GORDON MAKES
TO GO AFTER
THEM.]

ERROL PUTS A
PLACATORY HAND
OUT]

GORDON: [SHOUTING] Oh, yeah,
really learnt it well, hasn't he?

[GORDON TURNS AND
IN FRUSTRATION,
SMASHES THE BASEBALL
BAT HARD AGAINST
THE GARAGE DOOR.]

THEN MOVES OFF,
AWAY FROM ERROL,
IN PURSUIT OF
STEVE]

ERROL: Gordon! Gordon!

21. INT. CUBICLE 2. NIGHT. 11.15 p.m.

[MIKE IS LOOKING
INTO RAY'S EYES,
SANDRA IS TAKING
HIS BLOOD PRESSURE.]

ELSPETH IS LOOKING
ON.

RAY IS LOOKING
VERY ILL]

MIKE: [TO SANDRA] Steristrips
above the eyebrow, O.K? [TO RAY]
You're not suffering from any
dizziness, feelings of nausea?

RAY: No, Doctor. I'm no so bad.
Touch of indigestioN but apart from
that.

MIKE: Well, you're showing no
signs of concussion but you have
been in hospital recently, is that
right?

RAY: Yeah, I had a bit of a
stroke, that's all.

MIKE: After you've been patched up
I think you should be admitted for
a couple of days - just for
observation.

RAY: I don't know about that.

ELSPETH: Ray.

RAY: There's nothing wrong with me.

MIKE: [FIRMLY] I really think it'd be a good idea.

RAY: All right, all right. I'll take one of your beds.

[MIKE AND
ELSPETH EXIT]

22. INT. CUBICLE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.
[CONTINUOUS]

[MIKE AND ELSPETH
COME OUT OF THE
CUBICLE.]

ELSPETH STARTS
TO MOVE OFF]

ELSPETH: I'll have to ring my
husband.

MIKE: Have you reported this
incident to the police?

[ELSPETH STOPS]

ELSPETH: No. We don't report
things anymore. My husband and
some other people on the estate -
they go around, keep an eye on
things, sort out trouble-makers.

MIKE: [DOUBTFUL] I see.

ELSPETH: The police are over-
stretched - we have to do
something, don't we?

MIKE: As long as it doesn't get
out of hand. [cont ...]

[MIKE LOOKS TOWARDS
THE CUBICLE, CALLS
MAX]

MIKE: [cont] Max? Could you show
Mrs. Macauley where the phones are?

MAX: Sure.

:: [MAX TAKES
ELSPETH TOWARDS
THE TELEPHONES.

MIKE EXITS]

23. EXT. STREETS. NIGHT. 11.20 p.m.

[TERRY, JOHN AND
OTHERS ARE ROCKING
A CAR BACKWARDS
AND FORWARDS UNTIL
THEY MANAGE TO
TURN IT ON TO
ITS SIDE]

[Tog:]

[TERRY: Arrright!

[JOHN: Nice one!

[OTHER YOUTHS
SCURRY BACK AND
FORWARD WITH
RUBBISH DUSTBINS,
BITS OF FENCES
INEXPERTLY
BUILDING A CRUDE
BARRICADE.

STEVE RUNS DOWN
THE ROAD TOWARDS
THEM]

TERRY: You all right?

STEVE: Yeah - [NODS TOWARDS JOHN]
No thanks to his old man.

JOHN: What you rattling on about?

STEVE: He's leading the lantees.
Funny how they knew where to find
us, isn't it?

[JOHN GRABS STEVE
BY THE THROAT.]

THE FOLLOWING
EXCHANGES OVERLAP]

JOHN: You're talking crap.

STEVE: Go take a look for
yourself.

[TERRY AND LEE
SEPARATE THEM]

TERRY: All right, John, pack the
muscle, eh? [TO STEVE] And you,
just give that mouth a rest.

[GORDON COMES
ROUND THE CORNER.]

HE SEES THE THREE
PROTAGONISTS AND
BARRICADES]

STEVE: You looking for me, tosser.

[GORDON REALISES
HE IS OUTNUMBERED.]

HE TURNS AND SEES
LEE AND TWO
OTHERS BLOCKING
HIS WAY]

TERRY: Looks like you've bit off
more than you can chew.

GORDON: You think so, sonny? I
might surprise you.

TERRY: Your idea of being hard, is
it? Beating up some kid with your
baseball bat?

[JOHN GRABS THE
BAT OFF GORDON
AS THE GANG
CLOSE IN ON HIM]

24. INT. ADMIN. NIGHT. 11.25 p.m.

[ROB IS ON THE
TELEPHONE.]

SIMON HOVERS, ILL
AT EASE, WAITING
FOR HIM TO
FINISH, THEN
APPROACHES HIM
WITH A CARD AND
A SMALL BOX]

SIMON: You obviously didn't have
the time to come and find me.

ROB: Sorry, Simon - completely
slipped my mind.

[SIMON GIVES
ROB A SMALL
BOOK SHAPED
PARCEL - SLIGHTLY
EMBARRASSED]

What's this then? An injured frog?

[ROB REALISES
FROM SIMON'S
PUZZLED EXPRESSION
THAT IT'S FOR REAL]

That's very kind of you, Simon.

[ROB TAKES THE
PRESENT AND
BEGINS TO UNWRAP
IT.]

SIMON STARTS TO
BACK OUT]

SIMON: With both of us being new
boys - I didn't want the moment to
just pass unmentioned.

[SIMON BACKS AWAY,
NEARLY BACKING
INTO ASH, SMILES
AWKWARDLY AND
EXITS.

ROB CONTINUES TO
UNWRAP THE
PRESENT]

ASH: Aye, aye. Beware of geeks
bearing gifts.

[ROB TAKES AN
EXPENSIVE FILO-
FAX OUT OF THE
PACKAGE. HIS NAME
IS EMBOSSED ON THE
FRONT.

BOTH HE AND ASH
LOOK SURPRISED.

DUFFY ENTERS]

DUFFY: What's this?

ASH: Simon got it for Rob, a
leaving present.

ROB: Better go and thank him.

[ROB EXITS,
LEAVING ASH AND
DUFFY RATHER
SURPRISED]

DUFFY: Makes the record token we
got him look a bit sad, doesn't it?

25. INT. CUBICLE 2. NIGHT. 11.27 p.m.

::

[SANDRA HAS PUT
THE STERISTRIPS
ON RAY'S EYE
AND IS CLEANING
UP THE OTHER CUTS
ON HIS HEAD]

RAY: I would have done all right,
only there were four of them.

SANDRA: You shouldn't have had to
fight at all.

RAY: I've had one or two battles
in my time. Where I grew up it
could be rough - but we'd never do
anything like this - never.

SANDRA: They're not worth thinking
about.

RAY: [GRIMMER] They laughed at
me. That's what I can't get over.
Young'uns with nothing but contempt
for you.

SANDRA: You never know. They
might get caught.

RAY: What'd be the use? They
wouldn't be sorry. I want them to
feel sorry, but they won't.

[RAY LOOKS ALMOST
TO BE ON THE
VERGE OF TEARS.]

SANDRA PATS RAY'S
HAND]

SANDRA: Now you lie here, take it
easy until we get a bed for you.
Okay?

[SANDRA EXITS]

26. EXT. STREETS. NIGHT. 11.40 p.m.

[ERROL IS
TENDING TO
GORDON WHO IS
LYING ON THE
FLOOR, HAVING
BEEN BEATEN UP.

GORDON IS SHAKEN
BUT CONSCIOUS,
BLEEDING FROM THE
HEAD, HIS ARM
HANGING - BROKEN.

IAN - ANOTHER OF
THE VIGILANTES
CROUCHES BY HIM.

OVER THE ROAD,
TERRY, STEVE AND
LEE HAVE BEEN
JOINED BY ABOUT
TWO DOZEN OTHERS.

THERE IS NO
SIGN OF JOHN.

THEY HAVE ASSEMBLED
THE BARRICADE
AROUND THE UPTURNED
CAR. IT IS A
HOPELESS, RAMSHACKLE
STRUCTURE WITH GAPS
AT EITHER SIDE.

THE OCCASIONAL
BRICK SAILS OVER
THE BARRICADE.

SOME OF THE
VIGILANTES ARE
GROUPED ROUND
GORDON, OTHERS ARE
CHUCKING THE BRICKS
BACK.

SKIRMISHES BREAK
OUT AT THE EDGES
OF THE BARRICADE.

A LOT OF NOISE,
SHOUTING OF
THREATS FROM BOTH
SIDES]

IAN: [SHOUTING] One at a time!
Come on. See how hard you are
then.

[TERRY LOBS A
HOUSE BRICK IN
THEIR DIRECTION
AND THEN RETREATS
A LITTLE UP THE
ROAD.

THE REST OF THE
YOUTHS LAUGH,
MAKE 'OO, OO,
OO' SOUNDS]

ERROL: Get real, Ian. Gordon's
hurt. What good you doing him?

[BUT IAN IS ALREADY
IN PURSUIT OF STEVE
WHO HE PURSUES
BEYOND THE
BARRICADE AND HITS
ON THE BACK OF THE
NECK WITH A SPANNER.

THE TWO OF THEM
FIGHT AND MORE JOIN
IN, FISTS AND FEET
AND WEAPONS FLY.

ERROL STANDS AND
APPROACHES THE
BARRICADE - THROUGH
THE CONFUSION HE
SEES JOHN]

John!

[ERROL LOOKS AGAIN BUT JOHN HAS GONE. HE RUSHES TO DRAG A YOUTH AWAY FROM GORDON AS HE LIES ON THE GROUND.

THE AMBULANCE WITH JOSH AND JANE APPEARS ROUND THE CORNER ON THE YOUTHS SIDE OF THE BARRICADE]

JOSH: This looks cosy.

[THEY SURVEY THE SCENE.

A STONE SAILS FROM THE BACK OF THE GROUP OF YOUTHS AND HITS THE SIDE OF THE AMBULANCE, THE INCIDENT IS GREETED BY CHEERING.

ERROL IS FLAGGING THEM DOWN.

SOME OF THE VIGILANTES ARE ATTEMPTING TO TAKE THE BARRICADE APART]

Bloke hurt over by that wall.

JANE: We're never gonna' get through all this!

[JOSH AND JANE GET OUT OF THE AMBULANCE.

JOSH AND JANE
ARE MET BY
ERROL AND MARY
WHO TAKE JOSH
TOWARDS GORDON]

ERROL: Gordon here's taken a bad beating. I've kept him still. His arm doesn't lock too good.

JOSH: Right, Gordon. Can you move at all? That's right, rest your back against the wall.

[STEVE, BLEEDING
FROM HIS NECK,
BUT STILL STANDING
IS THRUST AT JANE
BY TERRY]

TERRY: You better take him if you know what's good for you.

JANE: [FIRM] I don't listen to threats. All right? How did that happen?

STEVE: That scum on the deck did it. Set about me with a baseball bat. Then some lantee cut me.

TERRY: That's right.

[A LARGE NUMBER
OF THE GANG HAVE
CROSSED THE ROAD NOW
AND ARE GATHERING
ROUND JANE WHO IS
TRYING TO TAKE A
LOOK AT STEVE - WHO
IS IN A HEIGHTENED
STATE, HALF EXCITED,
HALF SHOCKED BY
WHAT IS HAPPENING.]

THE FOLLOWING
EXCHANGE IS
VIRTUALLY SCREAMED]

IAN: That's a lie, and you know
it. You were all thievin'!

TERRY: Yeah? D'ya see us, did ya?

IAN: Liars. The bloody lot of
you.

[TERRY AND IAN
TRADE BLOWS, A
NUMBER FROM THE
GANG LEAP IN AND
START TO KICK
IAN, A NUMBER OF
VIGILANTES JOIN
IN.]

WE ARE CLOSE UP
ON JOSH, HELPING
GORDON TO HIS
FEET, A LARGE
STONE LANDS JUST
BY THEM]

JOSH: Let's get out of here
sharpish.

JANE: There's a lad back here
needs to come.

[AS GORDON, JOSH
AND JANE SET
OFF TOWARDS THE
AMBULANCE WE SEE
STEVE BEING PULLED
AWAY]

TERRY: Stuff you! We'll take him
ourselves.

JOSH: Please can you just back off? We're just here to help. Bring your injured mate. Come on.

TERRY: You know nothing, you sad twat.

[JOSH IS ALMOST
BESIDE HIMSELF
WITH ANGER AT
THIS RESPONSE]

JANE: Come on Josh, let's get moving.

[LEE RUSHES
FORWARD AND
TRIES TO HIT
GORDON AND ERROL
BLOCKS THE BLOW.

ERROL MANAGES TO
FORCE A WAY FOR
GORDON AND JOSH
THROUGH THE
FIGHTING CROWD]

ERROL: There's a guy hurt here. Please. [cont ...]

[THEY MANAGE TO
BUNDLE GORDON ON
TO THE AMBULANCE.

A GROUP OF YOUTHS
START TO ROCK
THE AMBULANCE.

JANE CAN'T GET
THE AMBULANCE DOOR
SHUT.

ERROL PUSHES SOME
OF THE YOUTHS AWAY.

WE SEE JOHN
WATCHING NERVOUSLY,
PARTLY CONCEALED
IN A GARDEN]

ERROL: [cont] Lads, lads. Let it
go.

[A STONE HITS
ERROL. HE COVERS
HIS HEAD FOR A
MOMENT THEN SEES
IAN IS ISOLATED
AND GETTING THE
WORST OF IT FROM
LEE AND ANOTHER
YOUTH SOME YARDS
AWAY.

HE WADES IN DRAGS
BOTH ASSAILANTS OFF
IAN.

HIS SIZE IS
INTIMIDATING TO THE
LADS WHO THINK TWICE
BEFORE HAVING A GO
AT HIM.

TERRY RUNS TOWARDS
ERROL - REACHING
FOR HIS KNIFE.

OUT OF THE CROWD
OF YOUTHS WE
HEAR JOHN'S VOICE]

JOHN: No! [cont ...]

[ERROL TURNS AND
SEES JOHN. THEIR
EYES MEET.

BY THE TIME ERROL
TURNS BACK, TERRY
IS VIRTUALLY ON
TOP OF HIM, STABS
HIM IN THE CHEST.

ERROL STUMBLES.

JOHN RUNS THROUGH
THE CROWD AND
DRAGS HIS DAD
TOWARDS THE
AMBULANCE.

TERRY RUNS OFF,
AS DOES LEE AND
TWO OTHERS]

JOHN: [cont] Let me through!
Let me through! It's my Dad.
They've stabbed my Dad.

[JANE RUSHES TO
HELP, AND BETWEEN
THEM THEY MOVE
ERROL TO THE
AMBULANCE.

AT THAT MOMENT A
SECOND AMBULANCE
AND TWO POLICE
CARS COME ROUND
THE CORNER.

SOME FIGHTING
CONTINUES AND
SOME OF THE YOUTHS
DISPERSE]

27. INT. RECEPTION. NIGHT. 11.45 p.m.

[ELSPETH IS ON
THE TELEPHONE,
LISTENING TO IT
RING, SHE HANGS
UP, FRUSTRATED]

MAX: Still no luck?

ELSPETH: He'll be out on patrol.
[SHAKING HER HEAD] He's got this
sort of gang together.

MAX: What? Like a
vigilante group?

ELSPETH: It's just desperate.
When we bought our house from the
council we thought - this is it,
we're on our way. Now I'm
frightened to go out for a pint of
milk. Just goes on and on. Reprisals,
smashed windows, dog-crap through
the letter box. There's no such
thing as the final word.

[ELSPETH SHAKES
HER HEAD AND
GOES TO SIT DOWN.]

MAX MOVES TOWARDS
CHARLIE'S OFFICE]

28. INT. AMBULANCE. NIGHT. 11.50 p.m.

[GORDON IS SITTING UP, CLUTCHING HIS GOOD HAND TO A HEAD WOUND, HIS OTHER HAND IN A SLING.

ERROL IS ON THE BED, BEING GIVEN OXYGEN.

JANE HAS PUT A DRIP UP.

JOHN IS ALSO IN THE AMBULANCE]

JANE: Won't be long now, Errol. Take some deep breaths.

[ERROL REMOVES THE OXYGEN MASK]

ERROL: My son, he was with those others. My son, John.

JANE: He's right here, Errol. He's all right.

[JANE NODS TO JOHN FOR HIM TO COME FORWARD SO HIS DAD CAN SEE HIM.

JOHN NERVOUSLY LOOKS DOWN AT HIS DAD]

ERROL: What were you doing? What did you think you were doing?

JOHN: [HESITANT] I heard the noise. I came out to see what was going on.

ERROL: Don't lie to me, John. Don't lie to me!

[JOHN SHAKES HIS HEAD AND REACHES TOWARDS ERROL, BUT ERROL TURNS HIS FACE AWAY.]

JOHN RETREATS.

JANE MOVES IN AS ERROL CLUTCHES HIS CHEST]

JANE: Take some more oxygen, Errol. Lie back and just stay still.

JOHN: [QUIETLY] Is he going to be okay?

GORDON: [TO JOHN] Proud of yourself now are you, son?

JOHN: Shut it! S'got nothing to do with you?

GORDON: It's got everything to do with me - one of your mates gave my Dad a kicking.

JANE: Gordon. Can we just have a bit of quiet back here. For Errol? Yeah? Please.

[JOHN AND GORDON FALL BACK INTO AN UNEASY SILENCE]

29. INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE. NIGHT 11.53 p.m.

[CHARLIE WORKING,
MAX ENTERS]

MAX: You don't have to if you don't think I'd be any good but you were the first person I thought of asking.

CHARLIE: Is there a question in there somewhere, Max?

MAX: I've applied to do my nurse training, project 2,000. I was wondering if you'd do a reference for me.

CHARLIE: I'd be delighted. I'm sure you'll make an excellent nurse.

MAX: [FLATTERED] Yeah, well, I've worked with one of the best.

[AS BLEEPER
SOUNDS]

CHARLIE: [IRONIC] I just hope I haven't made the job look too glamorous. Holby Casualty, receiving, over.

CONTROL: Vehicle inbound, two male, one head injury, one stab wound to the chest. ETA ten minutes. Major disturbance on the Mayster Estate.

CHARLIE: All received Holby
Casualty standing by.

[CHARLIE AND MAX
GO TO LEAVE ADMIN]

MAX: The Mayster Estate's where
that old bloke's from.

30. EXT. CASUALTY ENTRANCE. NIGHT. 12.00 p.m.

[THE BATTERED
ESCORT SCREECHES
TO A HALT OUTSIDE
THE HOSPITAL AND
TERRY AND FOUR
OTHERS, DRAGGING
STEVE, GET OUT
OF THE CAR.

THEY HALF RUN
STEVE INTO THE
HOSPITAL.

ANOTHER CAR DRAWS
UP, FULL OF YOUTHS]

31. INT. RECEPTION. NIGHT. 12.01 a.m.

[NORMA HAS JUST
TAKEN A WOMAN'S
DETAILS AND IS
DIRECTING HER TO
THE SEATS.

TERRY, STEVE -
WITH BLOOD ON THE
BACK OF HIS T-SHIRT -
AND FOUR OTHERS
BURST THROUGH THE
DOOR.

TERRY VIRTUALLY
CHUCKS STEVE
AGAINST THE COUNTER]

TERRY: Get us a doctor!

NORMA: First of all, I need a
name.

[CHARLIE ENTERS]

CHARLIE: What's the trouble?

[TERRY, STEVE
AND ONE OTHER
START TO TALK AT
THE SAME TIME.

STEVE IS LOOKING
WEAKER BY NOW]

TERRY: He got hit, didn't he?
Can't you see that.

STEVE: These two old blokes.

TERRY: Give him a right hiding.
We're gonna press charges.

.. [CHARLIE HOLDS
.. UP HIS HANDS]

CHARLIE: If you lot go and sit
down over there, then I'll take him
through and have a look at his
injuries.

[CHARLIE STARTS
TO LEAD STEVE
OFF BUT TERRY AND
THE OTHERS GO
WITH HIM]

TERRY: Who do you think you're
ordering about?

CHARLIE: Do you want him looked
at, or not?

TERRY: You deaf or something?

[TERRY GRABS
STEVE AND TAKES
HIM TOWARDS THE
CUBICLES, PULLS
BACK ONE WHICH
IS EMPTY AND
SHOVES HIM IN]

There. Now bloody well look at
him.

CHARLIE: I'll see him, but not a
chance with you here. Out. The
lot of you. [cont ...]

[BY NOW DUFFY,
ASH AND SANDRA
ARE STANDING
BEHIND CHARLIE.]

TERRY AND THE
OTHERS START TO
MOVE AWAY BUT
FURTHER INTO THE
CUBICLE CORRIDOR]

CHARLIE: [cont] I said out!

[ALTHOUGH ASH,
DUFFY AND CHARLIE
MANAGE TO GRAB
TWO OF THE LADS,
TERRY AND ONE OTHER
ARE STILL ON THE
LOOSE.]

STEVE LEAVES HIS
CUBICLE.

TERRY BURSTS INTO
RAY'S CUBICLE.

IN THE MAYHEM,
CHARLIE DOESN'T
NOTICE STEVE
LEAVE]

32. INT. CUBICLE 2. NIGHT. [CONTINUOUS]

[TERRY GOES RIGHT
OVER TO RAY.]

RAY TRIES TO
REMOVE HIS OXYGEN
MASK BUT TERRY
SHOVES IT HARD
AGAINST HIS FACE]

TERRY: You say anything to the
police and you're a dead man,
understand, Soldier?

[CHARLIE ENTERS
WITH TWO OLD
SECURITY GUARDS
AND A PORTER]

CHARLIE: You bastard!

[TERRY IS BUNDLED
AWAY, STEVE
BLINDLY FOLLOWS.]

CHARLIE GOES OVER
TO RAY. REMOVES
THE MASK A MOMENT]

I'm really sorry about that, Sir.
What can I say?

RAY: Why do they hate me so much?
What is it I've done!

[RAY IS TREMBLING,
STRESSED OUT - VERY
ILL]

CHARLIE: Come on now, just try and calm down.

[ELSPETH ENTERS]

ELSPETH: What happened?

[SANDRA ENTERS]

SANDRA: Charlie? Ambulance arrived.

CHARLIE: Could you stay with the patient, Sandra. Thank you.

[CHARLIE EXITS]

33. EXT. CASUALTY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.
12.08 a.m.

[JOSH AND JANE
ARE BRINGING IN
GORDON AND ERROL.]

JOHN GETS OUT
OF THE AMBULANCE
AS TERRY AND THE
OTHERS ARE BEING
ESCORTED OFF THE
PREMISES, TERRY
STRUGGLES WITH
THE SECURITY GUARD
TO HELP STEVE OUT]

TERRY: Get your hands off. All
right? He doesn't need your help.
[SEES JOHN] It's the main man.
These suckers just chucked us out.

JOHN: How can you stand there like
nothing happened? You stuck a
blade in him!

[TERRY, SHAKING,
BUT STILL FRONTING
IT OUT:]

TERRY: I didn't know it was you
old man, did I? Self-protection,
John. You saw how it was.

JOHN: You done it to him! You
done it!

[JOHN RUNS IN
THE HOSPITAL
AFTER HIS DAD.]

TERRY, LEE AND
THE OTHERS DRAG,
BUNDLE STEVE
OVER TO THE
BATTERED ESCORT
AND CHUCK HIM IN
THE BACK. HE IS
BLEEDING HEAVILY
FROM HIS NECK
WOUND]

TERRY: Come on. We're not
finished here!

[TERRY, LEE AND
CO. RUN ROUND
THE BACK OF THE
HOSPITAL, LEAVING
STEVE SPRAWLED
HALF IN AND HALF
OUT OF THE CAR]

34. INT. RECEPTION. NIGHT. [CONTINUOUS]

[JOHN RUSHES
INTO RECEPTION,
LOOKING CONFUSED.]

GOES TO THE DESK,
PUSHES PAST
GORDON WHO GIVES
HIS INITIAL
DETAILS TO NORMA
DURING THE FOLLOWING
EXCHANGE:]

JOHN: Where's my Dad. He got
knifed. Where've they taken him?

CLAIRE: Can you tell me his name
please?

JANE: [INTERRUPTING] It's okay
Claire. [TO ASH] Ash? Is the
interview room free for John here?

[ASH NODS AND
LEADS JOHN TO
THE INTERVIEW
ROOM.]

GORDON CLUTCHES
A PAD TO HIS
BLEEDING HEAD -
GIVING NORMA
DETAILS:]

NORMA: I'll need your address.

[ELSPETH EMERGES
FROM ROUND THE
CORNER. LOOKS
SHOCKED TO SEE
GORDON IN THIS
STATE BUT HOLDS
BACK ON SHOWING
CONCERN]

ELSPETH: Gordon? Oh God. Look at
you.

GORDON: It's not that bad. How's
Dad?

ELSPETH: He's in a right state -
those lads came down here looking
for him.

GORDON: I'll kill the lot of 'em.

ELSPETH: Big man. If you'd have
been by his bed and not playing
cowboys and Indians you might have
been some use!

JANE: All right, all right, you
two. I think the best thing is to
find somebody to look at Gordon's
injuries, don't you?

[GORDON LOOKS
ANGRY.

SANDRA APPEARS AND
JANE DIRECTS
GORDON TO HER]

35. EXT. CASUALTY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.
12. 15 a.m.

[TERRY AND GANG
ARE RUNNING DOWN
THE SIDE OF THE
BUILDING.

IT IS A BADLY
LIT DESERTED AREA.

TERRY DESCENDS
SOME STEPS AND
STANDS BY A FIRE
DOOR]

TERRY: Come on, you lot. Step on
it! Lee, Lee, pass us that.

[LEE PASSES TERRY
A CROW BAR WHICH
HE USES TO LEVER
OPEN A FIRE DOOR
FROM THE OUTSIDE]

36. INT. CRASH. NIGHT. 12.17 a.m.

[ERROL HAS BEEN
TRANSFERRED TO
THE BED AND DRIPS
ATTACHED.

DUFFY HAS JUST
CUT HIS SHIRT
OPEN AND MIKE IS
TAKING A LOOK AT
THE WOUND.

JOSH IS THERE.
JANE WALKS IN
AND JOINS HIM]

MIKE: Right, Duffy. Let the dog
see the rabbit.

[MIKE LOOKS AT
THE WOUND]

Josh. You were there, weren't you?
Any clue as to size of the blade?

JOSH: I wasn't taking notes, Mike.

MIKE: No. Quite. BP low and
falling. Pulse 110. Lovely,
lovely. I think we get a chest
drain in very quickly. Okay gang?
[cont ...]

[DUFFY GOES TO
GET THE NECESSARY
GEAR.

CHARLIE IS DOING
HIS BLOODS.

MIKE PULLS ON
STERILE GLOVES]

MIKE: [cont] Now then, Mr. Walmsley. You have a collapsed lung and I think blood will be getting into the wound as well. We're going to put a bit of plumbing in just to ease that up. Okay?

[DUFFY ARRIVES WITH THE NECESSARY.]

CHARLIE PUTS GREEN DRAPES OVER ERROL'S CHEST]

CHARLIE: This is just to relax you.

[MIKE INJECTS LOCAL ANESTHETIC]

37. INT. BASEMENT AREA. NIGHT. 12.22 a.m.

[TERRY AND ABOUT SIX OTHERS ARE GATHERING TOGETHER A PILE OF RUBBISH WHICH INCLUDES AN OLD PADDED CHAIR. THEY ARE STUFFING IT INTO THE LIFT SHAFT.]

THE AREA SHOULD LOOK VERY DECREPIT, UNUSED, THE LIFT DOOR IS RUSTED AND OPEN. TERRY LOOKS UP THE LIFT SHAFT]

TERRY: Come on, move you lot!

[TERRY SPRAYS THE BONFIRE WITH LIGHTER FUEL THEN STEPS OUT OF THE LIFT AREA.]

TERRY SETS FIRE TO A SCREWED UP BALL OF PAPER WHICH HE THROWS INTO THE RUBBISH.

THE RUBBISH IGNITES]

Leg it.

[TERRY, LEE AND OTHERS RUN OFF AS THE FLAMES RISE]

38. INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. NIGHT.
12.28 a.m.

..

[JOHN AND ASH]

JOHN: What's going on? When can I see him?

ASH: As soon as they've got him sorted. Promise.

JOHN: [SUBDUED] He shouldn't have been there.

ASH: And if he hadn't - somebody else would have ended up on the wrong end of a knife.

JOHN: Anybody else would have legged it.

ASH: Except those that were too old to run ... or too weak.

[JOHN LOOKS AWAY
FROM ASH'S GAZE]

I don't get it. You don't look stupid. What were you doing hanging round with those dead heads?

JOHN: Dad works most nights, as a Security Guard - has done since Mum died. And ... I was bored.

ASH: You were bored? Is that it?

JOHN: It was exciting you know - the thievin' the runnin'. You're part of something, everybody else - they're nothing.

ASH: As long as it's nobody you know.

JOHN: When I first saw him in the middle of that crowd I wanted to shout out. To warn him. I hated him for being there, for putting me through that.

ASH: Can't imagine he was over the moon to see you.

JOHN: I'm not proud of myself. I know it wasn't right. But that's how it was.

ASH: Was? It's over now, is it?

JOHN: Has to be, I've burnt my bridges - just me and Dad again. If he'll ever speak to me after this.

ASH: [SOFTENING] 'course he will.

[JOHN STANDS,
AGITATED]

JOHN: Why's everything taking forever?

ASH: I'll go and see.

39. INT. X-RAY WAITING AREA. NIGHT.
12.30 a.m.

[SANDRA AND GORDON
EMERGE FROM THE
STAIRS TO THE
X-RAY AREA]

SANDRA: Sorry about that, the lift
breaks down once a month.

GORDON: That's OK.

SANDRA: How you feeling?

GORDON: Oh, you know ... Stupid.

SANDRA: Well don't.

GORDON: Why should we be afraid
in our own house - jumping at every
noise? Why should we have to put
up with that?

SANDRA: You don't have to tell me
this. I'm on your side.

[GORDON SITS
DOWN AND SIGHS]

GORDON: You build something so
that it's how you want it. Then
these people just violate it - till
it isn't yours anymore. [BEAT]
I'm sorry. I've had enough.

[SANDRA PATS
GORDON ON THE
SHOULDER AND LEAVES
HIM TO IT]

40. INT. CUBICLE 2. NIGHT. 12.35 a.m.

[ELSPETH PULLS
RAY'S CUBICLE
CURTAIN BACK
TO SEE RAY, LYING
SLUMPED TO ONE
SIDE]

ELSPETH: Ray? Ray?

[SHE SHAKES HIM
AND HE FALLS,
INERT, TO ONE
SIDE]

Nurse! Nurse!

41. INT. CUBICLE CORRIDOR/CUBICLE.
NIGHT. [CONTINUOUS]

[ELSPETH GOES
OUT INTO THE
CORRIDOR AS ASH
RUSHES TOWARDS
THE CUBICLE]

ELSPETH: Nurse. He's passed out.
I don't know what's wrong. There's
something wrong!

[ASH GOES INTO
THE CUBICLE AND
LOOKS AT RAY]

ASH: Ray? Ray?

[ASH GOES INTO
THE CORRIDOR,
CALLS MAX]

We need to get him to Crash, Max!

[TWO PORTERS,
MAX, ASH WHEEL
RAY TOWARDS CRASH.]

ROB JOINS THEM
FROM ADMIN.

THEY START TO
MOVE RAY]

42. INT. CRASH. NIGHT. [CONTINUOUS]

[DUFFY AND CHARLIE
ARE WITH ERROL.]

THE CHEST DRAIN
HAS BEEN FITTED
AND CONNECTED TO
BOTTLES]

CHARLIE: Seems to be picking up a
little. Pulse is steadier.

[ASH, ROB AND
MAX ARRIVE WITH
RAY]

ROB: He's just arrested, he's
infarct. Did we get the ECG on
him?

[MIKE RUSHES
ACROSS TO LOOK
AS CHARLIE AND
ASH START TO PUT
UP DRIPS, MONITORS
ETC.]

ROB HAS STARTED
ON EXTERNAL
CARDIAC MASSAGE]

MIKE: He's in VF. Can we shock
him please?

[ASH NODS. ROB
GETS GOING WITH
THE ELECTRODES.]

MIKE IS INTUBATING
ERROL]

ROB: Stand back everyone.

[SHOCK ONE]

DUFFY: [URGENT] Mike? Stab
wounds pulse is up to 145. His
BP's off the map.

MIKE: Crash bleep the
anaesthetist.

[DUFFY GOES TO
THE TELEPHONE.

MIKE TRIES TO
KEEP AN EYE ON
BOTH SITUATIONS]

ASH: He's still asystolic.

ROB: It might be fine VF

MIKE: Let's try him with another
atropine and adrenaline.

[SHOCK TWO]

ROB: Stand back.

[SHOCK THREE]

ASH: Nothing.

[THEY STARE AT
THE SCANNER. RAY
IS COMPLETELY INERT]

MIKE: Thanks, everybody. I think
we should stop.

[MIKE RUSHES OVER
TO ERROL. HE
LOOKS AT ERROL'S
NECK VEINS WHICH
ARE SWOLLEN]

Jugular's distended. Looks like a
pericardial tamponade. It'd
explain the sudden collapse.

DUFFY: I'll get a thoracotomy set.

MIKE: Thanks. Be nice to save one
life tonight.

[OZZY ARRIVES]

I'm going to have to open him
up, Ozzy - tamponade. I'll want
him intubated.

[OZZY PREPARES
TO INTUBATE.]

THE AMBULANCE CREW
ARRIVE WITH TWO
MORE PATIENTS ON
TROLLEYS -
IAN AND ONE OF
THE YOUTHS - IAN
UNCONSCIOUS, YOUTH
BLEEDING FROM HIS
STOMACH - ACCOMPANIED
BY NURSES INCLUDING
SANDRA.

ALSO WHEELED IN
BY A NURSE AND
PORTER, ON A
TROLLEY, STEVE,
NOW BARELY CONSCIOUS]

CHARLIE GOES TO
MEET THEM.

DUFFY BRINGS
THE THORACOTOMY
SET AND UNWRAPS
IT VERY QUICKLY.

THIS DIALOGUE GOES
ON AS THEY ARRIVE]

RIMMER: This guy's been unconscious all the way, head wound - Pulse 95, BP 140 over 90. [OF THE OTHER PATIENT] The kid's had haematemesis, he needed two units of gelofusine.

CHARLIE: Let's have the head wound on here.

RIMMER: [TO STEVE] We found this young man collapsed on the grass outside - lost a lot of blood.

CHARLIE: OK. We'll keep him on the trolley.

ROB: Can you get a line up on the head wound, Sandra?

[ROB ATTENDS TO
IAN AS MIKE
PREPARES TO MAKE
THE INCISION IN
ERROL'S CHEST]

MIKE: OK. Ozzy?

OZZY: Right.

[MIKE CUTS ERROL
OPEN. IN THE
BACKGROUND WE SEE
THAT CRASH IS
GOING AT FULL TILT

JOSH AND JANE FEEL
IN THE WAY AND
MOVE OUTSIDE]

43. EXT. CRASH [CONT].

[JOSH AND JANE
COME OUT OF
CRASH]

JOSH: Nearly lost it back there,
you know.

JANE: I noticed your feathers
were a bit ruffled.

JOSH: I've had it, Jane. The job
stinks. We're meant to be a help
to people but they seem to see us
as some sort of invasion party.

JANE: You don't mean that.

JOSH: Don't I?

44. INT. BACK CUBICLE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.
12.41 a.m.

[MAX IS WORKING
NEAR OLD LIFT
DOORS.

SHE SEES SMOKE
COMING FROM THE
DOORS. FLAMES
SHOOT OUT AND
BEGIN TO LICK
THE WALLS. SHE
PRESSES THE ALARM
AND RUNS INTO
RECEPTION]

MAX: OK. Everybody. Please walk
out of the front doors.

45. EXT. CASUALTY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.
12.42 a.m.

[TERRY AND THE
SAME HALF DOZEN
WHO STARTED THE
FIRE IN THE
BASEMENT RUN
TOWARDS THE
RECENTLY VACATED
AMBULANCE.

TERRY JUMPS INTO
THE DRIVER'S SEAT
AND LETS OFF THE
HANDBRAKE]

TERRY: Come on, push. Push, you
lazy gets.

[THE OTHER LADS
PUSH THE AMBULANCE
UNTIL IT IS
BLOCKING THE
AMBULANCE LOBBY.

TERRY CLIMBS OUT
AND TO THE BACK.

LEE COMES OUT
OF THE DARKNESS
CLUTCHING A
PETROL BOMB]

Get on with it then.

LEE: Bastard won't light.

[TERRY HOLDS HIS
LIGHTER TO THE
RAG IN THE MILK
BOTTLE NECK AND
HURLS THE PETROL
BOMB INTO THE
BACK OF THE
AMBULANCE.

FLAMES START TO
CLIMB.

THE GANG SCATTER]

46. INT. CRASH. NIGHT. [CONTINUOUS]

[ASH, DUFFY, MIKE,
ROS, CHARLIE, SANDRA
AND OZZY ARE ALL AT
FULL TILT. CLOSE IN
ON MIKE AS HE CUTS
THROUGH THE
PERICARDIAL SAC.

AT THE SAME TIME
OZZY IS INTUBATING
AND VENTILATING
HIM.

DUFFY IN SUPPORT.

SUDDENLY THERE IS
AN EXPLOSION, THE
CRASH WINDOWS
SHATTER AND SPRINKLERS
COME ON]

ROB: What the hell was that?

CHARLIE: Is everybody okay?

SANDRA: Alright over here Charlie.

ASH: Do we need to get out?

CHARLIE: I'll see what's
happening.

[HE LEAVES]

MIKE: This is a joke, I take it?

[THE FIRE ALARM
GOES OFF]

Don't like this - thought I saw
air in his coronary arteries.

[MIKE IS THROUGH
TO THE HEART.
FINDS THE HOLE]

We're in business. I think I've
found the hole. Pass me the
catheter.

[DUFFY PASSES
HIM THE CATHETER]

Umbrella?

47. EXT. CASUALTY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.
[CONTINUOUS]

[THE AMBULANCE IS
ON FIRE AND HAS
EXPLODED AGAINST
THE AMBULANCE LOBBY
DOORS]

48. INT. RECEPTION. NIGHT.
[CONTINUOUS]

[PEOPLE BEGIN TO
SHOUT AND SCREAM,
SHOCKED BY THE
EXPLOSION.]

RETREATING FROM THE
FRONT DOOR, ANOTHER
PORTER WITH A PATIENT
ON A STRETCHER.

CHARLIE EMERGES
FROM CRASH, STARTS
TO EXERCISE CONTROL]

CHARLIE: Please, can everybody
stay calm now, please.

NORMA: Which exit can we use?

CHARLIE: We'll have to go out
through the plaster room.

[CHARLIE INDICATES
THAT NORMA SHOULD
GUIDE AN OLD WOMAN
AWAY FROM THE
DIRECTION OF THE
AMBULANCE LOBBY]

Right folks. Nice and calm,
please.

[CHARLIE AND NORMA
GUIDE A PROCESSION
OUT TOWARDS THE
PLASTER ROOM FIRE
EXIT.]

SOME PEOPLE ARE
CRYING WITH SHOCK.
SOME ARE COUGHING.

AS THIS IS
HAPPENING THE FIRE
BEHIND IS SPREADING,
SMOKE POURING OUT.

NORMA PROTECTIVELY
LEADS THE OLD WOMAN
TO THE PLASTER ROOM
FIRE EXIT]

NORMA: Come on dear, you come with
me.

49. INT. CRASH. NIGHT. 12.50 a.m.

[MIKE IS FINISHING
OFF FITTING THE
FOLY CATHETER.

THE WORK ON IAN,
STEVE AND THE
OTHERS IS CARRYING
ON.

THE PLACE IS
EXTREMELY BUSY.

RAY IS LEFT ON
HIS BED, COVERED.

JANE ENTERS]

JANE: We'll have to get them out
through the plaster room.

[MIKE LOOKS ROUND]

MIKE: OK. We move the head injury
and the abdo wound first. This man
needs to get to theatre.

[SANDRA, ASH, JANE
AND ROB PREPARE TO
MOVE IAN AND STEVE]

Quick as you can.

50. EXT. CASUALTY ENTRANCE. 12.51 a.m.

[NORMA LEADS THE
FIRST PEOPLE OUT
OF THE SIDE OF
THE BUILDING AND
ON THE GRASSED
AREA AT THE FRONT.]

THEY ARE MET BY
PORTERS AND NURSES
RUSHING OVER FROM
OTHER WARDS.

CHARLIE MEETS NORMA
AS SHE IS GOING
BACK INSIDE HAVING
PASSED HER CHARGE
INTO THE HANDS OF
A NURSE]

CHARLIE: Norma! What are you
doing. Stay out here.

NORMA: Are you staying out here,
Charlie?

[THEY GO BACK
INTO THE DEPARTMENT
AS MARY, COUGHING
IS WHEELED OUT OF
THE HOSPITAL]

51. INT. RECEPTION/CUBICLE CORRIDORS.
[CONTINUOUS]

[CHARLIE AND NORMA
RUSH THROUGH RECEPTION
INTO THE CUBICLE
CORRIDORS WHERE
THEY DISCOVER,
COLLAPSED, A YOUTH
OVERCOME BY FUMES]

CHARLIE: Grab his legs, Norma.

[NORMA AND CHARLIE
GRAB HIM AND DRAG
HIM DOWN THE
CUBICLE CORRIDOR
AND OUT TOWARDS
THE FIRE EXIT.

AS THEY DO SO
SANDRA AND JANE
EMERGE WITH IAN
ON THE TROLLEY,
DRIPS STILL UP,
HURRYING HIM
TOWARDS THE EXIT]

52. INT. X-RAY WAITING AREA. NIGHT.
12.55 a.m.

[SIMON RUSHES DOWN
THE CORRIDOR. HE
HAS A FIRE
EXTINGUISHER IN ONE
HAND AND A LARGE
BOX FILE IN THE
OTHER.]

GORDON AND A
RADIOGRAPHER ARE
UNABLE TO GET DOWN
ONE SET OF STAIRS
WHICH ARE BLOCKED
BY FIRE]

SIMON: Come on, quickly. I'll
show you the way out!

GORDON: [COUGHING] But my Dad!
My Dad's in here, somewhere. Where
did they take him?

SIMON: We have to get out now.
Your father is probably out
already. Believe me!

[GORDON HESITATES,
LOOKS DOWN AT THE
FLAMES]

[STERN] It's a simple choice.

[SIMON NODS TOWARDS
THE FLAMES.]

GORDON WEAKENS -
SIMON HUSTLES GORDON
AND THE RADIOGRAPHER
TOWARDS THE FIRE
EXIT ON THE SECOND
FLOOR AWAY FROM THE
FLAMES]

53. INT. CRASH. NIGHT. 12.56 a.m.

[ASH AND SANDRA
ARE MOVING STEVE
OUT OF THE DOOR,
AS DUFFY, MIKE
AND ANESTHETIST
PREPARE TO MOVE
ERROL.]

ERROL IS STILL
OPENED UP AND MIKE
IS STILL HOLDING
THE CATHETER IN
PLACE.

ROB RE-ENTERS]

ROB: Theatre corridor's blocked,
Mike.

MIKE: OK. We'll take him out and
go the long route.

ROB: [SURPRISED] Like that?

MIKE: Let's just move it!

ROB: What about Ray?

MIKE: We've not got the time, Rob.

ROB: But we can't just leave him
here.

[MIKE IS EXITING
WITH ERROL]

MIKE: He's dead, Rob. We've got to look after the living. We can't take him.

ROB: What about his family?

MIKE: [SHOUTING] What about Errol's family? Your family? Come on!

[MIKE GOES, ROB
HESITATES A FEW
MOMENTS.]

HE LOOKS AT RAY
ON THE TROLLEY
AND TRIES TO PUSH
IT]

54. INT. RECEPTION. NIGHT.
[CONTINUOUS]

[MIKE, ANESTHETIST
AND DUFFY ARE
WHEELING ERROL AT
SPEED THROUGH THE
DEPARTMENT.]

WE HEAR THE SOUND
OF THE FIRE ENGINE
SIRENS.

CHARLIE ARRIVES TO
MEET THEM]

CHARLIE: Where's Rob?

MIKE: He's on his way.

[CHARLIE AND THE
REST HEAD FOR THE
DOORS]

CHARLIE: Is that everybody
accounted for?

55. INT/EXT. CRASH. NIGHT.
[CONTINUOUS]

[ROB FINALLY GIVES
UP TRYING TO PUSH
RAY OUT INTO THE
CORRIDOR AND MOVES
AWAY AT SPEED.

AS HE DOES SO THERE
IS AN EXPLOSION OF
GASES FROM CRASH AND
CRASH WALL COMES
CRASHING DOWN ON
HIM]

56. EXT. CASUALTY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.
[CONTINUOUS]

[TWO FIRE ENGINES
HAVE ARRIVED.

ALREADY THEY ARE
STARTING TO
ATTACK THE FLAMES.

CHARLIE AND DUFFY
LOOK BACK TO THE
BUILDING AS THE
EXPLOSION OCCURS.

IN THE BACKGROUND
WE SEE MIKE AND
DUFFY EMERGE AND
START WORKING ON
ERROL]

ASH: Rob!

CHARLIE: I thought everybody was
out!

ASH: He was meant to be following.

[CHARLIE RUNS OVER
TO THE FIRE CHIEF
WE MOVE IN ON
ERROL AND CO.]

MIKE: What's happening to the
pulse, Duffy?

DUFFY: Barely an output.

[MIKE TRIES TO
REVIVE ERROL.]

JOHN LOOKS UP
AND SEES HIS DAD.
HE STARTS TO GET
UP]

JOSH: Come on, John. You're not
ready for that yet.

JOHN: It's my Dad! My Dad!

[JOHN STRUGGLES
ACROSS TO WHERE
ERROL IS]

DUFFY: Getting nothing Mike.

MIKE: Come on! Come on!

JOHN: Dad! Come on. Don't do
this to me! Please don't do this.

[JOSH HOLDS JOHN
TO PREVENT HIM
FROM LEAPING ON
TOP OF ERROL]

OZZY: There isn't an output, Mike.

MIKE: Shit ... we've lost him.

[MIKE LOOKS AT
DUFFY, MOMENTARILY
CLOSES HIS EYES,
SHAKES HIS HEAD.

DUFFY SIGHS AND
VISIBLY EASES OFF.

JOSH LETS JOHN GO.

JOHN THROWS HIMSELF
ON TO HIS DAD]

JOHN: Dad! No! Dad, I didn't
mean it. You can't go like this.
It's not fair, it's not fair.

[JOHN STANDS AND
LOOKS AT HIS DAD.
HE TURNS AND FALLS
CRYING INTO JOSH'S
ARMS.

JOSH HOLDS HIM
TENDERLY.

WE MOVE TO CHARLIE
AND FIRE CHIEF]

FIRE CHIEF: Where is this Doctor?

CHARLIE: Can't say for sure. On
this side of the building. I'll
come in and show you.

FIRE CHIEF: I can't let you do
that. If he's in there we'll get
him out.

[THE FIRE CHIEF
CONFERS WITH ANOTHER.

PEOPLE ARE ON THE
LAWN, SOME WALKING
ABOUT CONFUSED, SOME
BEING TENDED BY MAX,
SANDRA, JOSH AND
JANE.

THE MAIN EMPHASIS
WOULD BE ON
VENTILATING AND
INTUBATING ANY PATIENT
WHO IT WAS SUSPECTED
HAD SUFFERED FROM
HYPOXIA - E.G.: IAN
AND LEE.

JOSH IS COMFORTING
JOHN.

ELSPETH IS LOOKING
FOR GORDON.

WE MOVE OUT AND SEE
THAT ASH, CHARLIE
AND SANDRA ARE
STARTING TO ORGANISE
THE MOVEMENT OF
PATIENTS TO OTHER
DEPARTMENTS, INTO
AMBULANCES - IMPOSING
THEIR ORDER ON THE
CHAOS.

BY NOW THERE IS
ALSO A POLICE
PRESENCE.

ELSPETH SEES GORDON
BEING GUIDED ROUND
THE CORNER OF THE
BUILDING BY SIMON
AND THE RADIOLOGIST.

SHE RUNS ACROSS
TO HIM.

THEY EMBRACE]

ELSPETH: Gordon! Gordon! thank
God!

[GORDON MANAGES A
SMILE, SIMON SINKS
TO THE GROUND,
EXHAUSTED, ASH
RUNS ACROSS AS
GORDON SCANS THE
INJURED]

GORDON: Where's me Father?

ASH: [TO SIMON] Well done, Simon.
You stay there. I'll bring some
oxygen across.

SIMON: I'm all right. Really. Is
Rob out yet?

[SIMON DOESN'T
MOVE.]

.. ASH GOES FOR
: OXYGEN - GORDON
: SHOUTS AFTER
ELSPETH]

GORDON: Where is he?

57. INT. CRASH CORRIDOR. NIGHT.
1.00 a.m.

[IN THE SMOKE
TWO FIREMEN
SEARCH THE
DEBRIS WITH THE
AID OF AN INFRA-
RED CAMERA.]

AFTER A FEW
MOMENTS THE
SHAPE OF AN ARM
SHOWS UP ON
THE SCREEN THROUGH
A PILE OF BRICKS
AND DUST]

FIRST FIREMAN: Alan? Alan? Over
here - found somebody.

[THE SECOND
FIREMAN COMES
ACROSS]

There's going to be crush injuries.

[SECOND FIREMAN
EXITS]

Let's get this place ventilated and
get the ambulance team in.

58. EXT. HOLBY CITY. NIGHT. 1.02 a.m.

[GORDON AND ELSPETH
ARE SITTING
STUNNED ON THE
GRASS.]

SANDRA LEAVES
DUFFY AND APPROACHES
THEM. SHE
SITS ON THE GRASS
BESIDE THEM]

SANDRA: I'm sorry - I've got some bad news about your father - he died in the resuscitation unit - before the fire started.

GORDON: They've killed him, haven't they?

SANDRA: We believe it was a heart attack. It could have happened at any time.

GORDON: It didn't though, did it? I won't forget this. I'll find every one of them.

ELSPETH: Gordon! Gordon. Ray's dead.

[GORDON ABOUT
TO EXPLODE ONCE
MORE, FALLS SILENT]

SANDRA: He was a very ill man.

GORDON: [CALMER] Aye, I know. He still drank though he wasn't supposed to. [STARTS TO CRY] I used to smell the whiskey on his breath.

.. [LOOKS UP AT
: THE WRECKED
: DEPARTMENT]

This was no place for him to die,
was it now?

[GORDON TURNS
TO ELSPETH.

SANDRA GETS UP
AND WALKS AWAY.

WE CAN SEE THAT
THE FIRE IS NOW
WELL UNDER CONTROL,
EVEN JUST SMOULDERING
IF THAT MEANS THE
FIRE CHIEF WOULD
ALLOW THE TEAM
IN THE BUILDING]

59. INT. CRASH CORRIDOR. NIGHT.
1.05 a.m.

[CHARLIE, MIKE,
JANE AND THE TWO
FIRE CREW MOVE
THE DEBRIS CAREFULLY
FROM ABOVE ROB,
FINALLY EXPOSING
HIS FACE.

MIKE FEELS FOR
A PULSE.

A BEAT]

MIKE: O.K. There's a faint pulse.
Jane, could you fit a neck collar
and give him some oxygen.

[AS MORE DEBRIS
IS REMOVED WE SEE
THAT ROB'S LEGS ARE
BLOODY. THERE IS
ALSO A GASH TO HIS
HEAD.

MIKE LISTENS TO
ROB'S BREATHING]

I need to check out his chest for
injuries.

[MIKE EXAMINES
ROB'S CHEST]

Let's get a move on. We need to
get some lines up. Can you arrange
that, Charlie?

60. EXT. CASUALTY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.
1.07 a.m.

[JOSH IS SITTING
ON THE KERB WITH
JOHN.

THEY ARE BOTH
LOOKING UP AT
THE SMOKING
BUILDING]

JOHN: I was going to straighten
things out. Explain.

JOSH: I'm sure he would have
understood.

JOHN: He was so proud of me, till
tonight.

[JOHN STARTS TO
CRY.

JOSH PUTS HIS
ARM ROUND HIM]

JOSH: Hey, come on. He was still
proud of you.

JOHN: How do you know. How can
you say that?

JOSH: Because I've got a lad of my
own - Him and me argue all the time
- and he does things that really
hack me off. But when it comes to
it I'm always in his corner.

JOHN: Even if he'd done what I did.

JOSH: Yes. Even then.

.. [JOSH NODS, THIS
IS A FIRM
.. REASSURING GESTURE,
THEY BOTH LOOK UP
AS THERE IS
ACTIVITY AT THE
DOOR AND ROB IS
WHEELED OUT.

WE MOVE IN CLOSE
ON ROB AS HE IS
LOADED INTO AN
AMBULANCE BY MIKE,
CHARLIE AND JANE.

HE HAS A NECK
COLLAR ON, FRAC-PAC,
IS NOT CONSCIOUS]

CHARLIE: What d'you think, Mike?

MIKE: He'll live. I wouldn't like to bet what state he'll be in. His legs looked bloody awful - and as for his lungs, he's inhaled a lot of strong fumes.

CHARLIE: What was he doing in there?

MIKE: [FLAT] He was trying to save a dead man.

[CHARLIE NOTICES
THAT DUFFY IS
STANDING STARING
UP AT THE BUILDING.
THE FLAMES HAVE
BEEN QUELLED, A
GREAT PALL OF
SMOKE DRIFTS TO
THE SKY]

CHARLIE: Excuse me a moment, Mike.

MIKE: Sure.

[MIKE GOES OFF
TO TALK TO A
MEDICAL COLLEAGUE.

IN THE BACKGROUND
WE SEE A POLICEMAN
TALKING TO
JOHN, JOSH IS SITTING
BY JOHN WITH A
PROTECTIVE ARM
AROUND HIM.

CHARLIE GOES
TOWARDS DUFFY
WHO DOESN'T REACT
AS HE ARRIVES.

HER FACE IS
DIRTY WITH
SMOKE]

CHARLIE: Shouldn't you be somewhere
else?

DUFFY: [BEAT] So much of our
lives are here, Charlie. So much
of us. Gone.

CHARLIE: The work doesn't
disappear just because the
building's gone. Everything we've
done here still counts.

DUFFY: We're finished, Charlie.

[CHARLIE PUTS
HIS HANDS ON
HER SHOULDERS]

CHARLIE: Now come on, they can repair the damage, it's not impossible. You wait, they'll have the builders in first thing.

[DUFFY SHRUGS
CHARLIE AWAY]

DUFFY: No. Who's going to throw money at this? Don't kid yourself, Charlie. It's the end of the road.

FADE OUT