

The Ride Along

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Fade In:

1. INT. BRIEFING ROOM- NIGHT.

A good sized room with a projector screen in front and a mix of 40 STUDENTS AND PARENTS. CARL BROMAN, late 50s with a very serious demeanor, sits to the right of the projector screen. There is a LAPTOP in front of him and a PowerPoint presentation on the projector screen. This is a summer orientation for upcoming high school seniors who are interested in becoming Emergency Medical Technicians.

Carl Broman:

Make no mistake about it ladies and gentleman. What you are now and how you act now has a rapidly approaching expiration date. This course is unlike any you have ever taken before. It will be your favorite and least favorite class you ever take. You all are going to be high school seniors! A very relaxed and enjoyable year, right? If you want easy than leave now and please drop this class. If you want enjoyable than look elsewhere because this will be a grind that you can only hope doesn't leave you mentally, physically, and socially exhausted by the time you graduate next May.

Switch to POV of Mr. Broman. He glances around the room.

Carl Broman (cont'd):

This meeting tonight is the beginning of the end of your teenage immaturity.

The minute you step into that classroom in the fall you are no longer children. You are adults, and will be treated like it. Being an Emergency Medical Technician is not something I, or any person in need, wants a high school kid for. Because this is not like your math class where you make a mistake and get a red "X" as a result. If you make a mistake out there, in the field, people could die. (A Pause) And parents if all that scares you than you raised a good kid.

2. INT. BRIEFING ROOM- NIGHT.

Cut to after the meeting. KEVIN STARR is an ordinary looking high school senior. He is about 6 feet, short blonde hair, and skinny.

He walks to CHLOE MCDAID, a very pretty girl with long strawberry blonde hair and a smile that could make a person's day.

Kevin:

Are you enjoying your summer so far
Chloe?

Chloe:

Apparently not. Well at least not if
it's my last summer I'm allowed to be a
kid for

Chloe glances towards Mr. Broman.

Kevin:

I wouldn't worry too much about all of
that. An orientation meeting for a
class like this has a sole purpose to
scare the weak-minded enough so they
don't waste anyone's time. We had Mrs.
Cruise together last year, and if we
can survive that class I am pretty
confident that not even God could
strike us down if he wanted to.

Chloe:

Yeah, maybe, but doesn't that stuff about "making a mistake can kill someone" not scare you? It terrifies me.

Kevin:

I don't let it. I mean, what's the worst that could happen?

Chloe:

Do you really want me to answer that?

Kevin:

Fear does no one good if you let it change the way you think. (A pause) Think about it. You get in your car tomorrow but you don't think if you make a mistake you might kill someone. Sure, you thought like that once, when you first learned to drive, but with instruction and experience your fear was erased. For people, not knowing is the scariest part. That is what will always scare me if I let it, but I'm sure going through the class will teach me all I need to know for that fear to be buried in the back of mind.

Chloe:

You're not nearly as smart as you think you are. Fear can sometimes be a good thing, ya know. Without it you don't succeed. You don't live, you don't reach your dreams and you don't feel alive. Without fear we're mindless creatures without a purpose or reality. That fear that we'll be feeling lets us know that we're human, and all humans

fear suffering. Even (air quotes)
'tough guys' like yourself.

Kevin:

This is too philosophical for the
summer. Try me again if three weeks.

Chloe:

A classic Kevin Starr deflection.
Anyways my parents are probably waiting
for me in the car. I'll text you later.
(A pause) Oh, and enjoy the rest of
your last summer as a kid.

Chloe walks away smiling.

3. INT. CAR- NIGHT.

We see Kevin and his mom, MRS. STARR, in the CAR. She is late
40s and clearly has hair that has been dyed blonde too many
times.

Mrs. Starr:

So Kevin, do you think you're ready for
this? It sounds like some serious stuff
and I just want to know if you think
you can handle it. I mean, last week
when the cable went out you decided to
put pillows at the bottom of the stairs
and then jump from the top. Hardly EMT-
like.

Kevin:

Haha, yeah... You know that helping
people has always been what I want to
do. Being an EMT is as helpful as
helpful gets, at least for a high
school senior.

Mom:

Just remember that this will be a lot
of time and work, and that graduating
high school comes first.

Kevin:

Yeah, yeah, it'll be easy, don't worry about it. (A pause) Can we get pizza?

Mom:

No.

Kevin:

(Little kid voice) But mom I want pizza. I want it, I want it, I want it!

Mrs. Starr sighs and says:

Mrs. Starr:

Fine...

4. EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT- DAY.

Kevin and Chloe both get out of Kevin's CAR and shut the doors. They both have their BACKPACKS and first day of schools clothes on. They walk towards ELLICOTT CITY HIGH SCHOOL, an old, large, brick building.

Chloe:

Oh, also we're apparently allowed to drive to the EMT class from school. We don't have to ride the bus to and from it. That way we can just leave from the class and don't have to go back to school.

Kevin:

Alright, that sounds great.

They stop in front of the entrance of the school and look up.

Chloe:

Three years down, one to go.

5. EXT. EMT ACADEMY PARKING LOT- DAY.

Cut to: Kevin and Chloe once again getting out of his car with their backpacks, this time in the EMT Academy parking lot. The building is rather new and artsy looking. Chloe and Kevin are walking towards it.

Kevin:

Leadership will be a joke. We have like two assignments all year and there both vocal presentations about topics you're passionate about. So that and piano are my two easy classes.

6. INT. EMT ACADEMY MAIN HALLWAY- DAY.

Kevin and Chloe enter the building. They make a left and head down a hallway.

Chloe:

I hate you. All my teachers seem super serious. My food teacher's syllabus was basically a "I was a head chef for ten years, look how great I am," and a list of the exotic suburbia food that probably doesn't exist that we'll have to make. Bitch, if you were a head chef for ten years you are not teaching high school Food and Nutrition by choice.

7. INT. EMT CLASSROOM- DAY.

Chloe and Kevin walk in the classroom. It isn't as big as you might expect. The first half is of DESKS and CHAIRS, while the second half is stacked with MANNEQUINS, BOXES of BANDAGES, GAUZE, and GLOVES, LONG BACKBOARDS, strange looking gadgets and machines, and lots of SPLINTS. It looked like a hurricane had just hit. There was only a small sliver that connected the two halves together that you could walk on. Kevin and Chloe were the first two to arrive.

Mr. Broman:

Welcome to the class guys. If you would please sign in over there and then grab a textbook, a protocol manual, a stethoscope and blood pressure cuff. Then take a seat and we will await for the others.

About 10 minutes passed before everyone had arrived. The date on the front board reads September 1st. Mr. Broman is at the head of the classroom and quiets everyone up.

Mr. Broman:

Welcome to Emergency Medical Technician Basic class. This is my 10th year teaching this class, and so far it has been a success. There are 21 of you guys and girls to start this year. That number is going to drop, a lot, in the coming weeks. Some of you won't be able to handle the work load. Some of you won't be physically handle the demands, and some of you will have your priorities in different places. Look at what is in front of you, on your desk. We will go through all of that, and most of it will have to be memorized. Now then, without further ado, let's begin.

8. INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM- NIGHT.

Kevin and Chloe are in Chloe's bedroom, not very teenage girl-like, with their books and equipment from the day spread all over the floor.

Kevin:

Jesus Christ! This is like 1500 pages worth of material that we will have to know for our state boards in May. Mr. Broman wasn't kidding at orientation when he said say goodbye to your social lives.

Chloe:

Now, I do believe that Kevin Starr is stressed. This is a sight that we may never see again.

Kevin:

Oh haha you smartass. We have to get through 165 hours of in class

instruction, and we have 170 days to do it. Plus we have our ride times that start in December, and we need to go on at least 10 calls. Then consider that we have to pass 10 module tests, and if we get lower than a 70 on any of them, we cannot take the state boards. So how would you like to get to April only to fail our last module test before our state boards? I would be pretty pissed if that happens. So yes all this material and all these conditions of the class do stress me out a little.

Chloe:

Yeah. I'd say that I am a bit scared, but I know how much that would set you off.

Kevin glares at Chloe, only to see her smiling back. He then looks less tense.

Chloe (cont'd):

We got this.

Kevin:

Haha alright. However if this doesn't work out I'll blame you for filling my head with false hope.

9. INT. EMT CLASS- DAY.

Two weeks have now passed: The date on the board reads September 16th. Mr. Broman is now having a serious discussion outside with four students. Almost everyone was watching. Mr. Broman walks in, and goes straight to his desk and sits. Without ever looking up her says:

Mr. Broman:

Starting tomorrow we will be without four students. I don't know if they misheard me when I said you actually

have to study, or just didn't care, but either way they will not be returning.

No one said a word.

10. INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA- DAY.

Kevin, and Chloe are seated across from each other at a semi-crowded table. Chloe is eating a sandwich. Kevin has a tray of food in front of him from the school lunch line. Kevin looks around the cafeteria.

Kevin:

Why are so many girls now only eating salads for lunch? That can't be good for you.

Chloe:

They're stupid girls. And it's incredibly bad for you to only eat a salad. Bitches don't realize that.

Kevin:

Seems really dumb.

Chloe:

And gross.

Chloe takes a huge bite out of her sandwich.

Chloe (cont'd):

Mmmmmm Carbs

Kevin smiles. He grabs a chicken nugget from his tray and takes a bite. He stops chewing, stares at the chicken nugget, puts it back on his tray and shivers in disgust.

Kevin:

So why do they call chicken nuggets chicken nuggets? What is a nugget anyway?

Chloe:

It's like a piece of gold.

Kevin:

Huh. I guess that's smart marketing. Combine two of man's favorite things: money and food. These things on my tray though are like chickens nugget's third cousin had a mutated baby that had a lovechild with a pile of shit.

Chloe:

You've been going to this school three years. How have you not realized by now?

Kevin:

I just really like chicken nuggets. I just get so hopeful every time.

Kevin sulks his head as he says that. Chloe puts her hand on Kevin's shoulder:

Chloe:

It's going to be alright.

Kevin:

Thanks.

Chloe:

Anyway, you're driving me to the park on Saturday. I need to get in shape of track.

Kevin:

Do I have a say in the matter?

Chloe:

No. I'm not going to be stuck in my house all day while my brothers blast college football on the surround sound for twelve hours. So pick me up at around noon.

Kevin:

Fine.

11. EXT. A PARK- DAY.

Kevin and Chloe just finished up a run around the PARK. It was pretty empty for mid-day on a Saturday. Kevin has his headphones in. Chloe says something but Kevin does not hear it. Chloe pulls out his headphones.

Chloe:

I said, do you want any water?

Kevin grabs the WATER BOTTLE and takes a sip. Chloe grabs his IPOD, and starts scrolling through it.

Chloe:

Holy shit, you actually have a playlist titled "EMT motivation?"

Kevin:

Yes. It's filled with songs that all have to do with loss, and helplessness, and some classic pump up songs.

Chloe:

Jesus Christ, you couldn't sound any nerdier right now. Plus you are tempting fate with that playlist.

Kevin:

What's the worst that will happen?

A bloodcurdling scream ripples through the park.

Girl:

Please, somebody help! Please help! My dad. . . somebody help!

Chloe:

Call 911, Kevin!

Chloe sprints towards the hysterical screams to help.

Chloe:

What happened?

Girl:

I-I don't know. One minute we were jogging together. . . and the next he collapsed. He won't wake up.

Chloe:

Alright, my friend over there is calling 911, I just need you to step back and give your dad some room.

Chloe stares at the man's face. She checks the man's pulse. After that she does nothing. You see fear start to emerge on her face. She looks up towards Kevin, terror in her eyes.

11. Ext. Park-20 minutes later. Day

Cut to twenty minutes later. There is no evidence that anything out of the ordinary occurred, other than a cop car near the scene. Chloe is sitting on a bench staring into space.

Kevin:

You did great Chloe.

Chloe looked up at Kevin, but did not speak. She looked empty.

Kevin (cont'd):

You took action, took control of the situation and then tried to save that ma-

Chloe:

That dead man. (A pause) I know CPR. We've reviewed it in class. I had to learn it for lifeguarding last year. And babysitting the year before that. I know CPR. (A pause) And the look the looks the EMTs gave me when they arrived and saw I hadn't done anything. It was like ice. (A pause) I know CPR.

Kevin looked at Chloe, sadness in his eyes. He joined her on the bench and hugged her.

12. INT. EMT CLASSROOM- DAY.

Chloe was not in class Monday. Her seat remained empty next to him. An ordinary day.

Cut to: Tuesday. Chloe was not in class Tuesday. Her seat remained empty.

Cut to: Kevin practicing CPR intensely on a mannequin.

13. INT. KEVIN'S CAR- DAY.

You see Kevin get in his car. He gets his phone out and dials a number. Chloe picks up.

Intercut- Kevin's car/Chloe's bedroom.

Kevin:

Hey Chloe. Are you alright? You haven't been in class this week. I just want to make sure what happened over the weekend isn't bothering you.

Chloe:

No, no. I'm fine, I promise. I really have been sick the last couple days. I feel like I'm getting better, so I'll probably be in school tomorrow.

Kevin:

Oh, really? Well that's good.

Chloe:

Yeah, it's so good that I've been sick!

Kevin:

You know what I meant. You want me to swing buy and bring you anything?

Chloe:

No, I'm good. Thank you though. So I'll see you tomorrow.

Kevin:

Okay, see you then.

Kevin and Chloe hang up. Kevin stares out his window for a few seconds and then starts his car.

14. INT. STARR HOUSE KITCHEN- NIGHT.

Kevin is having dinner with his two sisters, Stella and Kacie, and his mom. Stella, 22, is tall with long black hair and brown eyes. Kacie, 20, looks like she could be Kevin's twin. An ordinary family dinner.

Kevin:

So Stella, when do you go back to school?

Stella:

December 2nd. Then a week of classes and we're home again. (A pause) When do you start going on the ambulance?

Kevin:

About two weeks.

Stella:

Are you excited? Nervous? Terrified?

Kevin:

We'll find out. I'm about as minimally prepared as a person can legally be and still be a ride-along. So, you know, that doesn't strike confidence in any of my classmates.

Kacie:

You aren't scared of all the blood, guts, and death?

Mrs. Starr:

We're eating dinner Kacie, shut it.

Kevin:

(A pause) You can't be. If you're terrified of the worst case scenario than only one thing is certain, and that is the worst case scenario is always right around the corner. That's the quickest way to burn yourself out and having to settle for some joke degree like elementary education.

Kevin and Stella both smile and look at Kacie, an obvious joke on her.

Kacie:

Fuck you.

Mrs. Starr:

Your future students are so lucky to have you.

Kacie:

Fuck you twice.

Kevin:

I mean, I think I'll be fine. There is not a whole lot I can imagine that would truly bother me out there.

Stella:

You're not scared of blood, or gore, and you want to help people. We all know that, but no one grows up this fast.

Stella (cont'd):

If in two weeks you get a call where, I don't know, Chloe gets beaten half to

death and raped, do you really think you'd be just fine? It's not the content of the injuries that would frighten me, it's the context. Sure a small child breaks a bone falling down the stairs, no big deal. But what if it turns out she was pushed by her abusive father. That would bother me more than any injury.

Kevin:

You're going to be a social worker though. That's how you're supposed to think. You deal with the aftermath of the injury, and I'll deal with the present state of the emergency. Yes, child abuse, or rape, or a bystander getting hit by a car might bother me. But all I have to do is to make sure they are alive, and stable when they get to the hospital. Everything after that is you.

Both Kacie and Mrs. Starr stopped eating and were attentively following the conversation.

Stella:

Fair enough. (A slight pause) But for real, you're going to be my doctor when you get your EMT license. I'm not paying some damn copay if I got a somewhat knowledgeable medical asset in the family.

Kevin:

Whatever you say. I just hope my first call isn't something stupid like "I haven't pooped in three days." Apparently that's a common one.

Kacie:

Nah, you'll get the opposite of that. Explosive diarrhea I'll bet.

And with that Mrs. Starr picks up her plate and heads towards the sink.

Mrs. Starr:

Thanksgiving is tomorrow. You're your father's kids if you misbehave tomorrow at my sister's place.

15. INT. EMT CLASSROOM- DAY.

You see T-SHIRTS on everyone's desk. They all say "Fire and Rescue" on the back and have the county emblem on the front. Chloe and Kevin are on the ground taking vitals on each other.

Chloe:

So when is your first ride-along?

Kevin:

Tomorrow at 7. Station 9 I believe. Yours?

Chloe:

Tomorrow at 6:30. Station 7. Can you give me a ride?

Kevin:

Sure.

Chloe:

Almost four months of preparation leading up to this. You ready for the show?

Kevin:

Please. I was born ready.

16. INT. KEVIN'S CAR- NIGHT.

Kevin is sitting in his car in front on the fire station. The clock reads 6:56. You see sweat on Kevin's forehead, as well as

him tapping his steering wheel, almost like a nervous tick. Kevin takes a deep breath, grabs his BACKPACK and gets out of the car.

17. EXT. FIRE STATION PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

Kevin is wearing his full ride-along uniform, which is the same as a standard EMT uniform. Fire and Rescue T-Shirt, navy blue dress pants, black work boots, a watch, and a belt.

This fire station is a moderate sized building. It is very old and has four huge mechanical garage doors.

Kevin walks up to the front door and rings it. You see him swallow deeply. A man opens the door.

Captain Davies:

Yes?

Kevin:

I'm here for my ride-along.

Captain Davies:

Well come on in then! I am Captain Raymond Davies.

The Captain extends his hand.

Kevin:

Kevin Starr.

Kevin extends his hand and he walks inside.

18. INT. FIRE STATION 9- NIGHT.

The Captain leads Kevin to the Dining area, where some people are hanging out, chatting.

Captain Davies:

Miller, Thompson, I have here a ride-along for you tonight.

Jessica Miller, 27, was short, maybe 5'3'', with brown, wavy hair in a ponytail. She has a glowing personality. Brody Thompson, 38, 6'2'', was a well-built man with a very Irish accent. He seemed more serious.

Captain Davies:

Alright Kevin, we have here Jessica Miller, and Brody Thompson. They will be your preceptors tonight. Learn all you can from them. (To Miller and Thompson) Don't scare him.

The Captain walks away.

Jessica Miller:

Pleased to meet you. How long are you here until?

Kevin:

10.

Jessica Miller:

Good. Are you ready to party?

Brody Thompson:

No, he's not ready. Look at him. He looks tense, sweating, probably frozen in fear. Is this your first ride along shift, friend?

Kevin:

Yes sir.

Jessica Miller:

(To Thompson) We can get him ready. What say you?

Brody Thompson:

I don't know. He's at mixer level right now. We're going to have to give it our all if we want him at party level.

Kevin looks at them confused. Thompson and Miller look back at him, studying him closely. All of a sudden Thompson starts to laugh.

Thompson:

Oh we're just messing with you lad.
We'll get you through this shift. My
question to you, though, is are you
willing to learn to dance?

Kevin:

I am.

Thompson:

Excellent. Now we wait for the party.

19. EXT. FRONT YARD OF SMALL SUBURBAN HOME. NIGHT.

Cut to Chloe, and her two male preceptors walk towards the front
door of a small suburban home.

Frank Delmonico:

Alright sweet cheeks, don't do anything
crazy, or speak unless I tell you.

Preceptor Phil laughs. Frank Delmonico turns around and knocks
on the front door.

Chloe looks at the back of Preceptors 1 head with disgust and
disbelief. A short, chubby middle aged woman answers the door.

Ava Leigh:

Oh thank you for coming so quickly.

She walks outside and shuts the door behind her.

Ava Leigh (cont'd):

I'm Ava. Ava Leigh.

Preceptor Phil:

What is the emergency ma'am?

Ava Leigh:

Oh yes, of course. So, my son came home
tonight... different.

Frank Delmonico:

Different how?

Ava Leigh:

Well, um. . . I believe he was using drugs. He came home not himself and saying nonsense. I confronted him about it, but he started freaking out and fell down the stairs. (A beat) There won't be any legal ramifications against him for me saying that, will there?

Frank Delmonico:

I think the biggest concern right now is your son. Is he alright?

Ava Leigh:

I don't know! He's not his usual self so I don't know if he's injured, or just high.

Frank Delmonico:

Can you take us to him?

Ava Leigh:

Why yes, of course.

20. INT. HALLWAY OF SMALL SUBURBAN HOME- NIGHT.

Ava Leigh opens the door and lets everyone in. Her son is pacing back and forth in the hallway. He has a smash gash on his forehead. He has jeans and a hoody on. Frank Delmonico slowly approaches him.

Preceptor Phil:

What's his name?

Ava Leigh:

Steven.

Frank Delmonico:

Hey Steven. My name is Frank Delmonico. I'm with the fire department, and I'm here to help. Can you tell me what's wrong?

Steven keeps pacing, not acknowledging Frank at all.

Steven:

He's a liar. He's a liar. Why would he do this to me? We're friends. Why would he do this to me?

Frank Delmonico:

Steven. Steven, can you look at me.

Steven turns towards Frank, but that seems to freak him out.

Steven:

Stay back! Please don't hurt me. I swear I'll never go near the ocean again!

Frank turns back toward Ava.

Ava Leigh:

Before he fell he was going on and on about talking mermaids that were out to get him.

Frank Delmonico:

Steven, I am not hear to hurt you. I just want to make sure you're okay.

Steven:

No please!

Steven flails an arm out in Frank's direction. He easily dodges it. He then walks towards Phil, and has a private conversation with him.

Frank Delmonico:

So what do we do Phil?

Preceptor Phil:

Are we even sure he's injured?

Frank Delmonico:

I don't know but we can't leave without checking him out. So what? Call for Police restraint?

Preceptor Phil:

No, this kid is like a buck forty, and intoxicated. I'm thinking we just go cravat handcuff.

Frank Delmonico:

That might work.

Frank turns to Ava Leigh.

Frank Delmonico:

Ma'am, do we have permission to restrain your son while we examine him. It won't hurt him.

Ava Leigh:

If it helps you treat him, yes.

Preceptor Phil opens a cravat up and ties a handcuff knot. Chloe starts to walk forward.

Frank Delmonico:

Alright Chloe you're going to stand there in the corner and draw him out. We'll be behind-

Steven:

What! No get away from me you freaks. Leave me alone!

Steven starts to charge forward before we hear a crack and him fall to the ground in agony, clutching his shin. Frank and Phil walk up to him to check him out. They lift up his jeans to reveal a bone sticking out near his shin.

21. INT. FIRE STATION DINING ROOM- NIGHT.

Cut to Kevin sitting at the dining room table, doodling in his notebook. Kevin looks up to the electronic clock, which reads 9:58. He sighs and then starts packing up his things. He starts to head for the door when the alarm sounds.

Automated Intercom:

Ambulance 96. Medical. 1100 West Montgomery Road. Initial Entry.

Kevin sees Miller and Thompson emerge from the bunk rooms and walk briskly towards the garage. Miller stops and turns to Kevin.

Miller:

It's not 10 yet. You can come if you want?

Kevin looks uncomfortable.

Kevin:

Oh, ah, thanks, but I- I have a long day tomorrow. Better get going.

Miller:

Suit yourself. Well it was nice meeting you Kevin Starr. Hopefully we meet again.

Miller jogs to the ambulance. Kevin walks towards the front door.

22. EXT. FIRE HOUSE PARKING LOT- NIGHT.

Kevin walks out and sees the ambulance, lights and sirens flashing hot, drive past him. He walks towards his car.

23. INT. KEVIN'S CAR- NIGHT.

Kevin opens his car door and throws his backpack in, clearly frustrated. He gets in. He looks forward and then buries his face in his steering wheel, honking the horn. He then looks forward and shakes his head.

Kevin:

God damn-it.

Kevin starts his car and drives off.

24. EXT. STATION 7 PARKING LOT- NIGHT.

Chloe is outside, sitting on the steps that lead from the parking lot to the sidewalk. She sees Kevin pull in the lot. She gets up, walks towards him, and gets in the car.

25. INT. KEVIN'S CAR- NIGHT.

Kevin:

Why were you waiting outside? It's like forty degrees outside.

Chloe:

Because my two preceptors were misogynistic assholes, and if I was around them for any more I would have slit my wrists

Kevin:

Damn. That sucks. Did you go on a call at least?

Chloe:

Yeah! We went to some house and the patient was high on acid or something like that. Anyway he fell down the stairs and had a compound fracture of his tibia. Or fibula. I don't know which.

Kevin:

That sounds pretty gross to be honest.

Chloe:

Oh no, it was, but this guy didn't know he broke anything since he was tripping balls. He was pacing back and forth on his leg and was rambling about killer mermaids and shit like that.

Kevin:

Oh shit, really? That sounds like a fun call. Was the drug wearing off as you transported him?

Chloe:

I think so. I mean he was in unbearable pain the entire time. (A pause) Now what about you?

Kevin:

Nothing.

Chloe:

Really?

Kevin:

Yep. I just sat around for like three hours. The alarm didn't even ring once.

Chloe:

That sucks. Did you at least enjoy sitting around?

Kevin:

Yeah. My preceptors were pretty awesome.

Chloe:

Lucky.

Kevin:

You're the one that went on a call.

Chloe:

One down, nine to go. Seems like a lot, doesn't it.

Kevin:

It does. We have until May though. We'll get ten one way or another.

26. INT. STARR HOME FAMILY ROOM- NIGHT.

You see Christmas decorations all around. Lots of red and green, and a beautifully decorated tree, with a few presents underneath. Kevin, and Kacie are watching a movie. You hear someone knock on the door and open it.

Stella:

Hello, hello!

Kevin and Kacie say hi. Stella is carrying a CHRISTMAS BAG. She sets it down and walks in the family room.

Stella (cont'd):

Where's mom?

Kevin:

Grocery store. Or something like that.

Stella:

Watcha' watching.

Kacie:

Dawn of the Dead.

Stella:

Such a great Christmas Eve movie. I swear you guys have seen this thing a thousand times.

Kevin:

It's Christmas Eve tradition! And Easter. And 4th of July, and Labor day

Kacie:

Don't forget about Valentine's Day.

Kevin:

Oh, good point. Always on Valentine's Day. It's an underrated movie.

Kacie:

That it is. Hey Kevin if the three of us were being chased by zombies would you sacrifice yourself and do the noble thing so we could live?

Kevin:

Fuck no. I have way too many bad childhood memories in my head from you two. If we were being chased by zombies I'd consider it and then think "Shut up Kevin, remember that time Kacie threw a

hot wheel at your face when you ate all the Lucky charms?

Kevin (cont'd):

That shit hurt, she deserves to be eaten alive."

Stella:

Alright, but what if it was anyone but us, say an innocent girl being chased by zombies. Would you do the heroic thing and sacrifice yourself so that she would live?

Kevin:

Depends on how hot she is. (A pause) Now are we going to talk about who'd die for who all night or are you going to let that fine looking bag, of what I presume is presents, just sit there, collecting dust?

Stella shakes her head and grabs for the bag. She hands both Kacie and Kevin a gift.

Stella:

It's the best that clearance at Five Below had. My wonderful college education forbids me to shop anywhere with name brand products.

Kevin opens his gift. It's a navy blue T-shirt. He holds it up and it says "If it weren't for stupid people, I wouldn't have a job" with the Star of Life emblem beneath that.

Kevin:

Oh. My. God. I may never take this off.

Stella opens hers. It's also a T-Shirt. She picks it up. The front says "I am a great teacher because. . ." and the back says "I hate children."

Kacie:

The sad part is this is probably true for most cases.

27. INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM- DAY.

Kevin is sitting in a classroom. He is doodling in his notebook. His English teacher Mrs. Royston drops a test on Kevin's notebook. Kevin looks at it. At the top is circle 23/75. Kevin looks up to see Mrs. Royston staring at him.

Mrs. Royston:

Remember Kevin, you need this class to graduate and you aren't doing so hot this quarter.

Kevin:

Yes Mrs. Royston. I apologize and I'll do better.

Mrs. Royston walks away.

28. INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY. DAY.

Kevin finds Chloe in the hallway and walks up to her.

Kevin:

Hey.

Chloe:

Hey. What's up?

Kevin:

I think I'm failing English. What a joke, high school English is the easiest thing on this planet.

Chloe:

Than why are you failing it?

Kevin:

Because I've been so busy studying for EMT class that I'm slacking off in other classes.

Chloe:

Yeah, I understand. My report card will probably be straight C's. It's getting tough.

Kevin:

Yeah it is, and we haven't even gotten to the meat of the class yet. I still don't have any calls. Fuck me, senior year is supposed to be a cakewalk.

Chloe:

Remember at orientation-

Kevin:

Yeah I don't want to hear another thing about orientation and how we were warned about this.

Chloe:

You did say that orientations are supposed to weed out the weak minded ones.

Kevin:

So I'm weak minded now?

Chloe:

That's not what I'm saying, but I do recall you telling me not to worry about what Mr. Broman said. Your ignorance there may be...

Kevin:

Weak minded?

Chloe:

Eh, maybe just a little. We're in too deep now though. Eye on the prize.

Kevin:

Yeah, yeah. So am I driving you to your ride-along tomorrow?

Chloe:

Yes you are. A good ten hours tomorrow.
Hopefully we get at least get 2 calls
each.

Kevin:

Yeah. Hopefully.

29. EXT. KEVIN'S CAR- DAY.

You see Kevin sitting in his car with sweat on his forehead. He is tapping the steering wheel with his finger. Switch to POV of Kevin. He looks out his car windshield at the fire station.

Kevin:

And here we go.

He takes a deep breath, grabs his backpack and exits the car.

30. INT. FIRE HOUSE KITCHEN- DAY.

Kevin is led to the firehouse kitchen, once more, and sees Thompson and Miller seated at the table watching The Price is Right.

Miller:

She spun it too hard.

Thompson:

No, she did it perfectly.

You see the wheel stop a 100.

Miller:

You Irish sorcerer.

Miller slams a 10 on the table. She glances at Kevin.

Miller:

Hey! Look who it is. . .

Miller stares at Kevin, clear she forgot his name.

Kevin:

Kevin.

Miller:

That's right, Kevin. Looks like we haven't drove you away yet. Don't worry, not many people can last more than two, three ride-alongs tops with us. Bad things always happen.

Thompson puts his hand next to his lips, making a shield between Miller and himself. He loudly whispers:

Thompson:

She's punched a ride-along before. Right in the face. Broke her nose too.

Miller:

Hey, it is an unwritten rule that if you take someone's Scooby Doo fruit snacks without asking than you reserve the right to be punched in the face. I don't care if you've been here twelve hours and forgot to bring a snack.

Miller smiles a creepy smile and looks at Kevin.

Miller (cont'd):

So how long are you hear until Kevin?

Kevin:

Uh, until 8 tonight. Has it been a quiet day?

Miller and Thompson look at Kevin, as if he has just risen from the dead.

Miller:

Oh no...

Thompson:

Why. Why would you do that?

Kevin:

Did I do something wrong?

Miller:

You never, ever ask if it has been a quiet day. You look like a baseball fan. If the pitcher is pitching a

perfect game you do not, under any circumstance, mention that he is pitching a perfect game. You'll jinx it if you even think it. Same thing here. We've been having an unusually quiet day, but now we're going to be bombarded with call after call. I hope you're ready.

Thompson:

Let me get a snack now.

Before Thompson could walk over to the pantry the alarm sounds. You see Thompson's head sink, and can here Miller groan

Automated Intercom:

Ambulance 96. Medical. 7945 East
Chester Court. Initial Entry.

Miller turns to Kevin.

Miller:

Why, Kevin, why...

She walks towards the garage. Thompson follows, glaring at Kevin as he passes.

Thompson:

Chop, chop. We gotta bolt.

Kevin looks down to see his hand shaking. He takes a deep breath and follows.

31. INT. AMBULANCE 96- Day.

Kevin is seated in the back compartment of the ambulance, looking down on the stretcher. Thompson is driving, and Miller is in the passenger seat, looking at a laptop bolted to the dashboard. You can see a map on the screen with a flashing target on it.

Miller:

Alright we're going to the apartment buildings up on West Chester.

Thompson:

We're is that?

Miller:

Take 100 east and then we get off at exit 22. We follow that road for about 2 miles and make a left.

Thompson:

That's right next to that Target, right? Alright I know where we're going.

They pull out of the lot, sirens flashing hot. It is very loud, and bumpy in the back. Kevin leans to the left and turns his head around so he can see out of the front windshield. Thompson honks his horn several times before they approach a red light, and then he runs it.

Miller:

You alright back there?

Kevin:

Yeah. It's just my first call so there are a little butterflies.

Miller:

That's right, you didn't get a call when you were here with us last. (To Thompson) Do you remember your first call?

Thompson:

Ha. Mine was an old, fat drunk that fell down the stairs. We could barely lift him on the ambo, and he puked halfway through the ride.

Miller:

How very Irish. (To Kevin) You'll be fine. Chances are it's nothing. We rarely run anything too exciting. My first call was a lady that thought she broke her arm, so she thought calling 911 would get her seen quicker. As soon as we got to the hospital we wheeled her straight to the waiting room. The

look on her face was priceless when we asked her to get off the stretcher and take a seat.

A radio between the two seats started making static.

Dispatch radio:

Ambulance 96, do you copy? I repeat, ambulance 96, do you copy?

Miller picks up the walky.

Miller:

Yes, ambulance 96 here.

Dispatch radio:

Right, so we got a call about a woman in labor at your destination. Engines 92, and 22 will be right behind you, along with Medic 56. Over.

Miller sets the walky down.

Thompson:

A childbirth? I don't want to do a damn child birth.

Miller:

(To Kevin) You're in luck. We got a . . . unique call.

The ambulance enters the parking lot of a 5 story apartment complex.

32. EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX PARKING LOT- DAY.

Miller and Thompson get out the front. Kevin unbuckles and grabs gloves from a box hanging from the door. Miller opens the back hatch of the ambulance and grabs the stretcher handle. On top of the stretcher is a big RED BAG. Miller unhooks the stretcher from the ambulance, pulls, and then lowers the stretcher to the ground. Thompson is gaining access to the building.

33. INT. Apartment complex lobby. Day.

Thompson enters the building first and sees a few people crowding the elevator in the lobby. He briskly walks over, Kevin

and Miller trailing closely behind. A man, mid 20s, handsome and well-built, RUNS to Thompson. You see panic on his face and dried tears on his cheek

Mr. Prestman:

Come! Quickly! My wife is about give birth. Please you have to do something!

Mr. Prestman runs towards the elevator.

34. INT. ELEVATOR- DAY.

It is wide-open, emergency alarm sounding. On the floor of the elevator is KATE PRESTMAN, in a nightgown and panicked. A random female tenant is also in the elevator comforting her.

Mr. Prestman:

Her name is Kate Prestman

Thompson:

Kate, can you hear me?

Kate looks up and nods her head. The random female tenant gets up and leaves.

Thompson:

Can you tell me what happened?

Miller starts taking vital signs on Kate. Kevin watches from the door of the elevator, alongside Mr. Prestman. Both look white as a ghost.

Kate:

I woke up very early this morning and- um, I had to go to the bathroom badly. Nothing out of the ordinary, but once I was on the toilet I couldn't go, even though it felt like I had to. I get a lot of UTIs, so I thought it might be one of those. So I thought nothing of it and went back to bed. Then I woke up several hours later with my sheets soaked and in pain. I told Phil to get everything ready. I got out of bed and had a contraction. Phil helped me to the door, but I had another contraction in the elevator, only about two minutes later, and it hurt a lot. Phil then

called you guys... I think the baby is coming.

SWITCH TO: POV Kevin.

Thompson checks underneath the nightgown.

Thompson:

Oh yes he is. Head is already starting to crown.

Miller places a folded towel under Kate's butt. She turns to Kevin.

Miller:

Can you set up a nasal cannula?

END POV Kevin. Kevin looks startled. He takes a second to compose himself and walks out of the elevator to the red bag on top of the stretcher.

35. INT. APARTMENT LOBBY- DAY.

There are several more fire engines and ambulances outside and people are starting to walk in. He opens the red bag, digs through it, and grabs the oxygen cylinder and nasal cannula. He sets it up and walks back into the room.

36. INT. ELEVATOR- DAY.

Kevin very slowly walks towards the action. He offers the set up N.C. to Miller. She just stares at it and then back at Kevin. Kevin retracts his offer and then kneels down to Kate.

Kevin:

(Voice crack) Alright Mrs. Prestman. I'm going to place this oxygen mask on you. It will smell funny at first but then you'll feel better.

Kate:

(Panting) Okay.

Kevin tries to place N.C. on Kate but struggles. His hand is shaking and he can't seem to get it around her ears. Miller quickly snaps it from Kevin and puts it on quickly and perfectly.

Thompson:

Alright Kate. Are you ready to be a mother?

Kate:

Oh god yes!

Thompson:

Alright on three I want you to push as hard as you can. 1..2..3!

Kate pushes and lets out a scream of pain. Her face goes red. Kevin grabs Kate's hand.

Thompson (cont'd):

Alright again! 1..2..3!

Kate pushes again, screams again, and squeezes Kevin's hand hard.

Thompson (cont'd):

One last time. Give it your all.

Alright, 1..2..3!

Kate pushes once more, screams much louder, and squeezes Kevin's hand white. You see Thompson pull a baby boy out. Miller cuts the umbilical cord. Thompson goes to his feet, baby in hand. It has not cried yet. Miller suction the baby's nose, eyes, and mouth. Still no cry. Miller and Thompson walk out of the elevator. Mr. Prestman walks in to be with his wife. Kate turns to Kevin.

Kate:

What's happening? Why hasn't my baby cried?

Kate starts to tear up.

Kevin:

Uh... They are working on your... baby.

Kate:

What does that mean? Is he going to be alright?

37. INT. APARTMENT LOBBY. DAY.

The baby on the stretcher. Miller is wiping it down with a towel. Thompson has a stethoscope to its chest.

Thompson:

Faint heartbeat. Very shallow breaths.
Pulse ox is only 87. We don't have
oxygen masks that fit him. (A beat)
What we need is a blow by mask.

Miller takes a second to think than says this:

Miller:

We can simulate one.

She reaches in the red bag and brings out a children's NON-REBREATHER MASK. She quickly hooks it up and turns it on. She holds the mask about six inches from the babies face so the oxygen blows on its face.

Thompson:

That's brilliant. Pulse ox is rising.
90. 91.

Miller:

Come on cry.

After a few seconds the baby starts to cry.

Thompson:

Well done.

38. INT. ELEVATOR- DAY.

You can hear the baby cry. Kate goes from distraught to elated in a split second.

Kate:

Oh thank god!

Mr. Prestman and Kate embrace each other, relieved.

39. INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM- Day

We cut to the hospital. From a distance you see Miller laugh and wave goodbye from the doorway of a hospital room. She walks over to Kevin and Thompson, who is typing something up on a LAPTOP from the ambulance.

Miller:

I think that's my first childbirth.

Kevin:

Mine too.

Thompson laughs.

Thompson:

The three of us can cross it off our
EMT bucket lists.

Miller:

I never want to do another one again.
That probably took years off my life.

She turns to Kevin.

Miller:

How do you feel?

Kevin:

Uh, pretty good.

Thompson:

Do you smell something Miller?

Miller:

Yeah, it smells awfully like bullshit.

Kevin:

I've had much better days. That's as
stressful as it gets, right?

Thompson:

Stressful? Yes, but once on a blue moon
you'll get a call that shakes you to
the core. (A beat) Trust me on that.
Alright, I'm done. Let's get going.

40. INT. THE PARK- DAY.

Chloe, Frank Delmonico, and Preceptor Phil are in the park treating a preteen kid who tripped and hit his head. He has a gash on the side of his head and is groaning and mumbling. Frank puts a GAUZE PAD over the gash and Preceptor Phil is wrapping

ROLLER GAUZE around his head, tightly securing the gauze pad as well.

Chloe:

Do we send one of the kids to get his mom?

Frank Delmonico looks at Preceptor Phil and shakes his head smiling.

Frank Delmonico:

What, so you think it would be smart to send one of these kids to his front door and tell his mother that her son is injured and is being taken to the hospital? Come on, use your head sweetie. That would be beyond moronic.

Chloe stand there, with a defeated look on her face. You hear thunder.

Frank Delmonico:

Looks like it's going to rain. Let's get him on the ambo quickly. I don't want to get soaked.

41. INT. AMBULANCE 96- DAY.

You see the ambulance pull into the fire station parking lot. The garage door opens. Miller is driving and starts to back into the station.

Thompson:

God, it's only 3 (Sigh). We still have three hours until dinner.

Miller:

It is Pizza Friday!

Thompson:

Fuck yeah! But do we have any of that chicken left-over from last shift in the fridge?

Miller:

I think so.

Miller stops, turns the engine off, and everyone exits.

42. INT. FIRE STATION 9- DAY.

Thompson:

Good. I don't think I've eaten lunch.
(Notions to Kevin) Sir Jinx-a lot here
made sure of it.

They walk through the door that connects the garage to the main area. They head straight for the kitchen. Miller and Kevin sit at the dining room table. Miller switches on the TV. Thompson heads over to the fridge

Miller:

What time is the fight tonight?

Thompson:

7 I think. Who ya got, Juntez, or
Estrada?

He puts a PLATE in the MICROWAVE.

Miller:

Estrada all day. Did you see his last
fight? He nearly killed McLean.

Thompson:

Please he's all hype. You like UFC
fighting Kevin?

Kevin:

Can't say that I do.

Thompson:

Ah, don't worry, that will change soon
enough. I didn't either when I came to
the States, but Miller practically
brainwashed me.

Thompson sits down with his plate. It is steaming and looks rather appetizing. He is about to put a forkful in his mouth when the alarm sounds. Thompson's head drops and under his breath he whippers:

Thompson:

Oh fuck me.

Automated alarm:

Medical. 4926 Rendview Lane. Initial
Entry.

Miller gets up, followed by a very reluctant Thompson. Kevin follows. The food sits at the table, still steaming.

43. INT. AMBULANCE 76- DAY.

Preceptor Phil is driving. Frank Delmonico and Chloe are in the back with the boy. Chloe is placing a blood pressure cuff on the boy. He murmurs.

Chloe:

What?

The boy turns his head slowly towards Chloe and faintly whispers:

Boy:

Dia..betic.

Chloe:

What?

Frank Delmonico:

Quiet. I'm trying to start my report.

Chloe:

I'm not 100%, but I think he said
diabetic.

Frank Delmonico:

He has a head injury. All he's
muttering is nonsense.

Chloe:

But what if he isn't. What if actually
is diabetic and is hypoglycemic right
now. It couldn't hurt to check, could
it?

Frank Delmonico:

Look, it's not happening. He's not diabetic, so shut your mouth and sit down.

Chloe very reluctantly sits down. She gives Frank a very dirty look.

44. INT. AMBULANCE 96. DAY.

The ambulance pulls into a high class neighborhood. They see a girl, maybe 14, with some blood on her shirt, at the end of a driveway, jumping up and down and pointing towards the house.

Miller:

Well this can't be good.

Miller pulls into the driveway, and heads towards the house. You can see that there has been some construction work going on- a LADDER, a MOUND OF DIRT, and some new LUMBER- outside. The ambulance stops. Kevin gets his gloves on quickly. He heads out the side door. He takes a deep breath.

45. EXT. FRONT YARD OF SINGLE FAMILY HOME. DAY.

Kevin swings around to the back door. He opens it and unclips the stretcher from the wall. Miller comes over and helps him get it on the ground. The three of them head towards the front door. Thompson rings the doorbell. Almost immediately a young boy, maybe 12, opens the door with a panicked look on his face and blood on his shirt and hands.

Young Boy:

Hurry, hurry.

46. INT. SINGLE FAMILY HOME- DAY.

Thompson, Miller, and Kevin walk in the doorway and stop in their tracks, horror on their faces.

Thompson:

Mother of God.

Turn to the scene. It looks like the aftermath of a slasher movie. There was a pool of blood in the middle of the hallway and footprints of blood leading away from it. A man, 40s, was in the center of the pool, unconscious. There was lots of broken glass on the floor and a ladder nearby. A woman, 40s, was

holding a bath towel, soaked in blood, to the man's side. You could see horror on Miller, Thompson, and Kevin.

Miller:

What happened?

Miller is taking vitals while Thompson holds pressure with the towel. The man is pale as a ghost.

Woman in shock:

He was just being helpful. We've been planning to renovate for a while now. We were thinking of getting it professionally done. Ralph wouldn't have any of that. He really is stubborn. He's done a good job with everything, too. And then today was no different. And then I heard the shatter.

The woman just sat a few feet from the man, staring at the wall, with an almost calm aura to her.

Miller:

Pulse 128. Systolic BP only 70. He's definitely in hypovolemic shock. What do you need?

Thompson removes the towel, only for blood to spurt out.

Thompson:

Oh wow. That's definitely an artery. Uhh, give me multi-trauma dressings. Lots of them.

She hands Thompson the multi-trauma dressings, and then sets up an oxygen mask. Kevin is still standing in the corner, in shock almost, face almost as pale as the man's and frozen in fear.

Thompson:

Blood is soaking through. We need an ice pack. (Without looking up) Kevin can you run to the rig and grab an icepack.

Miller looks up at Kevin.

Miller:

Shit. Kevin, look at me.

Kevin looks at Miller.

Miller (cont'd)

This man needs your help, as I'm sure you can see. I need you to focus now. You need to run out to the ambulance and grab an icepack?

Thompson:

And also get a full backboard. Do you know where those things are?

Kevin nods slowly, face still white.

Miller:

Go! Now!

47. EXT. FRONT YARD OF SINGLE FAMILY HOME- DAY.

Kevin books it out the door so fast that he almost falls. He runs to the ambulance and throws both of the dual back doors open.

48. INT. AMBULANCE 96- DAY.

Kevin jumps up, looks to his left at the cabinets built into the wall, and then opens one and grabs an INSTANT ICEPACK. His hands are shaking. He then walks towards the back of the ambulance, opens a very tall and lean cabinet, and pulls out a FULL BACKBOARD. The backboard is 72'' by 16''. Kevin puts the backboard under his armpit and squeezes it against his body.

49. EXT. FRONT YARD OF SINGLE FAMILY HOME- DAY.

He then jumps out of the ambulance and runs just as fast back into the house as he did out of it.

50. INT. SINGLE FAMILY HOME- DAY.

He places the backboard on the stretcher and walks up to Miller, trying not to look down at the blood, and hands Miller the icepack. She crushes it up in her hand and places it in Kevin's hand.

Miller:

You hold this on top of the dressings and apply pressure. Got it?

Kevin nods, but just to make sure she forces his hand on top of Thompson's. Thompson removes his hand, and Kevin takes sole control over holding pressure to the wound. With just an ice pack and several multi-trauma dressings between his hand and the man's chest.

Thompson:

Alright Kevin, I want you to hold pressure on that wound until we get to the hospital. I don't want for even a second you relaxing your muscles. Do you understand?

Kevin nods, eyes staring at his hands.

Thompson:

(To Miller) Alright we gotta load'n'go now!

Miller grabs the backboard and lowers it to the ground, parallel to the man. Thompson and Miller kneel on opposite ends of Kevin. Thompson closer to the head, Miller closer to the feet.

Thompson:

Alright Kevin, we are going to roll the patient on the count of three. You just keep holding pressure. One-two-three.

They roll the patient, Miller quickly pulls the backboard under the man with one hand, and then they roll the man onto the board. They quickly get up and Miller wheels the stretcher towards them. After that Miller goes to the feet, and Thompson to the head.

Thompson:

Alright Kevin, we're lifting onto the stretcher on three. Keep holding! One-two-three.

Miller and Thompson lift the backboard and shuffle over to the stretcher. Once the backboard is over the stretcher they lower slowly. Kevin keeps holding pressure. Thompson quickly pushes the stretcher forward, with Miller guiding at the feet.

51. EXT. FRONT YARD OF SINGLE FAMILY HOME- DAY.

Miller and Thompson are moving almost too fast for Kevin to keep up with, let alone hold good pressure. They swing around to the

back of the ambulance, doors still open, and clip him in the safety lock, and lift him onto the ambulance. Miller stays back with Kevin while Thompson goes to drive.

Miller:

You're going to have to hunch over the man the entire ride there. You ready to become an expert in standing on an ambulance while it's going in hot? Just don't fall, or we all lose.

Miller is hooking up the man to the blood pressure cuff and placing the pulse oximeter on a finger. Thompson turns the sirens on and takes off. It seems like he is going twice as fast on the way out as he was on the way there. Kevin almost falls when Thompson hits a bump in the road.

Miller (cont'd)

Shit. His BP is 66 but his pulse is dipping too. It's 76 now. Pulse Ox is only 89.

Thompson:

How are his pupils?

Miller:

Blown.

Thompson:

God damn-it. (To no one in particular)
Oh come on traffic, be cool today. I don't want to get in another fucking accident on the way to the hospital.

Kevin:

This doesn't have a happy ending, does it?

Miller:

Life almost never does.

52. INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM- DAY.

Frank Delmonico, Preceptor Phil, and Chloe are all in the ER hallways with the patient. Nurse Williams, 50s, is asking them questions.

Nurse Williams:

Last BP?

Frank Delmonico:

122/65.

Nurse Williams:

Any medical alert bracelets?

Frank Delmonico:

Negative.

Chloe is looking at them, arms crossed.

Nurse Williams:

We'll have to work on identifying him. Usually the parents show up frantic in the ER, so let's hope for that. Alright anything else I should know before I get you a room?

Frank Delmonico:

Nothing. Just the head injury.

Chloe shakes her head. She turns and looks at the boy's face. He is no longer moaning, but sees his teeth chattering. She turns back around and walks forward.

Chloe:

No actually there is something.

Frank Delmonico:

Quiet girl.

Nurse Williams:

Hush now Frank. You let that girl speak. What is it child?

Chloe:

On the ambulance ride over the patient whispered to me the word Diabetic. I think he could be diabetic.

Nurse Williams looks to Frank.

Nurse Williams:

You didn't take his blood sugar?

Frank says nothing. Nurse Roberts gets up, walks over to a nurse's cart, grabs a glucometer, and goes to the patient. She takes his blood sugar, with Chloe hovering. The meter reads 27.

Nurse Williams:

Oh my lord.

Nurse Williams turns and shouts:

Nurse Williams:

Can I get some help over here!

She turns to Frank Delmonico.

Nurse Williams:

Shame on you.

A few people run over and help Nurse Williams bring the boy into a room. You see Chloe watch them go, and Frank slowly walk up behind her. Chloe can hear him breathe loudly, so she turns around.

Frank Delmonico:

Can I talk to you for a second sweat heart?

Chloe:

I don't think-

Frank Delmonico:

It won't take long.

Frank grabs Chloe's arm and walks down a pretty empty hallway.

Frank Delmonico:

What did I say? WHAT DID I FUCKING SAY?
You say nothing, unless you are asked by me. Now you've made all of us look incompetent. This is not your friend's sleepover. You don't get to do whatever the fuck you want. You have to listen to me. I can easily write an email to your instructor, telling him what an insubordinate bitch you are.

Frank starts to walk away.

Chloe:

So it's my fault that you don't know
how to do your God damn job?

Frank takes a second to register what just said, turns around,
and walks up to Chloe. She backs up against the wall. Frank
brings his head to her ear and whispers:

Frank Delmonico:

Don't get cute sweaty. I can end your
chances of ever getting hired by the
county. I'm heavily involved with the
application process. Chloe McDaid. I'll
make it my duty to scan every single
application we ever get for the next
ten years, just so I get the ten second
satisfaction of putting yours through
the shredder. Oh, how I miss the old
days. When this was a man's job. You
could say what you want, and do what
you want without some bitch disrupting
the order of things.

Nurse Williams comes up and pulls Frank away from Chloe.

Nurse Williams:

What is WRONG with you? Do you get
aroused if you crush the spirit of a
high school girl? You need help. Now
get the fuck away from her or I'll call
down security.

Frank walks away and Nurse Roberts turns to Chloe.

Nurse Williams (cont'd):

Are you alright child?

Chloe:

Yeah, yeah, I'm fine.

53. INT. EMERGENCY ROOM NURSES STATION- DAY.

Cut to about five minutes later. Chloe is writing something down. She puts her pencil down and watches Frank Delmonico and Preceptor Phil walk out the ER doors.

Nurse Williams (O.S.):

You sure you have someone that can come pick you up?

Chloe turns to face Nurse Williams:

Chloe:

I have someone. I'll call them after I finish my mock report.

Nurse Williams:

So how do you like the program so far?

Chloe:

It's good, it's real good.

Chloe (cont'd):

We're learning so much that's it's hard to keep up with the book work, and then throw the field ride-alongs in, and it's...it's a grind. It's been well worth it though!

Nurse Williams:

That's good. You're next preceptors will be much better than those two. They're the exception.

Chloe:

That's good. I still need six more calls. Hopefully I get some exciting ones to close.

Nurse Williams:

You mean serious. You're too young and inexperienced to be calling peoples pain and suffering exciting.

Chloe:

Well when you put it like that. (A beat) Have you gotten anything good in the pit today?

Nurse Williams:

Yeah, actually, this morning we had a child birth in the field and some EMTs brought mother, and baby in, both healthy!

Chloe puts her pencil down, looks up, and stares at Nurse Williams.

Chloe:

Shut-up! Seriously?

Nurse Williams nods.

Chloe (cont'd):

That's so freaking cool. Oh man, I wished I was on that call.

Nurse Williams:

Yeah, they came in about an hour and a half ago. Three EMTs, one of them looked about your age. He was cute so you should definitely find out who he is.

Chloe:

Yeah, right. Here I am the taxi service for the 'next stop heaven' group, and some lucky EMTs get a childbirth.

Chloe (cont'd):

Every minute I'm here there's probably some badass call going on out there.

Nurse Williams:

Next stop heaven?

The ER's RADIO switches on, and interrupts Nurse Williams.

Thompson via Radio:

Ellicott City General Hospital, this is ambulance 96, do you copy?

Nurse Williams walks over to the radio, and picks up the walky-talky.

Nurse Williams:

Ambulance 96, this is Ellicott City
General Hospital.

Thompson via Radio:

We have a priority 1 patient, heavy
blood loss, unconscious, in shock, and
weak pulse and BP. We're coming in hot.
ETA about two minutes.

Nurse Williams:

Alright, I copy, over. (Shouting)
Alright we got a priority 1, severe
hemorrhage coming in. Call down the doc
and clear a room.

You see a few people in the background shuffling. Nurse Williams turns to Chloe.

Nurse Williams (cont'd):

That was the guy from earlier that
brought the childbirth in. Very Irish.
Maybe you'll also get to meet the
younger guy that's with them.

Chloe:

Some units get all the luck.

Nurse Williams:

You and I have very different
definitions of the word luck. Anyways,
based on the guy's description, it
doesn't sound too good. Massive blood
loss, shock, and weak vitals? Call the
ER doc, and then call the morgue.

Chloe:

I thought we weren't supposed to be so
grim?

Nurse Williams:

Oh sweetie. I said you aren't. I'm a 20 year ER nurse, I can call them as I see 'em.

You can faintly hear sirens now.

Nurse Williams:

I'll let you get back to your report now. I've got something exciting!

Nurse Williams slips on GLOVES and walks towards the crowd that is accumulating by the ER doors. A RANDOM EMT walks up to Chloe.

Random EMT:

Well, it looks like Brody Thompson has had a busy day today.

Chloe:

Who?

Random EMT:

Are you a ride-along?

Chloe nods.

Random EMT:

He's on unit 96, along with Jessica Miller I believe. He's had a childbirth and now is coming in hot with a massive hemorrhage. That's a hall of fame horrifying day.

Chloe:

Horrifying? I thought it would be badass.

Random EMT:

It's not. You go to a childbirth, right, which has so much pressure for you to do everything perfect, to a massive hemorrhage, which is outright terrifying because things can go from bad to dead (snapping fingers) just like that. Plus nobody likes blood all over them. It messes with their psyche. I hear they have a ride-along too.

Worst day to ride-along. That kid's career is over before it starts.

Chloe hears a lot of commotion down by the ER doors. She looks up to see Kevin, standing on the basket that is connected underneath the stretcher- like on a shopping cart- covered in blood, holding a mound of bloody dressings to the side of a man as pale as a ghost.

Miller and Thompson are guiding the stretcher to a room that a nurse is directing them to. The crowd of people follow behind.

Chloe:

Why?

Random EMT is also looking at all the action and didn't appear to hear Chloe. Chloe turns to Random EMT and snaps:

Chloe (cont'd):

Why is it over?

Random EMT:

(A beat) Because that kid's too far gone. He's seen the two highest extremes. He's brought a life into the world, and has seen a life all but slip away in front of his eyes. He'd need to be ironman to shake that kind of psychological anxiety off. Hopefully he's had some padding calls to get his feet wet and mind prepared. He might have a chance if that's the case, but if those are his first two calls than God help him, because every time the alarm rings he'll be flashed with fear that this call is just as serious as the last. Even the most experienced EMTs will be haunted by a day like that.

Chloe:

You don't know Kevin. That's not him.

Random EMT:

I take it you do know him then. All the advice I can give is to give him

support, and to distract him from today. And to remind him it's not always this bad.

Chloe sees Kevin walk right past the nurse station, without ever looking up. He goes towards the ER doors he came in from and sits on a BENCH near the door. Chloe looks at Frank. Frank looks at Chloe and then at Kevin. He nudges his head forward, as if to indicate to Chloe to go over to him. Chloe does.

Chloe:

Hey!

Kevin looks up. Chloe see's something flicker in his eyes.

Kevin:

Hey! What are you doing here?

Chloe:

We both have shifts today. Remember you drove me? And I think I'm gonna hitch a ride back to your station.

Kevin:

Why?

Chloe:

I'll tell you later. Anyway I heard about your two calls. Very cool if you ask me.

Kevin:

Yeah, I guess they are. Bringing a baby into this world is pretty cool.

Chloe:

Yeah, it totally is! You hear stories of EMTs that deal with death, but you never hear stories of those that bring life into the world! You're just giving a giant middle finger to death.

Chloe laughs. Kevin blows air out his nose.

Kevin:

He may get the last laugh though.

Kevin looks over to the room the man is in. People are frantically moving in and out. It doesn't look good.

Kevin (cont'd):

This doesn't have a happy ending.

Chloe:

You want to talk about it?

Suddenly we here a flat line sound and someone say "we're losing him". Chloe turns to see it is Kevin's patient's room that it's coming from. Chloe sees Kevin walk past her and towards the patient's room. He stands in the doorway, watching. He sees the man hooked up to a bunch of machines, a lot of doctors and nurses working on him. Nurse Williams is holding pressure on the wound now.

Young Doctor:

Clear!

Everyone steps back from the patient, including Nurse Williams, while the doctor defibrillates the man. The doctor looks at the heart monitor. Nothing.

Young Doctor:

Alright I'm calling it. Time of death
16:09.

A bunch of nurses walk past Kevin, removing their gloves. Kevin looks to his left to see Thompson, standing there with him.

Thompson:

He needed an operating room an hour ago. There was nothing any of us could have done.

Thompson walks up to the patient. He grabs one of the man's hands with both of his, and brings his head down to his hands.

Thompson:

Until next time, my friend.

Thompson then releases the man's hand and walks out of the room, without even a glance at Kevin. Kevin walks into the room, and up to the man. He looks at the man's face for a few seconds. Chloe walks up behind Kevin.

Chloe:

You want to talk about it?

Kevin:

You know, this is the first time I've seen the man's face. I've been holding gauze to his side for close to an hour, but never looked at his face. . . Or even learned his name.

Chloe opens her mouth to speak, but before she does Kevin turns around, and walks right past Chloe. Chloe closes both her eyes, sighs, and drops her head.

54. INT. AMBULANCE 96- DUSK.

Thompson, Miller, Chloe and Kevin are all in the ambulance. Thompson driving, Chloe riding shotgun. Kevin in his normal seat, and Miller laying down on the bench in the back of the ambulance, a jacket over her face. Thompson has the music on up front, but it's barely audible from the back. Kevin is staring out the back window of the ambulance, no expression on his face. There is dried blood still on his uniform.

55. INT. FIRE STATION 9- NIGHT.

You see Thompson, Miller, Chloe and Kevin walk through the door leading from the garage to the main section. They all walk to the kitchen to find it empty, with half a pizza waiting on the kitchen table. You can hear some conversation echoing down the hall.

Miller:

I'm not hungry.

Miller walks towards a door labeled "Bunks", and goes in.

Chloe:

Me neither.

Thompson:

Pffh, if there is ever a day so bad that I don't want pizza at the end of it than I better be dead. You hungry?

Kevin:

No.

Kevin walks away.

Thompson:

More for me.

56. EXT. KEVIN'S CAR- NIGHT.

Kevin and Chloe are in his car. It is pouring down rain outside.

Chloe:

We should talk.

Kevin:

I agree.

A prolonged silence.

Chloe:

Uhh, yes Kevin?

Kevin:

Oh I was waiting on you. Alright, no matter. So are you at that point where the hospital no longer smells like a hospital? I walk in it and nothing, no alcohol, no cleanser, no latex. It's weird. To be expected I guess.

Chloe:

You know what I meant.

Kevin:

Well I'm not a fucking mind reader. How am I supposed to know the exact topic that you wish to discuss?

Chloe:

Quit dodging! Let's talk about your two calls today.

Kevin:

Well what's there to talk about? I helped deliver a baby, and then couldn't save a man that fell on a chandelier.

Chloe:

Stop being so cavalier.

Kevin raises his voice:

Kevin:

Alright, you want to know the honest to God truth?

Chloe:

I think that would be pretty fucking good.

Kevin suddenly turns into a parking lot, hardly slowing down. He then slams on his breaks and gets out of the car. It is pouring down rain. Chloe follows suit. Kevin screams at the top of his lungs:

Kevin:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Chloe just watches.

Kevin:

There, I let it out. Happy!?

Chloe says nothing.

Kevin (cont'd):

I mean, what the fuck. Look at me. I'm covered in blood. And I probably have amniotic fluid in my hair. On TV they dramatize what an EMT actually does, because let's face it, if they truly tried to depict an average day of an EMT of TV, it would be the most boring thing on Earth. Or so we've been told. Jesus Christ, there was a pool of blood on that man's floor bigger than any pool I've ever seen in a slasher movie. I see it every time I close my eyes. So I don't want you to try and show me the light and calm me down at every fucking turn because NONE OF THIS IS FUCKING OKAY!

Chloe:

Don't you DARE yell at me. Sure, your day was pretty fucking awful, but today I've been called sweetheart, sweetie, and bitch more times I can count. It's disgusting, but before you can tell me I'm just being paranoid, and I should get thicker skin, let inform you that my preceptor, the person that is supposed to mentor me, painted a very clear picture about how he'll never let me get hired by the county, ever, just because I was smarter than he was. So we both have problems. Let's join the fucking club.

Chloe walks in front of the car and sits down. Kevin watches her. He sincerely says:

Kevin:

I'm sorry.

Chloe:

Do you want to know a secret? I almost quit the program after that man died in the park. I stayed home from school, drowning in self-pity, and just thought. Thought about what I really wanted, what this program really means to me, and what I was going to say to Mr. Broman, and to you especially. I've had nightmares about that day. I don't know why I stayed to be honest. This, right now, is about as far from what I want as it gets. So, tell me Kevin, why the fuck am I still doing it?

Kevin:

Because we're stubborn. Because we don't quit. Because we want this extra something in our lives. Pick your favorite.

Kevin sits down next to Chloe.

Kevin (cont'd):

I don't know what I want either. I've thought I wanted this for a while now. But-

Chloe:

Nobody wants this.

Chloe leans her shoulder on Kevin.

57. NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE.

You see Kevin in the front yard of the now dead man's house. It is the middle of the night, and very creepy. The front door is wide open. He walks to the door.

Inside Kevin sees nothing out of the ordinary. Nothing that he saw earlier today. He takes a couple steps inside and looks up. The chandelier is installed, and hanging perfectly.

Kevin turns around towards the door and sees flashing lights, but hears no siren. He walks towards a window, and looks out. He doesn't see anything, but when he looks at the open door he can see flashing lights reflected on it.

Kevin walks towards the door, looks outside and see's nothing. All of a sudden he hears an unbelievably loud shatter.

He swings his body around and sees the scene from earlier. A man, covered in blood is lying in a pool of his own blood, two kids are screaming from the top of the stairs, and the mom is laughing demonically in the corner. Kevin starts to back up slowly when the man slowly lies up, opens his eyes, and looks at Kevin. He says "It all comes at a price."

End Nightmare Sequence.

58. INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM- NIGHT.

Kevin snaps awake. He sits up, breathing heavily.

Kevin:

Oh fuck.

59. EXT. FRONT DOOR OF CHLOE'S HOUSE- DAY.

Kevin stands at Chloe's front door. He takes out his phone and dials a number.

Kevin:

Yeah, I'm outside. Let me in.

A few seconds pass before Chloe opens the door and walks out.

Kevin:

So where are we going.

Chloe:

I'll drive. Toss me the keys.

Kevin seems reluctant at first, but tosses Chloe the keys. They both get in the car.

60. INT. KEVIN'S CAR- DAY.

Chloe starts the car and drives off.

Kevin:

So where are we going?

Chloe:

You'll see. (A pause) How many times have you been in class this week?

Kevin:

Not once.

Chloe:

Jesus Christ Kevin. It's Friday. You can't miss a week of the class and be fine.

Kevin:

Don't act all high and mighty. You're home too.

Chloe:

I've missed two days. Two unimportant days. You've missed several important days. Plus you've missed five days of every class. Remember you need English to graduate, and if I recall you weren't doing so good in it.

Kevin:

I'll be fine.

Chloe:

You keep saying that. Nothing good ever happens after you say those words. (A pause) Are you still having those nightmares?

Kevin:

Yeah. Always the same one though.

Chloe:

That's not good.

Kevin:

Yes, I know that. What can I do though? I can't really turn to my family, and if I tell Mr. Broman he won't let me continue with the program, and say it's too emotionally stressful.

Chloe:

Stella's going to be a social worker. Tell her.

Kevin:

Not going to do that.

Chloe:

Beggars can't be choosers.

Kevin:

She'll say the same thing. Give up on the program. I won't give up.

Chloe:

Could have fooled me.

Kevin:

You don't understand.

Chloe:

That's true, I don't. But I know someone who might.

Chloe pulls into the parking lot of Fire station 9.

Chloe:

It's C shift.

Kevin:

No. Turn back.

Chloe:

Shut up. You're going to talk with
them.

Kevin closes his eyes, shakes his head, and then takes a deep
breath.

61. INT. FIRE STATION 9 DINING ROOM- DAY.

Kevin and Chloe are sitting at the dining room table, waiting.
Suddenly Miller and Thompson walk in.

Miller:

Kill me if I ever get that old.

Miller sees Kevin and Chloe at the table.

Thompson:

I can't. You would have already killed
me a decade earlier.

Thompson sees Kevin and Chloe now.

Thompson (cont'd):

Well look what we have here.

Miller:

What brings you here Kevin? And..

Chloe:

Chloe.

Miller:

Chloe.

Chloe turns to Kevin. He says nothing. She rolls her eyes.

Chloe:

Kevin is taking what happened last week
really hard. He hasn't been to class
all week, and he's having nightmares
about it. He keeps saying he wants to
continue with the program he just-

Kevin:

Can't get it out of my head.

Miller turns to Thompson, who is looking back at her. They both walk to the table and sit down.

Miller:

What's are your nightmare's about?

Kevin:

Always the same one. About that last call. Blood everywhere.

Thompson:

My last call before I left Ireland was a family of four, with two small children, on their way back from church who got crushed by a giant tree branch after lightning struck it. I was very religious back then, and when I first got on scene, and saw what we had. . . I don't remember much from that day, but I remember thinking how ironic it was. For a family coming home from God's house, on his holiest day, only for one of the most heavenly forces on earth being the reason for their demise. (Shakes head) So I had a breakdown, and left Ireland to pursue acting, believe it or not. But I was not an actor. And months went by where it just felt like something was missing. And then one day out of the blue I was driving to Baltimore to get lunch when a biker was struck by a car and was launched over an overpass for about a twenty foot fall, right in front of my car. I thought for sure he was dead. I went up to him, and not only was he alive, but he was awake and alert. So I stayed with him until the ambulance arrived, and he lived. Broke almost every large bone in his body, but lived. So after that I knew that I had to get back to helping people. That was what I was missing. If you have

that gene, that healing gene or whatever you want to call it, then you'll never be out of the show too long before you crave more.

Kevin:

How do I know if I have that gene?

Thompson:

By going through days like that and still wanting more. The best EMTs are the ones that have gone through one of those calls that alter their being. That shake them to their core.

Thompson (cont'd):

I can't promise you, or even lie to you that you'll be fine. Truth is that only you can find the path back. That's when you find out who you really are.

Miller:

Just know that it balances out. Last week was an anomaly. You're next 15 calls will range from boring to meh before you get a (air quote) "good" call. It doesn't get any worse.

62. EXT. KEVIN'S FRONT YARD- DAY.

Kevin exits his car. He walks towards his front door. He is at his front door when he hears a lot of loud chirping-almost like a cry. He follows the noise over to a thorn bush near his house. He sees a very beautiful Oriole caught in the thorn bush. He grabs the bird with one hand, and frees it with the other. The bird has a thorn in its side. He stares at the bird for a second, and then pulls the thorn out. The Oriole flies away. Kevin watches it fly off. He then falls to his feet, and puts his head in his hands.

63. INT. EMT CLASSROOM- DAY.

Chloe is at her seat. She has a book open and is studying. Kevin walks in the classroom and past Chloe. He goes straight to Mr. Broman and gives him a note.

Mr. Broman:

Had that horrible intestinal bug that's
been going around?

Kevin:

Oh, like you wouldn't believe.

Mr. Broman:

You have a lot to make up Kevin.

Kevin:

I understand.

Kevin leaves the note and walks towards his seat next to Chloe.
He sits and Chloe just stares at him.

Kevin:

Yes Chloe?

Chloe:

Nothing.

64. INT. STARR FAMILY HOME- NIGHT.

Kevin and Chloe walk into his house. They walk to the kitchen.
Kevin's mom is making dinner.

Mrs. Starr:

Hey guys.

Kevin + Chloe:

Hey.

Kevin (cont'd):

Where's Stella?

Mrs. Starr:

Downstairs I think.

65. INT. STARR FAMILY BASEMENT- DAY.

The basement is almost like a gameroom. There is a POOL TABLE,
AIR HOCKEY TABLE, FOOSBALL TABLE, and a decent sized TV. Stella
is playing pool against Kacie. You can hear people walk down the
stairs, and then see Kevin, and Chloe moments later walk towards
the table.

Stella:

Oh, look who it is!

Stella walks up and hugs Chloe.

Stella (cont'd):

What's it been, a year?

Chloe:

Something like that.

Kevin:

Why hello to you too.

Stella:

Oh hush. It's only been three months since we last saw each other.

Kevin:

Why are you guys down here?

Kacie:

Because mother's being a biatch.

Kevin:

Already. You've been home an hour.

Stella:

Well that's how long it took. Now about you two; when do you guys take your state boards?

Kevin:

A little over a month. I still only have five calls though, so I'm going to have to overdo it with the ride-along shifts this month, in addition to studying my ass off. You know, a normal April.

Kacie:

You two are crazy. I don't think I picked up a pencil once in the two months leading up to graduation. I don't remember anything about the final two weeks at all, because all I did was

go to class, sleep, wake up when the bell rang, and repeat six times a day. It was fucking incredible.

Chloe:

Yeah, I'm probably gonna nap for like two weeks after graduation to make up for the times I couldn't sleep in class because I had to study. Just keep telling myself that it will be worth it, it will be worth it.

Stella:

I know how you feel.

Chloe:

Oh shit, that's right, you graduate as well in a few weeks, right?

Stella:

Yep. Three more weeks and I am done with college and have to get a real person job, in the real person world.

Chloe:

I'm so sorry.

Chloe pats Stella on the back.

Stella:

Thanks. So I'm guessing you're here to study.

Chloe:

Yep. Like Kevin said, we have to study our asses off. (To Kevin) When is your next ride-along shift anyway?

Kevin:

Easter Sunday. I figured why the hell not. And the best part is that I'm riding with Thompson, and Miller again.

Chloe:

I don't know if that's a good thing or not.

Kevin:

Fingers crossed that God decides to be
chill on his holiest of days.

Kacie:

What's the worst that could happen?

Kevin and Chloe look at Kacie, as if she had just risen from the
dead.

Kevin:

Oh, fuck...

66. RIDE ALONG SHIFT MONTAGE.

You see Kevin in his car looking at the fire station. He takes a
deep breath and opens his car door.

You see Kevin being greeted by Miller and Thompson. They are
laughing, and look like they're having fun.

You hear the alarm ring, and see the three of them walk towards
the garage.

The ambulance is parked in the driveway of a small family home.
Miller opens the back door, Kevin jumps out, and they get the
stretcher out.

They are now inside. An elderly lady is sitting in a chair,
hands on her knees, looking like she's having breathing
difficulties. Kevin is setting up an oxygen mask, and Thompson
is talking with a family member of the elderly lady.

Next we see Thompson, and Kevin in the back of the ambulance.
Thompson is writing stuff down, and Kevin is putting a blood
pressure cuff on the elderly ladies arm.

Next we see them in the ER. Kevin is at the nurse's station
writing something. You see Thompson and Miller leave a patient's
room.

END MONTAGE.

67. INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM- DAY.

Scene picks up where montage ended.

Miller:

So how many calls is that for you?

Kevin:

Six. Four more to go.

Miller:

How about this. If we get another call,
we'll let you run it.

Kevin looks up from his writing.

Kevin:

A-what now? You mean like I'll do the
patient assessment, treatment, get to
boss you two around, and just overall
run it?

Miller:

Yes sir.

Kevin:

Woah. That sounds... awesome.

Miller:

You didn't see so sure. You don't have
to if you don't want to.

Kevin:

No, pardon my hesitation. That sounds
awesome.

Miller:

Alright let's get ready to roll.
Hopefully we'll get another call for
you. You ready?

Kevin:

I was born ready.

68. INT. FIRE STATION 9 DINING ROOM- DAY.

Cut to Kevin sitting alone at the dining room table. He is
staring at the clock, which reads 4:57. In comes Miller.

Miller:

There's always next time. I'm sure you probably have a few more shifts, maybe one with us.

Kevin:

It is uncanny though. How the alarm rings only when you don't want it to, and doesn't when you do.

Miller:

Why else do you think I'm always so excited for the next call? (A pause) It's random, more or less. Some days we get eight calls, others two. Plus a call right now we'll be another hour or so, and I'm sure you probably have some Easter dinner to get to.

Clock now reads 4:59.

Kevin:

Yeah. They won't wait up for me if I'm late, so I should probably go. Hopefully I'll be back.

Kevin turns around and starts for the door. The alarm rings.

Kevin (cont'd):

Oh hell yes.

Miller:

No, go! You've got a dinner to go to.

Kevin:

Clock still reads 4:59. I can stay.

Miller:

That clocks

Kevin runs to the ambulance before Miller can object further.

Miller:

Slow.

69. EXT. FRONT YARD OF HUGE FAMILY HOME- DAY.

Everyone gets out of the ambulance. Kevin heads for the back doors to get the stretcher.

Miller:

Hey. You're running this thing. We got the stretcher and you knock on the door.

Kevin heads to the door. He takes a deep breath and knocks on the door.

Kevin:

Fire department.

You can hear someone walk towards the door, and unlock it. A woman, early 40s, opens up.

Sierra:

Oh, hello. Come in.

Kevin walks in and Miller, and Thompson follow.

70. INT. 1ST FLOOR OF HUGE FAMILY HOME- DAY.

Sierra:

I'm sorry for this, calling you guys down on Easter Sunday. It's probably nothing serious, but the kids just wanted to make sure their daddy was ok. I'm Sierra by the way.

Kevin:

It's not a problem at all. We're always ready to help, so don't ever be sorry to call 911.

They walked into the kitchen. Dinner was being cooked on the stove. A man, 40s was sitting in a chair at the dining room table. There was a little blood on his dress shirt. There was an open first aid kit next to him, and he was holding a lot of gauze to his left hand. You could see two preteen twin girls standing in the far end of the kitchen. Kevin goes up to the man.

Kevin:

Hello there. My name is Kevin and I'm here to help.

Bill:

I'm Bill.

Kevin:

So Bill, what seems to be the problem today?

Bill:

I was chopping up some onions for the stuffing, and I guess I took my eyes off the knife for a second, because I sliced up my hand.

Kevin:

Can I take a look? Brody, can you take vitals

The man extends his hand out slowly. Kevin carefully removes the gauze. Underneath you see a gash, about an inch long, underneath his ring and pinky fingers. It is not bleeding that much.

Kevin:

Can you feel this?

Kevin touches his fingers.

Bill:

Yes.

Kevin:

Can you wiggle your fingers?

Bill wiggles his fingers.

Kevin:

Awesome.

Bill:

So, is it bad?

Kevin:

No sir. I think you'll just need some stitches, and should be back to slicing onions by tomorrow.

Sierra:

That's great.

Miller hands Kevin some fresh gauze pads and some roller gauze. Kevin grabs them and applies the gauze pads first, stacked on top of each other, and then wraps the roller gauze around Bill's hand so that his entire hand, minus his fingertips, is covered.

Sierra:

So does he have to go to the hospital with you guys?

Sierra looks at Kevin when she says that, but Kevin doesn't answer immediately.

Thompson:

(Looking at Kevin)Well that's entirely up to you guys. We're here, so we can if you want, but his injury isn't too severe, so you guys could drive him to the hospital if you like, and he'd be completely fine.

Bill:

Well I don't want to further bother you guys if we can just drive to the hospital. Do you think I can wait until after dinner?

Bill looks at Kevin. Again, he doesn't answer immediately.

Miller:

I wouldn't recommend it. You might need stitches, and your hand is just going to hurt, so that might bother you. Hypothetically, you could, but again I wouldn't recommend it.

Bill:

Hmmm. Well thank you all very much. I think we'll drive separately to the hospital, now. We'll just put the food in the fridge and reheat it later. I'm

sure you guys probably have some firehouse Easter dinner to get to as well.

Miller grabs something out of the red bag.

Miller:

Before you go can you just sign this refusal form? Basically saying that we came, we treated you, but you didn't leave with us.

Bill:

Sure. Luckily I'm right handed. (He signs) Take care you guys.

Sierra walks Kevin, Miller, and Thompson to the door. She says more thanks and goodbyes at the door, and then closes it.

71. EXT. FRONT YARD OF HUGE FAMILY HOME- DAY.

Kevin:

Well that sucked. So anti-climactic.

Miller:

Hypochondriacs are a pain in the ass to deal with. I can deal going to some retirement home to deal with almost nothing that the nurses there overreact to. It's not the senile, and decrepit's fault that the people in charge of their life don't know their ass from there forehead. However hypochondriacs just take us out of service, when a real emergency could be happening.

Miller lifts the stretchers onto the ambulance and everyone gets in.

72. INT. AMBULANCE 96- DAY.

Thompson:

They do provide some good laughs though. Jesus Christ, that guy in there may not even need stitches. I was trying to hold back my laugh in there when Kevin lifted up the gauze.

Miller:

Oh yeah, good job in there. That's about as easy as it gets, and you deserve easy because of that hell shift way back when. I know it still bothers me.

Kevin:

Thanks. Up to seven calls now!

Miller:

Sorry to tell you this, but you can't count it as a call because we didn't transport him to the hospital.

Kevin:

That's some bullshit there. I may never get ten calls.

Thompson:

You'll be fine. State boards are always in May, right?

Kevin:

Yeah, May fourth.

Thompson:

Plenty of time.

Kevin:

Yeah, but this is the last shift I have with you guys though.

Miller:

(To Thompson) Why do we always drive people away?

Thompson:

Hey, he lasted three shifts with us.
One more and he would have had the
record.

Miller:

Where else are you riding?

Kevin:

Station 2, C shift.

Miller:

Boring.

Kevin:

7, C shift.

Miller:

Bunch of sexist assholes.

Kevin:

And I think 10, B shift.

Miller:

No idea. (To Thompson) So we are one
ride-alongs favorite pair. We finally
made a difference!

Thompson:

Only took three years.

Thompson backs into the fire house garage.

73. INT. FIRE STATION GARAGE- DAY.

Cut to Thompson parks the car and everyone gets out.

Miller:

So you're leaving now.

Kevin:

Yep.

Miller:

For the last time.

Kevin extends his hand.

Miller (cont'd):

Please.

Miller opens her arms and Kevin hugs her.

Miller:

Take care.

They release. Kevin then turns to Thompson. He extends his hand. They shake.

Thompson:

Until next time, my friend.

Kevin:

I thought I had to be dead for you to say that?

Thompson:

Not necessarily. I say it when one journey ends, whether you be dead, and leaving this earth, or just leaving this fire station.

Kevin:

Take care Brody.

74. EXT. COLLEGE GRADUATION CEREMONY- DAY.

Cut to a college graduation. You see a stage at the front, with ceremonious flowers and posters. There are also people seated on the stage, both middle-aged and students mixed in. At the podium is a girl in a black graduation gown.

In the lawn in front of the stage are rows of students in matching gowns.

Valedictorian:

. . . and if I look at those photos today I just can't help but cry.
Congratulations Class of 2014.

Thunderous applause and cheers.

75. EXT. COLLEGE POST-GRADUATION CEREMONY- DAY.

In a crowd of people you see Stella weaving her way through towards Kevin, Kacie, and Mrs. Starr. Stella has a huge, glowing smile on her face.

Kevin:

Congratulations Stella!

Kevin hands her flowers.

Stella:

I'm a college graduate motherfucker!

Mrs. Starr glares at Stella, she notices.

Stella:

Oh please, you can't yell at me today.

76. INT. FANCY-ISH RESTAURANT- DAY.

Cut to a nice Italian restaurant. You see a waitress hand Kevin a coke and then walk away.

Kacie:

So when does your job hunt begin?

Stella:

Please, for the love of God, let today be one day where the J word is not mentioned.

Kevin:

You going to miss the college experience, and all that?

Stella:

A little. Imagine senior year of high school, but backwards. Freshman year was like the end of senior year. Magical and you almost didn't want it to end. Sophomore year was still badass but didn't have the same flare. Junior and senior year were good, but it was like September of senior year. Awesome that I'll be graduating soon, but sooooo much work to do. And now that

it's over I'm happy and excited, but ready for what's next

Kevin:

I know nothing of which you speak.

Stella laughs.

Stella:

Right, right. You're getting close to your state boards. Next week, right.

Kevin:

Don't even remind me. I've practically read that textbook cover to cover in the last two weeks, and will have to do it again in the next week. Plus I suck at tying knots, so I better hope I don't have to splint a knee. Also I still only have nine calls, and have no more scheduled shifts so I'm gonna have to find someone in class that does have ten calls already and still has a scheduled shift, and get them to give me their shift.

Stella:

That's rough. But just think that if you do all of that, and pass the state boards, you'll be an EMT and get to do cool shit and stuff. (To Kacie)How is you're teaching assistant stuff going. What is it, third grade?

Kacie:

I go to elementary school, sit there and then teach them how to write and shit, and then go back to my dorm and then split a bottle of wine with my fellow teaching assistant roommate. It's not bad actually.

Mrs. Starr:

So is that where the money I put in your account every month goes? Bottles of wine?

Kacie:

It's at the price of your daughter getting a good education.

Mrs. Starr shakes her head. Kevin's phone starts to vibrate on the table.

Mrs. Starr:

Not at the dinner table.

Kevin:

We've got like ten minutes before the food arrives

Mrs. Starr is giving a stern look that just shouts don't you dare.

Kevin:

Fine. I'll be back before the food arrives.

Kevin gets up and heads to the bathroom. He opens it and it's empty. He looks at his phone and sees it says Chloe called. He calls her back

Chloe (V.O.):

KEVIN!

Kevin:

Yeah?

Chloe (V.O.):

You're never gonna guess what happened.

Kevin:

I'm sure I won't, so what happened?

77. CUT TO FLASHBACK- Int. RANDOM LIVING ROOM- DAY.

Cut to Chloe, and her two preceptors, entering a living room to find an old man collapsed.

Preceptor 1 walks up and checks for pulse on the neck, places his head right above the man's mouth, and is looking at his chest. He starts CPR. Preceptor 2 pulls out a BAG VALVE MASK,

and hooks it up to oxygen. Chloe walks over to the man and holds the mask over the man's face while the second preceptor squeezes the bag every five seconds.

78. INT. FANCY-ISH RESTAURANT BATHROOM- INT.

Kevin:

That's awesome. I'm g-

Chloe (V.O.):

Wait I'm not done. So after a minute or so my preceptor says

79. CUT TO FLASHBACK- INT. RANDOM LIVING ROOM- DAY.

Preceptor 1:

Come here Chloe, switch with me.

Chloe moves from the mouth and shifts down so she's right next to Frank. After a few seconds he stops, and moves out of the way. Chloe begins CPR, and she does it well.

80. INT. FANCY-ISH RESTAURANT BATHROOM- INT.

INTERCUT: Fancy-ish restaurant bathroom/Fire house parking lot.

Chloe:

I was almost perfect if you ask me.

Kevin:

Wow, Chloe that's amazing. I really am happy for you. So how's the man?

Chloe:

What, oh he's dead. But it doesn't matter because I was spontaneously asked to do CPR, and I didn't hesitate for a second. Learn from your mistakes, or something like that.

Kevin:

Absolutely. I still need to find someone to give me their shift. I'm still at nine calls. You still have a shift, right?

Chloe:

No can do. I'm in the same boat, have nine need one. I've got one more shift day Tuesday. Then hell begins Thursday. Hey, but at least we have off Tuesday.

Kevin:

Yeah I hear ya, but Tuesday will hardly be a day off. So much to review, plus I have to retest Module 9 Monday because I almost failed it the first time.

Chloe:

We've reviewed the material enough. You'll crush it.

Kevin:

I hope so. Well I gotta get back to dinner. See you Monday.

Chloe:

Tell Stella I said congrats!

Kevin:

Will do.

Kevin hangs up the phone.

81. INT. EMT CLASSROOM. DAY.

Kevin and Chloe are in the classroom, on the floor, messing with some splints. A random kid from the class, Mark, is lying flat on his back, with his knee bent. Kevin is sandwiching Mark's leg with the splints. Chloe is tying a knot.

Chloe:

Under the leg, make an x around the splints, pull tightly, and then tie.

Kevin:

Well, then, I am thoroughly confused. I've been doing around the leg, then around both boards, and then tie.

Chloe:

That's only for the knee knot. The other two knots are what I'm doing. Where were you when we learned this?

Kevin:

I don't know. I'm half here right now. Mr. Broman is grading my Module test now. He keeps looking over here. I don't know if that's good or not.

Chloe:

You worry a lot.

Mark:

He does. Like a girl on her period.

Chloe tightens the knot on Mark's leg.

Mark:

Ow, ow, ow. Too tight.

Chloe:

Oops.

Marie (O.S.):

Hey Kevin.

Kevin turns around to see MARIE, someone random person from the class.

Kevin:

Hey Marie. What's up?

Marie:

I hear you are looking for a shift.

Kevin:

You heard right.

Marie:

I have one tomorrow that I don't need, and, to be honest, don't really want to go to because the preceptors are just weird. You want it?

Kevin:

Yes, yes, absolutely. Thank you so much.

Marie:

You're welcome. It's at Station 9 tomorrow from 9 am to 3.

Marie walks away.

Kevin:

Hey, Chloe, what shift is it tomorrow?

Chloe:

C, I believe.

Kevin puts his hands up, and looks up at the ceiling, as if he's celebrating.

Chloe (cont'd):

My shift starts at 8, excellent I found myself a ride. Who knows, maybe we'll see each other in the ER.

Kevin:

That didn't work out well last time.

Chloe:

You'll be fine.

Mr. Broman walks up to Kevin. He hands him a SCANTRON.

Mr. Broman:

Congratulations. A 76. You can take the boards on Thursday.

Once more Kevin puts his hands in the up, and looks up at the ceiling, as if he's celebrating.

Mark:

You guys done yet?

Kevin:

Shut up Mark. You're ruining my moment.

Chloe:

Now if only you can get your English grade up.

Kevin:

And you've killed it.

82. INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA- DAY.

Kevin and Chloe are sitting at a lunch table. Chloe is eating a sandwich. Kevin has a tray of food in front of him. He takes a bite out of a chicken nugget. He stops chewing, stares at it, puts it on his tray, and shivers in disgust.

Kevin:

Have you ever noticed those little vein things when you bite into chicken?

Chloe:

No. But speaking of, have you seen that picture on the internet of the live human brain?

Kevin:

No.

Chloe:

Well there are like hundreds of vessels, and different shades of red. It's really quite beautiful actually.

Kevin:

Interesting. I'll check it out later. Did you see the chapter in the textbook where it's nothing but pictures of compound fractures and de-glovings?

Chloe:

Yeah I have. Oh my god that was so gross looking.

Kevin:

Yeah it was straight up nasty. How was your compound fracture guy?

Chloe:

It wasn't that gross looking. Not a lot of blood and the bone looked rather white.

Kevin:

Man I wish I could have seen that.

Kevin and Chloe turn to see their classmates sitting at their table all staring at them in disgust. One girl turned to her sandwich in her hands, and then set it down. Chloe takes a huge bite out her sandwich.

83. INT. KEVIN GETTING READY MONTAGE- DAY.

Cut to Kevin's bedroom. The alarm is at 7:44. It switches to 7:45 and the alarm goes off. Kevin opens his eyes, moans, and hits the alarm.

Cut to BATHROOM. Kevin is in the shower, but you only see a blurry figure through the shower doors.

Cut to after shower, still in the bathroom. Kevin is brushing his teeth. He puts his Fire and Rescue shirt on, and then spits in the sink.

Cut to him in his kitchen. He is waiting by the toaster. Something is in it. Suddenly a pop tart pops up and he grabs it.

END MONTAGE.

84. INT. FAMILY ROOM OF STARR HOUSE- DAY.

Stella and Kacie are watching a movie in the family room. Kevin walks over to them, eating his pop tart.

Kevin:

Whatcha watchin'?

Kacie:

Gladiator.

Kevin:

At 8:30 in the morning?

Stella:

Her choice.

Kacie:

Please, this is an amazing movie. There is not right time to watch a classic.

Kevin looks at the TV. It is right before Maximus dies.

Kevin:

This is the end. How long have you guys been up?

Stella:

We never went to bed. We've just been watching movies all night. (A pause)
You have a shift today?

Kevin:

Yeah I'm about to head out. Hopefully my last shift.

Kevin (cont'd):

Get that elusive tenth call, take the state boards at the end of the week, and then collapse into a coma for a month.

Kacie:

You still got like three weeks before you graduate.

Kevin:

Don't remind me. Get my last call, take the boards, collapse for a weekend, and spend the next three weeks taking a page out of your book and not giving a fuck. Well I'll see you guys at 3 or so.

Stella:

Alright, perfect. We were going to get burgers at 4, so I guess you can come.

Kevin:

Cool. See you then.

Kevin walks towards the door.

Kacie:

Alright, which one next? Donnie Darko,
or Cabin in the Woods?

Stella:

I'm starting to realize how sadistic
you really are.

85. INT. KEVIN'S CAR- DAY.

Kevin is sitting in his car, looking at the fire station. He takes a deep breath and opens his car door.

86. INT. FIRE STATION 9- DAY.

Cut to Kevin greeting Miller and Thompson. Kevin hugs Miller,
and shakes Thompson's hand.

Miller:

When is it you take your state boards
again?

Kevin:

The written is in two days.

Miller:

Piece of cake.

Kevin:

Practical in three.

Miller:

You'll cry. Did you bring your book?

Kevin:

Yeah.

Miller:

Good, we can help you study later.

Kevin:

Alright, awesome. Just need one call.
One more stinking call.

87. EXT. RANDOM STREET- DAY.

Cut to a random street. A beautiful day out. Tree's blooming, birds singing, and bikers out in the masses.

88. INT. NEW MERCEDES- DAY.

Businessman:

Fuck, fuck, fuck I cannot be late.

You see him press the accelerator, and here the car roar.

89. INT. RANDOM STREET- DAY.

Cut to a young lady, early 20s, riding her bike. She has a helmet on.

90. EXT. VERY OLD COTTAGE- DAY.

Cut to a group of Orioles on top of a very old cottage. One starts to fly. It starts to go across the street. It suddenly gets hit by the Mercedes

91. INT. NEW MERCEDES- DAY.

Cut to the businessman in the Mercedes. You hear a thud. The businessman is startled and drops his hot coffee on his lap. He lets out a cry of pain and swerves his car right into the young lady riding the bike.

92. EXT. RANDOM STREET- DAY.

Switch to a wide shot of the street. You see the young lady fly through the air and crash through the wall of the very old, almost ancient looking, falling apart, abandoned two story wooden cottage, about ten feet from the road. The birds scatter away.

The Mercedes swerves to the other side of the street into a lane divider. The car goes airborne momentarily, and then flips several times, into another car, into a power line, and then comes to a stop. The power line comes crashing down across the street. The other car's rear is almost obliterated. The camera zooms out to get the entire aftermath on one shot.

93. INT. FIRE STATION 9 DINING ROOM- DAY.

Kevin is sitting at the table. Miller and Thompson have his textbook and are flipping through it.

Thompson:

Six rights. What are they?

Kevin:

Right medication, right patient, right time, right dose, right route, and right documentation. That's an easy one.

Miller:

Alright, what is the main indicator of preeclampsia?

Kevin:

High blood pressure. Go to the chapter on-

The alarm rings.

Kevin (cont'd):

Finally.

Automated Intercom:

Ambulance 96, and engine 71. Rescue.
Intersection of Ellicott National Pike
and Dorsett Road.

Thompson, Miller, and Kevin head towards the ambulance.

94. Int. Ambulance 96. Day.

Thompson is driving.

Thompson:

Hmm, what do I want to listen to?

Miller:

Please, no Mumford and Sons. There's only so many times I can listen to a banjo.

Thompson:

Fair enough. Talking Heads it is then.

Thompson pushes a button. "Once in a Lifetime" by Talking Heads starts.

Miller:

Meh, I'm okay with this one.

Thompson:

You like 80s rock, Kevin? What am I saying, of course you do. You're a member of the human race. Of course, if you didn't I'd stop this ambulance right now and kick you out.

Kevin:

Then I love it.

Thompson:

Ha. What's your weakness than?

Kevin:

I'm more of an instrumental kind of guy. I'll just play on loop for hours "The Lord of the Rings" soundtrack, and the "PianoGuys".

Thompson.

Cool, cool. I can get behind that. (A pause) Well we've got traffic.

POV of Thompson. You can see a good amount of traffic ahead. He then honks the horn several times so cars get out of the way.

Kevin:

So, I'm guessing car accident?

Miller:

Probably. A lot of the time it's nothing but property damage. We'll see though.

Kevin:

This is my last shift so it better be the real deal. I need that tenth call.

Thompson:

You're a little too eager for someone to be hurt. I like it.

The ambulance pulls up to the scene. You see Thompson and Miller's faces turn grave as they see it. Police are already on scene. Cut back to the scene. Focus on the downed power line. Thompson picks up the radio.

Miller:

God Almighty.

Thompson:

Dispatch, this is ambulance 96 on scene. We've got a down power line and need the electricity shut off. Over.

Dispatch:

Copy, ambulance 96.

Miller:

Alright Kevin, behind your seat there is a reflective traffic vest. Put it on.

Kevin reaches behind his seat and pulls out the REFLECTIVE VEST. It has EMT printed on the back of it.

Thompson parks a safe distance down from the power line.

95. EXT. RANDOM STREET- DAY.

The three of them get out of the ambulance. Kevin and Miller get the stretcher.

Thompson:

Alright. Let's see what we got.

They start walking towards the overturned car. Thompson pulls out his flashlight. He kneels down next to the driver's side and shines inside. The body hanging upside down does not come into focus, but you can tell it's grim by Thompson's facial expression. You can also start to faintly here the engine truck in the distance.

Thompson:

Yeah so he's definitely dead.

Miller:

The police are talking with the guy from that other vehicle. Let's check him out.

They walk over to the police officers and the man.

Miller:

You were in this car, sir?

Uninjured Man:

Yeah, I was. I'm fine. One minute I was driving to the store, and the next I see a car rolling towards my car, and then BAM. I was lucky I guess.

Miller:

Very.

Cut to minutes later. The engine has arrived and they are dealing with the two cars. The power has been shut down to the power line as well.

Thompson:

That was a whole lot of nothing. (Turns to Kevin, smiling) You alright?

Kevin shakes his head in disgust.

Kevin:

This is annoying. But I gotta stay positive. I have like four more hours.

Thompson and Miller work on getting the stretcher back on the ambulance. Kevin walks towards the side of the ambulance. He sees something out of the corner of his eye. He turns his head and sees a bike off the road in the grass. He starts to walk towards it. When he gets to it he sees it's badly mangled.

Kevin:

Hey guys.

Miller and Thompson are talking at the back of the ambulance. They don't appear to hear him. Kevin looks around. He sees the ancient, run down cottage, with what appeared to be fresh debris in the front of it, and a good sized hole in the front. He starts to walk towards it. He stops about five feet from the hole. He sees what appears to be a person.

Kevin:

HEY GUYS!

Miller and Thompson turn, and see Kevin.

Thompson:

What do you have?

Kevin:

I think we have another victim.

They start to walk over. Kevin suddenly sees the person's foot shake. His eyes open wide. He runs inside the house to check on them.

Thompson:

Kevin, wait!

Kevin ignores him. He sees a young girl with a biking helmet on covered in some moldy wooden debris. She has cuts all over her body and has a chunk of wood impaled in her stomach. He kneels down to her to check for a pulse, but instead sees her looking at him. He jumps back and falls on his back. Suddenly the cottage starts to shake, and then crumble. The second floor comes crashing down on top of Kevin, and the first floor collapses into the basement. Screen slowly fades to black as we faintly hear Miller scream "Kevin".

96. INT. LOUNGE ROOM OF FIRE STATION 2- DAY.

Fade In to a lounge area. You see Chloe, and two woman EMTs sitting on couches and chairs.

Lady Preceptor 1:

. . . So what's the worst that will happen? Your class ends at the end of

the week, and if anything goes wrong,
you just go to college, or get a job,
and move on.

Chloe:

I don't know. I've never really
considered it until this year. Kinda
scares me to be honest. I don't want
anything to change, but at the same
time I want everything to.

Lady Preceptor 2:

Chloe, life's too short to let fear get
in the way. Just look into your heart
and you'll find the answer. You can
never be angry if you do that.

Chloe:

Yeah, I guess so.

The alarm rings.

Chloe:

Sweet. Number eleven.

Automated alarm:

Engine 22, Ambulance 26, Tower 7,
Ambulance 56, Tower 5, Engine 52,
Battalion Chief 2, Battalion Chief 7,
Battalion Chief 9. Rescue. Intersection
of Ellicott National Pike and Dorsett
Road.

Lady Preceptor 2:

Holy shit!

Lady Preceptor 1:

Damn, we got ourselves an AHOD.

Lady Preceptor 2:

This day just got interesting.

Chloe:

What's an AHOD?

Lady Preceptor 1:

All hands of deck.

97. INT. CRUMBLED COTTAGE- DAY.

FADE TO BLACK. You can faintly hear people shouting. The screen starts to get hazy. You see that this is POV Kevin. He sees beams of light through the cracks. He is face up, and sees wood everywhere. POV ends. Kevin has cuts on his face, including a large one on his forehead. His right leg is pinned underneath a large chunk of wood. He tries to escape but can't. The biker girl is to his left, almost out of reach. She has some medium sized pieces of wood on her, but nothing too heavy. Kevin lifts his head up, but coughs due to the dust.

Miller:

KEVIN! Kevin! Can you hear me?

Kevin:

Yeah. . .

Miller:

Don't worry Kevin. We're gonna get you out of there.

98. EXT. RANDOM STREET- DAY.

You see the cottage is still standing, but it is tilted heavily to one side, and looks like it's about to come all down at any minute. There is a few more police squad cars, ambulance 26, engine 21, and battalion chief two on scene now, but you can hear a lot of sirens in the distance. Battalion Chief Miller, who was driving Battalion Chief 2, a balding man in his 50s, walks towards Miller and Thompson.

Battalion Chief Roberts:

What the hell happened?

Thompson:

Our ride-along is trapped in the building there. He spotted someone's bike over there in the grass and walked over to it. Once he was there he spotted its rider in the building. He

walked over to check on them and then the building collapsed. He's conscious and talking to us now, but we can't see him.

Battalion Chief Roberts:

What's his name?

Miller:

Kevin. Kevin Starr.

B.C. Roberts walks over towards the cottage. He looks up and inspects it for a second. He then kneels down close to the front of it.

Battalion Chief Roberts:

Hello, Kevin? Can you hear me?

Kevin (O.S.):

Yes sir.

Battalion Chief Roberts:

Hello Kevin. My name is Tim Roberts. I'm the Battalion Chief over at station 2. How are you?

Kevin (O.S.):

I'm ok I guess. My head is killing me, so I might have a concussion, but I'm awake and talking to you, so that's good, right?

Battalion Chief Roberts:

Absolutely. Can you move at all?

99. INT. COLLAPSED COTTAGE- DAY.

Switch to Kevin. He tries to wiggle free, but his leg is pinned pretty well.

Kevin:

No, my leg is pinned pretty badly. I can't move it at all.

Battalion Chief Roberts (O.S.):

I was told that you ran into the house because you found the rider of the bike. Are they still with you?

Kevin:

Yeah, a young girl. She's lying right next to me. She's injured pretty severely, so we need to get her out soon.

Battalion Chief Roberts (O.S.):

Don't worry Kevin, we'll get both of you out soon.

100. EXT. RANDOM STREET- DAY.

Switch to the above ground. B.C. Roberts turns to Miller and Thompson.

Battalion Chief Roberts:

Alright, I want both of you to stand by with him. If anything changes let me know. I'm going to see if I can organize a rescue squad.

B.C. Roberts walks towards the street. Thompson kneels down towards the hole.

Thompson:

Oh, Kevin, you just had to be the hero. Trying to get on that six o'clock news.

Kevin (O.S.):

Yeah, well, what can I say? I'm an attention whore.

101. INT. COLLAPSED COTTAGE- DAY.

Camera switches to below ground. Kevin looks at the young girl. He sits up and reaches towards the young lady. He can reach her easily. He throws the wood off of her. He hears, and feels the building quiver with the last piece of wood he throws. He looks up and waits a few seconds to make sure nothing else happens. He then proceeds to very slowly drag the young lady towards him. He checks a pulse.

Kevin:

Hey Thompson.

Thompson (O.S.):

Yeah?

Kevin:

I still have a pulse on the lady. . .
She's got a decent sized chunk of wood
impaled in her lower right quadrant.
Blood is oozing out of it.

Thompson (O.S.):

Alright. I take it you don't have any
gauze or cravats down there. Just apply
pressure around the impaled wood with
your gloved hands.

Kevin puts his hands around the wood, forming a triangle, and
pushes down. He hears the lady moan.

102. EXT. RANDOM STREET- DAY.

Switch to above ground. You see Miller walk over to B.C. Roberts
and the group of firefighters in a circle. He is talking to two
EMTs when Miller walks up

Battalion Chief Roberts:

Alright you guys can head back to 5. I
don't think we'll need more than one
rig.

You see the two EMTs nod and walk towards Ambulance 56, as
Ambulance 26 pulls up.

Battalion Chief Roberts (cont'd):

We'll have to cancel 26 as well then.

Miller:

I wouldn't.

Everyone turns to look at her.

Miller (cont'd):

Our ride along just told us that the
biking victim is still alive, so we may

need 26 just in case she's still alive when we get them out.

Battalion Chief Roberts:

Right. They can stay then. (To everyone) Alright so the issue we still have is how do we excavate the victim..victims, from the basement of the cottage, without floors one and two collapsing in in itself. That building is pre-Civil war. The only reasons it's still standing is because of how old, and historic it is.

Battalion Chief Roberts:

So it is just one heavy gust away from toppling. So, how do we get them out?

Firefighter 1:

We could get the crane truck down and piece by piece start picking the pieces up one by one.

Firefighter 2:

That wouldn't work. You ever play KerPunk? Pull one piece of wood out and you don't know if that's the one that sends the marbles down. We just need to drill a hole big enough to drag the two of them out.

Miller:

It's not that simple. One of them has his leg pinned by falling debris. We wouldn't be able to pull him through any hole unless we address that debris. Plus I don't think the building is stable enough to do any drilling.

Chloe, Lady Preceptor 1, and Lady Preceptor 2 walk towards the scene.

Lady Preceptor 1:

What do we got, good sir?

Battalion Chief Roberts:

A ride-along and a biker struck by a car are at the bottom of that collapsed building. Trying to brainstorm how to excavate them.

Chloe:

Ride-along? (A beat) From what station?

Miller looks at Chloe.

Miller:

Oh shit.

Battalion Chief Roberts:

Nine.

Miller:

Chloe, wait!

Chloe ignores Miller, and looks up towards the building, as if someone had just told her that he parents died. She takes off running for the building. Millers grabs her, but Chloe elbows Miller in the nose. Miller falls to the ground.

Miller:

Wait! BRODY GRAB HER!

Thompson turns around and lifts Chloe off her feet. She starts kicking and elbowing him.

Thompson:

Quit it!

Miller jogs up to them, nose bleeding.

Miller:

Listen, Chloe. Kevin is alright. He's just caved in. We're planning to get him out.

Chloe relaxes, and looks up at Miller, a few tears on her face.

Chloe:

He's alive?

Miller:

Yes. He's fine for right now. They're going to work as quickly as possible to get him out.

Chloe:

Let go of me.

Thompson releases. Chloe turns towards the building.

Chloe:

Can he hear me?

Miller:

Yes. Just don't touch the-

Chloe:

KEVIN! KEVIN! Can you hear me?

INTERCUT Random Street/Collapsed Cottage

Kevin:

Chloe?

She gives a very emotional laugh.

Chloe:

What did you do?

Kevin:

Oh nothing. Just saving a life.

Chloe (O.S.):

Someone else is down there?

Kevin:

Yeah, a woman. She's badly injured, so hopefully they get us out soon.

Chloe (O.S.):

Are you ok.

Kevin:

So much hurts right now, that you're going to have to duct tape me to my

chair tomorrow for the exam, just so I can stay up.

Chloe:

Even trapped at the bottom of a caved in building, you are still thinking about the State Boards tomorrow. You're insane.

Kevin:

No, that's focused. Eye on the prize, eye on the prize. I've been through too much shit to get here for a collapsed building to stop me from taking that test.

Chloe:

'Cause fear does no one good, right?

Kevin:

Exactly. You have a textbook handy? We can go over some chapters while we wait.

END INTERCUT

103. EXT. RANDOM STREET- DAY.

We see B.C. Roberts walk towards them. Thompson walks over to him first.

Battalion Chief Roberts:

She has got to go.

Thompson:

Sir, I wouldn't. She's calming him down real well. Things can get very panic-y if you're in a death trap, so as long as she distracts him from the situation, she should stay.

B.C. Roberts takes a few seconds to think

Battalion Chief Roberts:

She better not get in the way then, otherwise your ass is on the line.

Thompson:

Understood. So what are we doing?

Battalion Chief Roberts:

So as I understand, the woman is in critical condition and not trapped under anything. We're gonna get her out first by drilling a hole down to them, and then pulling her out. After that we'll see what we got with Kevin, and then plan his excavation.

Thompson:

You think the structure can support you drilling into it?

Battalion Chief Roberts:

We have no idea. We'll go slow and strategic with the hole. It'll be at least an hour before we get everything prepped for it though, so hopefully nothing changes for the worse.

Battalion Chief Roberts walks toward the street. Thompson turns to Chloe and Miller.

Miller:

So what's the plan?

Thompson:

They're gonna drill a hole and get the woman out, and then see what they have with Kevin before they do anything with him. You hear that Kevin?

Kevin (O.S.):

Yeah I heard it? How long?

Thompson:

About an hour.

Kevin (O.S.):

Going to be cutting in close. She's gonna be in rough shape in an hour.

Thompson:

Just keep holding pressure and let us know if anything changes.

Chloe:

Sorry if I hurt you. It's just Kevin and I have been best friend since we were five, so it's hard to restrain yourself when you think your best friend just died.

Thompson:

Don't worry about it. You can just bring a cake to the fire house next shift to make up for it.

Miller:

An ice cream cake.

Thompson:

An ice cream cake.

Kevin (O.S.):

Well, fuck. If you get me out I'll bring you a cake every shift you have for the rest of the year.

Chloe kneels down to expect the collapsed building in front of her.

Chloe:

It looks if we could just move this one piece of wood there we might be able to see them.

Chloe places her hand on the wood

Thompson:

STOP!

The building starts to shake, and a chunk of the chimney break off and lands in the grass to the left of the building. Everything calms back down and you see Chloe exhale loudly.

Miller:

It's don't touch the building. Do you understand?

Chloe nods.

104. INT. CRUMBLED COTTAGE- DAY.

CUT TO BLACK. Camera cuts back to below ground. It is clear that this is Kevin's POV, and that he just opened his eyes. You hear him exhale. He looks up and sees a lot of dust trickling down from above. Follow the dust down onto the woman's face. She coughs. Kevin stares at her. She opens her eyes.

Kevin:

Can you hear me?

Chloe (O.S.):

Kevin! Kevin are you there?

The woman's eyes focus on Kevin.

Annabel:

Where am I?

Chloe (O.S.):

KEVIN! Kevin, answer me!

Kevin:

(To the sky) I'm fine! (To the woman)
We're trapped under a collapsed
building. What's your name?

Annabel:

Annabel.

Kevin:

That's a pretty name. I'm Kevin.

Annabel:

Is that you pushing on my stomach?

Annabel's hands move towards her stomach and they hit the wood?

Annabel (cont'd):

Wha-What is that? Get off me!

Annabel starts to squirm. Kevin keeps his hands where they are though. You hear a piece of wood snap above them.

Kevin:

You have to calm down. If you don't
this building could collapse. You have
a piece of wood impaled in your

stomach. If I move then you could start to bleed out.

Annabel is still having a panic attack.

Annabel:

No, no, no I can't. I have to get out of here. I can't be stuck down here. You have to get off of me, I have to leave.

Kevin:

You have to stop Annabel. Look at me. She is still squirming. Kevin sternly says.

Kevin (cont'd):

Look at me!

Annabel turns and looks at Kevin, tears in her eyes.

Kevin (cont'd):

There you go. Now we're going to take a deep breath together on three, ok? Can you do that?

Annabel nods.

Kevin (cont'd):

1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . .

They both take deep breaths.

Kevin (cont'd):

There you go. That's better. You're not alone. We're not alone. The fire department is right outside, on the street trying to get us out. (To the sky) Hey Chloe.

Chloe:

What?

Kevin:

Just making sure you were there. (To Annabel) That's Chloe. And there are dozens more up there that can help us.

Annabel:

I'm scared.

Kevin looks up for a second and then whispers...

Kevin:

You want to know a secret? I'm scared too. They teach you how to save a life, and how to run towards the danger, but they don't teach you how to deal with what comes next. They don't teach you what happens when someone dies, or what happens when someone with terror in their eyes, looks at you for help, and you can't do anything. They don't teach you what to do if a building collapses on you, and you're injured and trapped. Not knowing is the scariest part. (A pause) But let's learn together.

Annabel:

Are you alright?

Kevin:

I'll be fine. They just need to get this wood off of me. How about you though. You got hit by a car, and went flying into a building. I gotta be honest I didn't expect you to be anywhere near fine when I found you.

Annabel:

My mother said to have faith in God, and he'd protect me. And to always wear a helmet.

Kevin laughs.

Kevin:

Smart lady. Since we're stuck down here for a little while long, why don't we get to know each other?

Miller (O.S.):

Keep her talking Kevin.

Kevin:

She wants you to keep talking as well.

Annabel:

Alright. I'm twenty three. I'm just in town to visit my mom before I head off to Europe on Friday. I'm guessing that's not happening now.

Kevin:

Nonsense. You'll be out of the hospital in plenty of time for your flight.

Annabel:

Let's hope. What about you?

Kevin:

I'm eighteen. Still in high school, and I'm here because I'm an EMT ride-along.

Annabel:

So you're not even a real EMT?

Kevin:

Nope. But I'm the best that you have down here.

Overhead you can hear a helicopter approaching.

105. INT. STARR FAMILY HOME- DAY.

You see Mrs. Starr walk in the front door of the house carrying a grocery bag.

Mrs. Starr:

Are you two still up?

No response. Mrs. Starr walks into the kitchen. She looks over and sees Kacie and Stella staring at the TV.

Mrs. Starr (cont'd):

Anyway, Stella you remember Jane Sweller's mom right?

No response.

Mrs. Starr (cont'd):

Well I ran into her at the store and she was just going on and on about her job with the board of education. Apparently she's head of the county's guidance counselors, or something like that. I told her you just got your BSW and she said that the county is soon looking to hire some social workers. How does that sound?

No response. Mrs. Starr walks towards the family room.

Mrs. Starr:

Are you even listening to me?

No response. Mrs. Starr turns to the TV. It is a live feed breaking news report of the accident that Kevin is the victim off.

TV Anchor:

Little details are yet known, only that there is one fatality and that traffic is at a standstill. There are reports out there that a member of the Fire department is trapped in that building.

Mrs. Starr:

I don't understand.

Kacie:

Hush. Wait for it.

Kacie points to the TV. A camera crew is right in front of a police line, having an interview.

Kacie:

Alright pause!

Stella hits a button on the remote. Kacie walks up to the TV. The TV shows an unobstructed view of the house and of Miller, Thompson, and Chloe a few feet from it.

Kacie:

I don't know about you guys, but that looks a lot like Chloe.

Stella:

Oh shit, it is her. You were right.
I'll record this, and we'll show her
this later. I wonder if Kevin's there.

Kacie:

Call him.

Stella takes out her phone, presses a few buttons, and puts it
to her ear.

Mrs. Starr:

He won't answer if he's at the scene.
It's unprofessional.

Stella:

Yeah no answer. What time is it?

Mrs. Starr:

Almost eleven.

Stella:

Alright I'm going to take a nap then.
Don't make dinner because the two of us
and Kevin are going out for dinner.

Stella walks out. Kacie is still looking at the TV.

Kacie:

Something just feels wrong with this
thing. I don't know what it is. I guess
I'll go take a nap too. If we're not up
by 3, wake us up.

106. EXT. STREET OF ACCIDENT- DAY.

We see a group of men guide a WELL DRILL towards the cottage.
The drill is very long, about twenty feet, and lean. It looks
like something you'd drill into concrete.

Thompson:

What the fuck is this?

Battalion Chief Roberts:

Our plan.

You see Thompson look up in astonishment at the tall drill.

Thompson:

That building would collapse if you turned that drill on from the street. No way is it going to drill a hole down to them without shaking the building further off its foundation.

Battalion Chief Roberts:

That's why we're bringing two cranes in to latch onto the top of the building, relieving some of the stress off the weakened supports.

Thompson:

We're the fuck is that in the protocol manual?

Battalion Chief Roberts:

None of this is in the protocol manual. Usually we don't have two live bodies to rescue in a collapsed building or cave in. It's almost always a recovery.

Thompson:

How do they get people out in mining tunnels when they are trapped?

Battalion Chief Roberts:

Mountains are much stronger than this building. You can drill into a mountain for hours and not worry about it collapsing. Right now we're trying to rescue people from the bottom of the ocean without getting wet. (A pause) The cranes should arrive momentarily.

Battalion Chief Roberts turns and goes to talk to someone guiding the drill. Thompson turns his head and sees Chloe staring at him, with a look of defeat. Thompson has the same look.

107. INT. CRUMBLED COTTAGE- DAY.

Kevin is still holding pressure on Annabel's stomach. You can hear Kevin's phone vibrate in his pocket.

Annabel:

Aren't you going to answer it?

Kevin:

What, and take my hands of your gorgeous body? Not a chance?

You see Annabel smile.

Annabel:

It's just, you never know when the last time you'll speak to your loved ones will be. I-

Kevin:

Well then it's a good thing this is not the last time I'll speak to them.

Annabel:

You're not in control of that.

Kevin takes a second. He sounds afraid.

Kevin:

Not like this. I don't plan on dying in the basement of some building that should have been torn down decades ago.

Kevin (cont'd):

I may not have control, but damn it, if that happens . . . then what's the point, ya know?

Annabel:

Be joyful in hope, patient in affliction, and faithful in prayer. Romans 12:12.

Kevin:

I've always wanted a friend that could recite bible verses at will. Say what you will, but it's a talent.

Annabel:

Be serious. We just have to be patient,
and the lord will answer our prayers.

Kevin:

I've never been of a prayer.

Annabel:

It's never too late.

Thompson (O.S.):

Alright guys. It's show time.

Kevin's phone vibrates again.

Annabel:

You don't want to leave this world
without telling people what they meant
to you.

108. EXT. RIGHT OUTSIDE THE COTTAGE- DAY.

You see two cranes placed at opposite sides of the house. The well drill is angled towards the basement, and everyone not working the machines is watching. Lady Preceptor 1 and Lady Preceptor 2 have their stretcher prepped for Annabel.

Battalion Chief Roberts:

(Into a walky)

Alright. We want to hook the crane onto
the building, and pull out all the
slack, and nothing more. I do not want
to see any part of the building move an
inch. On my go.

Battalion Chief Roberts aims a thumbs up towards someone on the street, who returns a thumbs up.

Battalion Chief Roberts (cont'd):

Go.

The cranes arms move almost simultaneously towards the top of the building. Both aim for the window frames. Both hooks are in the building, via the window. Very slowly the drawstring of the cranes move and pull the hook up. They stop when the hook is embedded in the window frame. Everyone holds their breath at

once. The building does not move. They have provided some stabilization.

Battalion Chief Roberts:

(Into his walky)

Nice job boys. Alright prep the drill.

Miller goes towards the building.

Miller:

Alright Kevin, they successfully have the cranes in place. Now they're going to start drilling. I need both of you to cover your eyes and look away from the ceiling. It's going to get very dusty and splintery.

109. INT. COLLAPSED COTTAGE- DAY.

Annabel unclips her helmet strap, and removes her helmet. She places it on Kevin's head.

Annabel:

You need this more than I do.

This is the first time Kevin's really looked at Annabel's face. She really is gorgeous, and has long auburn hair, and deep blue eyes.

Kevin:

I'll see you on the other side.

110. EXT. RIGHT OUTSIDE THE COTTAGE- DAY.

You see Battalion Chief Roberts give the drill operator a thumbs up. You hear the drill start.

Miller:

This is a horrible idea.

Chloe:

Have faith.

The drill starts to move forward towards the cottage. It makes contact and you hear an uncomfortable grinding sound. The building does not move.

111. INT. COLLAPSED COTTAGE- DAY.

Cut to Kevin and Annabel. There is a lot of dust and splinters coming down from above. Annabel's eyes are closed, but she is saying a prayer. The ground is vibrating. All of a sudden a drill comes punching through from an angle above Kevin. It moves forward slightly before stopping.

112. EXT. RIGHT OUTSIDE THE COTTAGE- DAY.

Drill operator:

We're through! Shutting off drill.

You can hear the motor start to die down.

Drill operator (cont'd):

Pulling drill out.

Slowly you see the drill come out of the cottage. About four feet of the drill was used.

Drill operator (cont'd):

Backing drill up.

You see the drill slowly start to pull back from the fresh hole. Chloe, and Miller run over to the hole. Chloe gets there first. She looks inside. She sees someone with a biking helmet on about five feet below. The hole has a diameter of about three feet. Just big enough for someone to crawl through.

Chloe:

Kevin! Look up!

Kevin turns his head to look up, knocking the unfastened helmet off his head. He sees Chloe, and a bright light.

Kevin:

Ah, too bright.

Chloe steps aside and Miller is now looking down the hole.

Miller:

You look terrible. How are you guys?

Kevin:

I'm fine.

Kevin turns to Annabel.

Kevin (cont'd):

And you?

Annabel:

Fine.

Kevin:

(To Miller)

We're both fine.

Miller:

Good. Alright Kevin, they're going to send someone down to get Annabel out. Then they'll see your situation and plan how to get you out.

Kevin:

Sounds good. (To Annabel) Ready to go to Europe?

Annabel:

So very ready.

From above you can hear someone coming through the hole. Kevin looks up and sees a man, in full fire turnout gear, making his way carefully down. He has a rope attached to his turnout coat.

Rescuer:

How are you two?

Kevin:

We're fine. She's just waiting for her knight in shining armor.

Rescuer:

Here he comes! Alright so are you trapped or pinned under anything Miss?

Annabel:

No, I can move.

Rescuer:

And I see that wood impalement there.

The Rescuer turns to look at the hole.

Rescuer:

It shouldn't be a problem. Alright miss
I'm just going to lift you up and then
set you down on that backboard that is
behind me in the hole.

Kevin turns his head and sees a long spine backboard in the
hole.

Rescuer (cont'd):

Alright, are you ready?

Annabel nods. The rescuer gets into position to lift Annabel.

Rescuer (cont'd):

Ok on three. One, two, three.

The rescuer lifts Annabel up and Kevin releases his hands. The
rescuer is on his knees, crouched down, and just shuffles
towards the hole. He extends Annabel onto the backboard and
slides her up.

Rescuer:

Hold onto the backboard. (To the
street) Alright pull her out.

Annabel:

(To Kevin)

Always have faith.

Annabel was pulled up, and out of the hole. And then she was
gone. The rescuer stayed down the hole. He turned to Kevin and
expected his predicament. Kevin, finally not having to hold
pressure, sat flat on his back.

Rescuer:

Well, you are jammed in here pretty
good. I have a few ideas that I'll go
run by the group and see what we can
come up with. I'll keep you posted.

The rescuer grabbed Kevin's hand, and looked at him.

Rescuer:

Hang in there.

And he left. Kevin takes off his bloody gloves and gets his
phone out of his pocket. He sees he has two missed calls from

Stella. He stares at his phone for a few seconds and calls Stella.

Kevin:

Hey Stella. Just calling to let you know I won't be able to make it for dinner later. You and Kacie have fun without me and I love you two.

Kevin ends the message, and puts his phone in his pocket when he looks up and sees Thompson.

Thompson:

I don't like phone conversations that end that way.

Kevin:

How do you know I'm not one to always end phone conversations with "I love you?"

Thompson:

Who are you trying to fool? Today is not the day you say your goodbyes, you hear me? It will be in seventy years, warm in your bed with your family surrounding you saying their goodbyes.

Kevin:

We can't control that.

Thompson:

No, but we'll be damned if we don't believe we can.

Kevin:

Unyielding stubbornness is part of being human I guess. So how long until I'm out of here?

Thompson:

I heard a few hours. So looks like we'll have some time to talk.

113. TIME PASSING SCENE.

Cut to a shot of the sun in the sky at its highest point, aka 12 noon. Then cut to a tree with no apparent shadow. Then have a fast forward shot of the tree where a shadow slowly appears to the right of the tree.

114. INTERCUT CRUMBLED COTTAGE/RANDOM STREET- DAY.

Chloe and Kevin are talking. Chloe has a textbook.

Chloe:

Alright, what drug always require
medical consult?

Kevin sits up and his hands are shaking. His forehead is drenched in sweat and his face is drained of its color. He brings his hands over to his trapped leg and rips his pants at the lowest point that he can. His leg is very swollen and you can see it pulsating.

Chloe:

Kevin, did you hear me?

Kevin:

Activated Charcoal.

Chloe:

Correct. Alright you ask a question
now.

Kevin:

What is compartment syndrome and what
are its symptoms.

Chloe:

Compartment Syndrome? Oh, I know this.
It's when pressure builds up in a part
of the body, usually due to it being
crushed. Symptoms are an aching pain,
swelling, and a pins and needle
sensation.

Kevin:

Good. What happens if it goes
untreated?

Chloe:

Uhh, death I believe.

Kevin lays flat on his back. He looks to his left and sees a wooden beam slowly start to splinter up, as if it's about to explode. He looks up and sees that the only thing keeping the first and second floors in place is a few floor boards above, buckling under the weight. He closes his eyes tightly.

Kevin:

Correct. (A beat) Chloe I don't think I'm going to make it.

That got Chloe's attention. She stuck her head in the hole very quickly and just looked at Kevin.

Chloe:

You shut your mouth. You remove every thought like that from your head right this instant, and you think rainbows and waterfalls and shit like that, got it?

Kevin just stares into space, as if he didn't hear Chloe.

Kevin:

What's the worst that could happen? (A weak laugh) I said that to you after orientation last summer. What's the worst that could happen? (A stronger laugh) Only now can I fully appreciate the naivety of that statement. If I could go back in time I'd slap myself in the face for that. If you could go back would you do it again?

Chloe is starting to tear up.

Chloe:

Do what again?

Kevin:

This. All of this, the entire experience.

Chloe:

Knowing what I know now?

Kevin:

Especially what you know now.

Chloe:

In a heartbeat. The last eight months in this class with you have been some of the best in my life. I wouldn't trade any of it for anything.

Kevin:

Always remember that.

Chloe:

Kevin stop it. You're freaking me out. Here, I think I can get down there. I just have-

Kevin:

Don't do it Chloe.

Chloe:

No, no. I'm tired of sitting around waiting. I'll be down in a minute.

Kevin:

Alright, alright. Before you do, can you go in ambulance 96 and get me my cell phone. I need to call Stella and tell her I won't be making dinner tonight.

Chloe's face looks puzzled.

Chloe:

Uhh, sure. I'll be back in a minute.

Chloe walks away. Kevin hears more splintering, and feels more shaking. Kevin reaches in his back pocket and pulls out a bunch of gloves. He takes one. He reaches into a front pocket and pulls out a pen. He writes something on the glove.

115. INT. AMBULANCE 96- DAY.

Cut to Chloe opening the door to the ambulance, and looking around for a phone.

116. INT. CRUMBLED COTTAGE- DAY.

Cut back to below ground. Thompson appears in the hole.

Thompson:

Hey man. How you holding up.

Kevin:

Hey Thompson. . . Brody, promise me one thing.

Thompson:

Sure. What is it?

Kevin:

Promise me you never forget why you became an EMT

Thompson:

Excuse me?

Kevin:

You're a gifted EMT, and a great person. The world needs more of you. After today, promise me you'll always see that, and that you won't run away again.

Thompson:

This sounds like a goodbye.

Kevin:

And please make sure Chloe stays the course, and completes the program, no matter how torn apart she is after today.

Thompson:

Kevin, they're almost ready to get you..

Kevin:

Just promise me that!

Thompson:

Ok, Kevin, I promise.

There is a chain reaction of very loud snaps from above.

Thompson:

(To the street) Let's hurry it up! (To Kevin) I can't let this happen. I won't. It will not end like this.

Kevin:

You've done all you can.

Thompson:

NO! Just hold still. They'll get you.

More loud snaps. The building starts to shift. Kevin reaches up and grabs Thompson's hand with both of his.

Kevin:

Until next time, my friend.

Thompson looks at Kevin, tears welling up in his eyes. Kevin releases Thompson's hand.

The building suddenly starts to crumble for good. Miller runs and pulls Thompson out of the hole, and away from the house. The second floor caves in on the first, and the first caves in on the basement. The building is no more, just a giant mound of rubble.

117. SHOTS OF THE IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN KEVIN'S LIFE.

Cut between these shots, no sound:

Mr. Broman is at a desk, typing on a computer.

Kacie and Stella are at a restaurant, having a good time.

Mrs. Starr is watching a TV show.

Annabel is on an operating table.

Kate Prestman is feeding her baby in his highchair.

Chloe is on her knees seeing if Kevin's phone fell under the seat in the back. You see her stop, get up, and walk towards the ambulance door. She stops in the doorway and looks at what just

happened with horror on her face. She walks towards the scene, camera never showing the collapsed cottage. Miller walks over to Chloe, but she waves her off with her hand. Finally the camera turns to the cottage. It's gone, all collapsed. Debris is everywhere. Chloe looks over at Thompson. He's sitting on his butt, leaning back on his elbows, in a defeated way. He turns to Chloe, eyes red, and tears down his face. Chloe walks over to him and sits right beside him, and leans on him. Thompson extends his hand to Chloe. There is a glove on it. She grabs it, un-crumple it, and reads it:

Chloe,

Always be exceptional.

Love Kevin.

She turns to Thompson, and then back at the glove. They cry together.

118. INT. STREET OF ACCIDENT- DUSK.

Later Chloe, now with a blanket around her shoulders, is sitting on the ground, leaning against ambulance 96, tight grasping the message glove.

119. INT. ENDING SCENE FLASHBACK- DAY.

Cut to earlier in the day. Kevin and Chloe are in his car.

Chloe:

Alright. Shall we take a moment to plead with God to allow two of his children to get hurt, so that we may both get our tenth calls?

Kevin:

I think your mean plead with Satan.

Chloe:

If that's what it takes.

Kevin laugh.

Kevin:

Relax, we'll get ten. Just think, we get certified in three days, graduate

high school in a few weeks, apply for a career as EMTs-

Chloe:

After I file harassment against Delmonico.

Kevin:

Yes after that, and then..

Chloe:

And then we be the preceptors for some poor souls.

Kevin:

Ha! We'd be the greatest duo ever. And then after that we spend years rising the ranks. Maybe get our paramedic license.

Chloe:

And then why don't we just be the bosses. We're going to run this county one day.

Kevin:

No, you'll be running this county.

Chloe:

Well, yes, but you can be my. . . secretary or something.

FADE TO WHITE.

