

A Cut Too High

By

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EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A busy smoky, grey city wakes up as it normally does; take-out coffee and a newspaper in hand. DR. JONATHAN MORRIS (44), steps out of a taxi, his slicked-back black hair and striking blue eyes compliment the smug gleaming smile as he peers up at the hospital in front of him. He walks forward doing up his expensive suit buttons.

He waves to the ambulance driver gliding past with a grin.

People turn to see him walking forward. A young woman in smart clothing, ALICE JENKINS (20), stumbles with all her bags off the bus and notices Morris walking by. She turns to a nurse who recognises her.

NURSE

Oh god, watch out. Looks like he's back today.

DR. JENKINS

Is that Dr Morris?

NURSE

His suspension must be over.

More people notice his arrival and turn to see him enter the main revolving doors.

INT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE HALLWAY - DAY

He walks into the room. A few doctors look over at his beaming smile and mutter to themselves. Morris walks straight to the reception desk. GERTRUDE SMITH (34), turns to greet him with a kind of look that suggests this is not her favourite doctor.

SMITH

You're back today then?

DR. MORRIS

Nice to see you too.

She slaps a pile of paper in front of him.

DR. MORRIS

So you were expecting me?

There is a disapproving pause.

SMITH

Forms to fill out from Oakfield.

DR. MORRIS

She around?

SMITH

She told me to let you know there is a board meeting today so meet her in the conference room.

Morris rolls his eyes.

DR. MORRIS

Can't get out of this one can I?

SMITH

No.

He takes the paperwork from the side. He walks away but shouts behind him as he goes.

DR. MORRIS

It's great to be back!

Smith sighs and continues with her work.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Dr Morris sits to the side of a large conference table surrounded by other people dressed just as smartly. He doesn't look like he is listening to what is being said as he flicks through the paperwork in front of him. The oldest looking man is talking in the centre, DR. BROWN (67).

DR. BROWN

So, if everyone agrees that the young Emily Shipman can move up the list then we can all move on?

Everyone looks at each other nodding in agreement. One lady, DR. ELIZABETH OAKFIELD (36), darts her eyes back and forth to see the nodding. She has a stern expression and a slightly sunken face from years of what can only be guessed as stress.

Dr Morris coughs. Dr Oakfield's eyes glance towards him and widen in concern.

DR. MORRIS

I don't agree.

DR. BROWN

Ah yes everyone, I'm sure we would like to welcome back Dr. Morris to the hospital.

People smile half-heartily.

DR. BROWN (CONT)

What don't you agree with?

Morris adjusts his tie and folds his arms, looking into the

eyes of each member of the room as he talks.

DR. MORRIS

I'm sure Emily is a lovely girl with what would have been a great life ahead of her but let us look at this logically for a second. She's basically dead.

People in the room are shocked. Oakfield opens her mouth to say something but hesitates. She looks over to Dr. Brown and back again.

DR. MORRIS (CONT)

I mean, she might as well be. She has a form of incurable cancer whereas Mrs Glide, even though 40 years older will live for longer with the new lungs. Don't be clouded by age and sympathy. It's simple math. Who is going to be able to use the lungs for the longest? Simply, Emily should be further down the list.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Morris walks away from the conference room, a slightly proud look on his face. Oakfield tries to catch up behind him.

DR. OAKFIELD

Morris!

Morris stops walking and turns to face her.

DR. MORRIS

Yes.

They continue walking.

DR. OAKFIELD

First day back and you already can't help interrupting.

DR. MORRIS

I think everyone appreciated my viewpoint.

He opens the door into the entrance hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE HALLWAY - DAY

DR. OAKFIELD

I think I would appreciate it if my head surgeon didn't disagree with the entire hospital board.

DR. MORRIS
I mean I could always...

DR. OAKFIELD
(Interrupting)
You're not getting out of the meetings
that easily.

Suddenly everyone turns as a man is thrown out of a car onto the pavement covered in blood. They both run outside.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Nurses and patients crowd the man on the floor. Dr. Oakfield pushes people aside.

DR. OAKFIELD
Get out my way!

Morris barges through and leans down to examine the bleeding bullet wound on his head.

DR. OAKFIELD
It's a GSW.

DR. MORRIS
I don't see much point in draining
fluids. Our best bet is to remove as
many fragments of the bullet as soon
as possible.

He looks up to Oakfield who nods. Morris turns to the nearest nurse.

DR. MORRIS
Get this man straight into theatre.

DR. OAKFIELD
Have you signed any of that paperwork
yet?

DR. MORRIS
This man is bleeding to death. Do you
really want someone else to do this?

She thinks but knows she has to nod in agreement. Nurses rush over to them to help lift him onto a stretcher.

INT. HOSPITAL - THEATRE - DAY

Morris bursts into the room in his surgery gear. He is surrounded by other doctors and nurses already. Morris spots Jenkins nervously waiting for the surgery to begin.

DR. JENKINS
We're all ready for you. I'll be

assisting.

DR. MORRIS

Oh, I don't think so. Can I have an experienced doctor in here, please?

He looks around the room at all the people. They stay quiet and avoid his glares. Jenkins begins to stumble on her words and fiddle with her fingers as she can feel everyone around her watching. She gulps.

DR. JENKINS

Oh, I am qualified sir, and trained for this type of procedure.

He raises an eyebrow, looks her up and down and grits his teeth.

DR. MORRIS

Very well, you're scrubbed in any way so we will have to see what you can do.

Morris looks down and carefully starts to drill a hole into the patient's head. The nurse blots the blood.

NURSE ONE

Image guidance.

Jenkins grabs it from the side.

DR. MORRIS

Come on then.

She starts to panic a little but holds her nerve, handing it over. They push it into the newly made hole. The picture inside comes up on a screen.

Dr Morris lowers his magnifying glasses over his eyes. He holds out his hand flat towards Jenkins, awaiting for the alligator forceps. Jenkins notices and tries to think about which one he is after. She can't think as she stares at the tray in front of her.

Morris begins to point impatiently.

DR. MORRIS

That one.

She goes to grab the other forceps.

DR. MORRIS

For god's sake girl the alligator forceps!

She picks them up and hands them over. Morris gives out a

little groaning sigh.

DR. MORRIS
Cranial nerves intact.

The nurse continues to blot the blood and remove soaked tissue.

Morris slowly lowers his forceps towards the hole to enter the head. He stops to steady his hand. Everyone is nervous. Jenkins watches with intrigue. The image shows him entering towards the bullet. He stops again and takes in a deep breath. With one steady movement, he grabs the bullet fragment and proceeds to pull it out.

Jenkins quickly grabs the tray and holds it for him to drop the now free piece inside.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Morris is sitting on an uncomfortable-looking leather chair. The room is dark and cosy. Bookshelves line some of the walls, dark patterned wallpaper on the others. He doesn't look up at the old lady sitting opposite him. HARRIET PARKER (78), sitting much more comfortably in her chair. Her pen taps the book she has open in her hands.

HARRIET
So first day at work. What was that like?

Morris exhales in thought.

DR. MORRIS
Normal.

HARRIET
Were you expecting it not to be?

He doesn't respond.

HARRIET (CONT)
Were you expecting people to care more?

DR. MORRIS
I am the head surgeon. I thought people might...

He loses his sentence.

HARRIET
What were you going to say?

DR. MORRIS
I don't know.

HARRIET

You like being in the centre, the man at the top. You're starting to realise that this is what got you here in the first place.

He stands up.

DR. MORRIS

If you already know what I'm thinking, then I don't need to be here.

Morris walks to the door and grabs his coat. Harriet stands.

HARRIET

You choose to come here and continue coming here until now. I think you're clever enough to work out why that is.

He nods.

DR. MORRIS

I should get back home anyway.

Just as he is about to leave Harriet coughs to get his attention.

HARRIET

I've been wanting to ask, Dr Morris, does your wife know you come here?

Morris smirks.

DR. MORRIS

I think you're clever enough to work that one out for yourself.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A small bar sits in the centre of a quiet street. The rain glimmers under the yellow streetlamps outside. A taxi pulls up and Morris runs out towards the apartment door, away from the rain.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - NIGHT

Morris tosses his coat and bag to the side and walks straight to the fridge. A woman enters from the bedroom, ANGELA MORRIS (38), blond hair with large pretty but somewhat tired eyes. She greets Morris with a weary smile.

ANGELA

Good day back at work?

DR. MORRIS

Sure.

He takes a beer from the fridge, not paying much attention. Angela walks over and grabs the menu from the now-closed fridge door.

ANGELA

I thought we could get a Chinese to celebrate your first day?

DR. MORRIS

Chinese? I thought you were watching your weight.

He kisses her on the cheek and walks towards the bedroom door.

DR. MORRIS

Just cook something. Going out with Frank in a bit.

Morris leaves and she throws the menu onto the countertop.

ANGELA

Fine.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morris sits on the bed and takes off his shoes.

DR. MORRIS

I did major surgery today. It was quite impressive if I say so myself.

ANGELA (O.S)

Oh really. It's good to get straight back into it.

He continues to get into more comfortable clothes.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - NIGHT

Morris walks in.

ANGELA

I think we have some cheesecake left from the weekend in the fridge.

Just as she puts it on the countertop from the fridge, the doorbell rings. Angela sighs and turns off the oven. Morris jumps over to the door.

DR. MORRIS

Ah, that'll be Frank.

He answers the door. FRANK SHEPPARD (37), shorter than Morris and wearing a long brown trench coat. He walks in and gives Morris a large hug.

FRANK
Congratulations on getting back to
work.

Morris grins from ear to ear.

DR. MORRIS
What are you wearing?

FRANK
It's my new coat.

DR. MORRIS
You look like a damn detective.

FRANK
Alright. Fine. But I thought it looked
good.

DR. MORRIS
Let me get my shoes...

He walks to the bedroom but stops by the door and turns back.

DR. MORRIS (CONT)
Inspector Clouseau.

Morris laughs and leaves the room. Angela comes over from the
kitchen.

ANGELA
Don't bring him back too late.

FRANK
Or too drunk.

Frank laughs. Angela tries to but doesn't find it all too
funny. Frank walks over to her.

FRANK
Hey, I'm sorry I'm taking him out
again, but he needs to celebrate
right?

Angela nods.

ANGELA
I guess.

FRANK
How about I take you both out for
dinner sometime. The three of us.
Yeah?

Angela smiles sincerely for the first time.

ANGELA

Yeah. That sounds nice.

Morris runs back into the room and grabs his coat.

DR. MORRIS

Let's go then.

They both walk out of the apartment leaving Angela standing on her own. She looks around at the empty space then picks up the cheesecake and returns it to the fridge.

INT. JONNY'S BAR - NIGHT

It's a fairly busy place. Young students sit shouting over the music in the corner. Morris and Frank are standing at the bar talking to the barman, JONNY (68). A large balding man who is clearly close to retirement.

JONNY

What can I do for you two gentlemen today?

FRANK

We're here to celebrate so I would go for a cocktail but-

DR. MORRIS

But you're helpless at making them.

Jonny puts his hand on his chest in exaggeration, hurt by this comment.

JONNY

I'll pretend I didn't hear that.

FRANK

You are, however, very skilled at pouring beer.

DR. MORRIS

So, we'll have two of them.

Jonny walks to the other end of the bar and they both sit down on some stools.

DR. MORRIS

How's the job going?

FRANK

Yep, it's good. Still trying to get used to the whole working from home thing but I'm looking forward to this weekend.

Morris looks at him confused.

DR. MORRIS
Weekend?

FRANK
Cliff's bachelor party.

DR. MORRIS
I forgot about that. What's he getting married again for, anyway?

Jonny comes back over and puts the beers on the side. Frank gives him the cash.

FRANK
Cheers, Jonny.

He turns back to Morris.

FRANK (CONT)
You have to come. You can't expect me to cope with that lot on my own?

DR. MORRIS
It would be funny. You in a strip club. You wouldn't know where to look.

He does an impression of a lost dog and laughs. Frank laughs too.

FRANK
I think you find I'm quite good with the ladies.

DR. MORRIS
Say's the man that's been single for... how long is it again?

FRANK
Yeah alright, I get it but I'm not nearly as clueless as you make it sound. I have people I like...

His sentence drifts off and he takes a sip off the top of his pint.

FRANK
Why don't we have a bet?

DR. MORRIS
I'm listening.

FRANK
If I keep my cool all night you have to buy me a drink.

DR. MORRIS
And if at all you seem overwhelmed you
have to buy me a dance.

FRANK
I guess. You're coming then?

DR. MORRIS
Wouldn't want to miss that.

He smiles cockily.

DR. MORRIS
Wait, will Glen be going?

FRANK
I think so.

DR. MORRIS
Shit.

He takes a large sip of his drink.

FRANK
I know.

Frank does the same.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - NIGHT

The door swings open and Frank stumbles into the room
carrying Morris. They crash about making noise as he helps
him to the sofa.

Angela walks into the room.

ANGELA
What did I say?

FRANK
Sorry.

Morris mumbles his words as he tries to stay awake.

DR. MORRIS
Don't be sorry for the misery. She can
fuck off.

ANGELA
You can stay on the sofa.

She looks over to Frank, then heads back into the dark
bedroom. Frank puts a cushion under Morris's head as he falls
asleep.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Dr. Morris walks down the corridor wearing sunglasses. He spots Oakfield walking in his direction. He tries to look away to hide his face, however, she spots him and turns to walk the same way.

DR. OAKFIELD

I see you met our new surgeon Dr Jenkins? You made her quite upset.

DR. MORRIS

Surgeon? She's a child.

DR. OAKFIELD

She's the youngest surgeon the hospital has ever had. Quite the spark.

DR. MORRIS

I thought I was the youngest?

DR. OAKFIELD

You *did* hold that record. Now, would it be too much to ask that you're a little kinder to her?

DR. MORRIS

It's not my fault she was useless.

He opens the door with his name on and goes inside. Oakfield follows.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORRIS OFFICE - DAY

She closes the door behind her.

DR. OAKFIELD

You made her nervous.

He puts his bag down on his desk.

DR. MORRIS

I can't be holding the hand of graduate doctors who aren't ready for the kind of surgery that could be fatal to the patient. There is no room for error in *my* theatre!

Morris sits at his desk with a huff.

DR. OAKFIELD

Just think about what it was like for you when you started as the youngest surgeon in this hospital.

He nods regretfully and she leaves the room.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Morris walks into the room and towards the bed. The patient from the surgery is laid unconscious in front of him. He spots a woman sitting on a chair. NATASHA (27), young with dyed-black hair, her tired eyes show a not-too-wealthy life.

DR. MORRIS

Hello?

NATASHA

Sorry, I shouldn't be here.

She quickly stands up.

DR. MORRIS

It's okay. Do you know him?

NATASHA

What's wrong with him?

DR. MORRIS

He was shot in the head and the bullet remained. He was very lucky with its position. I was able to remove it; however, he is now in a coma.

Natasha is still acting nervous.

NATASHA

Will he wake up?

DR. MORRIS

Normal recovery is within four weeks. Would you be able to identify this man for us?

She looks around and sees a man in leather and sunglasses wandering down the corridor not far away. He is looking in each room. Morris notices her watching him.

NATASHA

I really should be going.

Morris picks up the file from the bed. He is concentrating on the paperwork. He squints in concern and takes out the x-Ray. Morris holds it above the light.

DR. MORRIS

Any chance you could sign off for an MRI?

Morris looks over but she has gone. He notices that the man is still standing outside.

INT. HOSPITAL - MRI ROOM - DAY

Morris sits in the small glass room observing the man now led inside the large MRI machine. Jenkins walks into the small room. Morris shakes his head and looks up at her.

DR. MORRIS

What?

DR. JENKINS

Dr. Oakfield sent me to offer assistance.

She sits down next to him, reluctantly.

DR. MORRIS

I don't need help with an MRI.

Jenkins shrugs nervously.

DR. MORRIS

But she was hoping I would apologise for yesterday and to that, I would like to repeat what I told her. You have to have confidence in your ability to put the patient's life in your hands.

He looks over at her.

DR. MORRIS

Are you even listening to me?

She points at the screen showing the image of the brain from the MRI.

DR. JENKINS

Is that a brain tumour?

Morris looks at the screen intently.

DR. MORRIS

I thought it would be.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

They are walking down the corridor together. Jenkins is trying to keep up with Morris's pace.

DR. MORRIS

Surgery. His best bet is surgery. Performed by me of course.

He gives a cheeky grin.

DR. JENKINS

Ummm, I don't think that's the correct procedure, sir. I recommend Chemo.

Morris stops walking and she stops suddenly. He glares back at her with a knowing look for her to continue. She composes herself.

DR. JENKINS

Chemo is certainly the safest option.

DR. MORRIS

Safest yes, but not the most effective.

DR. JENKINS

We shouldn't risk the patient's life unnecessarily. We'll have to let Oakfield know.

His smile almost turns nasty.

DR. MORRIS

I wouldn't advise you to take this above me.

Jenkins is a little confused as she tries to read the conversation.

DR. JENKINS

I thought it would be my job too.

Morris steps closer. His extra height puts him right above her.

DR. MORRIS

I don't think you've been here long enough to warrant risking your job, Jenkins.

She meets his eyes in worry. He smiles again and walks away, leaving her looking a little lost in the dark empty corridor.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morris is putting on a tie in front of the wardrobe mirror. Angela walks in behind him.

ANGELA

Will it be all your college mates?

DR. MORRIS

Yes, I've told you that.

Angela wanders towards him and puts her hands on his shoulders to start massaging. He shrugs her off and steps

back.

DR. MORRIS

Not now.

ANGELA

I know they can make you tense; I was just trying to help.

Morris starts opening draws quickly.

DR. MORRIS

Where's my watch?

She points to the table next to her.

DR. MORRIS

What have I told you about moving my stuff?

ANGELA

I didn't move it.

He snatches it up and begins to put it on his wrist.

ANGELA

I'm going to go out with Phoebe tonight, considering you're going out.

DR. MORRIS

We don't have the money for you to splash around town dear.

He walks out of the room and Angela follows in a huff.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - NIGHT

He grabs his coat.

ANGELA

But we have enough for you?!

DR. MORRIS

I don't appreciate that tone!

Angela goes to say something but holds it back. Morris walks over and grabs her hand carefully. She stares at the ground. He's calmer now and so talks softly.

DR. MORRIS

I'm sorry. I'm just worried about money. You know that.

She looks up at him.

DR. MORRIS (CONT)
Invite your sister around instead. I
would rather you stay in the house.

Angela smiles.

ANGELA
Okay, I'll call her. Have fun.

She picks up the phone and watches him leave with a smile.

EXT. DYNASTY STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

A taxi parks along a busy city street. GLEN (46), jumps out and runs towards a taller skinnier man, CLIFF (44). He punches his arm and puts his arm around him, shouting.

GLEN
You ready for your last big night?
Well, the other one. You dirty dog!

Frank and Morris are walking together towards the commotion. Morris rolls his eyes and grunts. Frank turns to him.

FRANK
Be nice.

DR. MORRIS
But he's such a dick.

FRANK
Yeah, but maybe resist telling him.
You know what happened at college.

He exhales.

DR. MORRIS
He's not even a doctor.

FRANK
But he provided the good stuff for
George.

Frank makes a smoking mime which makes Morris chuckle. Glen clocks who is walking towards him. He rushes over, a little unbalanced from his early evening drinking.

GLEN
Hey, look it's more of your pussy
mates. Frankie boy.

He grabs Franks hand and pulls him into a hug.

GLEN (CONT)
And Jonny.

He points to him enthusiastically. Morris has a far too serious expression on his face.

DR. MORRIS
It's Jonathan.

GLEN
Yeah, whatever tight ass. Shall we get inside and get his party started!

He waves his hands in the air.

CLIFF
Well, we're just waiting on...

Cliff spots another taxi pull up and three more guys come out. He walks over and gives each a small hug. OZ (43), a smartly dressed man with a neat blond beard and an Australian accent. GEORGE (44), a large man and the only one to have started properly receding. KEITH (47), the silver fox, his brushed back grey hair shows his slightly older age.

CLIFF
Thanks for coming guys.

OZ
We wouldn't miss this.

GEORGE
Not until the next one anyway.

They all laugh and wonder inside.

INT. DYNASTY STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The music bounces from the walls as the lights pulse in rhythm. Women dance by poles as men sit staring at them moving.

Oz brings over a load of drinks on a tray to a table in the corner.

GLEN
Yes! Now we're talking.

He snatches up his drink so Oz almost drops the rest. Keith lifts his glass for a toast.

KEITH
To your last free night.

Everyone takes a large gulp of their drinks.

GEORGE
So, what's everyone been up to? Other than the obvious for Cliff.

FRANK
You know, this and that?

GLEN
What about Jonny?

He points at him mockingly.

CLIFF
Not still a surgeon at that small
hospital, are you?

He looks around embarrassed.

DR. MORRIS
Well...

GLEN
He is!

They all laugh. Oz hits him on the shoulder.

OZ
You must be making coin, mate.

CLIFF
What have we told you, pharmaceuticals
that's where the money is.

KIETH
That's how you paid for your new wife.

Cliff smiles embarrassingly and the others laugh.

GLEN
Drinks on Johnny tonight then.

They all continue laughing except Morris. Frank notices his
solemn expression.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - NIGHT

PHOEBE (39), a few years older than Angela but you couldn't
tell as she looks younger. They both sit on the sofa with
what were full glasses of wine.

ANGELA
Sorry, we couldn't go out. Money's a
bit tight.

PHOEBE
That's okay darling, you've got to
look after yourself.

ANGELA
Jonathan doesn't like me out of the

house for work or anything.

There's a silence between them.

PHOEBE

You know mum would really like to see you.

ANGELA

Here we go.

PHOEBE

She isn't very well now. Please. It would mean so much to her.

ANGELA

Would it? The last time I saw her she made it very clear she wouldn't like to see me again.

PHOEBE

That was almost three years ago, Angela.

They both look away from each other.

PHOEBE

Where is your old misery guts anyway?

Angela hits her arm, laughing.

ANGELA

Don't call him that.

PHOEBE

He is a bit...

Phoebe stops to think.

ANGELA

Stern. You want to say stern.

PHOEBE

Do I?

She grins, holding back her real thoughts.

ANGELA

I'm telling you. He's a very busy person at work with the hospital and everything.

Angela gulps down the last of her wine and checks the bottle.

ANGELA

Speaking of Jonathan, he'll be back

soon.

She stands up and Phoebe follows.

PHOEBE

I don't have to leave every time he is home, do I?

Angela winces to think about what to say.

ANGELA

No... Just... Just when he comes home drunk.

Phoebe picks up her coat and smiles. She places her hand on Angela's shoulder.

PHOEBE

I mean it, look after yourself.

ANGELA

You know me.

Phoebe nods.

PHOEBE

Yes, I do.

INT. DYNASTY STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Glen is now watching the girls and passing over money as they dance on the stage above. Oz walks over to join him. Everyone else is watching from near the bar, drinks in hand.

Morris nudges Frank.

DR. MORRIS

You going to join them then, Frank.

He grins. Frank thinks and puts down his drink. He stands up straight with purpose.

FRANK

You know what I am.

They watch him walk off. George turns to Morris.

GEORGE

What's all that about?

DR. MORRIS

We got a bet you see; can Frank actually act comfortable in here?

CLIFF

Don't be a dick, Jonathan.

He hits him on the arm as the rest of them walk over to the stage, leaving Morris. He has more of his drink, a little disheartened.

A woman walks past him, and he stops her. He takes out some notes from his wallet and leans in to whisper.

DR. MORRIS

Excuse me could you...

Frank is cheering on, with the other guys, as the woman drops in front of them. Frank gulps at the sight but holds in his nerves.

The woman struts over towards them and takes Franks tie and pulls him from the crowd. All of them cheer except Frank who looks a little startled. He glances over to Morris still by the bar who proceeds to raise his drink as a toast and gives him a wink.

The others are now watching the closed curtain where Frank is.

GLEN

Lucky fella.

GEORGE

Maybe not Franks thing though.

OZ

Bit frigid if I remember.

Morris walks over to them.

DR. MORRIS

And that is why I am about to win my bet.

Just as he finishes his sentence Frank comes rushing out the curtain towards them. He goes straight to Morris and hands him some notes.

FRANK

She's all yours.

DR. MORRIS

Told you so.

He takes the money and hands it over to Cliff.

DR. MORRIS

Go on. Last free night and all.

Cliff takes the money and they all cheer as he goes into the curtain.

Morris looks away and notices a woman walk into the bar. She is barely dressed just like the others, but he still recognises her. Her brown hair falls past her face, it's Natasha.

DR. MORRIS

Excuse me miss.

She looks around and also recognises him. Sudden worry strikes across her face.

NATASHA

I don't know you.

She begins to walk away but Morris follows.

DR. MORRIS

Could I just talk?

Natasha stops and pulls him in close. The red-light strobes across their faces.

NATASHA

You don't know me.

DR. MORRIS

Can I have a room?

He holds up some money and she takes it.

INT. DYNASTY STRIP CLUB - ROOM - NIGHT

Natasha closes the curtains. Morris sits on the red velvet sofas around the edge. Natasha points in anger.

NATASHA

What do you want?

DR. MORRIS

Why do I scare you?

NATASHA

Do you know where you are? Who is here?

DR. MORRIS

Maybe but not as well as you do.

Natasha turns to peer through the small gap in the curtain, in worry. Morris looks around her to see a man standing on the balcony with a drink, he's older and his pinstripe suit fits his larger frame perfectly.

NATASHA

That's the father of the man you have in hospital. If they knew I went to

see him...

Her voice drifts off. Morris stands. His voice is softer and gentler.

DR. MORRIS

Okay, I understand you can't tell me who he is but if that's his family then I should really let them know.

Morris goes to leave but she pushes him back into the seat.

NATASHA

Are you mad?

He can see another man joining on the balcony. The same one that Morris noticed Natasha watching in the hospital.

DR. MORRIS

I know him, he was in the hospital.

NATASHA

Exactly. That's his brother, Jacob. They know where he is. He'll keep an eye on everything.

DR. MORRIS

Right so is he special to you? Seems like a risk to visit him.

NATASHA

Yes, but not that his father knows.

Morris stands back up again, and Natasha looks up at him.

NATASHA

Will you help him?

DR. MORRIS

I promise to do my best.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The six of them stumble along the road. Morris is helping Glen walk by holding him up. Cliff stops and throws up in a hedge.

Glen tries to cheer but starts falling half asleep again and drops slightly in Morris's arms.

DR. MORRIS

Whoa! Easy big fella.

Glen giggles as Morris continues to pull him along. Oz puts his arm around Glen from behind to take him from Morris.

OZ
Let's get you inside.

He opens an apartment door. Keith walks up with Frank. None of them are at the same level of drunk as Glen. Keith shakes Frank's hand.

KEITH
See you later.

FRANK
Have a good one.

Keith points to Morris.

KEITH
Maybe lend a dollar to him. Never
know, might cheer him up for once.

Frank turns to a concerned Morris as Keith closes the door. He hits him on the back to distract Morris train of thought.

FRANK
You alright mate.

DR. MORRIS
Yeah, just thinking about a patient.

Morris continues to stare into the darkened distance.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela walks into the bedroom and towards the modern mirrored wardrobe that has been fitted perfectly into the wall. She looks into the mirror at herself. Everything is slightly blurred from the wine. Angela places her glass on the side and knocks over a photo. It falls with a smash.

She quickly falls to pick it up. Angela turns over the frame to see the cracked glass. Behind it sits a smiling photo of her and Morris.

The door to the apartment in the next room is heard opening and she turns startled.

DR. MORRIS (O.S)
I'm back.

She quickly picks up the glass and places it in a draw. Morris stumbles through the door.

DR. MORRIS
There you are beautiful.

He lies down next to her and puts his arm around her. He has a tipsy smile.

DR. MORRIS (CONT)

Kiss.

She kisses him and slowly lowers her hand down the side of the bed to close the draw containing the broken frame.

INT. HOSPITAL - THEATRE - DAY

Morris lifts his hands from the surgery he has just finished.

DR. MORRIS

Right, all done. Now to close up.

He goes to pick up another tool from the tray by Jenkins and sees Natasha watching from the observation window.

DR. MORRIS

I'm sure you can Jenkins.

Morris steps towards the door.

DR. JENKINS

But sir?

DR. MORRIS

You should be more than capable of closing up at the end of surgery.

He glares intently then backs out the theatre doors.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Morris steps out of the scrubbing room and spots Natasha waiting down the corridor. He goes to walk towards her when he sees Jacob standing by a door between them. Natasha notices Jacob too and rushes out. Morris turns to go the other way when some police enter the corridor with Oakfield. She spots him.

DR. OAKFIELD

Here is our head surgeon I'm sure he can help you officer.

Oakfield walks away.

OFFICER MOONY

Officer Moony. Just here to ask some general enquiries. Sweeping all the local hospitals and all that.

Morris tries to look around him to see where Natasha went but she's gone. Officer Moony looks confused by his lack of attention.

OFFICER MOONY

Could I get your name?

DR. MORRIS
Dr. Jonathan Morris.

His impatience is making him fidget.

OFFICER MOONY
We just need to know whether you have
had any recent patients admitted with
gun wounds?

Morris thinks. Jenkins is stood not far away so she can hear.

DR. MORRIS
There was one but he was discharged
after the surgery went well.

OFFICER MOONY
Did you get a name?

DR. MORRIS
Sorry, he was a John Doe.

Jenkins looks concerned.

OFFICER MOONY
As you should know he should have been
reported immediately to the police.

DR. MORRIS
Is that everything officer?

OFFICER MOONY
For now.

Officer Moony raises an eyebrow before storming off down the corridor. Morris quickly leaves the way Natasha went. Jacob vacates from hiding behind a vending machine to follow him.

INT. HOSPITAL - STAIRS - DAY

Morris pushes open the door and begins to rush up the stairs. Jacob crashes in behind him.

JACOB
Yo, Doctor. In a rush?

He can see Natasha looking through a door on the next level. Morris gives her a look and turns back cautiously.

DR. MORRIS
Not particularly. Can I help you?

JACOB
What's up with you not grassing? Any
beef with the law?

DR. MORRIS

No, nothing specifically. Just don't want them taking away my more interesting patients.

Morris glances up to Natasha who closes the door and walks away. Jacob looks Morris up and down.

JACOB

Your *patient* is an important guy, you get me?

DR. MORRIS

I understand completely. Now if you don't mind, I'm late for a meeting.

Jacob hesitates before giving him a nod and Morris rushes off.

INT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE HALLWAY - DAY

Smith is sat on the phone. Jenkins leans over the desk. She raises her finger to gesture the phone.

SMITH

I understand sir but Dr. Oakfield is busy at the moment. Try calling her office in an hour.

She suddenly takes the phone from her ear and looks at it.

SMITH

Well, have a good day!

Smith slams it back down on the receiver before turning to Jenkins.

SMITH

What would you like dear?

Jenkins leans in closer to talk quietly.

DR. JENKINS

I shouldn't really ask but Dr. Morris was suspended, right?

Smith looks away suspiciously.

SMITH

Maybe but what are you playing at girl? He's married.

Jenkins leans back suddenly in embarrassment.

DR. JENKINS

And old! That's not what I mean. He's

now my boss. I just thought maybe I should find out what happened before.

SMITH

Well, they kept it all confidential. Only Oakfield and a few board members know.

She indicates to Oakfield in her office behind her. Jenkins can see her on the phone.

DR. JENKINS

Is there any way to find out maybe?

SMITH

If you really wanted to, it wouldn't take much to find out who his last patient was on the hospital records.

Jenkins rushes off. Smith shakes her head and goes back to her work.

INT. HOSPITAL - ER - DAY

The room's busy with doctors and nurses. One patient is wheeled past screaming in pain. Jenkins passes and goes straight to a computer bank. She types her login on the screen but pauses.

DR. JENKINS

Come on. You can do this. You want to know.

She clicks on a doctors list and scrolls down to find, 'Dr. Jonathan Morris.' Jenkins stops and looks around at the business around her. No one is paying attention. She finds a patient named, 'Peter Green.' A document prints for her. She takes it quickly and leaves the wing.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - DAY

Natasha is sitting on the hospital roof overlooking the high city buildings around them. The wind blows her brown hair out of her face.

DR. MORRIS

You're not allowed up here.

She looks over to see Morris walking towards her. She rolls her eyes. He sits down next to her.

DR. MORRIS

Actually, you're not really meant to be in the hospital at all.

NATASHA
Is Jacob gone?

DR. MORRIS
I sent him away and the police.

Morris also watches the view.

NATASHA
And you are telling me off for
breaking a few hospital rules.

DR. MORRIS
Well, rules, laws...

He turns to her.

DR. MORRIS (CONT)
Aren't you cold?

NATASHA
I don't know, you tend to get numb
after a while. Aren't you?

Morris pauses and looks away.

DR. MORRIS
He's going into surgery to remove the
tumour. He should hopefully be out of
the coma after a small recovery
period.

NATASHA
Why are you helping me?

DR. MORRIS
Because you intrigued me.

She mocks him.

NATASHA
Do I still *intrigue* you?

DR. MORRIS
No, now I just think I can help you.

They both lock eyes.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jenkins knocks on the large wooden door of a terrace house.
She stands waiting in the cold, her large coat bunched around
her. The door opens and inside is a man, PETER GREEN (45), in
a wheelchair. He looks confused at his visitor.

DR. JENKINS
Hello, are you Peter Green?

PETER
Yes...

DR. JENKINS
I'm Dr. Jenkins from St. Angels
Hospital. I was hoping I could ask
about your experience there?

PETER
I think I've told you enough when I
tried seuing thank you.

Peter goes to close the door.

DR. JENKINS
I just want to know about Dr Morris!

He opens the door back up, he seems more interested now.

PETER
What about him?

INT. PETER APARTMENT - DAY

Peter pours coffee into 2 mugs and carefully wheels them both
over to a table where Jenkins is sitting.

DR. JENKINS
Thank you.

PETER
So, what do you want?

DR. JENKINS
I just want to know what happened? I'm
worried whatever he did before could
be what he's doing now. I'm not sure
if I need to stop him before it's too
late.

Peter takes a deep huff and takes a sip of his coffee.

PETER
Well, to put it simply I wasn't told
all the risks of my surgery and then I
find out later that the surgery wasn't
as necessary as Dr. Morris made it out
to be.

DR. JENKINS
That's awful. So is that why...

She looks down at his wheelchair. He nods in regret.

PETER

I sued them. Got the money. Had a holiday and bought a wheelchair. Doesn't change what he did to me though.

DR. JENKINS

I'm so sorry.

PETER

Yes. You're all sorry until it means firing your head surgeon then you just push me under the rug.

He puts down his mug and looks pleadingly over to Jenkins.

PETER (CONT)

Just don't let him lie to anyone else.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORRIS OFFICE - DAY

Morris is sitting at his desk on a laptop. He is typing into a search engine. He thinks for a moment.

'Jacob' - enter. The result comes up with several Jacobs. Nothing specific. He shakes his head.

'Dynasty strip club' - enter. Pictures of the strip club he was at before appear and Morris leans slightly closer to the screen. He presses on the club's site and an animated dancing woman appear. He shakes his head again and goes back.

'Dynasty strip club Jacob' - enter. This now comes up with several news headlines all about the Revilo family and pictures of Jacob being arrested. The word murder appears in a few of the titles.

Morris takes a deep breath and sits back. There is a knock at the door.

DR. MORRIS

Come in.

Jenkins enters.

DR. JENKINS

Dr. Oakfield wants to see you.

He is still more interested in his laptop.

DR. MORRIS

She could have paged me.

DR. JENKINS

She told me to find you.

Morris glances up at her.

DR. MORRIS
What have you told her?

INT. HOSPITAL - OAKFIELD OFFICE - DAY

Oakfield is standing behind her desk. Morris and Jenkins stand by the closed door.

DR. OAKFIELD
You can't perform two brain surgeries
on one patient this quickly.

Morris steps forwards.

DR. MORRIS
I can. Don't know about other doctors.

He glances back at Jenkins she turns away from him.

DR. OAKFIELD
You weren't expecting to keep surgery
a secret?

DR. MORRIS
No just not make a big thing about it.

Dr Oakfield addresses Jenkins in the corner.

DR. OAKFIELD
If you could leave us, please?

She nods and leaves. Oakfield sits down.

DR. OAKFIELD
Right, take a seat.

Morris thinks and then sits down, opposite her.

DR. OAKFIELD
You're a brilliant surgeon. We all
know that, and you know it too but
most people in my position would have
fired you.

He goes to speak but she holds up her hand.

DR. OAKFIELD (CONT)
I don't want to hear it. Your
suspension was controversial after
what you pulled. Don't let me down.

DR. MORRIS
Then let me do this surgery. Allow me
to prove my worth to you, to the

hospital.

DR. OAKFIELD

Is that what you mean, or do you just want us to kiss your ego?

DR. MORRIS

If it was would it matter if I could save a life?

Oakfield stops in thought.

DR. OAKFIELD

I don't want you doing this surgery. Your only just back. Just keep your head down and don't be reckless or it won't just be your head on the block.

Morris nods.

INT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE HALLWAY - DAY

Morris sits down on the bench next to Jenkins. They don't look at each other, defeated.

DR. MORRIS

We're not doing the surgery. You'll have to transfer him to Oncology in the morning for chemo.

He gets up and walks away still without looking at her. Jenkins smiles to herself but maybe slightly regretfully.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morris enters the bedroom and sees Angela dressed up in front of the mirror.

DR. MORRIS

What are you all dressed up for?

ANGELA

We have the meal with Frank, remember?

She turns around to see him still in his work suit.

ANGELA

Are you going to get ready?

DR. MORRIS

I'm going back to the hospital. Let's do another night.

Angela looks disappointed as he gives her a peck on the cheek and leaves the room again.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - NIGHT

Harriet taps on her notepad. Morris is sitting opposite her like before.

DR. MORRIS

Thank you for agreeing to see me so late.

HARRIET

What troubles you?

DR. MORRIS

I have a patient.

HARRIET

You're a doctor you have many patients. Why mention this one?

DR. MORRIS

He needs a risky surgery and I believe...

HARRIET

You believe only you can do it.

DR. MORRIS

Of course, I can do it. No, it's that I have come to realise he is part of a very dangerous family.

HARRIET

And you're worried about the implications of saving the life of someone like that.

Morris jumps up from his chair towards the window. He looks out it. Harriet carefully places down her notepad and pen to join him.

HARRIET

You can only do what you think is right. Are you putting this man's life at risk just to prove how good you are?

He turns to her.

DR. MORRIS

What if I am, would that matter?

HARRIET

Because he's a criminal?

Morris starts to look out the window again. He can see the city below. He can see Jonny's bar at a distance below them,

he notices Frank in his coat approaching his front door.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - NIGHT

Angela sits on the arm of the sofa. All dressed up but nowhere to go. The buzzer rings and she jumps up in surprise and presses the button.

Frank walks in the door.

FRANK

You both ready then?

ANGELA

Oh, I'm so sorry Frank I forgot to call you.

FRANK

Has he left you all alone?

ANGELA

Yeah, he had to go back to the hospital.

She looks away, a little sad. Frank notices.

FRANK

Say what, why don't we go? We're both dressed up ready.

ANGELA

Well, I don't think...

FRANK

No excuses. You need cheering up.

She looks away, not sure. Frank jumps around her to see her face.

FRANK

Go on. You deserve it.

Angela begins to smile and then nods slightly.

FRANK

Brilliant, grab your coat and we can head off.

ANGELA

Thank you, Frank.

She runs to the bedroom.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

The door slides open, and Morris enters. Natasha is sitting

by the bed in the dark.

DR. MORRIS

You might get yourself hurt coming here all the time.

NATASHA

What about you?

DR. MORRIS

Couldn't see Jacob skulking around.

Natasha leans into the light and brushes back her hair to show a large bruise and cut across her face. Morris immediately steps forward but Natasha sits back into the shadow.

NATASHA

It's fine. Jacob worked out I was visiting which they didn't like but I'm now here to watch him instead.

Morris gets out a bottle from inside his jacket pocket. He takes two plastic cups from the trolley and places them on the patient tray in front of the man. Morris begins to pour two drinks.

NATASHA

I'm starting to like you.

DR. MORRIS

He wouldn't do anything like this to you, would he?

Morris indicates toward his patient still unconscious in the bed. Natasha doesn't answer but notices he is struggling to unscrew the lid of the bottle. She leans forward to take it from him.

NATASHA

Give it here.

She straight away turns it open and gives it back with a smile.

NATASHA

What's the occasion?

DR. MORRIS

They won't let me do the surgery.

Natasha sighs.

NATASHA

It was quite risky though right?

Morris finishes pouring and hands her a cup.

DR. MORRIS
All surgery has risks.

NATASHA
Risk for him or a risk for you.

Morris hesitates and pulls up a chair to sit down. He raises his cup.

DR. MORRIS
To taking risks.

NATASHA
Here, here.

They both take a large gulp and wince at its strength before Natasha starts laughing and Morris starts to smile.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Frank pulls out Angela's chair for her to sit at the fancy laid out table in front of them. Frank sits down opposite.

ANGELA
Thank you for this. It's really nice
to be able to get out of the house.

FRANK
Always good to see you smiling for
once

She looks away, a little embarrassed by her large smile. The waiter walks over to the table.

WAITER
Sorry about the wait sir.

FRANK
Don't be sorry, I'm sure you're eating
and exercising the best you can.

She laughs and he winks at her. The waiter does not look impressed. Frank coughs to bring back his composure.

FRANK
We'll have the wine list, please.

WAITER
Right away sir.

Frank notices her slightly worried expression.

FRANK
Don't worry. It's on me.

Angela smiles again.

EXT. STREET ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

Frank and Angela are walking down the street.

ANGELA

Thank you for tonight. Things haven't been easy recently.

FRANK

You know you can always talk to me.

ANGELA

Yeah. Well, turns out my mum is quite ill and apparently, she wants to see me. I don't know if I can stomach it.

FRANK

You can only do what you think is best but don't ever have any lasting regrets.

There is a sombre moment between them.

ANGELA

You know I haven't even talked to Jonathan about that. He doesn't give me the chance these days.

He smiles not saying much.

ANGELA

What is it?

FRANK

Nothing. I shouldn't say.

Angela stops him by grabbing hold of his arms.

ANGELA

Go on. You can tell me. How long have you known me?

FRANK

About as long as Jonathan.

ANGELA

Exactly.

FRANK

Yeah, that's the point. I just...

He clearly starts to get a little nervous now.

FRANK (CONT)

I've just always hated how Jonathan
has treated you.

Angela scowls slightly, trying to figure out what he's
hinting at.

JACOB

Give us your money!

Frank turns at the sight of Jacob holding a gun, walking
towards them. Frank quickly pulls Angela behind him.

FRANK

Okay, I'm just getting out my wallet.

He carefully reaches into his coat.

JACOB

Put your hands back up!

Frank quickly pulls out his hand and raises them. He starts
to walk towards the mugger.

FRANK

Don't worry. I was just reaching for
my wallet as I said. Let's say I give
you my money and you leave us alone.

He thinks.

JACOB

Quickly!

Frank reaches into his coat again, still walking forwards.
Frank gets to arms distance from Jacob and holds out his
wallet. Just as Jacob reaches forward, he grabs Frank's arm
and pulls him round into a lock against the wall.

ANGELA

Frank!

Angela is still stood away from them.

FRANK

Angela. Stay back!

Jacob leans in to whisper to him.

JACOB

You tell your friend, Dr. Morris, to
watch what's he's doing. My brother
better come out of that hospital
alive.

Jacob releases Frank, grabs the wallet from the floor and

runs away. Angela runs over and helps Frank up.

ANGELA

Are you okay?

FRANK

I'm alright. Let's get you home.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Morris chuckles. He's finding it difficult to pour another drink now. Some spills over. Natasha grabs his arm and takes the almost empty bottle from his hand. Her eyes say she isn't sober, but she is not nearly as gone as Morris.

NATASHA

I think we've had enough.

DR. MORRIS

You're probably right.

NATASHA

There is something I need to give you.

The drunken smile drops from Morris's face as he notices it vanished from Natasha's. She reaches into her bag and looks out at the empty hospital corridors outside the room. Slowly Natasha takes a gun from her bag and places it in Morris's hands. Morris in shock tries to hand it back.

DR. MORRIS

You can't have this here. Why would I want this?

She pushes his hands holding the gun closer to him.

NATASHA

I'm worried about how safe you might be now that you're involved.

DR. MORRIS

No there's more. What have you done?

Natasha looks away again from shame.

NATASHA

The gunshot that originally brought him to the hospital. It was me.

She turns back, tears in her eyes.

NATASHA

I shot him. He got very angry, and I panicked and the next thing I knew I had shot him.

DR. MORRIS
Do they know it was you?

Natasha starts to panic and talks quickly.

NATASHA
No. They assumed it was someone
breaking in. I made sure I wasn't in
the room when they found him. Then it
turns out he was alive, and they
dropped him off here.

Morris places down the gun into his pocket and pulls her into
a hug.

DR. MORRIS
Don't worry. It's okay.

Just in the corner of the room, Morris spots a small flashing
blue light. Intrigue turns to worry. As he slowly moves
across the room towards it.

NATASHA
What's is it?

He pulls out a small black dot that was attached under one of
the side tables. He holds it up still flashing.

DR. MORRIS
I think it's a bug.

They both look at each other in concern.

INT. FRANKS APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Natasha and Morris step out of a lift.

NATASHA
Where are you taking me?

DR. MORRIS
Trust me. I can't take you to mine so
this is the best option.

Morris stops at a door and knocks.

NATASHA
I don't need looking after.

The door opens to a sleepy, dishevelled Frank in pyjamas.

FRANK
Where have you been?

He pulls Morris inside.

INT. FRANK APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - NIGHT

Natasha follows them in and closes the door. She walks further into the apartment to look around. Morris and Frank are talking still by the door.

FRANK

I was trying to call you before I gave up and went to bed.

DR. MORRIS

Why?

Frank notices Natasha in the room and quietens down.

FRANK

Who is that?

DR. MORRIS

She needs to stay here for a bit.

FRANK

Stay here! Why?

DR. MORRIS

She just needs looking after.

He watches her pick up some flowers still in their packaging on the side. Smells them and then puts them back down.

FRANK

Is she in danger? Am I in danger with her here?

DR. MORRIS

I don't know.

FRANK

I was threatened by a man with a gun tonight. He said to warn you to make sure his brother comes out of the hospital alive. What have you gotten yourself involved in?

DR. MORRIS

You're working from home so just don't leave her alone. It's just for a night or two while I get this sorted.

FRANK

What sorted?

DR. MORRIS

Just trust me. I need you.

He gives Frank a look of plea. Frank shakes his head in

regret.

FRANK

Fine but she can't stay long.

Morris smiles.

DR. MORRIS

Thank you. I can always count on you.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morris enters the darkly lit room. He looks over to see Angela is cuddled into bed on her own. Morris slowly takes the gun out of his inside jacket pocket and wraps it up in some underwear. He carefully places it in a draw and gets into bed.

A slit of light from the outside window shines on Angela's eyes. She half opens them and looks over at the draw where the gun has been placed.

INT. CITY OFFICE - DAY

A large modern office overlooks the busy city below. Cliff is sitting at his desk in the centre. He answers the buzzer on the phone.

SECRETARY (SPEAKER)

Morning, sir. We have a Dr Jonathan Morris here to see you.

Cliff looks surprised.

CLIFF

Jonathan? Yeah, send him in.

He jumps up from his desk to greet Morris as he walks into the room.

CLIFF

Morning, Jonathan. What can I do for you?

DR. MORRIS

Just wanted to see how the wedding was going, if you were alright?

Cliff offers Morris a chair and they both sit down.

CLIFF

Oh, come on now. I haven't spoken to you for years before the bachelor party.

DR. MORRIS
Yeah, sorry about that.

Morris looks down at his pager from his pocket and turns off the screen.

CLIFF
What's the matter?

DR. MORRIS
You and Sarah always seemed so happy together at college and your wedding. How come you're getting married again?

CLIFF
Bit early in the day for the big questions.

Cliff sighs and stands up, going to the window.

CLIFF (CONT)
You know Jonathan. We became different people. That's just how life goes, I'm afraid. People drift apart sometimes.

He turns back to Morris, who just nods.

CLIFF
Is everything okay with Angela?

DR. MORRIS
It is what it is. Can I ask, do you still love Sarah?

Cliff thinks for a moment.

CLIFF
You know what? No, actually. I don't think I do.

He sits back down.

CLIFF (CONT)
Do you love Angela?

Morris takes a long intake of breath before wincing like his answer hurts.

DR. MORRIS
Yes. I do.

CLIFF
You've never been one to push yourself, Jonathan. You've always stayed at the top of that hospital for years because it's comfortable but I

would say you need to start fighting
for what you truly believe is right.
That's what I did and that is why I'm
now going to marry who I truly do
love.

Morris smiles.

INT. HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE HALLWAY - DAY

Morris enters the busy hospital hallway when suddenly Smith
perks up at her desk.

SMITH

You are aware that you're meant to
answer your pager and not just come in
when it suits you?

DR. MORRIS

Has something happened?

SMITH

Your John Doe patient, he's back with
us and Jenkins has had a hard time
explaining his condition.

DR. MORRIS

He's awake?!

Morris rushes off into the lift.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

The door slides open, and Morris finds Jenkins at the bed of
the patient with a clipboard.

DR. JENKINS

Sir, if you were just able to tell us
your name then we can set up the chemo
for you.

THE MAN

I've told you I want to be discharged.
I'm not telling you who I am.

Jenkins notices Morris entering the room.

DR. JENKINS

Excuse me one moment sir.

She walks over to him to talk quietly.

DR. JENKINS

I can't seem to get a name from him,
and he refuses to start his treatment
of chemo.

DR. MORRIS

If you would like to step outside,
please Jenkins? I'm sure I can have a
word with our patient.

Jenkins looks up at him confused and frustrated but still
proceeds to leave the room. Morris approaches the bed.

DR. MORRIS

Okay, so sir, how are you feeling?

THE MAN

I want to go.

DR. MORRIS

And you have the right to but first
let me explain to you that you have a
tumour in your head and if we don't
treat it while it's small, you run the
risk of us not being able to help you
at all.

The man tightens his jaw.

THE MAN

What treatment do I need?

Morris smiles.

INT. FRANKS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - DAY

Angela sips her drink from a mug. She's sat at the table with
Frank.

FRANK

I'm worried about Jonathan. He's been
acting quite distantly recently.

ANGELA

Yeah, but you know him, doesn't show
his emotions.

She looks slightly regretful at this. Angela looks over at
Natasha led asleep on the sofa. She gets a little flustered.

ANGELA

I didn't know you had someone over.

FRANK

No don't worry, it's just a friend.

He thinks.

FRANK (CONT)

From college. She had to crash the
night.

ANGELA

Ah okay. So still not doing well with the whole dating thing?

FRANK

I think I'm happy with what I have at the moment.

She smiles and he smiles back. Natasha is secretly awake on the sofa and sees them with a smile of her own.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Morris swings his way out of the patient room and is greeted by Jenkins who walks alongside him. He slaps some paperwork into her hands.

DR. MORRIS

He's agreed to the surgery.

Jenkins stops and watches Morris walk away in excitement. She looks anxious.

INT. FRANKS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - DAY

Angela is putting on her coat and is about to leave.

FRANK

Oh, hold on I have something for you.

He goes to the kitchen island and picks up the flowers. He looks at them for a moment, his back to Angela so she can't see. He shakes his head and puts them back down. Turning with a smile.

FRANK

Don't worry. I've forgotten.

She smiles back.

ANGELA

Okay, see you later.

Franks closes the door behind her. As he turns away, he sees Natasha awake with a beaming smile on the sofa.

NATASHA

So...

Franks tries to dismiss her glare.

FRANK

What?

Natasha has a teasing childish tone of voice.

NATASHA
Angela and you.

FRANK
No, don't go there. She is just a
friend. Not even that. She's
Jonathan's wife. Nothing else.

Natasha gets up and walks slowly towards him.

NATASHA
Oh, come on. The way you look at her.
The flowers!

FRANK
Please don't.

She gets close to him. He avoids looking at her.

NATASHA
It's so cliché. What would Jonathan
think?

Frank doesn't know what to say, his slightly gleaming wet
eyes staring into the distance.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Phoebe can be seen through the window into a patient's room
with an elderly lady. Sat in the corridor opposite, watching,
is Angela. Busy doctors and nurses pass her.

ANGELA
Hi, mum. How's it been?

She smirks.

ANGELA (CONT)
Nope.

Angela shakes her head and takes a deep breath before
collapsing her head in her hands.

DR. JENKINS
You okay miss?

She looks up to see Jenkins sitting down next to her.

ANGELA
Yeah, I'm alright.

DR. JENKINS
Do you need any help?

ANGELA
I'm just here to see my mum.

DR. JENKINS

Ah okay. Would you like me to find out which room she's in?

ANGELA

No, don't worry. She's right there.

Angela indicates to the room in front of them. Jenkins stands up.

DR. JENKINS

Sorry miss, I didn't mean to disturb you.

She turns away.

ANGELA

I hate her so much.

Jenkins turns back.

ANGELA (CONT)

You can't help who your parents are, unfortunately.

DR. JENKINS

Can I ask what happened between you?

She sits back down next to her.

ANGELA

I was never exactly a planned child; the alcohol soothed that disappointment. Phoebe, my sister, got the worst of it being older but she's a forgiving person.

DR. JENKINS

Are you not?

Angela takes a long sigh.

ANGELA

I'm...

She just shakes her head. Trying to hold back any tears.

DR. JENKINS

I think it's sometimes better to not forgive necessary but try to understand. Nothing can change what has happened but also nothing will change if you don't confront what you feel is right.

Jenkins stops to think about what she just said.

ANGELA

Thank you.

They both nod and smile. Jenkins gets up to walk away.

DR. JENKINS

Good luck.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Jenkins gets to the door of Morris office. She takes a deep breath.

DR. JENKINS

Come on, you can do this.

She closes her eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORRIS OFFICE - DAY

Morris is sitting at his desk. He is playing 'Mozart number 17 in C.' A knock comes at the door. Jenkins enters straight away. Morris looks up slightly annoyed.

DR. JENKINS

Are you insane?

Morris takes a deep breath. Not wanting to repeat past arguments.

DR. JENKINS

You are aware that this will go in front of the board and your licence will be at risk? All you are doing is proving that you haven't changed since your suspension. You're just as arrogant and egotistical as before!

DR. MORRIS

Have you finished?

She stops to notice the music. Morris doesn't look quite as confident as normal.

DR. MORRIS

What's the music? Are you okay?

DR. MORRIS

Just reminiscing Jenkins. Mozart number 17 in C. It was my first dance. Angela was studying it when we first met at college.

He reaches over and turns the music off.

DR. MORRIS (CONT)

I wonder if she would still play it?

Jenkins doesn't know what to say. Morris gets up and walks over to her.

DR. MORRIS

Will you help me?

She looks up at him in confusion.

DR. MORRIS (CONT)

You know I was also once the youngest surgeon appointed in this hospital, like you?

DR. JENKINS

Yes, Oakfield mentioned. Would you have allowed your boss to do this when you started?

DR. MORRIS

Maybe. Maybe not. Back then I was young, big-headed. 'The youngest surgeon.' I've held that title in this hospital. Tried to live up to it. Like you must now.

DR. JENKINS

Why does this mean so much to you? You could lose so much.

DR. MORRIS

I feel as though I have everything to prove, and nothing left to lose. I need you when I'm in that conference room.

Jenkins looks away in thought.

DR. JENKINS

Okay. I will support you with this surgery.

DR. MORRIS

I also want you in that theatre with me.

She looks back up at him with a large grin.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Angela watches as Phoebe leaves the room and she gets up to walk towards the door. She stops and closes her eyes. Holding her breath. She violently shakes her head and then rushes away down the corridor.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Morris and Jenkins are sitting in the conference room but this time with a lot fewer people. The two other people that are in the room sit on the other side of the large table, Dr. Brown and Dr. Oakfield.

DR. BROWN

It's come to our attention that you want to perform a fairly risky surgery on your patient.

DR. MORRIS

Yes.

DR. OAKFIELD

And we're deciding whether or not he is now stable enough for this to go ahead.

Dr. Brown looks over at Jenkins sat nervously at the edge of the table.

DR. BROWN

Dr. Jenkins, you're here because?

DR. JENKINS

Well, um, sir. I'm here to say I support Dr. Morris's decision to do this surgery. If anyone can do it then I think he can.

Dr. Oakfield smiles at her.

DR. BROWN

And what do you say Dr. Morris?

DR. MORRIS

I know you don't trust me an awful lot, but I can assure you today that I truly believe in this surgery for my patient.

DR. OAKFIELD

If you have noticed this isn't a full board meeting. That is because we want to give you a chance.

DR. MORRIS

In the past, I have made...

He pauses. Everyone waits at the moment for his next word.

DR. MORRIS (CONT)

Mistakes. Errors in judgment that were selfish and cost some patients a lot.

He turns to see Jenkins smile.

DR. MORRIS (CONT)
Let me do this. Please.

DR. BROWN
Congratulations Dr. Morris you just
said exactly what I wanted to hear.

DR. OAKFIELD
Well done.

Dr. Brown stands to do up his suit jacket and holds out his
hand for a shake. Morris stands to shake it.

DR. BROWN
If you're able to pull this off, I'm
sure there will be a higher spot for
you on the board.

He signs a piece of paper and slides it over to Oakfield who
also signs it. She hands it to Morris.

DR. MORRIS
Thank you.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Morris walks down the corridor towards the patient's room and
sees through the window that he is talking to Jacob. He stops
and turns back the other way. Morris quickly gets out his
phone. It keeps ringing.

DR. MORRIS
Come on Frank. Pick up.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Frank walks through the rain towards the familiar door of
Morris's apartment. He is carrying a large bunch of flowers.
He stops in front of the door.

Jonny from inside the bar notices him standing outside and
steps just outside under his shelter.

JONNY
What are you standing around in the
rain for? Want a drink?

FRANK
A little early, I think.

JONNY
Keep it down, you'll put me out of
business.

Frank chuckles.

JONNY

If I was you, I would decide on what
you want to do, rather than wait in
the rain.

Jonny goes back inside, and Frank looks back over at the door. Frank nods and presses the buzzer.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - DAY

Angela is ironing in the centre of the room and hears the buzzer. She puts down what she is doing to answer.

ANGELA

Hello.

FRANK (SPEAKER)

Hi, it's Frank. I just wanted to check
you were alright.

ANGELA

You must be soaked. Come on up.

Angela presses the buzzer. She looks around the room at all the clothes over the sofa and quickly dashes over to fold them all backup. Her lunch is still sitting on the coffee table, so she grabs it and runs it over to the empty sink.

The door knocks.

ANGELA

Coming!

Angela jumps over to the mirror by the door and fixes her hair a bit before finally opening it up. Frank is standing soaking wet from the rain outside, holding up a bunch of flowers.

She takes the flowers from him, bewildered by the gesture.

ANGELA

Oh, they're lovely. You shouldn't
have.

FRANK

It's okay.

ANGELA

Well, thank you.

She walks them over to an empty vase on the kitchen side.

ANGELA

Take that coat off and get yourself

warm.

Angela goes to the kitchen with the flowers.

ANGELA (CONT)

Shouldn't you be at home working?

FRANK

I get lunch breaks.

Frank hangs up his coat and wanders over to the kitchen to join her. She is pulling out the slightly browner flowers and places them on the side.

FRANK

Would you like any help?

ANGELA

I think I can handle flowers.

He watches her as she fills up a vase with water and carefully arranges the flowers inside. Her phone rings. Angela looks over confused.

ANGELA

Could you tell them I'm busy?

Frank picks up the phone.

FRANK

Hello, this is Angela's phone. Frank talking.

He listens.

FRANK

I understand.

Frank now hands out the phone to her.

FRANK

It's the hospital.

Angela takes it from him.

ANGELA

Hello.

As Angela listens, she tries to hold back her tears.

ANGELA

Yes, I understand. Thank you for informing me.

She puts down the phone on the side and her head drops.

ANGELA
My mum just died.

Frank jumps up from his seat to hug her.

FRANK
I'm so sorry, Angela.

She starts to cry as Frank holds her tighter.

ANGELA
I'm sorry.

FRANK
You don't need to be sorry.

ANGELA
You're always looking after me.

They both look at each other.

FRANK
I think you're wonderful Angela. I
always have.

She looks confused.

FRANK
I've known you for as long as I've
known Jonathan and seen you devote
your life to him but what I see is
neglect. You're the most wonderful
person I've ever met, and I think...

He looks down at her and she looks at him. Frank wipes away
her tears.

ANGELA
How long have you...?

FRANK
For as long as I can remember.

She half-heartily chuckles. Their eyes lock and she closes
hers. Frank leans in and kisses her. They pull themselves
together tightly.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Rain hits the outside windows. The clock on the wall ticks
obnoxiously loud as Morris tries to ignore it. He is still
wearing scrubs. He looks up to see the continued tapping of
Harriet's pen.

HARRIET
Did you come straight from surgery?

DR. MORRIS
No this is my going out outfit.

He sits back in his chair.

HARRIET
Tell me what happened.

Morris takes the glass of water sitting on the side table and stares at it.

DR. MORRIS
Got anything a little stronger?

HARRIET
Stop deflecting.

Morris gulps down the whole glass and places it back down.

DR. MORRIS
Well after heading home I went to the hospital for the surgery.

INT. HOSPITAL - THEATRE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Morris walks through the doors. His gloved hands held up by his face. A small crowd of people watch from the observation window above. Brown and Oakfield are there.

DR. MORRIS (V.O)
As I've mentioned before the patient had a cystic tumour in the right parietal lobe. He had significant vasogenic edema.

Jenkins turns on the computer display showing an image of the tumour's location.

DR. MORRIS (V.O)
Beforehand we used computer navigation and stereotaxy to get the exact location of that pesky tumour.

The skin around the head is now seen open and held tightly with blue clips. Jenkins hands Morris a drill. He carefully drills three holes into the skull.

She takes back the drill and hands Morris a small sore in which he begins to make a hole in the skull to reveal the dura.

DR. MORRIS (V.O)
Everything went smoothly. I successfully gained access to the dura through the frontal and temporal bones. I then began to sharply cut

open the dura.

Morris is seen carefully cutting open another hole as Jenkins continually dabs away the blood. Oakfield leans towards the glass to see down a little better.

DR. MORRIS (V.O)
Then the tricky bit, cut out the
tumour.

Jenkins starts to layer tenting sutures around the edges of the hole they have now created in the dura. Morris takes the tool and stares at the hole.

He stops.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - NIGHT

Morris sits in silence.

HARRIET
You've stopped.

DR. MORRIS
Exactly.

He gets restless in the seat.

DR. MORRIS (CONT)
For the first time, I hesitated during
surgery.

Morris flinches at this thought.

HARRIET
Don't let me assume but I think it
must have been more than a hesitation.

He nods.

DR. MORRIS
If I was to accidentally damage the
artery, I would cause a haemorrhage
that would most likely kill him.

HARRIET
Of course, brain surgery is not
without its risks, but I don't think
you're telling me that as a fun fact.

Morris now stares coldly into Harriet's eyes.

DR. MORRIS
I thought about doing it.

Silence enters the room again and then the tapping starts.

She meets Morris's eyes.

HARRIET
You mentioned going home.

DR. MORRIS
How's that relevant? Don't you want to
know if I killed my patient?

HARRIET
Did you?

Morris's eyes are cold.

DR. MORRIS
No.

HARRIET
Was the surgery successful?

INT. HOSPITAL - THEATRE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Morris leans back in and takes the scalpal to start cutting
away the inner tumour. Everyone in the observation room leans
forward to look closer.

DR. MORRIS (V.O)
I start by carefully cutting away the
inner tumour slowly. Piece by piece.
My hands were steady.

He takes it out and places it aside. He continues to cut away
the rest of the tumour.

There is a long beeping sound. Everyone looks around to see
him flatline. Morris steps back.

DR. JENKINS
Flatline.

DR. MORRIS
Compressions.

A nurse steps forward and starts to compress his chest.
Morris watches calmly. The viewing platform stares with more
unease. The heartbeat comes back.

DR. JENKINS
We need to close him back up or we may
lose him again.

DR. MORRIS
One more piece.

Morris approaches the bench again. He hasn't broken his
concentration. Everyone watches again as the heartbeat keeps

going. Morris lowers his scalpel back into the patient's head. He careful takes in a deep breath and cuts out the final piece.

Replacing his scalpel with the small forceps he removes the last piece of the tumour and places it into the tray. Morris steps back slightly in relief. People clap in the observation room and start to walk out.

DR. MORRIS (V.O)
The surgery was a success.

HARRIET (V.O)
Why did you go home first?

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - NIGHT

DR. MORRIS
Don't you want to know more about the surgery?

HARRIET
Why did you mention home earlier?

Morris stands up.

DR. MORRIS
Why do you always have to fixate on unimportant details?

Harriet carefully places down her pad and pen and crosses her legs. She glances with a look at the empty chair. Morris gets the message and sits back down.

HARRIET
No detail is unimportant to me. You today considered killing another human being. For nothing but to play out your own rationalizations on moral behaviour. That isn't like you. For better or for worse you have always strongly followed your belief that any patient is worth saving. So I ask again, what did you find at home?

Morris's eyes dart up. Harriet can see the anger behind them.

DR. MORRIS
Flowers.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - SUNSET (FLASHBACK)

Morris enters the room and walks to the kitchen where he grabs a glass and pours himself a drink. He drinks it down and turns slowly to see flowers sitting on the side. He freezes. The vase gleams in the sun, in front of him.

Franks new coat sits on the sofa.

The glass in Morris's hand slides out from his loosening grip as it falls to the floor and smashes. Morris stares into the distance. Too many thoughts to comprehend but then one thought comes through.

DR. MORRIS

Natasha!

He darts out of the apartment quickly.

INT. FRANKS APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - SUNSET (FLASHBACK)

Morris rushes down the corridor. He turns to see people in police uniform waiting outside. Morris barges his way through to see a woman-~~led~~ on the ground inside the open apartment.

POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me, sir?

Morris ignores them as an officer moves out of his sight and he can see Natasha ~~led~~ in a pool of blood. Morris almost falls back. He stumbles away back down the corridor. Everything is a blur to him as he pushes his way back through the people in the corridor.

POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me, sir!

EXT. STREET - SUNSET (FLASHBACK)

Morris runs outside and immediately throws up on the sidewalk. He starts to walk down the busy street. People pass him tightly. A man goes past in a familiar-looking trench coat. Then another coat goes by to his other side. Then another coat and another and another until he stops as everyone around him passes wearing the same coat. He huddles in on himself. So many people all looking the same.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - NIGHT

HARRIET

And after you went straight to surgery?

Morris nods.

DR. MORRIS

I left early and came straight here after that.

INT. HOSPITAL - THEATRE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Morris puts down his tools. He stares blankly into the distance as he starts to walk away.

DR. JENKINS
Where are you going?

DR. MORRIS
You can finish, can't you?

Jenkins watches Morris leaving the theatre with concern.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - NIGHT

Angela is knelt on the ground picking up broken glass, crying.

FRANK
What happened?

ANGELA
I think Jonathan must have come back
and got angry because he saw the
flowers from you.

She's still sniffily and all her words seem to come out at once. Franks grabs her and pulls her in for a hug.

FRANK
Don't worry. You're okay, that's the
main thing.

He wipes away the tear from her eye and she nods with a little smile.

ANGELA
I'm worried about if he comes home
drunk. What if he knows?

Frank holds her face to look at her.

FRANK
I'll look after you. I promise.

She smiles. A phone starts to ring next to them. Frank takes it out from his coat pocket. He has several missed calls.

FRANK
Hello?

There is only a murmur on the other end.

FRANK (CONT)
Okay. I'll be right over.

He puts down the phone.

ANGELA
Who was that?

FRANK
Oakfield. They are concerned about
Jonathan. Let's go see if he's
alright.

They both stand up, but Angela grabs his arm.

ANGELA
I'll stay here. In case he comes home.

FRANK
Are you sure?

ANGELA
Don't be long.

He kisses her on the cheek and grabs his coat to run out the door.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - NIGHT

HARRIET
So, did she sleep with him?

DR. MORRIS
What do you think?

HARRIET
I think it's more important to know
what you think.

DR. MORRIS
More important or more interesting?

She calmly picks back up her notebook and pen.

HARRIET
Is there a difference when it comes to
therapy Dr. Morris?

Harriet starts to tap again. Morris clenches his fingers on the arms of the chair. He can't stop watching the tapping of the pen. Without hesitation, he jumps forward, snatches the pen, and throws it across the floor.

Her face contorts slowly into a beaming grin. For the first time, showing joy.

HARRIET
Do you feel more in control now?

INT. HOSPITAL - OAKFIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

Jenkins is now standing talking to Oakfield. Frank rushes into the room.

FRANK
What's the trouble?

Oakfield now addresses Jenkins.

DR. OAKFIELD
Thank you for your concern, Dr.
Jenkins. Get yourself home.

Jenkins smiles and leaves the office. Oakfield now turns to Frank.

DR. OAKFIELD
Frank, Morris left surgery straight
away today and hasn't been seen,
since.

FRANK
Is he alright?

DR. OAKFIELD
I hope so. I think I know where you
could find him.

She walks around her desk towards him.

DR. OAKFIELD
During his suspension, I referred him
to a therapist.

Oakfield hands him a piece of paper with an address on it.

FRANK
Therapist? I didn't know.

She shrugs at him.

FRANK (CONT)
Let me go check he's okay.

INT. JONNY'S BAR - NIGHT

Frank walks in and heads towards Jonny behind the bar. He
sits in his usual seat.

DR. MORRIS
Double whisky if you could.

Jonny grabs a glass and spins it around, grabbing the bottle
and pouring it in.

JONNY
Is this a troubling drink?

DR. MORRIS
I don't know Jonny.

He grabs the glass and gulps the whole thing down.

JONNY

Well, whatever is on your mind, that was clearly needed.

Jonny proceeds to fill up another.

DR. MORRIS

I've gotten myself involved in some stuff and I've let others get hurt. Should I do the right thing?

JONNY

What is the right thing?

He grabs the glass and points at him.

DR. MORRIS

That is a very good point.

Morris downs another. Jonny grabs the phone from the side and places it in front of him.

JONNY

I'll let you decide what you got to do. You know the number I imagine.

Morris sees the phone sitting on the bar.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - NIGHT

There is thudding at the door, and Harriet walks towards it half asleep. She opens it to see Frank.

HARRIET

What do you want? It's late.

FRANK

Sorry for the disturbance. I'm friends with Jonathan Morris I believe he has been coming to see you.

HARRIET

I can't discuss clients.

Harriet goes to close the door but Frank stops it with his foot. She opens it again.

FRANK

Just tell me if he's okay?

HARRIET

You're Frank I take it. All I can say is maybe you should check on his wife. You do seem to like her just as much.

She now closes the door on him with a little bang.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - NIGHT

The apartment door slowly opens, and Morris walks inside.

MORRIS

Hello, I'm home.

Angela appears from the bedroom. Morris stumbles slightly towards her.

ANGELA

Stay back, you're drunk.

Morris smirks. Angela has the gun hidden behind her back.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

The man is led in the bed when suddenly the door bursts open, and cops come in. One handcuffs him to the bed. Officer Moony walks in behind in full uniform.

OFFICER MOONY

So, this is where you've been Robert.

Robert almost snarls at him.

THE MAN/ ROBERT

How did you find me?

OFFICER MOONY

Anonymous tip-offs go a long way probably just as long as you're going to spend in prison. Once you've recovered.

Jacob can be seen walking back outside with coffee but as soon as he sees the officer, he suddenly throws the coffee in the air and runs back the other way.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - NIGHT

DR. MORRIS

Where is he?

ANGELA

What are you on about?

He walks away from her slowly.

DR. MORRIS

I think we both know what I mean.

Morris goes to the cupboards and starts to look through them.

DR. MORRIS
I need another drink.

Angela places the gun in her pocket and carefully walks towards him.

ANGELA
(Whispering)
It'll be alright. Trust me.

He pours the drink, messily.

DR. MORRIS
Trust you?

Morris shakes his head and swigs down his drink. His hand starts to shake slightly but he still doesn't raise his voice.

DR. MORRIS
You know if you've done anything with him. I'll...

Morris screams in anger and throws his glass across the room. It smashes and Angela jumps back. He falls onto the kitchen side. His head in his hands.

DR. MORRIS
I'm just so tired.

ANGELA
I know.

He looks up at her.

DR. MORRIS
Do you? Do you know what I've been through? What you've done to me? What I'm going to do to Frank if I see him!

Morris gets back up and turns away.

ANGELA
Just calm down. We can talk this through.

DR. MORRIS
I'm going to kill him.

ANGELA
Don't say that.

Morris turns back. A little too close to Angela. She places her hand into her pocket.

DR. MORRIS
I'm going to kill him.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Frank gets to outside Jonny's bar. Jonny is picking up glasses outside.

FRANK
Jonny, have you seen Jonathan?

JONNY
Yeah. He had a drink and headed up. Is everything okay?

Frank rushes to the door and presses the buzzer.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - NIGHT

Morris stares coldly into Angela's eyes. She meets them but her body is tense. They both turn at the sound of the buzzer.

DR. MORRIS
There he is then. So tell me the truth, have you? You and him?

ANGELA
I wouldn't, neither would Frank. You know that.

DR. MORRIS
Do I?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Frank is still pressing the buzzer. Jonny comes up to him.

JONNY
Don't worry. I'll get the key for you.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - NIGHT

Angela reaches out her hand and places it on his. She smiles.

ANGELA
I love you.

Morris suddenly wipes the back of his hand up and slaps her across the room. He walks around and stands up above her.

DR. MORRIS
Get off me! You don't love me.

ANGELA
I do love you.

Morris screams in anger and brings up a clenched fist.

Frank burst through the front door.

FRANK

Stop!

He turns to see Frank standing in the doorway.

DR. MORRIS

There you are.

Frank steps forward carefully. Hand in front to try and calm him down.

FRANK

Nothing's happened, mate. We're just friends like we always have been.

DR. MORRIS

I don't believe you. You're my best friend!

FRANK

What's gotten into you? You love Angela more than this.

Morris clenches his fists. Anger brewing in his face.

FRANK

Don't you harm her.

DR. MORRIS

All I asked was you looked after Natasha, but you left her alone to come here and fuck my wife!

FRANK

It's not like that mate.

Suddenly Morris jumps at him and pushes him to the ground. He goes down with him and punches his face repeatedly. Frank can't move. His face is covered in blood. Morris just keeps punching. Frank can hardly talk.

FRANK

Please. Stop.

Punch after punch after punch. Frank's eyes roll back as his face is red with blood.

Bang.

Morris stops. He looks down at his own blood pouring from his chest and falls slightly. He turns to see Angela holding the gun at him. She is shaken and drops it. She freezes in shock.

Frank just about opens his eyes and crawls over to Angela.

Blood covers Morris's hand as he holds the wound. Morris looks around shocked. He stumbles to his feet.

ANGELA

Where are you going?

He stumbles out to the door and opens it in a struggle.

ANGELA

Jonathan. Don't leave.

He doesn't look back and continues out the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jonny from inside the bar stops his sweeping and looks out the window to see Morris stumble out of his apartment and down the street. He shakes his head.

Morris continues down the street. He winces in pain as the blood continues to cover his hand. The streets are empty now other than a few homeless people. None of them notice him.

INT. MORRIS APARTMENT - OPEN PLAN - NIGHT

Angela is on the phone.

ANGELA

Yes. He's been shot. I don't know, he just left. Blood yes. Lots.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Morris stumbles into the entrance car park. His eyes are drooping now, and he is walking much slower. He leaves a trail of blood behind him. The place is empty. No one notices him fall towards the entrance steps.

Morris collapses. Blood dripping down each step. He tries to move towards the door but stops. His eyes drop emotionless. Dead.