

CHRISSIE: Do you know what? I can't really explain it. It's like.., I'm starting to feel.., human again.

JO: Getting rid of the trache tube must make a big—

CHRISSIE: It's not just that. I feel like I've got more.., control. Like.., like it's my own body again. You know?

VEE: We want the 'human element'
when it means kindness and
'compassion' : like the nurse
trying to give us a couple hours of sleep

But we deny it
when it means possible failure

CHRISSIE: I just need to get out of this place though. I need to get my life back.

JO: You've been here a long time.

CHRISSIE: I'm still trying to get my head round it all. You know.., trying to understand what happened. So many questions, just going round and round in my head.

VEE: By being open and honest
when the 'Unexpected' happens:
we can learn from our mistakes.
We can find the deadly system failures.
And we can act to fix them

JO: There's something—

CHRISSIE: I feel there's this huge gap. And.., and it's completely derailed me.

VEE: I know what I'm asking for is.., big

CHRISSIE: It just doesn't make any sense.

VEE: Maybe I'm talking about a.., 'Revolution'

JO: I don't—

CHRISSIE: It's like I've been gone for years. And everyone else has moved on without me.

VEE: But we should do it.

JO: There's—

CHRISSIE: You know what? My Amy started school this week. My little baby.., is a schoolgirl.

JO: How's she getting on?

CHRISSIE: She loves it. She came in, in her uniform. [CHOKES UP TEARFUL] She looked dead grown up

VEE: Because, eventually we all
are going to need
to wear one of those
plastic ID bands

CHRISSIE: I just want to be there for her..., waiting..., at the school gates, to pick her up. Is that too much to ask? Is it? Is it?

VEE: Eventually we all
are going to need
the good healing medicine
of truth and compassion

JO: Chrissie, I.., I wanted to talk to you about, you know, about.., what happened. With you. In theatre.

CHRISSIE: Miss Ericsson's told me what happened. I had these.., 'adhesions'. And.., and the operation was harder than you thought. And I bled.

JO: That's all true...

CHRISSIE: It's just gonna take time. To get my head round it, thats all.

JO: There's.., there's more to it than that.

CHRISSIE: How do you mean?

JO: Chrissie, I was operating on you.

CHRISSIE: Yeah, I know - and then Miss Ericsson took over.

JO: Miss.., Miss Ericsson wasn't in theatre.

CHRISSIE: But.., she said that... You said—

JO: Not to start with. I thought—

CHRISSIE: What.., what are you saying?

JO: I thought I was ready for it.

CHRISSIE: What? You mean.., You mean you hadn't done this before?

JO: No, no, I had. I had. With someone watching me. Lots.

And I thought.., I.., I'd just got to the point where I thought I could do them. Completely unsupervised and.., completely alone, and um... and it had gone pretty well. ""

And Um.., I was getting towards the..., umm, and..., umm... ""

CHRISSIE: So—

JO: And, and I was so keen to prove that I could do it.

CHRISSIE: So you're—

JO: To everyone. To myself, I suppose. That I, I didn't want to call for Miss Ericsson.

CHRISSIE: But—

JO: And then everything started to go... And. And I just couldn't... And, and the rest of the team. They were all trying to help.

But, but I didn't listen. And, and, and then it was too late. And, and —

CHRISSIE: Wait, WAIT!

Are you trying to tell me that the reason I bled..., the reason I nearly died..., was because..., what..? You were trying to prove yourself?

JO: Really, I am so sorry.

CHRISSIE: And.., and.., what..? You waited 'til now to tell me, because.., what..?

JO: This has been really hard. I've been trying to find the right way to.., to do the right thing, and.., and I.., I feel like this whole thing has nearly.., torn me apart, and—

CHRISSIE: No. No! This isn't about you.

JO: I—

CHRISSIE: You're not the one lying in bed. Are you?

JO: Chrissie, I—

CHRISSIE: You're not the one who's lost months of their life.

JO: I didn't mean—

CHRISSIE: Who's missed their daughter growing up.

JO: Chrissie, I—

CHRISSIE: On dialysis. Have you any idea what that's like? Hours and hours hooked to a machine. Three days a week.

For the rest of my life?

JO: I am really sorry...

CHRISSIE: What does that even mean?

JO: Chrissie, I...

CHRISSIE: Just.., just...

JO: I am truly sorry.

CHRISSIE: Get off me. Leave me alone, will you.

JO: I'm just trying to—

CHRISSIE: Haven't you done enough? Just go.

JO: I'll come back. Later.

CHRISSIE: Just go.

ERICSSON: I figured out how to cope.

How to say:
"Yes, I made a mistake.

And that mistake caused
a bad patient outcome.”

But I haven't figured out
how to forgive myself yet.

Or to forget.

VEE: If there [was] a better awareness:

ERICSSON: I remember all their names
I remember their faces
I remember their families

VEE: that everyone goes through
this sort of
self-doubt and.,
and that there were different ways of reacting to it

ERICSSON: You didn't think this bothered me
as much as it did, right?

VEE: This whole thing is masked

ERICSSON: I still think about (them).
Just randomly.

You forget and then something will happen,
and it just., pops into your head.

It's impossible to let go:
there isn't a single day
that this doesn't affect me.