

JO: Chrissie?

CHRISSIE: !

JO: Chrissie, I-

CHRISSIE: Now...? You come back now?

JO: How.., how are you Christine?

CHRISSIE: Me? Oh, I'm great. Do you know why? 'Cause I'm finally getting out of here for the day. 'Cause now I get a whole day off before my next dialysis. Before I'm back here again.

JO: I.., I just wanted to.., to say... To say—

CHRISSIE: I haven't got time for this. Not now. My husband's waiting for me. Downstairs. My daughter's waiting.

JO: I said I'd come back and... And—

CHRISSIE: Do you know how long ago that was, do you?

JO: I've been.., off.

CHRISSIE: Oh yeah. Go somewhere nice did you? Nice little break.

JO: Off work. Signed off.

CHRISSIE: Sick you mean?

JO: Stressed, Depressed.., Mad? You pick.

CHRISSIE: ... You look.., tired, Jo.

JO: Tired! Yeah, that's a good word for it.

CHRISSIE: ... Look. I've got to go.

JO: Chrissie, what happened to you. All this... I'm never going to be able to forgive myself for what happened.

CHRISSIE: I get it. OK. We can't put the clock back.

JO: [UNSURE]...But what if..,

CHRISSIE: What if, what?

JO: I don't know if I should...

CHRISSIE: You're not making a lot of sense, Jo.

JO: What if... What if I..? I..,

I wanted to catch you, Chrissie. I wanted to tell you: my blood group.

CHRISSIE: Your...?

JO: It's the same as yours.

CHRISSIE: ?

JO: Don't you see?

CHRISSIE: See what?

JO: We're compatible.

CHRISSIE: ...What are you talking about?

JO: I can donate... For you.

CHRISSIE: I., I., I-

JO: I can give you one of my kidneys.

CHRISSIE: (APPALLED) No!

JO: You'll wait years for a transplant. Years of dialysis. But this way—

CHRISSIE: That's not what I want.

JO: This way I—

CHRISSIE: No. No.

JO: —can try to put things—

CHRISSIE: NO!

JO: —right.

CHRISSIE: I'm not asking you to do that. I., I'm not even sure—

JO: I know I can't put the clock back. But—

CHRISSIE: No! That's not what I want.

JO: But this way I can—

CHRISSIE: It's not the answer, Jo.

JO: But it would mean—

CHRISSIE: NO! ... ... (SOFTER) No... You still don't get it, do you?. Even now?

I'm not looking for someone to blame. It's not about revenge or.., asking for a sacrifice.

I want to.., understand, Jo. I want to understand. And when my turn comes.., for a transplant. If my turn comes.., I hope my surgeon knows he's not God. I hope he has made some mistakes. ""

That he's grown, and learnt. That he's better. Because of those mistakes.

That's what I want. Something good to come out of this whole mess.

JO: I.., I can't. I can't do this any more.

CHRISSIE: I get it. I could never do your job... I'm not that brave. ""

JO: You don't understand, Chrissie.

CHRISSIE: Talk to me. Help me to understand.

JO: I.., I don't know if I can.

CHRISSIE: Start at the beginning, Jo.

JO: I..

CHRISSIE: What was it made you want to be a surgeon? You know, in the first place?

JO: It's a difficult question... I've thought about that recently. When I was trying to figure out: "What on earth am I doing here?" ""