

If Blood Be The Price

by

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## "IF BLOOD BE THE PRICE"

FADE IN:

INT. YALE UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL/EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

TWO HANDS, safely sheathed in surgical gloves, are pushing down on a wound. BLOOD is pulsing inexorably past these hands.

We widen out and see that the hands belong to DR PHIL CROSBY. His hands are on a PATIENT lying on a gurney in front of him, trying to stem the flow.

We can't see a lot of Crosby since he's covered in a plastic gown, gloves and face mask. His furious eyes glare through a pair of blood-spattered aviator spectacles perched over the mask.

There is blood everywhere; the cubicle looks like an abattoir on slaughter day. Blood is pulsing out of the groin of the patient despite the pressure of Crosby's hands, blood all over the patient and the staff, blood all over the gurney and the floor.

Stuck on top of the congealing pools of blood on the floor is a flotsam of clinical debris (swabs, syringes etc). The ER generally is incredibly noisy.

There are two nurses, JO and MAISIE in the cubicle. Jo is squeezing in the IV fluid. Maisie is staring fixedly at the monitor, which is BEEPING relentlessly.

MAISIE

Phil, we have to do something.  
Pressure's dropping fast. He's  
going to arrest any second.

CROSBY

I know, Jesus, I know! I'm doing  
every..Tom, Tom!

TOM, another nurse, sticks his head into the cubicle.

CROSBY

Where's the blood? He needs blood  
now! This Hartmann's is doing fuck-  
all.

TOM

Uh..

CROSBY

Where's the blood?! I asked for it ten minutes ago. And where're the vascular boys?!

TOM

The blood, uh, it's gonna be a couple of hours, boss.

CROSBY

What?! Coupla hours for some O neg? What the fuck are you talking about, Tom?

TOM

We can't give him O neg, boss. We checked. He needs a full cross match.

CROSBY

Jesus, I don't believe..

JO

No output. He's arresting.

This just makes Crosby's day. A death on his watch? He takes that very personally.

CROSBY

Oh terrific. Right. Maisie, start chest compressions, Jo, you take the airway. Tom, get me a vascular surgeon..hell, get me anyone who can stick a clip on this artery..screw that..get me a surgical set. I'll do it myself. And get me some blood. O neg. Now!!

Maisie starts chest compressions, Jo uses an ambu-bag on the patient's airway.

TOM

But boss..

CROSBY

I know, Tom. I don't care. Get me some O neg.

Tom's raised eyebrows shows what he thinks of this idea. Still, off he goes.

MAISIE

(still doing CPR)

Phil..

Crosby doesn't look at her. He's intent on the blood, oozing not pulsing now, through his hands.

CROSBY  
Just keep going, Maisie.

MAISIE  
(still doing CPR)  
Phil!

CROSBY  
Jesus! What?!

MAISIE  
(still doing CPR)  
It's no good, Phil.

Crosby stares at her hard for a couple of seconds. Then he reels back from the patient and rips off his gloves, slamming them onto the floor.

CROSBY  
Fuck!

He watches Maisie still pumping the chest, looks at his watch.

CROSBY  
OK. Stand down, both of you. Time of death, 15:43.

There is silence in the cubicle.

TITLES ROLL over the continuing silence as they set about the everyday tragedy of tidying up a death.

The body on the gurney merely drips old blood now. It is a horrid, mottled blue colour which is soon covered with a pristine white sheet.

Phil sets to his paperwork. Maisie and Jo pick up debris, close eyes and mouth, drape, mop etc.

EXT. CAMPBELLCARE INC, NORTHFIELD (MA) - MORNING (FEB 1996)

A winter morning in Minnesota. The sun gleams weakly on the acres of glass that front the headquarters of this multinational pharmaceutical company.

At ground level, a sleek, professional YOUNG WOMAN trips lightly up the steps to the front door. She looks as if getting to work each morning is just the best thing ever.

## INT. CAMPBELLCARE/RESEARCH LABORATORY - MORNING

Inside CampbellCare, a shiny, state of the art biomedical lab.

ANNE JACKSON is an untidy woman in her fifties. She's a long-serving corporate scientist, attentive and scrupulous. At the moment, she's performing routine maintenance on the behemoth that is a mid-1990s HPLC machine.

The young woman we saw earlier, DR INES O'HALLORAN, sticks her head around the door. Ines is a wunderkind, a rapidly-rising star in CC's firmament. She's thirty-ish, with a flawless, highly polished surface that reveals very little. Right now, she's waving a sheaf of paper.

INES

I've got 'em, the cardiac surgery results.

Anne looks up instantly. They've been waiting for these.

ANNE

And?

INES

And..they're better.

ANNE

Better? Really?

INES

Yes, better. Come on. Come and have a look.

She disappears. Anne puts down her monitoring device, walks towards the door of the lab. She hangs up her white coat and washes her hands. She leaves the lab and goes in to:

## INT. CAMPBELLCARE/INES' OFFICE - DAY

In the small adjoining office, Anne sits down and minutely scans the papers that Ines hands her.

ANNE

Ah, OK. You mean better than the stroke lot.

INES

Of course. Better.

ANNE

But not better, better.

Anne's caution bounces straight off Ines' shiny certainty.

INES  
Still better.

ANNE  
Does Ted know?

INES  
I'm just about to tell him.

Anne hands the papers back to Ines and gets up - the HPLC machine won't check itself. At the door, she turns to Ines.

ANNE  
What are you going to say?

INES  
That they're better. Of course.

Anne frowns.

ANNE  
Mmm..

She leaves. Ines just shakes her head. She takes the sheaf of papers and goes out to:

INT. CAMPBELL/CARE/CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Ines KNOCKS on the door directly opposite her own.

TED (O.S)  
C'me in.

She goes in.

INT. CAMPBELL/CARE/TED'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ted's office is bigger than Ines' cubicle. Conventional markers of success are scattered about - a happy family photo on the desk, certificates of professional achievements on the wall, a long service paperweight etc.

TED HIRSCH is sitting behind the desk. He's a well-upholstered, middle-aged man who likes things comfortable.

Ines sits down in front of him without waiting for an invitation. Nominally, Ted's her boss but they both know who the star of the show is.

INES  
I've got the latest phase 2  
results, Ted.

TED  
From the cardiac surgery trial?  
Bring 'em on.

He holds out a hand for the papers.

TED  
How are they?

INES  
Much better.

TED  
Good. Really didn't need another  
set like the stroke lot. Let's have  
a look.

He cursorily, rifles through the papers.

TED  
They are better, aren't they?  
What do you think? Can we look to  
moving forward?

This is the sixty four million dollar question and Ines  
gives it due consideration.

INES  
I think..they're good enough. The  
blood pressure thing's not a  
problem - as long as you select  
your patients properly. I reckon  
you could ask the Board.

TED  
You're happy to do the submission?

INES  
Of course.

Ted sits back, looking like a fat cat anticipating a big  
bowl of cream.

TED  
Been a long time coming, Ines.

INES  
I know. But soon..

TED

This is going to make us a lot of money. A lot. At least, it had better. After all these years.

Ines laughs gently at him.

INES

Well, that's always nice, of course.

Ted shakes his head with some amusement. He can never really fathom Ines.

TED

It's never about the money with you, is it?

Ines leans forward. Suddenly, she's in a hurry.

INES

Ted, I want to tell the world. We've had this under wraps for so long. It's time, isn't it?

TED

What do you mean?

INES

I know, I know, don't worry. We've still got a long way to go. But phase 3 trials, Ted, phase 3! No-one else is even close.

TED

What did you have in mind?

INES

Nothing flashy, I promise, all very proper. Let me take these results to ASH next month. They'd make a nice little presentation.

An expression of delicious schadenfreude creeps over Ted's face.

TED

Jack Travers be there?

Ines knows she's got him.

INES

Oh, I'd have thought so. Bob too. Probably.

TED  
It would be nice..

INES  
..to show the Army what they let go  
of?

She flashes him a triumphant smile.

INES  
Wouldn't it just?

EXT. WALTER REED ARMY INSTITUTE OF RESEARCH (WRAIR), SAN  
DIEGO (CA) - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

The shot includes WRAIR'S LOGO. Makes it clear that this is  
a military establishment.

INT. WRAIR/RESEARCH LABORATORY - DAY

Different lab in a different state. In sharp contrast to  
CC's modern facility, this laboratory, part of WRAIR, has a  
distinctly Heath Robinson air.

DR GERRY AKONWE is standing at one of the benches in the  
lab, pipetting tiny shots of blood into a vast array of test  
tubes. Gerry is in his forties, invariably cheerful and  
laconic.

GERRY  
(counting samples)  
..eighteen, nineteen, twenty..

A windowed cubby-hole abuts the lab. The top of a head can  
be seen within. DR BOB RATTIGAN is sitting at a desk inside.

BOB (O.S.)  
Dammit! No, no, no, no, no!

The outburst from the cubby-hole makes Gerry lose his place.  
He pulls a face at the window and starts again.

GERRY  
One, two, three, four..

Bob loudly SLAMS SHUT a book, CLATTERS his chair back and  
strides into the main body of the lab. He thrusts a data  
book at Gerry.

Like Ines, Bob is another thirty-ish wunderkind but that's  
where the similarities end. He's a fidgety, intense and very  
straightforward young man, something of an open-book. Right

now, he's in a very bad mood.

BOB

Gerry, take a look at this. It's no better.

Gerry gives up on his samples. He looks at the results Bob has given him.

GERRY

Yup. That's as bad as ever, Bob.

BOB

Yes, I know! Jesus. I know!  
It's not going to work, Gerry.

GERRY

You think? I mean, we could clean it up even further, I guess, see if..

BOB

It's not going to work, Gerry. Not now, not ever, I don't think. There's just something fundamental that we haven't..quite..

Gerry considers this and then nods in rough agreement.

GERRY

Shame, isn't it? Would have been nice to have something positive to take to ASH next week.

Bob looks a bit surprised.

BOB

Yeah, I suppose. I wasn't really thinking about that.

GERRY

So what do we do now?

BOB

Go tell Barb, I guess. It's up to the Army, isn't it? See what they want to do with it.

Gerry nods again.

GERRY

Well, go on then, Bobby, off you trot. She'll be in with Jack.

He makes shoo-ing gestures with his hands and tries to turn back to his test tubes but Bob doesn't shift.

BOB

Now?

He isn't relishing his role as the bearer of bad news.

GERRY

Why not?

BOB

Well, I..

GERRY

Go on! I want to get these samples in the freezer before they spoil.

BOB

Yeah, I s'pose..damn!

He wanders off. Gerry starts counting again.

EXT. ORANGE COUNTY CONVENTION CENTRE - MORNING (MARCH 1996)

People are streaming into the centre.

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE/RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

The same mixed bunch of professional people pours through the area en route to the lecture hall. A notice board in the foyer announces that:

ORANGE COUNTY WELCOMES THE

AMERICAN

SOCIETY of

HEMATOLGY

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE/SMALL CONFERENCE SUITE - AFTERNOON

A break out session, last of the day.

Ines and Anne are sitting half way up. Gerry is at the back, next to JACK TRAVERS, both are in uniform. Phil Crosby is also somewhere in the audience. Right at the front sits DR BARBARA PETERSEN (fifty-ish, formidable and friendly, Colonel's uniform), who is chairing the session.

Bob, also roughly in his Captain's uniform, is standing at the lectern.

BOB

So in conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, I have no choice but to admit that our recent animal studies have not really got us any further forward. I am at something of a loss to see how diaspirin cross-linked hemoglobin, as we currently know it, offers any realistic prospect in the near future as a blood substitute. Thank you for your attention. Does anyone have any questions?

Several hands are raised. Barbara stands to field the questions.

BARBARA

Yes, thank you, you Sir, in the middle.

Phil stands. We can now see he is tall and immaculately presented with the self-assurance that God often grants to doctors.

PHIL

Dr Rattigan, thank you for such an honest presentation. I imagine it wasn't what you wanted to come and tell us.

BOB

No, indeed.

PHIL

I just wonder, how good's your purification? It only takes a whiff of contamination..

BOB

Our most recent chromatography shows the contamination rate is consistently less than ten parts per million. I think I'd call that pure enough.

PHIL

Yes, quite. Thank you.

He sits down. Other hands are raised and Barbara singles out JOCHEN, a burly gentleman, on one side of the room. He

stays sitting, for the moment.

BARBARA  
Jochen, what's your question?

JOCHEN  
It's a very simple one, Barbara.  
Who cares?

Bob thinks hard about this but can make no sense of it.

BOB  
I'm sorry, Jochen. I'm not sure  
I..what exactly are you asking?

JOCHEN  
Exactly what I said, Bob. Who  
cares? Who actually cares?

He stands up as he warms to his theme. The audience MURMURS.

JOCHEN  
I mean, the problem's gone away,  
hasn't it? Ten years ago, yeah  
sure, all this made sense. Half the  
hemophiliacs in the US were HIV-  
positive, for Crissakes, because  
our donated blood was so filthy.  
But we sorted that out, didn't we?  
I don't understand why anyone is  
still chasing this mythical Holy  
Grail. It's just good money after  
bad, if you ask me.

He sits down again to general MUTTERING. Before Bob can  
answer, Jack stands up.

JACK  
I'll take this, Barbara, if I may.

Barbara's surprised but why not? She waves him on.

BARBARA  
Jack. Please do.

COLONEL JACK TRAVERS is the living embodiment of decent,  
Government-sanctioned, God-given authority. The audience is  
instantly, respectfully silent. He addresses Jochen  
directly.

JACK  
 Thank you, Sir, but this problem  
 has not gone away. Do you know  
 where in the world the US military  
 has troops right now?

There is a deafening silence. Jack keeps looking politely at Jochen.

JACK  
 Sir?

JOCHEN  
 er, Iraq, I guess..

JACK  
 "Iraq, I guess..".

He smiles and starts to count on his fingers.

JACK  
 Northern Iraq, Southern Iraq,  
 Kuwait, Somalia, Liberia, some  
 other goddam Central African  
 Republic somewhere, Haiti, Bosnia,  
 Herzegovina, Kosovo. And those are  
 just the ones I know about. My  
 hunch is we're only going to get  
 busier in the next few years.

Jochen nods and goes to speak but Jack hasn't finished.

JACK  
 And, Sir, do you know how easy it  
 is to give a blood transfusion -  
 safely - in the middle of a war  
 zone?

More silence. Jack is still looking politely at Jochen. Jochen is wishing he'd gone to the auto-immune update instead.

JACK  
 Do you?

JOCHEN  
 Uh, no. Sir.

JACK  
 It isn't. Blood spoils - you need  
 refrigeration. Plus you need to  
 give the right unit to the right

JACK (CONT'D)  
 man. You ever tried cross-checking  
 a unit of blood when you're  
 treating five injured Joes at once  
 and the Hajis are dropping bombs on  
 your head?

Yet more silence. Jack is still looking at Jochen.

JACK  
 Have you? Ever tried?

JOCHEN  
 Uh, no. Sir.

JACK  
 No, Sir. And what do we do if we  
 run out? Blood's a limited  
 resource.

Phil, like the rest of the audience, has been riveted by  
 this turn of events. He raises his hand.

PHIL  
 What do you do?

JACK  
 Take it from each other, of course.

He rolls up his sleeve and shows the old, crude 'A pos'  
 tattoo on his forearm to Phil. Then returns to poor Jochen.

JACK  
 Sir, do you know how many of our  
 soldiers are walking around  
 carrying transmittable infections?

Jochen just shakes his head. Will this never end?

JACK  
 No, Sir. Neither do we. Ladies and  
 gentlemen, I'm just an old soldier.  
 I don't know - hell, I don't care -  
 how much money the CampbellCares  
 and the Seropurs of this world can  
 screw out of this. But I do know  
 one thing. If one of you clever  
 guys or gals can make a blood  
 substitute that is clean, stable  
 and safe - oh yes, the US Army is  
 still very, very interested in  
 that.

He sits down to APPLAUSE. Barbara remains professionally

neutral but is trying hard not to smirk.

BARBARA

Well. Thank you very much, Colonel Travers. I think it's time we moved on. Thank you, Dr Rattigan.

Bob gets down to light APPLAUSE. He goes and sits with Gerry and Jack. They all grin at each other.

BARBARA

To continue this, um, fascinating theme, I'm delighted to welcome, from CampbellCare in Minneapolis, Dr Ines O'Halloran. She will be speaking about her own experience with diaspirin cross-linked hemoglobin.

With infinite poise, Ines walks up to the lectern and launches her powerpoint presentation. She unleashes the full wattage of her smile on the audience.

INES

Good afternoon, ladies and gentleman. I'm delighted to be here to talk about my - or rather CampbellCare's - recent work with Hemoxypur.

She looks straight at Bob. He smiles - sort of - back.

INES

I am well aware that you have just heard from someone that I - personally - look up to as a world expert in this field. I hope you'll

INES (CONT'D)

forgive me if I'm a little nervous about following him.

She does not look remotely nervous and the audience LAUGHS.

INES

However, I hope to lighten the rather down-beat note of Dr Rattigan's excellent presentation and convince you that the potential for Hemoxypur is very great indeed. So great, in fact, that the CampbellCare Executive Board has just instructed me to prepare a submission to the FDA which, if

INES (CONT'D)

accepted..

(beat)

..would allow us to conduct Phase 3 trials, both here in the US and also in Europe.

A frisson of interest runs around the room.

INES

As you can see from this summary slide, our phase 2 trial in cardiac surgery patients has shown extremely encouraging results. Six months ago..

Her voice rings out triumphantly as she goes on with her presentation. At the back of the room, Bob and Gerry start to look more and more puzzled.

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE/OUTSIDE THE CONFERENCE SUITE - AFTERNOON

Delegates are leaving the suite. Jack, Gerry and Barbara come out in a group, followed by Bob who is looking over his shoulder, back into the room.

BARBARA

Bob! Come on.

BOB

Barb, I just need to..

JACK

No, you don't, Bob.

Bob is still trying to go backwards.

BOB

I just want a word..

GERRY

No, you don't, Bob.

Gerry and Jack get Bob by each arm and hustle him away from the suite.

BARBARA

Beer, gentlemen?

JACK

Coming right up, Ma'am.

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE/BAR - EVENING

All the lectures are done. Happy delegates are sitting in noisy groups in the atrium bar. Bob keeps looking over at Ines. After a while, Ines stands and goes to the bar. Bob follows her. He grabs her arm.

INES

Hey!

BOB

I'll get this, Dr O'Halloran.

He waves some dollar bills. The bartender approaches.

BOB

A Budweiser here and..?

He looks enquiringly at Ines.

INES

I'll get my own drinks, thanks.

(to the bartender)

White wine spritzer please.

(to Bob)

Let go will you? What's the big deal?

Bob turns furious eyes on her.

BOB

You know very well what the big deal is. How can you do it?

INES

How can I do what?

BOB

You can't do it, you know you can't. You'll kill people.

She's not remotely fazed by his assertion.

INES

I assume you're talking about the Phase 3 trials?

BOB

Of course I'm talking about the frickin' trials.

The bartender puts two drinks down in front of them. Both Bob and Ines slap notes down on the bar.

INES

Bob, look, let's talk about this.  
My Hemoxypur is not your Hemoxypur.

She picks up her drink and walks off. Bob, still visibly fizzing, follows. The bartender picks up the money, goes to call after them once but then shrugs. Bob talks as he walks.

BOB

What do you mean? Your Hemoxypur is not my Hemoxypur? It's all the same damn stuff.

INES

Is it, Bob? Is it really?

They reach an empty table and Ines sits down.

INES

Oh I know it's all diaspirin cross-linked hemoglobin but where are your cross-links, Bob? Are they at the same molecular sites as my cross-links? Who knows?

Bob considers this while he wrestles with the chair.

BOB

So what?

Finally he manages to sit.

BOB

I mean, you've still got the same old blood pressure problem. You can't give the stuff to real patients.

INES

Well..yes we can, as it happens. We already did - remember? Our product produces only a moderate rise in blood pressure - it's actually beneficial. You do have to drive perfusion, after all.

She sips her drink and smiles sweetly at him.

INES

I guess you haven't quite got to that point with your work.

He doesn't rise to the bait, doesn't even notice it.

BOB

How? How are you managing to keep a lid on it?

INES

Oh, you know, a lot of small things. Adequate purification, minimising nitric oxide depletion,

INES (CONT'D)

promoting endothelin inhibition. It's all just attention to detail. You know that.

BOB

But how are you minimising..?

INES

You can't seriously expect me to tell you that?

Bob thinks again.

BOB

I don't buy it. We've tried and tried to maintain N.O. levels. Just can't keep 'em high enough. It can't be done.

INES

That's exactly what I'm saying, Bob. I don't think you and I are working with the same substance.

BOB

You can't do it, Ines. The stuff isn't safe. You'll never get it past the FDA.

INES

We'll see about that. I'm submitting next month.

Bob abandons his beer, stands.

BOB

If you do this, Ines, people will die. You mark my words.

She dismisses him with a hiss.

INES

Tsst!

He shrugs.

BOB  
Don't blame me when you've got  
blood all over your hands.

He stalks out. Ines calls after him.

INES  
Hey! What room?

He turns around, stalks backwards while he looks at her.

BOB  
Your fault, Ines. It'll be your  
fault.

INES  
What room?

BOB  
602.

He leaves the bar.

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE/BAR - CONTINUOUS

Gerry, Jack and Barbara have been watching the exchange between Ines and Bob with avid interest. Ines nods at them coolly as she walks back to her own group.

BARBARA  
When will the children learn to  
make nice, I wonder?

GERRY  
Those two? Not until Hell  
approaches Absolute Zero, Barb.  
They never could stick each other.

BARBARA  
Y'reckon?

JACK  
You know, in all the time I've  
known Bob..

MICKY FLYNN approaches their table. He's dangling a bottle of beer from his fingers.

MICKY  
Barbara, gentlemen - how nice to  
see you. May I..?

The group collectively signals assent and he sits down.

MICKY

Good session this afternoon,  
Barbara. Always fun to have a bit  
of a ruckus, don't you think? You  
handled it beautifully, I must say.

BARBARA

Not me really, Micky. I think the  
Oscar for best performance goes to  
Jack here.

Gerry grunts with amusement.

GERRY

Old soldier..

BARBARA

Do you two know each other? Micky,  
this is Jack Travers - he's the  
Chief Administrator at WRAIR. My  
right arm, I'd be lost without him.  
Jack, this is Micky Flynn. He's me,  
if you like, at Seropur.

Jack and Micky shake hands.

JACK

Pleasure to meet you, Sir. Micky  
Flynn? Really?

MICKY

I know, I know.

(He waves at Gerry.)

Hey Gerry, how's it going? Now tell  
me, you guys, was Bob for real?  
Does the Army really not think  
Hemoxypur can work?

(He looks around.)

Where is Bob, anyway?

BARBARA

Those are our results, bang up to  
date, Mick. We can't see a way to  
make this work. God knows, we've  
been on it long enough.

MICKY

Ines didn't seem to think so. She  
doesn't usually get things wrong..

The mention of Ines' name casts a slight shadow over the  
group.

MICKY

..does she?

GERRY

That's up to her, Mick. Personally, I can't say I exactly agreed with all her conclusions.

Micky nods, acknowledging Gerry's view. He swigs his beer.

MICKY

Why do you lot still bother? It's been - what? - six, seven years since the Army and CampbellCare went their separate ways on this? Why are you still footling around with blood substitutes at all when the Big Boys are doing the work anyway?

Jack grunts.

JACK

Well maybe, just maybe, we don't quite trust the Big Boys to tell it to us straight, Micky. We do like to make our own checks.

Micky laughingly admits the good sense of this. He raises his bottle to Jack.

BARBARA

What do you think, Mick? How's it look from your office?

MICKY

Barbara, I don't pretend to know much about cross-linked hemoglobins. Our focus is purely on the perfluorocarbons. And they're doing just fine, thank you very much. But..

He drains his beer, stands up.

GERRY

But..

MICKY

Well, I won't pretend that I won't dance a little dance if Hemoxypur turns out to be a dud. That would leave a lot more space for us.

JACK  
How much space, Micky?

MICKY  
About four billion dollars-worth of  
space, Jack. That's what we reckon.

There is a slightly shocked silence.

GERRY  
That's a lot of space.

Micky smiles.

MICKY  
Isn't it though? Well, goodnight,  
all. Say 'hi' to Bob for me. When  
you find him.

He saunters off.

INT. CONVENTION CENTRE HOTEL/ROOM 602 - NIGHT

Bob is in his hotel room - with Ines. The pair of them are  
lying in the double bed in a post-coital haze.

BOB  
Mmm, we should do this more often.

INES  
You think? I don't know, I rather  
like it this way.

BOB  
Yeah?

INES  
It's nice. You're my mystery man,  
my demon lover, my reward after  
weeks of hard slog..

Bob doesn't quite see it that way.

BOB  
..your fuck-buddy that you can walk  
away from in the morning?

INES  
Hey! That's mean.

BOB

Yeah, I know. I'm sorry. It's just..times like this..I think..maybe..I could..you know..love you. Sometimes.

INES

Enough to move to Minnesota?

BOB

Hell no!

INES

Well then! Let's just enjoy the moment.

She starts snuggling.

BOB

We better had, I guess. I mean, you're going to have an interesting time back in the office, come Monday, aren't you?

INES

Mmm?

BOB

And God alone knows what I'll be doing.

INES

What are you talking about?

BOB

Well, it's not going to be fun, is it?

INES

Sorry, you've lost me. What's not going to be fun?

BOB

Telling Ted.

INES

Telling Ted what?

BOB

That you're going to have to delay those trials.

Ines sits up.

INES  
Why on earth would I do that?

BOB  
You're not seriously considering  
going on, are you?

INES  
Why wouldn't I?

Bob's turn to sit up. They face each other.

BOB  
Did you listen to my presentation  
at all?

INES  
Of course I did, darling, it was  
wonderful.

BOB  
Well then.

INES  
It's all animal work, Bob. Got  
nothing to do with me.

BOB  
Nothing to do with..

He can't believe she's being so obtuse. She obviously needs  
to hear it straight.

BOB  
Ines, you listen to me. I'm not  
joking. Diaspirin cross-linked  
haemoglobin is dangerous. I don't  
care whether you give it to people  
or animals. Give it to the US  
Marines, for all I care, it'll  
still cause trouble.

Ines gets out of bed and calmly starts to dress.

INES  
Bob, have you ever given Hemoxypur  
to real people?

BOB  
No, but I've seen the..

INES  
I have. I've already, very  
carefully, given Hemoxyypur to a  
whole bunch of people..

BOB  
I know, but..

INES  
..and I can tell you, Bob, it's  
perfectly safe.

BOB  
Ah, come on. You know that's not  
true. What about your stroke trial?

INES  
I'll see you around, Bob.

She leaves. He calls after her.

BOB  
Didn't mention that this afternoon,  
did you? Did you?

EXT. CAMPBELLCARE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. CAMPBELLCARE/CORRIDOR - DAY

Anne and Ines are having an urgent but whispered discussion.

ANNE  
So, you're going to tell him? What  
Bob said?

INES  
It doesn't make any difference.

ANNE  
He needs to know, Ines. If he's  
happy, then he's happy. But he  
needs to know.

Anne goes into the lab. Ines KNOCKS lightly on Ted's door,  
sticks her head round.

INT. CAMPBELLCARE/TED'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ted is on the telephone as Ines' head appears around the  
door. He waves her in.

TED

Well, that's very exciting news, Roger. You must let me know how it goes..yes..yes, me too. Yes, I'd like that, Diane would too. Maybe later in the year, perhaps? OK, yes, you too. Love to Michelline.

He hangs up. He's having a good day. Ines is toying with the status symbols on his desk, picking up the long-service paperweight, putting it down again.

TED

That was Roger, in Switzerland.

INES

How nice!

(beat)

Who's Roger in Switzerland?

TED

Roger Fitoussi, head of our European operation. Like me but thinner. And French.

INES

Oh, OK. Is he well?

TED

Very well, Ines. Very well indeed. He rang to let me know that he's just heard from Head Office about the new plant.

Ines is still playing with Ted's paper knife. So far, this isn't very interesting.

INES

What new plant?

TED

We're building a new facility in Neuchâtel. To manufacture Hemoxypur for the trials

She looks up. Now it's interesting.

INES

Already? We haven't even put the submission in yet, let alone got the green light.

TED

No, but you gotta plan ahead.  
They'll swing into action the  
minute we get the nod. Tell you  
what..

He's having an idea. Ines can see it forming in his head.

TED

You fancy a trip to the Alps?  
Roger's mad keen to have us over,  
soon as. He's desperate to show  
off.

INES

That'd be nice.

TED

Hundred and ten million.

INES

What?

TED

One hundred and ten million bucks -  
that's the projected cost of the  
new plant. CC are really flying  
with Hemoxypur. I tell you, Ines,  
you and I are in for the ride of  
our lives.

Nice as all this is, Ted does have work to do. He starts to  
log the details of his phone call. It suddenly occurs to him  
that Ines is not there simply for him to be pleased at.

TED

Anyway, what can I do for you? Good  
time at ASH?

INES

Yes..yes, marvellous thanks.  
I..bumped into Bob, while I was  
there.

Ted's day gets even better.

TED

Oh yes? How is the old son of a  
bachelor?

Ines isn't quite as delighted but, as usual, she's giving  
nothing away.

INES

He's OK..I think he's OK, Ted. But I think he's not quite so happy with Hemoxypur as we are, just at the moment.

TED

No?

INES

He mentioned a few niggles they were having with their animal studies. Seemed to be bugging him a bit.

Ted is still scribbling.

TED

Why are they still going down that line, I wonder? We moved on from animal work five years ago.

Ines couldn't have put it better herself. Finally, her day is picking up too.

INES

I know, Ted. I had the same thought myself.

TED

Well, if they want to keep on running up and down the same old dead end, then that's up to them, I guess. I bet you're glad you're on this side, Ines.

Ines flashes a radiant smile at him and gets up to go.

EXT. WRAIR - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

INT. WRAIR/JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, Bob, Gerry, Barbara and Jack are all somehow crammed into the small space.

Bob is on his feet, he's been pontificating.

BARBARA

OK, OK, Bob, sit down, will you?

BOB

Sorry but you see what I mean?

He sits down, crammed in beside Gerry.

BARBARA

Actually..no. I'm not sure I do.

The three men simultaneously look at her in surprise.

BOB

What?

BARBARA

Yes, we know that Hemoxy pur causes a rise in blood pressure and yes, that wretched O'Halloran woman made it quite clear that CampbellCare knows it too. But their phase 2 trials showed it's not a problem.

Bob tries to get up again but now he's wedged in pretty well. Instead, he leans forward to gesture at Barbara, all but elbowing Gerry in the face.

GERRY

Hey!

Gerry puts his own elbows to use, reclaims his space. Bob barely notices.

BOB

One of them showed no problem, Barb, one of them. The stroke trial in Holland was a completely different kettle of fish though. She sketched over that pretty quickly, I noticed. Anyway, you know as well as I do that there's a world of difference between phase 2 trials and phase 3.

JACK

How so?

He is trying his best to follow this but there's a lot he doesn't really know.

BOB

Phase 3 patients are a whole other ball park, Jack. They'll be straight off the street..

GERRY

.. just dumped into the ER..

BOB  
 .., drunk, actively bleeding..

GERRY  
 ..multiply-injured, anything.

BOB  
 Just about the most vulnerable  
 group of people you can get hold  
 of.

JACK  
 OK. And..?

GERRY  
 And right when they're at rock  
 bottom, they'll be given  
 Hemoxypur..

BOB  
 ..which should just about finish  
 'em off.

The double act runs out of steam and there's a short hiatus  
 while everyone thinks about this.

JACK  
 What do you think, Barbara? They  
 got a point?

BARBARA  
 I appreciate your gut feelings,  
 gentlemen, and I do know (believe  
 me, I know) how frustrating it is  
 to have CampbellCare steal the  
 limelight, after all our years of..

Bob does manage to stand this time, slaps the desk hard.  
 Papers on Jack's desk fall to the floor.

BOB  
 No! NO!! I don't care about that,  
 Barbara. Come on, in all the years  
 you've known me, have I ever cared  
 about..

BARBARA  
 No, you've never cared, Bob - SIT  
 DOWN! - but you've always been one  
 step ahead. Right up till now.

Bob sits. Jack is bent over, retrieving paper.

BARBARA  
Jack, what do you think?

JACK  
(from under his desk)  
I'm no scientist, Barbara, of course..

Gerry bends down to peer under the desk himself.

GERRY  
Just an old soldier, eh, Jack?

Jack rights himself and grins at Gerry but carries on.

JACK  
Let me ask you all one thing. What can we actually do? We can't stop CampbellCare going to the FDA, can we? Even if we want to?

Bob crosses his arms, barely containing his belligerence.

BOB  
We publish our own results - fast.

GERRY  
Won't make no difference.

BOB  
Y'think?

GERRY  
Nah. CampbellCare will just say that we're working on different products, that our numbers don't apply to them.

Bob screws up his face. Gerry's got a point.

JACK  
How can they say that? Hemoxypur's Hemoxypur surely? Whichever lab it's in.

BOB  
Ines says not. She reckons we're working on slightly different molecules.

JACK  
So?

GERRY

Tiny structural differences can lead to significantly different clinical effects.

BARBARA

Hmm, I've seen nothing whatsoever to convince me of that. But then, CampbellCare have been pretty cagey all round. They haven't published much.

BOB

Of course they frickin' haven't!

BARBARA

All right, Bob.

She taps her biro on her knee once or twice, thinking hard.

BARBARA

OK, gentlemen, here's what we do. Bob, I understand your point of view, but the available clinical evidence does not really help us. I want the pair of you to write a letter, outlining your concerns and backing it up with the animal data we've got.

BOB

(waiting to be convinced)  
OK and..?

BARBARA

When I'm happy with it, we'll all sign it and we'll send it to the New England Journal of Medicine. And I'll make damn sure somebody at the FDA sees it too.

GERRY

Shout as loud as we can, as far as we can?

BARBARA

Jack's right. There isn't really much else we can do. After that, well, it's up to the FDA.

Bob and Gerry struggle upright and make to leave. But Barbara hasn't quite finished.

BARBARA

In the meantime, however..

GERRY

In the meantime what, Barbara?

BARBARA

I have to work out what to do with you two cowboys now you're not playing with Hemoxydur any more.

INT. CAMPBELL/CARE/INES' OFFICE - DAY (MAY 1996)

Ines and Anne are packing up the FDA submission. There are piles of paper everywhere.

ANNE

Where's the checklist gone? I'd hate to get it wrong at this stage.

INES

Oh, sorry. I think I left it in Ted's office. Hang on..

She sticks her head out of the office, CALLS into the lab.

INES

Brad? Hey Brad, have you got a minute?

BRAD (teenager, jeans, Nirvana T-shirt, white coat) trots eagerly into the office.

INES

Hey! Take off that coat. And wash your hands.

He disappears for thirty seconds, then comes back, slightly breathless.

BRAD

Sorry, Dr O'Halloran. Did you want something?

Ines indicates the paper storm she's drowning in.

INES

I'm a bit snowed under, Brad. Would you mind knocking on Ted's door for me? See if he's got the FDA checklist.

BRAD  
Sure thing.

He disappears again.

ANNE  
Aww, bless him. You do terrify him,  
you know.

INES  
I certainly hope so. Right, where  
have we got to?

ANNE  
We're about there, you know.  
Executive summary?

INES  
Check.

She places a sheaf of paper into a strong cardboard box.

ANNE  
Relevant background information?

INES  
Check.

Another sheaf goes in.

ANNE  
Study design?

INES  
Check..

Brad returns with a laminated list. Anne holds out her hand  
for it and he gives it to her.

ANNE  
Thanks Brad.

INES  
Lovely, thank you, Brad. Now stand  
there a second while we finish  
packing up. You can help me get the  
box downstairs.

ANNE  
Numerical data?

INES  
Check.

Ines places yet another hefty sheaf of paper into the box and then looks enquiringly at her friend. Anne is rapidly running a finger down the check list.

ANNE

Design..summary..safety..yup,  
that's it. That's the lot.

Ines folds the flaps down and then rests her hands on top of the box. The two women share a quiet moment.

INES

This is it, Anne. This is what  
you've been working towards for the  
last eleven years.

Brad looks agape at the idea of such a timescale.

ANNE

I reckon you care about it even  
more than I do.

INES

Well, it'll be in the hands of the  
Gods tomorrow morning - or, at  
least, the FDA..

ANNE

..same thing.

INES

Nothing much more we can do. It's  
up to them now.

She shakes herself.

INES

Come on, Brad. Hand over that  
parcel tape. Let's get this thing  
signed, sealed and delivered. The  
courier's downstairs waiting.

No-one speaks as she tapes up the box. Anne fidgets with the checklist she's still holding.

ANNE

You're happy about this, Ines?

INES

Of course I'm happy about it. What  
do you mean? Aren't you?

ANNE

Oh yes, obviously..but..I mean..you're sure..about Hemoxypur?..I mean, this is the point of no return, isn't it? If the FDA approve it.

Ines is beatific.

INES

We could go on tweaking it forever, Anne. I have to draw the line at some point, that's my job. We've given the FDA all the evidence and if they don't like it, they won't approve it. That's their job.

ANNE

But what do you think?

There is a minute but definite pause.

INES

Look, we know it's safe - in the right patient group. The phase 2 trials showed that. Phase 3 will tell us whether or not it's actually useful.

She smiles at Anne with shining eyes.

INES

And then..the sky's the limit, Anne. Just wait a little longer.

She gets both arms round the now-sealed box.

INES

Come on, all hands to the pump.

She and Brad struggle out of the room with the box. Anne is left alone.

INT. CAMPBELL/CARE/CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Ines and Brad are walking along there corridor, towards the elevator lobby. Ines is slightly ahead while Brad trails behind, peering over and around the large cardboard box he's now carrying all on his own.

BRAD  
What you going to do now, Dr  
O'Halloran?

INES  
Well, I guess I'll get some lunch,  
Brad. Maybe we'll go celebrate at  
O'Malley's, just for once. You want  
to come?

Brad laughs but shakes his head.

BRAD  
That'd be great, thanks. But I  
didn't mean that. What are you  
going to do now?

INES  
Now?

BRAD  
Yeah. Like, tomorrow morning.

Ines looks back at him, cocks an eyebrow his way.

INES  
You mean, no more Hemoxyper?

BRAD  
Yeah. At least, not for a while.

INES  
That's a fair question.

She considers it for a couple of moments.

INES  
You know what, Brad? Summer's  
coming.

Brad laughs shortly.

BRAD  
Hard to tell up here.

INES  
You're absolutely right, Brad. It's  
time I saw some daylight. I'm going  
to get me some sunshine.

INT. WRAIR/BOB'S CUBICLE - DAY

Bob is GRAPPLING with a large print out, tapping into his

computer and warbling along to EARLY GENESIS, playing from a small CASSETTE PLAYER on the window sill.

Ines KNOCKS on the door jamb.

                  INES  
Hey, Bob.

                  BOB  
Jesus..

                  INES  
Sorry. Maybe I should've called ahead.

                  BOB  
No..no. That's fine. What on earth are you doing here? Um..I mean..not that it isn't good to see you.

He looks up at her, somewhat bewildered. Ines wears neat jeans and a t-shirt, has her hair down.

                  INES  
California road trip - I'm on vacation. Street cars in San Fran, Sauvignon in Sonoma..uh..raisins in Fresno. You know.

                  BOB  
Uh, OK.

She's very keen to explain herself.

                  INES  
I fly out of LA on Sunday. Thought I'd call while I was here.

                  BOB  
No, quite..quite. Do you..do you want the guided tour?

He gestures vaguely towards the laboratory.

                  INES  
It's a beautiful Friday evening and I'm on vacation. No, I don't want a laboratory tour. Are you nearly done? How about a drink?

                  BOB  
Sure..sure. Yes, of course. Good idea.

He manhandles the print out into a drawer, switches off the computer, locks the desk.

EXT. A BAR/WATERSIDE TERRACE - EVENING

Bob and Ines sit opposite each other, each with a drink. Bob has pulled himself together a bit.

BOB

How'd you get past Jeff, anyway?

Ines grins, rapidly twists up her hair and puts her important face on.

INES

I've got my ID badge with me too.  
Told the guy on the desk..

BOB

That's Jeff.

INES

Yeah, Jeff. Told him I had a meeting with you. He said you'd probably forgotten to tell him.

(beat)

He seemed to find that quite normal.

Bob grins.

BOB

Yeah. But what are you doing here? You didn't come all the way to California just to look round my lab?

INES

Don't flatter yourself, hotshot. No, I had the vacation planned anyway - kinda felt I deserved a bit of a break after submitting the..um..you know.

BOB

I know.

INES

And when I..realised..I could be in San Diego today, I..I just thought maybe I'd come see you. I mean, Orlando wasn't..we didn't really..

BOB  
No.

INES  
..but really Bob, you and me, we're  
basically on the same side, aren't  
we? We both want the same thing.

BOB  
Do we?

INES  
Don't we?

Bob sits back and appraises her. For the first time, he  
seems to be on top in this situation.

BOB  
You tell me, Ines. I want to stop  
people dying from contaminated  
blood transfusions. What is it you  
want?

She hesitates, for a fraction of a second.

INES  
Yes, exactly.

There's a slightly awkward pause. Ines taps her fingers  
lightly on the table.

INES  
I saw your letter in the New  
England Journal.

She's back on top.

BOB  
Ah. I guess Ted saw it too?

INES  
Oh yes.

BOB  
What he say?

INES  
He thinks like I do, Bob..

BOB  
Pfft! Like you tell him to.

She ignores this.

INES

He thinks - as do I - that your work and my work have got nothing to do with each other.

BOB

Really? That it? That all he had to say?

INES

W-e-ll, maybe he rapped my knuckles just a little. Wasn't too pleased that I'd poked you lot into a public protest.

BOB

It was nothing personal, you know.

She beams at him.

INES

Exactly. Nothing personal. I know. Nothing personal. It was a good letter, Bob, points all well made. But at CC, we're just a bit ahead of you, that's all. We can start to look at the next step. It's nothing personal.

BOB

Hmmm...anyhow. It's in then?

Ines nods slowly.

INES

Sent it to Washington three weeks ago.

BOB

And now..?

INES

And now..nothing. We wait. It feels very strange. I'm actually having to do some routine admin.

BOB

Will they pass it, do you think?

INES

Oh, they'll pass it. No question. I mean, we're bound to have to revise some of it. Nothing ever gets

INES (CONT'D)  
through first shot. But they'll  
pass it.

Bob says nothing, just looks at her as if he's trying to see through into her soul. She looks straight back at him.

INES  
Of course they'll pass it. The  
world needs Hemoxypur.

He gives up.

BOB  
When will you find out?

INES  
Dunno. A few months, I imagine.  
Anyway, what about you? You still  
plugging away at it?

BOB  
N'pe. It's on ice. For the moment.

INES  
So what you doing?

BOB  
Platelet aggregation studies.

Ines fails to conceal a smirk.

INES  
Ohhh. Well, I'm sure that's fun.

She jumps up.

INES  
Come on, Dr Rattigan. More beer, I  
think. And was that a dartboard I  
saw inside?

She's irresistible. Bob smiles ruefully and follows her.

BOB  
It's your round, Dr O'Halloran.

INT. CAMPBELL/CARE/INES' OFFICE - DAY (SEPT 1996)

Ines is at her desk, typing rapidly. There's a KNOCK at the door.

INES  
C'me i-in.

Brad sticks his head around.

BRAD  
Morning, Dr O'Halloran. Post's just  
arrived. There's these for you..

He holds out a small pile of ENVELOPES to Ines. The top one  
clearly has the FDA LOGO on it. Ines takes them.

INES  
Thanks, Brad.

BRAD  
Ah, you're welcome.

He waits hopefully for a few milliseconds but she just looks  
back at him so he nods and retreats. Ines takes the top  
envelope in both hands and rubs it between her fingers for a  
moment.

INES  
Here we go.

She tears it open.

INT. WRAIR/JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

We see a PAIR OF HANDS opening another ENVELOPE. Jack pulls  
a single sheet of paper out and reads it. He grunts.

INT. WRAIR/BOB'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Bob and Gerry are in the middle of a high-falutin'  
discussion. Jack sticks his head around the doorway.

JACK  
Morning, gentlemen..

They both look up at him. Jack waves the sheet of paper at  
them.

JACK  
Had a nice letter form Ted Hirsch  
this morning.

BOB  
Oh yes?

JACK  
Decent of the old reprobate to tell  
me himself.

His tone is ambivalent. The other two are puzzled.

GERRY  
Sorry, Jack, what is it you're..?

Bob suddenly understands.

BOB  
Is it on, Jack? CC, are they..?

JACK  
Yup, it's on, boys. They're going  
to do it.

INT. INES' APARTMENT, DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS - EVENING (JUNE  
1997)

A small but pristine apartment. Ines is at the bureau,  
typing rapidly into a laptop. There's a glass of white wine  
at her elbow, dim lighting, Gloria Estefan on the stereo.

The entryphone buzzes and she crosses the room to answer it.

ANNE (O.S.)  
It's me.

INES  
Come on up.

She BUZZES open the door to the building, sits back down to  
her typing. Soon enough, Anne pokes her head around and then  
comes in, carrying a cake tin.

ANNE  
Hello-o?

Ines carries on typing, doesn't look up.

INES  
Hi there, darling. Come on in. I'll  
be right with you. Let  
me..just..finish..there!

She closes her laptop, shuffles paper into order.

ANNE  
Am I interrupting?

INES

No, no, no. God, no. Glad to stop.  
I hate writing articles.

She gets up from the bureau and holds out her hands.

INES

Here, let's have it. What've you  
made?

She heads out to the kitchen with the tin. Anne sits down  
and calls after her.

ANNE

Maple pecan cheesecake. Connecticut  
in a tin. What's to start?

Ines comes back with a another glass of white wine for Anne.

INES

Chipotle beef with pico de gallo  
dressing, black bean salad with  
mango and home made soda bread.  
Mexico on a plate - with a little  
piece of Ireland on the side.

She fetches her own glass then settles down opposite Anne  
who is savouring the wine.

ANNE

Mmm, this is nice. Is it French?

Ines looks reproachful.

INES

Spanish, darling. Albariño.

ANNE

Oh of course. Anyway, it's jolly  
nice. What's the article anyway?

Ines can't quite manage to look casual.

INES

Oh, just the British Journal of  
Haematology..

Anne is suitably impressed.

ANNE

Phew..

INES

..they've asked me to write an overview of blood substitutes. The story so far, if you like.

ANNE

Nice! Bit premature though, isn't it? Make more sense to write it once we've got the phase 3 results, surely?

INES

This is only part one. I'll be doing part two once we've got some numbers. Next year sometime, probably.

Anne shakes her head and laughs.

ANNE

You're going stratospheric, woman. You'll be on Oprah next.

Ines smiles back, she's now unashamedly eager.

INES

Have you seen this month's Journal of Trauma yet? I just got it this morning.

She leans back to pick a journal off the bureau.

INES

There's a nice editorial, all about us.

She leafs rapidly through the issue.

INES

Here we are: "Hemoglobin-based red cell substitutes have recently passed a myriad of FDA safety studies.."

Anne pounces on the exaggeration.

ANNE

Hardly ten thousand.

INES

"Safe substitute for blood..blah-de-blah..significant impact..blah-de-blah" Oh, here we go, "Mild hypertension occasionally found with the use of CampbellCare's product has not been consequential." Yes!

She pumps her fist.

INES

"More than 200 patients received Hemoxypur in the preliminary safety trials without significant adverse effects..blah-de-blah..multi-centre trials now underway...impact of Hemoxypur in critically ill trauma patients..blah-de-blah..the work of Dr O'Halloran and her team will soon have a vital impact on the way we resuscitate the patient in extremis."

She beams triumphantly at Anne, who leans forward and picks up the journal.

ANNE

Very nice! Peter S. Cohen, Chief of Surgery, Yale University School of Medicine. Thank you very much, Sir. My my, that is encouraging.

INES

Oh, I never had any doubts.

ANNE

No, I'll give you that. You've always been remarkably certain.

The remark seems ambivalent and Ines shoots her friend a quizzical look. But Anne is still talking.

ANNE

Do we have any idea how it's going? How many patients so far? Do you know?

INES

I was chatting to Joel..

ANNE

Who's Joel?

INES

You know, from the CRO? That speccy guy.

ANNE

Oh him? You mean the little geek with the big crush on you?

Ines laughs. She's only had half a glass of wine but she's getting giddy.

INES

That's not my fault, is it? Anyway, I was talking to him on the phone a couple of days ago. He reckons we've got about thirty or forty so far.

She makes a quasi-despairing gesture.

INES

It's just taking so long. We're three months in. It'll take forever to get the eight hundred we need.

Anne shrugs. She has the wisdom of experience.

ANNE

'Twas ever thus. It always takes longer than you want. It'll speed up once the European lot get going. My, that beef smells good. I'm starving, is it nearly ready?

INT. WRAIR/RESEARCH LAB - DAY (JULY 1997)

Gerry is working at one of the benches, peering down a microscope. Bob is in his cubicle. He gets up with a CLATTER and strides straight over to Gerry. He's very excited.

BOB

Gerry, I've got it. Polyethylene glycol, we'll use polyethylene glycol.

Gerry continues looking down the scope.

GERRY

Uh?

BOB  
Polyethylene glycol, Gerry, you  
know the stuff. Laxatives, hand  
cream, it's in everything.

This makes no sense to Gerry.

GERRY  
Polyethylene glycol? For platelet  
aggregation studies?

BOB  
No, no, no. We'll use it instead of  
diaspirin.

GERRY  
You want to use polyethylene glycol  
instead of diaspirin? For  
Hemoxypur?

BOB  
Obviously for Hemoxypur. I mean, it  
wouldn't be Hemoxypur any more, of  
course. But yes, that's it.

Finally, Gerry looks up. He can't believe his ears.

GERRY  
Why?

BOB  
I've been looking at all sorts of  
things, trying to think what might  
work. Polyethylene glycol. It's  
easily got enough double bonds.  
It's perfect!

GERRY  
No Bob. I mean, why do you want to  
replace the diaspirin at all?

BOB  
We've gone as far as we can go with  
that, surely? It's time to move on,  
try something else.

Gerry speaks slowly, as if to an idiot child.

GERRY  
Bob, you do remember there's a  
large trial for Hemoxypur happening  
right now? Right this minute?

BOB  
Yes, of course I know. So what?

GERRY  
You just won't have it, will you?

BOB  
What?

GERRY  
The trial. It might be a success.  
Hemoxypur might actually work.

Bob is still fizzing with energy.

BOB  
Yes but..

GERRY  
But nothing, Bob. If it works,  
well, that's that, isn't it?

BOB  
That's not necessarily the..

GERRY  
It is, Bob. Trust me. CampbellCare  
will make their billions and no-one  
will give a damn about your  
embryonic new product, however  
marvellous it may be.

He is talking sense but it doesn't even dent Bob's  
conviction.

BOB  
Hemoxypur won't work, Gerry, you  
know that.

GERRY  
I don't know that, Bob.

BOB  
Oh come on..!

GERRY  
No! I don't know that. I agree with  
you, I don't think it will. But I  
don't know that and neither do you.  
Neither does anyone yet.

BOB  
But..

GERRY

Bob, be reasonable. At least wait and see which way things are going. We've got plenty to do, in the meantime.

He tries for a joke, indicates his microscope.

GERRY

Look - platelets. They're so cute.

Bob glares at his friend and stalks off, back to his desk. Gerry heaves a sigh and follows.

GERRY:

Hang on a second, will you? I'm not say..

He stops. Bob's computer screen clearly shows a search: "CAMPBELL CARE HEMOXYPUR HEMOGLOBIN PHASE 3 PRELIMINARY RESULTS"

GERRY

Bob, for Heaven's sake. It's only been going a couple of months. What do you think you're going to find?

He's disgusted and Bob is a little shame-faced.

BOB

Nothing..I just thought..maybe the early results..just a quick check.

GERRY

You need to get a grip.

He walks away, back to his microscope.

EXT - THE HOTEL IVY, MINNEAPOLIS - EVENING (SEPT 1997)

Ines and Anne are getting out of a taxi on a beautiful, late summer's evening. Ines is in flawless, discreet black, Anne in something flouncy, flowery and definitely frumpy. Ines, even by her own standards, is glowing incandescently.

ANNE

You do look wonderful, Ines. Just as well CC are throwing this party in your honour. Be a crime to waste that dress.

INES  
Aww, shucks. Don't exaggerate,  
darling.

She smooths her hands over her hips with great satisfaction as they walk up the steps to the door.

INES  
I always like to get something new  
for the Labour Day party. I love  
your dress, by the way.

ANNE  
Say what you like, Ines, you know  
you're going to be Queen Bee  
tonight. You might as well just lie  
back and enjoy it.

They enter the hotel.

INT. HOTEL IVY/LOBBY - EVENING

A hotel MINION deferentially ushers the two women from the lobby into:

A LARGE ROOM decked out in GLITZ AND GLAMOUR for the CC annual Labour Day celebration. There's a CROWD and plenty of CHATTER and MUSIC.

TED  
Here they are! Here's my two  
favourite girls.

Ted is barely constrained by his dress suit and cummerbund. He gets an arm around each woman and KISSES each one soundly on the cheek. A PHOTOGRAPHER stops them for a quick shot.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Say chee-ee-se!

He takes a couple of snaps.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Thanks guys. Can I have your names  
for the caption?

TED  
Don't you recognise the Dream Team,  
son? Ines O'Halloran and Anne  
Jackson? Right now, they're  
probably the most exciting pair in

TED (CONT'D)  
the whole of the company. Hell, in  
the whole of the industry.

The photographer looks politely impressed, notes down the names.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Of course, of course. And you are,  
Sir..?

TED  
Hirsch. Ted Hirsch. Head of  
Operations, Blood Substitutes  
Research Group.

The photographer moves on. Ines and Anne console Ted, stroking his face and dropping kisses on his cheek.

INES  
Aww, it's OK, Teddy. We know you're  
terribly important. Honest.

TED  
Jumped-up little..

Phil Crosby, immaculate in evening dress, cuts in.

PHIL  
Um..excuse me, did I hear  
correctly? Are you..you're Ines  
O'Halloran, aren't you?

Ines eyes him with interest. She stays cool.

TED  
Anne, come say hi to Diane. She's  
been wanting to ask you about..

Ted and Anne fade away.

INES  
That's right. And you are..?

PHIL  
Crosby. Phil Crosby? I saw you  
speak at ASH last year.

INES  
I'm sorry, I don't recall..should  
I..?

PHIL

I wrote that editorial about you in the Journal of Trauma. Don't tell me you haven't read it?

INES

Of course I've read it. But I thought..Cohen. Someone called Cohen at Yale. You can't possibly be a Chief of Surgery.

Phil snaffles a couple of flutes from a passing server, hands one to Ines.

PHIL

Pete Cohen got his name on it. As usual. And, yeah, he might have put a sentence or two in, I suppose. But I wrote it.

INES

Well, in that case, thank you very much, kind sir.

She sips her wine, checks this charming stranger up and down.

INES

So tell me, Phil Crosby, what are you doing here? You surely haven't come all the way from Yale? Just for this party.

PHIL

I managed to screw an invitation out of one of your reps. But you're right, I haven't crossed five states just for this party.

INES

So why have you crossed five states then?

PHIL

To meet you.

Ines' eyes widen, she starts to smile.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT, SAN DIEGO - EVENING

Bob's apartment is a pretty typical example, mainly centred

around the sound system and television. There are plenty of books.

Bob is slouched in his LA-Z-BOY, in front of the television, surrounded by beer cans, take away boxes, newspapers, journals and comics - the usual evidence of a day wasted.

His telephone RINGS and without shifting his gaze, he reaches out a hand to pick it up.

BOB

Yo..oh, hi Gerry..no..no, I haven't been at home all day.. No..I got back here about, um, five o'clock.

He looks around at the mess and grimaces as he tells these small lies but then brightens.

BOB (CONT'D)

Why don't you come over? We could play some Carmaggedon..oh, OK, another time..yeah. No, don't worry, it's fine. What you up to? Oh, that's nice - the girls will enjoy that. OK, you have a great time. Listen, you in tomorrow? Barbara wants to see us about something...Don't know, she didn't say..OK, see you in the morning. Enjoy yourselves - say hi to Linda for me.

He puts the phone down and tries to turn back to the screen.

After a minute or two, he sighs and gets up, wanders over to one of the windows.

Below, in the street, he can see a party of four, DRESSED TO THE NINES, laughing and getting into a cab. He watches them impassively.

He goes back to his chair and picks up a well-worn issue of the BRITISH JOURNAL OF HAEMATOLOGY. It immediately falls open at particular page (BLOOD SUBSTITUTES - THE STORY SO FAR BY DR INES O'HALLORAN) and he starts to read it.

INT. HOTEL IVY - EVENING

Ines and Phil have found themselves a cosy, relatively private corner.

INES

So, what type of surgeon are you?

PHIL

Christ! I'm not a surgeon. I'm only human, not a demigod. Emergency Medicine - that's my bag.

A SERVER approaches with a tray of glasses and canapés. Phil deftly waves them away.

PHIL

Ah, no thanks. We're good here.

Ines raises an eyebrow at his presumption but lets it pass. There are more interesting things to think about. She draws patterns on the table with her finger.

INES

So how come you wrote that editorial for the Yale Chief of Surgery?

Phil grunts cynically.

PHIL

Brownie points. Gotta get 'em. I've been doing a year at Yale as part of my training. I'm about done actually. Off to my new job in a month or so.

INES

Which is..?

PHIL

Attending Physician in Emergency Medicine, Lakeshore Hospital, Milwaukee.

Ines waves her drawing finger in the air.

INES

Ring-a-ding-ding! Get you. Congratulations!

PHIL

Thank you, Ma'am.

INES

Milwaukee, huh? We'll be neighbours. Practically.

PHIL

I know.

He's grinning at her but keeping schtum about something.

Ines begins to realise what she's just said.

INES  
Lakeshore..Lakeshore. That's one of  
ours, I'm pretty sure.

Has she got it? He's not quite sure.

PHIL  
What do you mean?

INES  
One of the trial hospitals. For  
Hemoxypur. I remember thinking it  
was about the nearest one to here.

There it is. Phil grins even more widely.

PHIL  
Yes, yes it is. That's right.

Ines looks wistful.

INES  
I envy you, you know?

PHIL  
How so?

INES  
Because you'll use it. Hemoxypur.  
Actually use it.

Phil is distinctly underwhelmed. This isn't what he'd been focussing on.

PHIL  
It's not that exciting you know,  
putting up an IV.

Ines leans towards him. She's earnest, a little intense.

INES  
Not to you maybe but I've thought  
about nothing else. For the last  
five years.

INES (CONT'D)  
More than that. It's like raising a  
child.

PHIL  
Uh, OK.

INES

And now, I have to wave it off into the outside world. I'll never get to see my life's work actually..well, working.

Phil sits back and appraises her. Maybe both their interests can align here.

PHIL

Oh, I'm sure we could do something about that.

INES

What do you..?

PHIL

Like you said, we're practically neighbours. Why don't you pop across sometime? Tag along on one of my shifts?

INES

That's not..ethical, surely?

PHIL

What difference would it make? It's not like you'd interfere in any way, would you?

Ines is galvanised by this idea.

INES

No, no, no. Of course not. I wouldn't. I couldn't, not even if I wanted to. Phil, do you really think I could..?

He shrugs, superbly nonchalant.

PHIL

My shift, I'm in charge. You'd be taking a bit of a risk though. No guarantee we'd get the right patient turning up.

INES

I'd take that risk, don't you worry.

PHIL

I wonder. Maybe we could stack the deck a bit.

INES

How?

PHIL

Well, pick the right shift for a start. Like, around New Year's, say. Always plenty enough idiots around at New Year's. Someone's bound to get hurt.

Ines ferrets around in her evening bag, brings out a business card, practically forces it into Phil's pocket.

INES

Here, take it, it's got my phone number on. And my email. You let me know your shifts and I'll be there.

PHIL

That's a date then.

They smile at each other. Their eyes lock like sights on a target.

INES

That's a date then.

Phil breaks the moment.

PHIL

Come on, I suppose we should remember that there are other people here.

INES

Yes, I suppose so.

She touches his upper arm.

INES

Shame.

INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Bob is in a hurry, shoving books and papers into his work bag. He seems to have a bit of a headache.

At the door to his flat, he grabs a jacket off the peg and opens the front door. He casts a quick look around the place - it's still a dishevelled tip from his wasted day yesterday. He winces then leaves.

INT. WRAIR/JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Barbara, Jack, Bob and Gerry are once again crammed into Jack's little cubby hole. Bob is nursing a large mug of coffee, he's not quite his usual blazing self.

BARBARA

..so, gentlemen, it doesn't really matter which way the trial goes. Our time with diaspirin cross-linked hemoglobin has officially come to an end.

GERRY

CampbellCare are kind of doing the work for us, aren't they? Whether Hemoxypur works or not, we'll find out soon enough. Nothing left for us to do.

Despite his headache, Bob manages to spot the inherent threat in Gerry's words. He tries to stir himself.

BOB

I don't think that's quite..

JACK

We're damned if it does, and damned if it doesn't.

BARBARA

Anyway, the point is, you two need something else to do. It doesn't have to be platelet aggregation. We've got a lot of other things going on, you can take your pick..

Bob realises he has to buck up or he's going to lose here.

BOB

Hang on, Barb, hang on a second. When, when Hemoxypur doesn't work..

GERRY

(warning)

Bob..

BOB

Don't worry, Gerry, I'm OK. But then we still won't have a usable blood substitute, will we? Surely we'll be taking that forward? I've been looking at polyethylene glycol..

JACK

Bob..

BOB

It's perfect, Jack.

JACK

Bob..

BOB

I don't know why I didn't think of it..

JACK

Bob, I don't think the Army are going to want to start again from scratch.

Bob deflates like an old balloon. He looks actually hurt.

BOB

Why not? You said that the Army were still very, very interested. What about all those soldiers in Kosovo?

JACK

I know, Bob, I know. And they still are. But you have to see it from their point of view. As far as they're concerned, the last eleven years has basically gone down the pan.

He shrugs, reluctantly.

JACK

At least, that's the sort of noise I'm hearing from on high.

Bob appears bereft. Barbara hands out sheets of paper to Gerry and Bob.

BARBARA

Here you go, boys.

BOB

What's this?

BARBARA

All the work that's going on in the Group right now. Take a look, mull it over, maybe poke around and ask

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
a few questions. Let me know where  
you fancy getting involved.

BOB  
Hmm, you know, I really don't  
think..

Gerry stands up and practically drags Bob with him.

GERRY  
Come on, Bob. That's good of you,  
Barbara, thanks. We'll have a good  
think about it - won't we, Bob? -  
get back to you in the next few  
days.

BOB  
But..

GERRY  
Come on, Bob.

The two scientists leave. Barbara and Jack exchange glances.

EXT. CAMPBELL CARE INC - DAY (ESTABLISHING SHOT, DEC 1997)

Snow on the ground and THE CAROL OF THE BELLS playing makes  
it clear that it is nearly Christmas. The carol plays on,  
until we realise that it's coming from a tinny little radio,  
perched on the desk in:

INT. CAMPBELL CARE/INES' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ines, Anne and Ted are all in there. The women are sitting,  
while Ted is occupying most of the doorway. All are in  
festive mood. Ines has even got a few Christmas cards stuck  
around. She turns down the volume on the radio so that the  
cheerful carol doesn't impede conversation.

ANNE  
So when do you fly?

INES  
Saturday morning, first thing.  
Roger was pushing for Christmas  
itself but that was never going to  
happen.

TED

Diane would have strung me up. She only agreed at all because I promised to be back in time for New Year's.

Ines wags a finger at Ted.

INES

You're cutting it a bit fine, Teddy. We don't fly out of Switzerland until New Year's Eve morning.

TED

Hardly worth going otherwise. It's only four days, as it is.

ANNE

Yes but Switzerland, at Christmas. How wonderful! Sleigh rides, hot chocolate, log fires in cosy cabins.

INES

It's right on the lake too.

ANNE

Mmm, moonlit walks..

TED

We'll be lucky if we get out of the Industrial Quarter. Roger's desperate to show off.

INES

What's he showing off, I wonder? His new facility - or us?

TED

Both, I think.

Brad's HEAD appears over Ted's shoulder.

BRAD

Anne, help! I think the HPLC's having a meltdown.

ANNE

That darned machine. Come on, let's take a look.

Anne stands and tries to leave at the same time as a SMALL, NEAT MAN tries to enter. Ted is still in the doorway. It's

all a bit of a squash.

ANNE  
Oh hi, um, Joe.

TED  
Well, I'd better get on.

He leaves, releasing the log jam. Anne gets out.

SMALL NEAT MAN  
(irritated)  
It's Joel.

INES  
OK, see you, Ted. Joel, come in,  
take a chair. I'm not expecting  
you, am I? Isn't there an update  
meeting soon?

JOEL hovers uneasily around the door jamb.

JOEL  
I won't sit down, thanks. I'm not  
stopping.

INES  
Then what can I..?

JOEL  
That's right. There's a combined  
meeting first week after the  
holidays.

Ines lights up.

INES  
I know - we're all going to be  
there. I'm really looking forward  
to it.

JOEL  
We've got a hundred patients now.  
I'll be presenting. At the meeting.

INES  
I can hardly wait, Joel. I've been  
dying to know how it's been going.

JOEL  
Well, I don't know, of course, I  
only collect the results. I don't  
draw any conclusions.

Ines is puzzled. Has he come here just to tell her that he can't tell her anything?

INES  
No, of course. So how exactly can  
I..?

Joel looks quickly around and then retrieves an envelope from an inner pocket somewhere. He holds it out to Ines.

JOEL  
Here.

INES  
What's this?

JOEL  
The results. It's a copy of the  
results. I..I just thought..you  
might find it..you know..if you  
were prepared. Useful..might be.  
Anyway..

Ines snatches the envelope out of his hand.

INES  
Why Joel, how lovely of you, thank  
you. This will make my Christmas.

Joel's unease increases to the point of physical pain.

JOEL  
I have to go. Um, Happy Holidays,  
Dr O'Halloran.

He flees. Ines starts to tear open the envelope with eager fingers. She calls after him.

INES  
Happy Holidays to you too, Joel.

He's not looking back but Ines doesn't care. She scans the contents of the envelope rapidly, avidly and her face changes. She reads them again and finally sits straight at her desk to read them properly. Anne comes back in.

ANNE  
Ines, we're going to have to redo  
that last batch of..

In a flash, Ines turns the papers over and turns a blank face to Anne.

ANNE

You OK? What'd Joe want anyway?

INES

Joel. It's Joel. Nothing. I'm fine.  
Nothing. What's the problem?

INT. WRAIR/BOB'S CUBICLE - DAY

Bob is pacing up and down, as far as one can pace in his tiny kingdom. There is no-one else around.

Eventually, he sits down at the computer, opens his email programme and rapidly types a few sentences. Over his shoulder, we see "HI INES, I WAS MAYBE THINKING.."

BOB

Arghhh!

He tears his hair, noisily deletes everything and starts again. He deletes the second attempt too, tries again. Finally, he sits back and reads a few times, making corrections, his hand fidgeting with the mouse.

BOB

OK, OK, enough already. That'll do.

After a couple of moments, he breathes in and goes to hit SEND. At the last minute he flunks it, pulls his hand away. He SLAMS the desk.

Gets up and paces up and down a few more times, maybe does a couple of press-ups on the window sill. Then he comes back to the desk, leans over the computer.

BOB

One, two, three..

And he sits SEND right on cue. We see the email WHOOSH away. Bob simply stands and looks a little surprised.

INT. NEWARK AIRPORT - DAY

Ines and Ted are sitting side-by-side, waiting for their flight to Geneva. Both are busy tapping into laptops. Ines looks a little tired. Ted is looking around cheerfully.

TED

Well, I guess there are worse places than Newark to wait for a connection.

Ines doesn't lift her eyes.

INES  
They're all the same in the end.

TED  
Don't you believe it. You ever been  
stuck at Dulles? That's no fun. No  
fun at all.

Now she looks up, with a hint of a smile.

INES  
Bit dull, is it? Dulles?

Ted doesn't notice her tiny joke.

TED  
Well, it depends who you're with, I  
guess.

He jabs her upper arm with a forefinger.

TED  
I can't believe you're making me  
fly back all on my own next week.

INES  
Sorry, Ted. Needs must.

TED  
Why you going to Milwaukee anyway?  
I mean, Milwaukee, fer Heaven's  
sake.

Ines, as ever is giving nothing away.

INES  
Got a date.

This sparks his interest.

TED  
Oh really? I hope he's worth it.

INES  
Not that sort of date. Just a long-  
standing arrangement. I promised to  
spend New Year's with a..friend.

TED  
A friend? Oh, right. I see.

Ines ignores his heavy innuendo. She puts the laptop to one

side and stands.

INES  
I'm going to the bathroom, just  
watch my laptop, will you?

She walks off and Ted carries on with his own work. While she is gone, her laptop BEEPS. After a couple of minutes, she returns.

TED  
It went beep. I think you got an  
email.

INES  
Just the one?

She sits down and after reading intently for a moment, she sits back and stares blankly straight in front of her.

TED  
You OK?

INES  
What? Oh yes, just thinking. You  
know.

She starts to type and we can see snatches over her shoulder. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR THE OFFER, BOB..REALLY WOULD HAVE BEEN GREAT TO SEE YOU..SORRY BUT AM ON MY WAY TO SWITZERLAND. THE HEAD OF OPERATIONS IN EUROPE..WON'T BE BACK IN MINNEAPOLIS TILL AFTER NEW YEAR'S..HOPE YOU'RE HAVING A GREAT HOLIDAY SEASON."

She sends her reply and their flight is CALLED. Ted stands

TED  
Come on, this is going to be great.

Ines just looks at him.

INT. WRAIR/BOB'S CUBICLE - DAY

Bob is now working steadily at his computer. After a while, it BEEPS and he clicks feverishly around, getting to his email programme.

He sits back and reads the reply. We can see that it's the same one that Ines sent from Newark. He frowns and then switches everything off, bangs out of the room.

EXT. LAC DU NEUCHATEL, SWITZERLAND - DAY (ESTABLISHING SHOT)

A sweeping view of the lake. Snow-capped mountains, alpine forests, the whole glorious Christmas shebang.

EXT. NEUCHÂTEL AIRPORT - DAY

It's a crisp, sunny day at the tiny airport. A Cessna is on the tarmac and Ted and Ines emerge from its door and make their way down the steps.

On the ground, they are greeted by ROGER and MICHELLINE FITOUSSI, both very amiable, very Euro-chic. There are kisses on the cheek all round.

ROGER

Ted, so glad you could come.

TED

My pleasure, Roger, my absolute pleasure. I'm delighted to be here.

Michelline draws her arm through Ines'.

MICHELLINE

And we're so pleased to meet you, at last, Dr O'Halloran.

Her accent, like the rest of her, is utterly charming. Ines tries but her smile lacks its usual power.

INES

Please. Call me Ines. And I must thank you for arranging the plane.

MICHELLINE

Oh, that is not a problem. You do not want to be taking the train from Genève. Not after such a long flight.

Roger starts to shepherd everyone towards the airport building.

ROGER

Come on, come on. We have much to be doing and only four days to do it all.

MICHELLINE

Yes, yes - come on. The car is waiting.

They walk into the airport.

INT. CAMPBELL CARE-NEUCHÂTEL/FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

An enormous, shiny white space full of equally shiny bio-manufacturing equipment, working away noisily.

Roger has Ted and Ines in tow. They are all dressed in paper space suits, with hair coverings and surgical-type masks.

As they stand near the machinery, Roger is gesticulating enthusiastically. Ted is hanging on his every word, nodding and replying whenever he can.

Ines is hanging back a bit, looking at her feet.

Ted glances over his shoulder at her, fixes her with a stern glare.

She shuffles up to join the other two, tries to look interested.

INT. CAMPBELL CARE, NEUCHÂTEL/CAFETERIA - DAY

Roger, Ted and Ines - back in mufti - are drinking espressos in the staff cafeteria.

Roger opens his brief case.

ROGER

Look. Here's your finished product.

He takes something out and hands it to Ted who looks at it and grins.

TED

Well, well, well. Will you look at that?

Ted hands it onto Ines.

TED

There y'go, Ines. There's your baby.

Ines finds herself with a bag of translucent red fluid - HEMOXYPUR. She holds it gingerly in both hands, as if it might explode, looks at it with mute horror.

INES

Wow. That's..

She doesn't finish, just hands the sample back to Ted.

TED

I know. Hard to believe, isn't it?  
After all these years.

INT. ROGER'S DINING ROOM, NEUCHATEL - EVENING

Ted and Ines are coming to the end of dinner with Roger, Michelline and a few choice FRIENDS. Ted and Ines are guests of honour. Ted is genial and expansive. Behind her usual tightly-controlled exterior, Ines is very, very drunk. The conversation is mainly in English, with occasional blips of French.

Roger raises a glass.

ROGER

A toast everybody. Here's to our friends from across the water with thanks for the good times to come that they bring. Happy New Year to you all.

There is a general CHINKING of glasses.

EVERYONE

Happy New Year! Bonne année!

MICHELLINE

Ines, Ted, what a wonderful year you have had. I'm sure you don't want it to end?

INES

You're absolutely right about that, Michelline. Damn straight.

She drains her glass. Ted gives her a sidelong look.

ROGER

Such a privilege, in a way.

INES

What?

ROGER

To have such a worthwhile success.

TED

Oh yes, we feel blessed.

He nudges Ines' elbow.

INES  
What?

TED  
Blessed, Ines. We feel blessed,  
don't we?

INES  
Oh yeah, for sure. Blessed.

Ted leans over Ines, under the pretext of helping her to more potatoes.

TED  
(stage whisper)  
What's the matter with you?

INES  
(a little too loudly)  
What?

Roger exchanges a glance with Michelline but continues anyway.

ROGER  
We all want our work to make a real  
difference but it's so rare that we  
can actually be sure it does.  
Hemoxypur is such a wonderful  
product.

INES  
It's certainly quite a thing.  
Changed my life, if no-one else's.

Ted shoots her another glance, definitely worried now.

TED  
Ines has been working terribly  
hard, haven't you? Haven't you,  
Ines?

INES  
Terribly hard, Ted, terribly hard.  
No rest. And now it's all gone..

Michelline jumps at this opportunity to explain her guest's odd manner.

MICHELLINE  
Yes, it must be so difficult. Once  
you've finished such work. What do  
you do next?

INES  
 Yes! Yes, that's exactly right!  
 What should I do?

She addresses Michelline directly, as if expecting a useful answer to this existential question. Ted jumps in quickly.

TED  
 What we do for the moment, Roger, Michelline, is enjoy your superb hospitality. Ines and I sure do appreciate you having us here. And the new facility - well, we're just blown away, aren't we, Ines?

INES  
 Blown away, Teddy, blown away.

ROGER  
 I must say I've thoroughly enjoyed watching the way the new build has been taking shape..

The conversation continues.

INT. GENEVA AIRPORT - DAY

Ted and Ines are just about to go to their separate flight gates. Both look tired, Ines especially so.

TED  
 Well, this is me, I guess. 'Sbeen a great few days, Ines, really worthwhile.

INES  
 Back to real life on Monday.

TED  
 We've got that big meet with the CRO, don't forget.

Ines looks at him, just for a second, with haunted eyes.

INES  
 I know.

TED  
 You OK?

But she's back in control again.

INES  
Sure. I'm fine.

Ted shakes his head. Something's wrong but he can't nail it.

TED  
You know, I really expected you to  
enjoy this trip more.

INES  
I had a great time.

TED  
Yes, but..I dunno. Somehow your  
heart didn't seem in it..

INES  
Sorry Ted. I had a great time,  
really I did. It's just..

TED  
..just?

INES  
..just..

For a moment, she looks as if she wants to say something.  
Ted tries to help.

TED  
What is it, Ines?

She can't do it, the moment is gone.

INES  
Nothing. I guess I've been working  
too hard. It feels kinda flat when  
you stop.

Ted looks as if he doesn't quite believe her but he's kind.

TED  
Go enjoy your New Year's, Ines. I  
hope your "date" comes up to  
scratch.

INES  
Yeah.

That seems to be it. There's really nothing else to say.

TED  
Well. Bye then. See you next week.

INES  
Bye Ted. Have fun tonight.

TED  
Happy New Year, Ines.

INES  
Happy New Year, Ted.

They walk off in different directions.

EXT. LAKESHORE HOSPITAL/MAIN ENTRANCE - EVENING

It's a freezing, blustery evening.

Phil Crosby, muffled up to his ears, is helping Ines out of a cab. He is all smiles and eagerness. Beneath her scarf, Ines' face is set to neutral.

PHIL  
I'm really looking forward to tonight's shift, Ines. New Year's is always fun, you never know what it'll bring.

INES  
I'm sure.

Phil grabs her holdall and they walk through the hospital front door.

INT. LAKESHORE HOSPITAL/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Phil leads the way through the lobby, down a busy corridor. He unwinds his muffler, sheds his gloves as he goes.

PHIL  
You must be tired. When did you leave Switzerland?

INES  
This morning. About twenty hours ago now.

PHIL  
You can shower, freshen up a bit, if you like. The facilities are basic but the water's nice and hot. And there's coffee on tap.

Ines takes off her own gloves, rubs her face.

INES

That sounds good.

Phil gives a bark of humourless laughter as he stops outside the elevators. He pushes the button.

PHIL

Yeah, wait till you taste the coffee. The staff room's right next to the ER. You can settle down with a good book, maybe take a nap. Then, if anything happens, you're right on hand.

INES

Thanks Phil. This is good of you.

An elevator arrives and people stream out of it.

PHIL

Oh you're very welcome, Ines. I've been looking forward to this. For ages.

They enter the elevator and the door slides shut.

INT. GERRY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gerry is sitting in a large, fireside armchair, with his two teenage daughters, LAURA and LILY, perched on the arms. Gerry's wife, LINDA, and Bob are on the sofa facing Gerry.

There's a roaring fire and the adults have glasses of spirits. SMOOTH JAZZ is playing on the stereo.

Linda smiles warmly at Bob.

LINDA

How was your Christmas, Bobby? Did you get to see your folks?

BOB

They're on good form, Linda, thanks. Florida's a strange sort of place at Christmas though.

GERRY

T'ain't exactly snowy here in Californ-i-ay.

BOB

No, I know but..somehow..still feels a little more real, I guess.

LAURA

Where d'you grow up, Bob? somewhere cold where it always snows?

BOB

Kind of. Army brat, I was. We were always moving around. But yeah, it was often somewhere real cold and dark.

Laura wrinkles her nose.

LAURA

Don't think I'd like that much. Christmas is Christmas, should be the same every year.

BOB

Oh it wasn't so bad, you know.

LINDA

I bet your folks were tickled pink when you joined the Army too, Bob.

BOB

My pops thought it was hilarious. "Never thought I'd see you a soldier, my boy."

LILY

Are you really a soldier, Bobby?

BOB

Nooo, not a soldier. I just work for the Army.

LILY

Uh?

GERRY

You have to be in the Army to work for them, Lily. But you don't have to be a soldier. Bobby there's a Captain. Just like me.

LILY/LAURA

Really?!

BOB

At your service, ma'am.

He throws the girls a farcical salute.

BOB  
Although, I think, maybe not for  
much longer.

GERRY  
What?

BOB  
I..uh..

He shifts in his seat, shoots an awkward glance at the two girls. Gerry takes the hint.

GERRY  
Girls, why don't you run next door  
and see what time they want us for  
midnight drinks?

LAURA  
Duh, Dad..that would be about  
midnight.

GERRY  
Go on, just go.

The two girls grumble good-naturedly but depart.

GERRY  
Bob, what on earth do you mean? You  
haven't been fired, have you?  
Barbara finally had enough?

BOB  
No, no, nothing like that. It's  
just..you know, the new stuff just  
isn't grabbing me. I  
mean..platelets. I ask you.

LINDA  
So what are you saying, Bob?

BOB  
I'll tell you something, Linda. I  
used to think I was a pretty good  
pure scientist. The truth, the  
whole truth and nothing but the  
truth. That's what mattered to me,  
I thought.

GERRY  
So help you, God. Sounds about  
right, so far.

BOB

It's not though. Turns out I'm not interested in the whole truth, only one little, itty-bit of it. I'm really just interested in blood substitutes. The rest? Someone else can have it.

Linda suddenly sees his problem.

LINDA

But the Army is pulling out of blood substitutes. Isn't it?

Bob nods.

BOB

Yup.

The implications of this hang silently in the air for a moment or two.

GERRY

I see. So..what? You going to move over to CampbellCare or something?

BOB

Christ, no! I do have standards. Nope. I've made up my mind.

He puts on a hokey accent, trying to lighten something serious.

BOB

Ah'm gonna do ma own thang.

Linda gets sassy, right back at him.

LINDA

Yo' own thang?

BOB

Ma own thang.

Gerry isn't playing.

GERRY

And just what thang is that, exactly?

Bob drops the act.

BOB

My own biotech company, Gerry. I'm going to find the Holy Grail. I know it can be done. I just have to do it. Or rather..

He stops, looks steadily at his friend.

BOB

..we, maybe, just have to do it. I'd love to have you come with me. If you've a mind to, that is.

This hits Gerry for six.

GERRY

Ooof..!

INT. LAKESHORE HOSPITAL/STAFF ROOM - NIGHT

Ines is sitting alone in the untidy room, holding a novel slackly open on her lap. She looks tired and downbeat. A STUDENT NURSE sticks her head round the door.

STUDENT NURSE

Are you Dr Hannigan?

INES

O'Halloran, yes.

STUDENT NURSE

Dr Crosby says can you come to Majors, immediately. There's a polytrauma on the way.

Ines jumps up, follows the student nurse out of the room.

INT. LAKESHORE HOSPITAL/EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They walk quickly through the ER into the major injury section. A PATIENT on a gurney is just being wheeled into a cubicle.

Phil is directing the proceedings with EVA, a junior doctor, and two nurses (JANICE and RICO) to help him. he nods to Ines, waves her to one side of the cubicle. The team falls into action like a well-oiled machine.

PHIL

Eva, you take the airway, he's going to need intubating. Rico, get another line in. Janice, what are the vitals now?

JANICE

Pulse 135, BP 85/40, resps 40. O2 sats aren't picking up just yet.

PHIL

Yeah - keep trying. Get going with the crystalloid, Rico, and then we'll need the trial fluid, please.

Ines sharpens her attention. Rico starts two bags of CLEAR IV FLUID going and then runs off.

JANICE

Observations stable. Awful, but stable. He's holding at 85/40.

PHIL

Thanks Janice. Eva, you ready?

EVA

All ready. Janice, will you take the neck please? Phil, you'll give the sux?

Phil administers a couple of intravenous drugs whilst Janice steadies the patient's head.

Eva undoes the neck collar and intubates the patient.

Rico returns with a bag of TRANSLUCENT BUT DEFINITELY RED FLUID. Phil holds out his hand and Rico passes it to him.

PHIL

Pressure holding up, Janice?

JANICE

Nm-mm. 75-ish.

PHIL

OK, I'm on it.

Phil detaches one of the empty bags of IV fluid and starts to attach the RED TRIAL FLUID. Ines darts forward and grabs his arm.

INES

NO!!

Phil tries to shake her off.

PHIL

Ines, what the hell are you doing?!  
Get away!

She ignores him, tries again to grab the bag of Hemoxypur.

INES

You can't give this..

PHIL

Ines, for the last time, GET OFF!!

Ines finally gets the bag of Hemoxypur out of Phil's hands.

She WRENCHES the IV line out of it, DASHES it onto the floor and STAMPS on it hard a couple of times, for good measure.

With each stamp, RED LIQUID pumps out of it, puddling on the floor.

PHIL

Ines, what the fuck..?

He GRABS the IV line back from her.

INES

You can't give it, Phil.

PHIL

This is my call, Ines. I'll give  
what I like.

INES

It's not safe!!

Phil gives her a long hard look.

PHIL

Get out.

INES

Phil!

PHIL

Get the fuck out!

From here on in, it's as if she's not there.

PHIL  
 OK, Rico, let's have another  
 Ringers Lactate and then get me  
 some O neg. And call the surgeons.  
 And Imaging.

Ines flees, looking over her shoulder at the well-oiled  
 machine going about its business.

JANICE  
 O2 sats picking up. 92%..

INT. LAKESHORE HOSPITAL/STAFF ROOM - NIGHT

Ines is sitting alone, staring blankly ahead of her. She's  
 deathly white and her face shows evidence of tears.

The door to the staff room FLIES open and Phil enters.

PHIL  
 In the name of all that's holy,  
 Ines, what the fuck was that about?

His anger bounces straight off the flat emptiness of her  
 face.

INES  
 Is he OK?

Phil has enough emotion for the two of them.

PHIL  
 The patient? What do you care?

She repeats the question as if it's the only thought she  
 has.

INES  
 Is he OK?

Phil calms down slightly.

PHIL  
 He's in surgery.

She nods, rubs her face, covering it entirely with both  
 hands.

INES  
 I'm sorry, Phil. I should never  
 have come.

PHIL  
You got that right. What did you mean? "It's not safe."

INES  
It's not safe.

Phil starts to get cross again. She's talking in riddles.

PHIL  
Jesus! Will you stop saying that? Not safe, it's not safe. What are you on about? What isn't?

INES  
Hemoxypur. Hemoxypur is not safe. Which word are you not getting, Phil? Hemoxypur is not safe.

PHIL  
What do you mean? Exactly?

INES  
Exactly? I don't know exactly. It's just that..

PHIL  
What?

INES  
I saw..someone gave me a..  
I've got some preliminary results, Phil. From the trial.

PHIL  
And?

She says nothing.

PHIL  
And?

Ines answers very slowly. She has to grind every word out.

INES  
And..it looks..as if..as if.. it kills people. There! You happy now?

PHIL  
How?

INES

I don't know, I don't know. I only just found out. I don't understand but way more people have died in the Hemoxypur group than in..

PHIL

..the control group?

She just nods.

PHIL

Christ, Ines. When were you thinking of telling me?

INES

I don't..I don't know. I don't understand. I need to talk to Ted about it before..but..

PHIL

But you thought you'd just pop along here anyway and watch me poison a few people first?

INES

NO!!

PHIL

Get outta here, Ines, you make me tired.

INES

It's three o'clock in the morning.

PHIL

I'll call you a cab.

INT. CAMPBELL/CARE/MEETING ROOM - DAY (JANUARY 1998)

Ines, Ted and Anne are sitting across the table from a mid-ranking Contract Research Organisation (CRO) BIGWIG. Joel is standing at the head of the table, getting his presentation sorted.

BIGWIG

So, we all had a nice Christmas, boys and girls?

TED

More than pleasant, thank you very much. Did you know Ines and I were over in Switzerland just before New Year's?

BIGWIG

Yeah, don't worry. I heard.

His sarcasm falls unheeded. Ted's in far too good a mood.

TED

We went to look at the new build in Neuchâtel. Very impressive, I must say.

BIGWIG

How's the European trial coming along?

TED

So far so good, according to the Frenchies. They're a few months behind us so they don't have the numbers yet but it's moving along nicely.

BIGWIG

Everything's coming up roses, eh Ted?

Ted chuckles.

TED

Now, now. Let's not get ahead of ourselves. Your boy here's the one with the answers.

Despite his self-deprecation, Ted's exuding satisfaction. He sits back and indicates Joel to proceed.

TED

On y'go, Sunshine.

Joel GRIPS a pencil tightly in his fist and starts his slideshow. He stammers slightly.

JOEL

OK, well, thank you for coming, everybody. We all know the background so I'll just recap by saying that this meeting is to

JOEL (CONT'D)

review the results of the first hundred patients recruited in the US arm of Hemoxypur's phase 3 trials.

Anne flips over a page in her notebook, takes up a pen. She smiles with genuine warmth at Joel.

ANNE

We've been looking forward to this for months, Joe.

Joel flashes her a wan smile. Doesn't even have the heart to correct his name. He clicks on a slide.

JOEL

Our outcome measures include cardiovascular variables such as pulse rate, mean arterial pressure and urine output. Plus red cell transfusion requirements and, of course, thirty day mortality.

TED

This is all very nice, Joe, but when do we cut to the chase?

BIGWIG

All in good time, Ted. Let the boy do his job.

JOEL

We had to exclude two patients so, currently, we have ninety eight. Forty six in the control group and fifty two in the trial group.

He clicks forward again. An impressive numerical table shows on the screen.

JOEL

As you can see, we matched both groups pretty well in terms of age, sex, injury severity and baseline physiological parameters. All patients were treated in strict accordance with the trial protocol. It was impossible to blind the medics to which group each patient is in..

BIGWIG

..what with Hemoxypur being red,  
and all.

Ines stirs for the first time. She's been unnaturally silent so far.

INES

Nothing we could do about that.

Anne taps her friend lightly on the hand. Like Ted, she's in an up-beat mood.

ANNE

Not even you, Ines?

Ines smiles tightly.

JOEL

..but naturally, the researchers were blinded and had no idea which patient had received Hemoxypur and which had received only clear fluids.

(beat)

So..

He pauses and looks at the four pleasant faces facing him as if they are a firing squad.

JOEL

..to come to the results..

Ted and Anne lean forward expectantly. Even the Bigwig looks interested. Ines alone sits back in her chair, looking down at the table.

INT. WRAIR/JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack and Barbara are chatting. There's a KNOCK at the door.

JACK

Come!

Bob enters and stands in the room, shifting on his feet a bit.

JACK

Morning, Robert. What can we do you for?

BOB  
I..um..wanted..I..

He starts over.

BOB  
I'm glad you're both here.

He stops again.

BARBARA  
What's up, Bob?

JACK  
Yeah, come on. Spit it out.

Bob sighs and holds out his closed fist to Barbara.

BOB  
Colonel Petersen, I wanted to give  
you back this.

Barbara, mystified, holds up her hand and Bob drops a small object into her palm - his SILVER CAPTAIN'S INSIGNIA. She turns it over in her fingers a couple of times with her lips pursed.

BARBARA  
What's this, Bob?

BOB  
Those are my captain's bars, Ma'am.

Barbara drops them sharply onto Jack's desk. Jack picks them up and concentrates on them while the other two are talking.

BARBARA  
I know what they are, Bob. I meant,  
why are you giving them to me?

Bob takes his time answering. He scratches his nose, stares out the window. But eventually..

BOB  
I'm handing back my commission.  
Ma'am.

BARBARA  
You're surely not serious, Bob?

BOB  
Yes, Ma'am. Never more so.

His formality finally ignites her simmering annoyance.

BARBARA  
Don't you "Ma'am" me. What on earth  
are you on about?

BOB  
I'm resigning, Barbara. From WRAIR.  
From the Army.

He's totally, if uncomfortably, sincere. Barbara throws up  
her hands.

BARBARA  
Well. I don't know what to say.  
I..I..

Jack finally looks up from the desk and intervenes.

JACK  
Now then, you know. I don't think  
we're either of us as surprised as  
all that.

Barbara shoots him a look but he just laughs at her.

JACK  
It's all very well, Barbara, I know  
you don't want it. But unless  
you've been hiding under that desk  
of yours for the last six months,  
well..

BOB  
I'm sorry, Barbara.

He's so genuinely miserable that Barbara relents.

BARBARA  
No, that's OK. Jack's quite right,  
I'm not exactly surprised. I just  
didn't think it would come to..

BOB  
I really am sorry, Barbara. But I  
can't do what I want to do here. If  
I could, believe me, I wouldn't be  
going anywhere.

He turns to leave. Barbara pulls him back for a second.

BARBARA  
What about Gerry?

BOB  
What about Gerry?

JACK  
Have you told him?

Bob's misery deepens.

BOB  
Yup. A few days' back.

BARBARA  
What he say?

BOB  
Dunno yet. He hasn't told me.

He leaves.

INT. CAMPBELL/CARE/MEETING ROOM - DAY

Joel is still going through the preliminary results.

JOEL  
Fifty two patients have so far  
received Hemoxydur, of whom twenty  
four have died.

Ted is jotting numbers down.

TED  
That's..um..let me see..nearly  
half. What do we think, bit high  
perhaps?

JOEL  
It's exactly 46%.

ANNE  
It's not bad, Ted. The projected  
mortality was 42-43%, if you  
remember. It's about on track.

BIGWIG  
Anne's right. It'll probably level  
off a bit as we get more patients  
through.

TED  
Hmm, OK. Go on, Joe.

JOEL  
And in the control group, forty six  
patients received clear fluids  
only. Of which..

He has a sudden spasm of coughing and breaks off for a few seconds. There is a JUG OF WATER on the table. Anne pours out a glass and hands it to Joel.

JOEL  
Thank you. Of which..of which, so far..so far..

BIGWIG  
Jesus, come on Joel. Quit building your part up.

JOEL  
Forty six patients received clear fluids only, of which..so far..

He looks at no-one, fixes his gaze on the door opposite.

JOEL  
..eight have died.

There is a sudden and absolute SILENCE that seems to last for hours. Everyone, apart from Ines, is staring at Joel.

TED  
Eight?

JOEL  
Eight.

ANNE  
Eight? That's less than..uh..20%?

JOEL  
17.4%.

ANNE  
17% percent in the control group, versus 46% in the Hemoxypur group?

JOEL  
Yuh.

Silence again.

BIGWIG  
Joel, you surely can't be saying that three times as many patients have died in the Hemoxypur group?

JOEL  
Yessir, I am. Sir.

TED

There must be some mistake, surely?  
Are the control patients just a lot  
less injured?

Anne is rifling back through her notes.

ANNE

It's not that, Ted. At least, not  
obviously. The injury scores look  
pretty well equal in both groups.

JOEL

The patients are well-matched in  
all directions, I can assure you.

TED

Now, now, lad. Keep your pantyhose  
on.

There is another short pause while everyone digests this for  
a bit. The atmosphere in the room has plummeted from hero to  
zero. Anne and Ted are sitting stunned.

BIGWIG

Well, Ted, it's up to you lot what  
you do with these results but I  
have to say, to me it looks like..

Ines suddenly erupts into life.

INES

I think it's very obvious how it  
looks. CC will simply have to pull  
the trial. It's the only moral  
thing to do. I must say, I was  
surprised when the FDA told us to  
go ahead at all but I assumed they  
knew what they were doing.

Everyone in the room gapes at her.

ANNE

You were..?

INES

..surprised? Yes, very. I mean, the  
phase 2 trials showed us that  
Hemoxypur is perfectly safe in some  
patient groups but not so  
predictable in others.

ANNE

Yes but..

INES

And I fully expected the FDA to request more work, so that we really understood who we should be targeting.

TED

Yes but..

INES

So yes, I was surprised by their decision, although of course I deferred to it.

Anne abruptly stands, bestows a glance of near-hatred on Ines and leaves the room.

Ted, however, has seen a straw to clutch.

TED

I suppose that is one way of.. I'll have to take this upwards, as soon as possible.

Joel and the Bigwig have been quietly packing up.

BIGWIG

In the meantime, Ted, what do you want us to do?

TED

In the meantime, I want you to do precisely nothing.

JOEL

You mean, don't change anything? Carry on exactly as we were?

TED

No, I mean nothing. Nada. Zilch. Niente. As of now. Got it? Don't touch another patient until you've heard from us. Don't do anything, don't say anything. Especially, don't say anything.

The Bigwig raises his hands.

BIGWIG

Not a word, not a word. I'll leave the whole thing with you.

Ted nods at him distractedly.

TED

Thanks. Ines, you'll come with me  
to the Board?

INES

Of course, Ted. We need to get this  
dangerous situation resolved as  
quickly as possible. People's lives  
are at stake.

INT. CAMPBELL/CARE/INES' OFFICE - DAY

An hour or so after the catastrophic meeting. Ines is in her  
office. The door opens and Anne walks in without invitation.  
She's red in the face.

ANNE

How can you?

INES

What?

ANNE

You know what I'm talking about.

Ines' customary poise remains totally intact.

INES

My dear Anne, I'm afraid you're not  
making yourself terribly clear.

ANNE

How can you act like you didn't  
drive this whole debacle right from  
the start?

But Ines has set up camp all over the moral high ground.

INES

That's simply not true, Anne.

ANNE

Oh come on..

INES

I didn't make the final decision,  
Anne. That was down to the FDA.

ANNE

But..

She stops, pole-axed by the brick wall Ines is showing her.

INES

We knew it wasn't perfect, Anne.  
The stroke trial showed us that,  
plus Bob's data..

Anne sees another avenue, tries again.

ANNE

Yes! Bob warned you, I warned you,  
the stroke trial should have warned  
you but I really don't remember you  
listening to any of..

INES

Of course I listened, Anne, but the  
evidence cut both ways, didn't it?  
That's why I referred it to the  
authorities. The FDA is the  
ultimate arbiter of patient safety,  
after all. That's what they do.

Anne has run out of steam. She sits down.

ANNE

Some arbiter. A bunch of people are  
dead.

Ines' perfect facade crumbles a little.

INES

Who shouldn't be. Yes. I know.

For a moment, it looks as if the two women might come  
together in their grief. Anne is inclined to be generous.

ANNE

You amaze me, you know.

INES

What do you mean?

ANNE

How fast your mind works.

Ines shrugs modestly. The facade is up again.

ANNE

The way you instantly nailed the  
FDA as the bad guys in all this.  
The rest of us were still just  
trying to understand.

INES

There's no point in losing your head, Anne. That doesn't help anyone.

ANNE

That was impressive though. It's almost like..like..

Light dawns in her face.

INES

What?

ANNE

You knew.

INES

Oh come on. That's ridiculous.

Anne stands.

ANNE

You knew. My God. You already knew. And you didn't do a thing.

INES

How could I possibly have..?

ANNE

Not one single thing.

Ines is finally stung out of her poise.

INES

No! That's not fair. I did..

ANNE

What? What did you do?

Ines can't do it. The mask goes back on.

INES

I mean, I did not know.

ANNE

I don't care, Ines. I really don't care. Just stay away from me.

She leaves.

INT. GERRY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING (FEBRUARY 1998)

Gerry is sitting in his armchair, reading the paper.  
The early evening NEWS is spewing from the television.

NEWSCASTER

In today's Business News,  
CampbellCare Incorporated announced  
earlier today that they are halting  
the high-profile clinical trial for  
their product, Hemoxypur, an  
artificial blood substitute.

Gerry lowers his newspaper and gawks at the screen.

NEWSCASTER

The trial was planned to run for a  
minimum of three years but  
CampbellCare stopped enrolling  
patients a month ago. They now say  
they are terminating the study  
after less than a year because of  
safety concerns with the new  
product.

Gerry reaches for the phone and rapidly punches in a number.

NEWSCASTER

A spokesperson for CampbellCare  
today declined to comment further  
on the issue but speculation is  
rife that the multinational  
pharmaceutical company may be  
looking at the loss of upwards of  
half a billion dollars of  
investment.

GERRY

Bob! Bob, it's me. Turn on the  
news!

INT. WRAIR/JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack, Barbara, Gerry and Bob are holding hastily-convened  
emergency meeting. Bob is somehow trying to pace up and  
down.

BOB

I knew it, I knew it! I warned her,  
I told her people would die. Why  
didn't she listen to me?

JACK

Yes, yes, all right, Bob. No-one's denying it, you were right. All the way along. But what actually happened?

Barbara is leafing her way through a sheaf of papers.

BARBARA

That's a very good question. CC faxed over the preliminary report. They're asking for comments.

GERRY

What do you think, Barbara?

BARBARA

I can't make head nor tail of it, Gerry. There's nothing obviously wrong, not on first reading. The trial's been done right, the protocols have been followed, the patients have been selected properly.

GERRY

And yet, people are dropping dead..let's have a look.

He holds out his hand and Barbara passes over the papers.

BARBARA

Yes. For no very good reason that I can see.

BOB

These results tell us nothing about what's going on at a cellular level. Hemoxyypur is poisonous; I've been saying that for months.

BARBARA

And we've been listening to you, Bob.

BOB

Yes. I know. Sorry, Barbara.

He sits down.

GERRY

What are you going to say to CC, Barbara?

BARBARA

I need to go through it all again, Gerry. But as far as I can see, the single visible difference between the two groups is the Hemoxypur. The only conclusion I can draw is that it's Hemoxypur that caused the trouble.

GERRY

Even if we don't really understand why?

Barbara shrugs.

JACK

This is going to hit CC hard.

GERRY

Half a billion, according to the news.

Jack chuckles slightly.

JACK

I bet Micky Flynn's rubbing his hands.

BARBARA

That's just money already lost. What about future earnings?

GERRY

Or compensation..

BOB

Or reputation. That's never cheap.

JACK

Yes, that's a point. How are they going to spin this?

BARBARA

Oh they'll try pretty hard to save face, if I know CampbellCare.

BOB

How can they? It's a disaster. Whichever way you slice it.

GERRY

Ugh, they'll find a bad apple to pin it on, I expect. You watch.

BOB  
A scapegoat?

GERRY  
Yeah, a scapegoat.

Bob stares at Gerry for a moment, his eyes like lasers and his brain almost visibly working. He stands abruptly.

BOB  
Barbara, can I take a couple of  
days' leave?

Barbara is wrong-footed by this sudden change of subject.

BARBARA  
What? Now?

BOB  
Well, OK, tomorrow. For the rest of  
the week?

BARBARA  
Er, OK, sure thing. Why not? Knock  
yourself out.

BOB  
Thanks Barbara. Come on Gerry,  
those platelets won't aggregate  
themselves.

The two men get up to go. Barbara calls after them.

BARBARA  
Get the paperwork to Jack this  
afternoon. And Bob..

Bob looks back.

BOB  
What?

BARBARA  
For God's sake, don't do anything  
stupid.

He just frowns at her and goes on.

JACK  
What is God's name..?

Barbara smiles maternally.

BARBARA  
Bit of unfinished business, I  
think, Jack. That's all.

INT. CAMPBELL/CARE/TED'S OFFICE - DAY (FEB 1998)

Ted is behind his desk. Anne and Ines are in front, sitting  
as far away from each other as the small room will allow.  
The atmosphere is bleak.

TED  
Did you see the share price this  
morning?

Ines and Anne just look at him blankly.

ANNE  
What's going to happen to us, Ted?

Ted shrugs wearily.

TED  
The Board has opened an internal  
investigation into the Blood  
Substitutes Research Group.

ANNE  
That's us.

INES  
Of course it's us.

TED  
Specifically, it's me. I'm in  
charge.

ANNE  
We're all part of it, Ted.

Anne and Ted share a dismal moment.

INES  
I really don't see that the Board  
can come down on our heads, while -  
at exactly the same time - they're  
letting the European trial carry on  
unchecked..

She sounds panicky but neither Ted nor Anne is in the mood  
to reassure her.

TED

For the moment, Ines. That's all.  
The European numbers show no  
problem, so far.

INES

That's hardly the point, Ted.  
Hemoxypur is dangerous. Innocent  
people are being put at risk.

ANNE

That's what you think, is it, Ines?

INES

You know that's what I think, Anne.  
I really don't think I can tolerate  
such ethical ambivalence.

Anne ignores her, goes back to Ted.

ANNE

What do you think will happen to  
us, Ted?

TED

If we're lucky, we'll be moved.

ANNE

Sideways?

TED

Yeah. You know, somewhere safe.

ANNE

Eczema treatment.

TED

Haemorrhoid cream. If we're lucky.

ANNE

If we're unlucky..?

Ted doesn't answer. He just draws his finger across his  
throat in the age-old gesture of execution. Ines watches  
him, appalled.

INES

I can't stand this. I won't stay in  
a company that practises such a  
flagrant double standard. Ted,  
you'll have my resignation on your  
desk by the end of the day.

TED

What?

INES

My resignation. On your desk. I  
can't stay here.

As far as Ted can see, this comes entirely out of the blue.

TED

What? Ines, what are..?

ANNE

Good.

The telephone RINGS. Ted picks it up.

TED

Hello, Ted Hirsch. Oh, yes, she's  
here. Hang on..

He holds the receiver out to Ines.

TED

It's for you.

INES

Dr O'Halloran speaking..Yes, that's  
right..Really? No, I'm not  
expecting anyone. Who is it?..Ohh,  
that's fine..No, don't bother, I'll  
come down.

She puts the telephone down thoughtfully.

INES

Excuse me, will you both? Someone  
to see me.

She leaves the office.

INT. CAMPBELL/CARE/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ines enters the lobby from the stairwell and walks across to  
the waiting area where Bob is mooching aimlessly, waiting  
for her. There is no-one else around apart from the  
receptionist.

INES

Hello, Bob.

BOB

Hello, Ines.

He looks her over. She's as beautifully presented and tightly controlled as ever.

INES  
What are you doing here?

BOB  
I..uh..I thought I'd just..I wanted to..how you doing?

INES  
Come to crow?

BOB  
No!

INES  
You were right, Bob.

BOB  
I know but..honestly? If I could change that..?

Ines makes a frustrated gesture.

INES  
If you could change that? How d'you think I feel?

BOB  
You OK?

She tries to answer but ends up just shrugging.

BOB  
I mean, um, do you still have a job, at least?

INES  
I resigned. Ten minutes ago.

Bob smiles slightly, appreciating her foresight.

BOB  
That's not such a bad idea. Under the circumstances.

INES  
I couldn't stay here, Bob. They're talking about continuing the European trial. I can't be a party to that. You have to do the right thing. What else is there?

BOB  
Uhh..OK. So what you going to do  
now?

She shrugs again.

INES  
I'll talk to Seropur. And a couple  
of others. I've got contacts. We'll  
see what comes up.

Bob says nothing for a couple of moments. He simply looks at Ines as if trying to make up his mind about her. She looks defiantly back at him.

BOB  
You could come and work for me.

Ines actually steps back, she's so surprised.

INES  
Join the Army?!

BOB  
Nooo. I'm leaving the Army, Ines.  
Setting up on my own. I still think  
it's out there. A blood substitute  
that actually works.

INES  
Work with you?

BOB  
Why not? We'd be a helluva team.  
Hell, I'll even move up to  
Minnesota, if you like. I don't  
care where I do it.

Ines looks at him and her eyes start to shine again. She holds out her hands to him and he slowly takes them in his.

INT. WRAIR/THE LABORATORY - DAY

Gerry is working in the lab. Barbara comes in.

BARBARA  
How's it going, Gerry?

GERRY  
Oh. You know. It's going. Nice and  
steady.

BARBARA  
Good, good.

She fiddles pointlessly with some of the paraphernalia on the bench.

GERRY  
Do you mind?

He puts the paraphernalia back where it was.

BARBARA  
Sorry. Listen, did Bob say when he'll be back?

She reaches out again, picks up a biro lying on the bench. Gerry forbears to mention it.

GERRY  
Not really. Maybe Friday, I suppose. Monday's probably more likely. I guess it depends..

BARBARA  
..depends on what, Gerry?

GERRY  
Well, on how it..how she..

BARBARA  
What do you mean?

GERRY  
Ah, come on Barbara. We both know where Bob is. Although, I can't for the life of me work out what he thinks he's going to achieve.

Barbara turns around, rests back against the bench.

BARBARA  
Don't suppose he thought of that.

GERRY  
Don't suppose he thought at all. Can't have done if he's expecting that hard-nosed little hussy to fall weeping against his manly chest.

Barbara smiles.

BARBARA  
You're not a fan?

GERRY

I am not.

BARBARA

You know he's handed in his notice?

GERRY

Yuh.

BARBARA

Six weeks or so, he'll be gone.

GERRY

I guess.

BARBARA

And..you? What about you, Gerry? I don't want to push you but..is there anything I need to know?

Gerry nods slowly in acquiescence and then, at some point, the nod transforms into a negative shake of the head.

GERRY

No, not me.

Barbara brightens but is still cautious.

BARBARA

Nothing?

GERRY

He did ask me.

BARBARA

Yes. I figured.

GERRY

And God knows, I was tempted, Barbara. It's an exciting idea. If it was just me, if I was twenty years younger, if I..

BARBARA

..if you didn't have two teenage girls to put through college?

Gerry nods again.

GERRY

That's about it.

BARBARA

Have you told him yet?

GERRY

No, not yet. Not specifically. I think he's probably guessed though.

BARBARA

I don't usually like playing second fiddle, Gerry, but I'll take it this time. I'm very glad. Thanks.

She pats him on the shoulder and walks away.

INT. CAMPBELL/CARE/LOBBY - DAY

Bob is now holding Ines in his arms. She does indeed have her head against his manly chest but she's smiling, not weeping.

INES

This is going to be so good, Bob. I can't believe we never thought of it before.

BOB

You might change your mind, you know. After a few months. I can be an ornery so-and-so.

INES

Mmm, don't you worry, darling. I'll have you wound around my little finger before you've even realised it.

Bob grunts with slight amusement.

BOB

I reckon I'm going to be immune to your winding. At least for a while.

Ines purrs.

INES

Don't you trust me, Dr Rattigan?

She obviously means the question rhetorically but Bob takes it quite seriously.

BOB

Nearly, Dr O'Halloran, very nearly. I'm sure it won't take long.

Ines moves abruptly, holds Bob at arms' length.

INES  
What on earth do you mean?

BOB  
Ah come on, Ines. We'll have to  
have a trial period, won't we?

INES  
Trial period?

BOB  
What do you expect? Vice President,  
Chief Scientific Officer? Next year  
maybe. You do have a bit of  
probation to do.

He attempts a small laugh but she won't be diverted.

INES  
Probation? Why?

BOB  
Honey, your research techniques may  
be ground-breaking but you must  
admit you've made some bad calls  
this last couple of years.

INES  
Bob, I'm just a scientist, chipping  
away at the coalface. I do my job  
and I do it extremely well.

BOB  
Yes I know but..

INES  
The only bad call I made was  
assuming that the authorities would  
be just as careful about their own  
work.

Bob looks at her long and hard, he seems to be chewing a  
piece of invisible gum.

BOB  
And you really believe that?

She says nothing, just looks at him as if it's so obvious,  
only an idiot would fail to see it.

Bob lets go of her. He is still chewing that piece of gum.

BOB  
Yeah, I think we're done here.

He walks out without another word, without looking back.

INES  
Bob? Bob?!

INT. WRAIR/BOB'S CUBICLE - DAY (APRIL 1998)

Bob is packing everything into boxes with Gerry helping him.

GERRY  
So what you calling this shiny new  
company of yours?

BOB  
Don't feel much like a company yet.  
So far it's just me, a grad student  
and a couple of test tubes. But I  
thought, maybe..

He gestures expansively.

BOB  
..SangTech!

GERRY  
SangTech?

BOB  
Yeah, SangTech. What do you think?

Gerry is non-committal.

GERRY  
Not the snappiest name I've ever  
heard.

Bob doesn't care.

BOB  
Well, you think of something  
better.

Jack and Barbara arrive, carrying four cans of soda. They  
look around Bob's emptying cubicle in some astonishment.

BARBARA  
Do you know, I'd forgotten the  
colour of the walls in here. It's  
so long since I've seen them.

Jack runs his finger wonderingly down a wall.

JACK  
Don't think I've ever seen them.

BOB  
What can I do for you, ladies?

JACK  
We thought we'd better come and  
give you a decent send-off.

Barbara tries to look stern.

BARBARA  
Yes, otherwise, you'd just wander  
off at lunchtime without a word to  
anyone.

Jack hands around the drinks.

JACK  
Ladies and gentlemen, pray charge  
your..er, cans for the toast.

Everyone POPS the ring pulls and raises their cans to Bob.

JACK  
To Dr Robert Rattigan. Good friend,  
loyal colleague, lousy darts player  
and all-round smart ass.

Bob looks down sheepishly. He might even be blushing.

JACK  
Good luck, Bob, go well.

BARBARA  
Yes, Bob. All the best with the new  
company, I really hope it works for  
you.

BOB  
Thanks, Colonel Petersen.

BARBARA  
Oh don't be soft.

She envelopes him in a big hug. She's pretending she's not  
tearful.

BARBARA  
And keep in touch, hey? Come on,  
Jack, we were supposed to be out of  
here five minutes ago.

JACK

OK, OK.

He fixes Bob with a stern look.

JACK

She means it, you know. Keep in touch.

Bob moves to shake Jack's hand but Jack ignores that and hugs him as well.

JACK

And now we really do have to go. Take care, Bob.

BOB

You too, Jack. Thanks for everything.

He and Barbara go. Gerry and Bob are left together.

GERRY

So, SangTech, huh? You said..it's just you..?

BOB

Yuh. That's right.

GERRY

No-one else?

BOB

N'pe. No-one.

GERRY

I'm sorry.

BOB

Yuh.

GERRY

Well, it may be a lousy name but it's pretty exciting, Bob. I kinda wish I was coming with you.

BOB

Come on, Gerry, the two of us together? We'd be unstoppable.

GERRY

I can't, Bob. You know I can't. If I were twenty years younger..

BOB

Yes, I know, Gerry. It's OK. But, still, I get to come and pick your brains, right?

GERRY

You're coming to dinner tomorrow night, aren't you?

Bob smiles and puts the last thing - his family photo - into one of the boxes. He picks up a box.

BOB

Come on. Give me a hand with these.

Gerry picks up another box. The two men leave the office and walk down the corridor.

INT. A BAR IN DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS - EVENING

Ines is sitting at a table across from TWO MEN. The bar is swanky and everyone is beautifully dressed in business attire.

The sleek, sharp men are sitting back, looking at Ines the way peckish SHARKS might idly contemplate a sardine. She is upright, eager to please.

SHARK1

So, Dr O'Halloran, what is it you feel you could bring to Seropur..

SHARK2

..that you haven't already squandered at CampbellCare?

Ines leans forward, touches the nearer man on the forearm.

INES

Well, gentlemen..

FADE OUT

THE END