

Adaptation.

Portfolio Assignment - (CAMF5004)

Joe Deighton - **1601398**

Contents.

“The correctly formatted adaptation of a selected text for visual media.”

- *Kershaw's Unit* ...based on the short story “*Man With A Knife*” by T. H. McCormick.

KERSHAW' S UNIT

Written by
Joe Deighton

Based on
"Man With A Knife"
by T. H. McCormick.

joe.deighton@yahoo.co.uk

Final Draft:
30/04/2018

1

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

1

A flood of NURSES, DOCTORS and CIVILIANS weave throughout one another in the lobby of a busy, modern hospital - all heading somewhere. In this crowd we find FRANK JACKSON - 30's, suited up - as he files through towards an elevator that's about to close.

FRANK

Hold it!

An ASSISTANT inside grabs the closing doors, as Frank steps in.

FRANK(CONT'D)

Dr Kershaw's unit?

ASSISTANT

Seventh floor.

Frank hits the '7' button, stands at ease.

FRANK

Thanks.

The elevator doors slide closed.

2

INT. HOSPITAL (SEVENTH FLOOR) - DAY

2

A subtle DING, and the elevator doors open. Frank steps out and strides the halls of the seventh floor, searching for something. He carelessly rounds a corner, almost crashing into NURSE MACKENZIE, a small plump lady.

MACKENZIE

Goodness me!

FRANK

Ever so sorry. Wasn't looking.

MACKENZIE

(collecting herself)

Yeah, I know.

FRANK

I'm actually looking for Dr Kershaw's unit.

MACKENZIE

I see, you Mr Jackson?

FRANK

I am. But call me Frank.

They shake hands.

(CONTINUED)

MACKENZIE

Nurse Mackenzie. Wondering when you'd get here.

She turns and starts a walk, Frank follows.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

I'll show you round.

After turning a corner, Nurse Mackenzie heads toward at a double-door entrance. A sign above reads: "SURGICAL WARD - KERSHAW UNIT". They enter into...

3

INT. KERSHAW UNIT - DAY

3

A bright, clean and airy ward. They start a slow walk through the centre corridor as Nurse Mackenzie explains:

MACKENZIE

Staff room to the left. Locker room next to it. Reception is the right turn just there. Admissions, examinations, operations, all scheduled on the staff board here and documented through reception. Chief runs a tight ship, so there's no slacking.

FRANK

Of course. When can I meet him?

MACKENZIE

Any minute now.

FRANK

(nodding)

Okay.

MACKENZIE

He's a great surgeon you know.

FRANK

So I've heard. He's certainly qualified.

MACKENZIE

Never seems to rest either. Despite everything that happened, he's just soldiered on.

Frank goes to question, but holds his thought. Nurse Mackenzie spots a NURSE exiting a room, and motions Frank towards her.

(CONTINUED)

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
(to nurse)
Liz.

The Nurse is LIZ HARTFORD - a young, attractive woman.

LIZ
Yes?

MACKENZIE
(to Liz)
This is Frank Jackson, the new
house surgeon.
(to Frank)
And this is Nurse Hartford.

They shake hands, holding each others gaze.

LIZ
Pleasure to meet you.

FRANK
Likewise.

A beat of silence.

MACKENZIE
Well, was just on the way to see
the Chief.

LIZ
I won't hold you up.
(to Frank)
See you round.

Frank nods, walks away with Nurse Mackenzie.

FRANK
She seems nice.
(A beat)
Is she...

MACKENZIE
Widowed.

FRANK
Oh, okay.

MACKENZIE
Just a heads up.

Frank appears empathetic.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
Here we are.

The pair lean into...

4

INT. KERSHAW'S OFFICE - DAY

4

A tidy office, with ROGER KERSHAW (Chief, 50's) sat at his desk, filing paperwork.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
Dr Kershaw, a visitor.

Roger leans back and sees Frank in the frame of the door. A smile grows across his face.

ROGER
Let's hope he's more permanent
than that.

He stands from his desk, revealing his tall stature, and greets Frank.

FRANK
Nice to meet you Dr Kershaw.

ROGER
Call me Chief. And likewise.

They elicit a firm handshake.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Quite the grip you got, always a
good sign.

FRANK
Let's hope so.

ROGER
(to Mackenzie)
Give us a moment would you.

Nurse Mackenzie nods, closes the door on her way out.

ROGER
How you feeling?

FRANK
Like I'm the new kid at school.
Otherwise, good.

ROGER
Good. I'll give you a week to get
familiar. But from then on, it's
full steam ahead.
Hundred-per-cent effort.

FRANK
Of course.

(CONTINUED)

5.

FRANK
(Nodding)
Okay. Hundred-per-cent.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

11 INT. KERSHAW UNIT - DAY 11

Frank strolls down a corridor, passing CHARLIE - the ward's orderly. He carries a thick parcelled item in his hands.

FRANK
(nods)
Charlie.

CUT TO:

12 INT. OPERATING THEATRE - DAY 12

An assault of BEEPING rings throughout the room. A PATIENT in cardiac-arrest. Frank is pushed to the limits.

CUT TO:

13 INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 13

Frank lies with his back against his locker - exhausted.
He closes his eyes.

WOMAN (O.S.)
...not even sure we have a
patient with that name on
record...

Frank tilts his head to get a better listen, then stands up.

14	INT. KERSHAW UNIT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)	14
----	--------------------------------------	----

Frank leans out the locker room door and sees Liz, holding a landline phone to her ear.

LIZ
(down phone)
...well if we find anything
relevant i'll get back to you.
Okay, goodbye.

She hangs up, turns to see Frank.

FRANK
Busy day?

Liz exhales.

LIZ
The busiest.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
You wanna grab a drink?

Liz smiles.

15 **INT. HOSPITAL CANTEEN - NIGHT**

15

Frank and Liz sit opposite each other. Apart from a couple of NURSES they're the only two there. Liz holds a coffee in one hand, Frank drinks from a carton of milk.

FRANK
Well, despite the strict regime,
it beats my previous place hands
down.

LIZ
Really?

FRANK
Really.

LIZ
Well, you hold onto that thought.
Should keep you going.

FRANK
It's all that's kept me going.
(backtracking)
I didn't mean that. This place is
good. Got good people. Just like
to get to know them better.

LIZ
Well, when you find the time, you
should.

FRANK
Promise I will.

Liz and Frank both smile.

LIZ
How's the big guy treatin' you?

FRANK
Well, hasn't been easy. But in
this line of work, I wouldn't
want it any other way.

LIZ
That's our Chief.

Frank ponders for a beat, then...

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
Mackenzie mentioned something
'bout him on my first day here.
Probably nothing.

LIZ
Oh, what did she say?

FRANK
That Chief's soldiered on,
despite everything. Any idea what
she meant?

Liz glances round, takes a swig of coffee, leans in.

LIZ
She probably means the incident.
(a beat)
About two years back, Chief's son
gets in an accident. Motorbike
collision. He's working here at
the time when his son shows up in
A&E, closest hospital. But
course, medical ethics state a
surgeon can't work on close
family and all that. But there's
no time, and Chief wouldn't
listen anyway.

Frank leans in, engaged.

LIZ (CONT'D)
So he gets to work. His son's arm
is shattered - it needs
amputating. Nothing he hasn't
done before. But the pressure
get's to him. He slips up. Son
loses too much blood. Dies on the
table.

Liz swallows, emotions getting to her.

FRANK
Sorry to hear that.

LIZ
It's fine. Just an awful day, you
know.

FRANK
Can't imagine.

A beat.

LIZ
I better go.

Liz stands from the table, Frank stands too.

(CONTINUED)

LIZ (CONT'D)
Thanks for the coffee, I'll see
you round.

Liz smiles, turns and leaves.

16 **INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - DAY**

16

Frank stands alone, waiting for the elevator doors. They
begin to close...

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Hold it!

Frank grabs one of the doors, as Charlie enters the
elevator, carrying a thick parcelled item - similar to
before.

CHARLIE
Thanks.

The doors close.

FRANK
(re: parcel)
Present for the wife?

Charlie looks down. Chuckles.

CHARLIE
Now that would be something.
(off Frank's look)
It's an arm.

FRANK
Oh.

CHARLIE
Yeah. Vehicle collision. Doc said
it had to go.

Frank ponders this, as they stand in silence.

17 **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

17

A PATIENT lies upright in a bed, wearing a hospital gown.
Frank walks in, staring down at his clipboard, flips over
a page.

FRANK
(looking at clipboard)
Edward Grey?

EDWARD
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
How we doing?

EDWARD
Apart from the crippling stomach
pain? Dandy.

FRANK
Understandable. I estimate that
we'll roll you in sometime...

Frank looks up, sees the patients arm, or lack of. In it's
place is a stylish metallic fake.

FRANK
Your arm.

EDWARD
(looking down)
Yeah?

FRANK
Pretty neat.

EDWARD
Thanks. Donated to me from a
University.

Frank nods.

FRANK
What happened?

EDWARD
Caught my hand in a machine at
work. Doctor said it needed the
chop.

FRANK
Sorry to hear that.

EDWARD
It's cool. Gettin' use to it.
(a beat)
I don't remember you.

Frank looks up - puzzled.

FRANK
Remember me?

EDWARD
Yeah, when I was last here.
Granted I was in shock, but I
just...

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
You said your hand was caught?

EDWARD
Yeah.

FRANK
(points with pen)
But at least a third of your arm
was removed?

EDWARD
Hey, I ain't no doc.

Frank looks back down at the clipboard.

FRANK
I'll be right back.

He turns and exits into...

18 **INT. KERSHAW UNIT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

18

Frank starts a fast walk down the corridor. Liz walks out a room ahead and spots Frank. She slows down to talk.

LIZ
Frank. How's your...

FRANK
(rushed)
Hi Liz.

He walks straight past, leaving her confused.

LIZ
...day.

19 **INT. RECORDS ROOM - DAY**

19

Nurse Mackenzie stands in the corner of a small room, shelves of files stacked against every wall. She shuffles through a few papers. Frank walks through the door and stops - surprised.

FRANK
Nurse Mackenzie.

MACKENZIE
Hey Frank.

Frank searches for words. A beat.

FRANK
Just bumped into Liz, she's
looking for you.

(CONTINUED)

MACKENZIE

She is?

FRANK

Yeah, something about one of your patients.

MACKENZIE

Oh, okay.

FRANK

Said it's kinda urgent.

Nurse Mackenzie nods, folds the file in her hand and exits the room. Frank closes the door behind her. He spins round, finds a section marked 'G' and fingers through stack of files. He pulls out the paper records of 'Edward Grey', looks through.

FRANK

(to himself)

Severe laceration of left hand.
Comminuted fracture. Arm
amputated. Operation performed by
Dr Kershaw.

He pulls out an x-ray sheet, holds it to the ceiling light.

FRANK(CONT'D)

(to himself)

Unbelievable.

Frank slides the sheets back into the folder. Tucks it under his arm. Continues searching through the records.

20

INT. KERSHAW'S OFFICE - DAY

20

Roger leans back in his office chair, flaying an apple with a small knife. He takes a bite. Someone KNOCKS.

ROGER

Yup.

The door opens, and Frank steps in - a stack of folders under his arm. He looks anxious.

FRANK

Chief.

ROGER

Frank, come in.

Frank closes the door behind him. Roger sets the knife down on his desk.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER (CONT'D)
See you got big stack of
homework.

FRANK
Not exactly. Can I sit?

Roger nods, motions to the chair opposite him.

ROGER
How can I help?

FRANK
We need to talk.

ROGER
(a beat)
So talk.

Frank lifts the stack of folders onto his desk. He picks one off the top. Parts it open.

FRANK
This belongs to Edward Grey. He's
sitting in 4B right now. Got a
case of stomach ulcers.

ROGER
I'm aware.

FRANK
You aware that he's been here
before?

ROGER
Of course.

FRANK
Then you're aware he had his arm
amputated?

ROGER
I performed it.

FRANK
Why?

ROGER
His condition required it.

Frank pauses, can't believe what he's about to say.

FRANK
You're wrong, Chief.

Roger leans back, plays along.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER
That so?

FRANK
Grey's amputation was
unnecessary. He would have been
fine, and you know it.

Frank grabs another folder off the stack.

FRANK(CONT'D)
Casey Long would have been fine
too.

He throws the folder down, picks another.

FRANK(CONT'D)
And Michael Parks.

Throws it down, picks another.

FRANK(CONT'D)
And Jessica Henley.

ROGER
That's enough.

Throws it, picks another.

FRANK
Andrew Stacks.

ROGER
(intimidating)
That's enough!

Frank puts the folder back. Calms himself.

FRANK
(re: folders)
You need to make me understand
what this is before I walk out
that door.

Roger sighs. Picks up his apple. Takes a bite.

ROGER
You heard about my son?
(off Frank's nod)
Then you're half way there. My
mistake cost him his life, and
it's one I won't make again.
(a beat)
You really think a pound of flesh
weighs more than a soul? I don't
expect you to understand Frank,
but I expect you to let me
continue my practices in peace.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
I can't Chief. You know I can't.
No matter the motive.

Frank stands from his chair.

FRANK
I respect you enough to not cause
a scene, so cut me the same deal.
Wait here.

Frank turns and walks toward the door. He reaches for the handle... Roger's left arm wraps from Frank's neck, squeezes the air from him. His right hand brandishes a syringe, the needle punctures Frank's neck.

A liquid is pumped in.

Frank struggles.

FADE TO:

BLACK

A subtle DING. The ROLL of elevator doors opening.

FADE IN:

21 **INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

21

Frank peels open his eyes. He wears a hospital gown, lying down on a gurney. His arm held up by a sling. Nurse Mackenzie leans over him.

MACKENZIE
There he is.

Liz leans over. Worry in her eyes.

LIZ
Thank god. Can you hear me Frank?

Frank is barely lucid. Moves his mouth to speak. Can't.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Chief said you had a nasty fall
in his office. Shattered your arm
completely.

MACKENZIE
But don't worry Dr Jackson, we're
on our way to theatre now. You'll
be right-as-rain soon.

Liz nods. Frank starts to realise his situation. The elevator doors DING and part open. Nurse Mackenzie and Liz wheel Frank into...

23 INT. THEATRE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 23

(CONTINUED)

ROGER
(to Liz)
Would you do the honours?

Liz nods, grabs a green sheet and lays it over Frank.
Roger wheels across a canister of anaesthesia, stretches a mask connected by tube to Frank's face.

FRANK
(stuttering)
F...

Roger pulls the mask back. Liz looks over.

LIZ
What is it?

ROGER
Think he's trying to talk.

Roger leans in.

FRANK
(weak)
Fuck you.

Roger stifles a laugh.

ROGER
Gotta love a fighter.

He stretches the mask back to Frank's face, as he breathes in the gas. Liz leans over, smiling.

FADE TO:

BLACK

THE END.