

SIRENS

"PILOT"

Written by

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&

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Based on the British show "Sirens"

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ACT ONE

EXT. BREAKFAST BISTRO - CHICAGO - MORNING

Chock full of hipsters - the staff and the clientele. At an outdoor table sits HANK - 32, black, handsome, wearing his EMT outfit. Sipping an espresso from a tiny cup and eating a plate of sliced apples. Here comes JOHNNY - 32, white, rugged good looks. Not happy right now:

JOHNNY

Ya gotta be shittin' me.

HANK

My day to pick - I picked a bistro.
Thought you'd like the chicks.

JOHNNY

Which ones are the chicks?

HANK

Every day it's your turn, you pick
some depressing old diner where
they pour sadness over your
pancakes and the youngest chick in
the place is 87 years old.

An incredibly cute waitress drops off some honey and brown sugar. Her beauty is affected only by a long ugly serpent tattoo that stretches all the way down one arm. She exits.

JOHNNY

As opposed to that chick - who
looks like she's about to star in
The Girl With The Douchebag Tattoo.
I like sad pancakes and I like my
sad pancakes served by someone sad
who got their tattoo either in the
Marines or the holocaust and I like
to get both my lonely coffee and my
tragic pancakes for less than 4
very happy dollars. How much did
you pay for that apple?

HANK

5 bucks. But it tastes like 10.
When's the last time you had a
piece of fruit?

JOHNNY

Is there fruit in Fruit Loops?

Hank knows Johnny like his own brother. Translates:

HANK

This ain't about the pancakes. This is about the guy who died on us yesterday.

JOHNNY

He was the same age as us, bro. Hit by a bus.

HANK

Dead on impact. Even though we worked on him for almost half an hour there was nuthin' we could do about it. Not a sad pancake deal.

JOHNNY

(looking off - lost)
Really puts things in perspective.

HANK

Check this perspective asshole: you got Daddy issues, which lead to your Mommy issues, which lead to your commitment issues - let's not throw a mortality grenade into that whole goddam mess.

JOHNNY

(long beat)
I miss her, man.

HANK

Omigod! This is about Theresa. I knew it! Ya wanna talk about perspective? Look at it from hers: she lived with a guy who showed more commitment to diners than he did to getting married. Tell ya one thing I don't miss: the screaming crazy arguments and the endless grudges and the constant breakups.

JOHNNY

I don't wanna die alone. Like that guy yesterday.

HANK

Okay then. Y'know what you should do? Get back together with her.

JOHNNY

Really?

HANK

Oh yeah. Guarantee you won't die alone.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

Cause the last thing you'll see
will be her standing over you
holding whatever weapon it was she
killed you with.

JOHNNY

Still can't believe she moved out.

HANK

Johnny - do not - I repeat do NOT
think about getting back together
with her. You can't get murdered
now. We got great seats for the
Cubs opener.

JOHNNY

I know. It's over. It's - done.

HANK

(a beat)
Ya need a moment?

JOHNNY

Yeah.

HANK

Tough shit. We got a new guy comin'
on the rig today and I heard he's
an ex-Navy Seal.

JOHNNY

Navy Seal. Shit. Do I look like I
been cryin'?

HANK

You were actually cryin'?

JOHNNY

(defensive)
No. Misty. I got misty.

INT. AMBULANCE/EXT. CHICAGO STREETS- LATER

Johnny drives, waiting for a call. Eating a jelly donut and
drinking his coffee. Hank rides shotgun. In the middle is the
new guy - BRIAN, mid-twenties. Short. Stocky. Blonde crew
cut. Bag of candy. Wide-eyed.

BRIAN

You guys want a Skittle?

Hank and Johnny exchange a look. No takers.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Wow. This is a regular lime Skittle
in a Wild Berry Skittle bag.
What're the odds?

HANK

I thought I read somewhere that you
were with the Navy Seals.

BRIAN

Navy? No no - EASTER seals.
Volunteered. This is so cool. First
day on the job. You guys Facebook?

JOHNNY

No I don't Facebook - matter a fact
I don't even read regular books. I
eat, I sleep, I save lives.

HANK

(sarcastic)

He's a very complicated man.

JOHNNY

Hey - I control technology,
technology does not control me.

HANK

Which means he can access online
porn from his phone WHILE he's
driving.

JOHNNY

Is there some fancy name for that?

HANK

Last time I checked it was still
called jerkin' off.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Chicago North 115 report of
overturned automobile corner of
North Shore Drive and West
Hawthorne. Driver trapped inside.

Hank responds and Johnny hits the gas as the sirens wail.

JOHNNY

Hang on Easter Seal - I know a
shortcut.

He pulls a 180, tires squealing, and just misses getting
slammed by a huge truck coming in one direction and a bus
headed in the other. Brian blesses himself.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Might wanna say a rosary too.

HANK

This comin' from a man who doesn't believe in God.

Johnny is driving like Jeff Gordon while almost nonchalantly eating his donut and slurping coffee.

JOHNNY

I never said I don't believe in God. I said I believe Michael Jordan is God.

HANK

Then why ain't you wearin' a Scottie Pippen medal on your collar instead of St. Jude?

JOHNNY

Who's complicated now, asshole?

Johnny speeds thru an intersection, barely avoiding cars and trucks coming from every direction.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Chicago North! Possible fuel leak on that auto.

JOHNNY

Like you don't download porn to your phone.

HANK

I try to keep my dick away from my phone. He always wants to call my ex.

EXT. W. HAWTHORNE AND NO. SHORE DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER

The ambulance screeches to a halt close by an overturned automobile. Several bystanders. No other emergency vehicles. The guys jump out. Don McLean's "AMERICAN PIE" is blaring from the overturned car's audio system.

JOHNNY

Got a fuel leak ready to spark.

He points out the leak - and the camera pans to reveal the DRIVER, unconscious and bleeding in the passenger foot well.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I'm goin' in.

Hank clears the remainder of broken glass from the window.

BRIAN

Aren't we supposed to wait for the fire department?

JOHNNY

Yup. Get the body board.

BRIAN

Especially when there's a chance
the vehicle could go up in flames?

JOHNNY

(crawling thru the
driver's side window)

Absolutely. But I can't stand this
goddam song. If it was The White
Stripes we'd wait. Now move your
easter bunny ass!

As Brian runs to the rig, Johnny snakes himself across the
front seat as Hank keeps an eye on him and the fuel leak.
Other sirens can be heard approaching.

HANK

Leak is gettin' heavy, bro. And
based on personal experience I
estimate there's another 14 verses
left in this crappy tune.

JOHNNY

Almost there.

He's squirming and struggling - seems close to reaching the
victim when: his hand reaches up and shuts off the car,
killing the engine and the music.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I dunno which was gonna explode
first, the car or my friggin' head.

He feels the guy's neck.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

He's alive.

HANK

Thank God. This coulda been so much
worse.

JOHNNY

How?

HANK

What if he liked Madonna?

Johnny and Hank pull the guy out. Just as they carry the guy
to safety, the back end of the car bursts into FLAMES.

TITLE CARD: SIRENS. Theme song. Credits.

EXT. W. HAWTHORNE AND NO. SHORE DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER

Cops and firefighters and ambulance personnel are on the scene. Hoses turned on, water fed, and shooting. Brian has the body board and Johnny and Hank have stabilized the victim's neck with a brace. As they strap him to the board, a Fire Lieutenant approaches.

JOHNNY

Where were you comin' from, Lard-ass? Milwaukee? We been here fifteen minutes already.

CHICAGO FIRE LT.

Bullshit, Farrell! I'm writin' you up again, numbnuts!

JOHNNY

Course you are. 'Cause all the rescue work is already over so only thing left is the paperwork.

Hank and Brian lift the boarded victim onto the gurney and roll him towards the back of their rig. Johnny brushes him off and helps Hank and Brian get the gurney in the back of the rig. Suddenly a gorgeous female cop, THERESA, and her equally gorgeous black male partner, DANNY, arrive at the ambulance back doors.

THERESA

Pissed off fire lieutenant, car in flames, victim already locked and loaded - figured it had to be Johnny and Hank. Guys, this is my new partner, Danny.

"Hey's" all around. Just a head nod from Johnny. Through the following, Hank and Brian secure the patient.

HANK

This is our new guy Brian. Brian - Theresa.

THERESA

How's it hangin' Bri?

BRIAN

Um - good.

THERESA

(to Danny)

Johnny's dad was a highly decorated Chicago fireman who retired as a hero a hundred times over but left his mother for a stripper when Johnny was thirteen.

(MORE)

THERESA (CONT'D)

Plus he fails the firefighter test every year which is more than likely a subconscious form of sabotage so he can stay in this job which he loves and does better than everyone else on the planet. Except Hank.

(Johnny is smiling)
What's funny.

JOHNNY

Nothing. She wasn't a stripper.

THERESA

Right. She was just a drunk who liked to take her clothes off in nightclubs where they serve steak.

HANK

(off the patient)
We're good to go here, bro!

As Johnny begins to close the doors, he notices Theresa carefully straightening Danny's badge. A telling moment of tenderness? Hank notices it too. As Theresa and Danny walk away - Hank looks right into Johnny:

HANK (CONT'D)

You alright?

Johnny appreciates the concern, pats Hank on the shoulder as a thank you gesture and BAM! slams the doors shut:

INT. AMBULANCE / EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

They fly through traffic, sirens and lights ablaze. Johnny drives as Hank finishes vitals on the guy and then asks Brian to hand him medical supplies, which Brian does as ordered:

HANK

Tape.
(to Johnny)
What're you smilin' about?

JOHNNY

She wouldn't have said all that stuff about me in front of what's-his-name unless she still cared about me. Obviously.

HANK

Cubs tickets, asshole.
(to Brian)

Gauze.
(back to Johnny)

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)
Alternative theory: she's shittin'
all over you as part of her secret
evil plan to get into her new
partner Denzel's pants.

BRIAN
Danny. I think it was Danny.

HANK
Denzel to me. The young hot Mo
Better Blues Denzel. Scissors.

JOHNNY
You think he looks like Denzel?

HANK
Devil In a Blue Dress dead ringer,
bro. Bandages.

Hank notices a cellphone on the gurney next to the victim.

HANK (CONT'D)
What's yer name, sir?

PETE
Pete.

HANK
Pete yer doin' great we're gonna
patch you up good and I got yer
cellphone here - who do you call in
case of emergency.

PETE
My brother. Listed under I.C.E.

HANK
In case of emergency. Nicely done
Pete - you win a safety gold star.

Hank hands the phone to Brian.

JOHNNY
Didn't look like Denzel to me.
Looked like Dennis Rodman.

Hank expertly dresses several wounds during the following:

HANK
That's 'cause yer lookin at him
thru angry ex-boyfriend
cockgoggles. Take it from me as
your best friend who's looking at
him thru single and extremely horny
gaygoggles - he's hot. Denzel
banging Hollywood bitches hot.
(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

(to Brian)

I'm gay by the way.

BRIAN

Oh.

HANK

You seem surprised.

BRIAN

No. Nope. Not at all. I just - I was - y'know, it's - just - um -

(giving up)

I'm surprised.

HANK

I know. I look like some normal guy you'd see at a Bears game, right? I am. Except I have a much deeper appreciation not just for how Brian Urlacher crushes quarterbacks but also for the way his ass looks in those tight stretchy pants. Ice pack.

(to Johnny)

Theresa's still yer ICE isn't she?

(no response)

Stupid goddam question.

BRIAN

(nervous conversation)

You know who I think is a good lookin' guy? Tim Tebow. Plus - he seems so nice.

HANK

Who's your ICE Brian?

BRIAN

My mom.

HANK

Your mom.

BRIAN

Well, she lives right upstairs.

JOHNNY

You still live with your mom?

BRIAN

No. She lives upstairs with my dad. I'm downstairs. Whole separate floor.

HANK

You got a girlfriend?

BRIAN

Had one. We just broke up. She got too clingy.

HANK

Yer girlfriend's too clingy, Tim Tebow's handsome, yer sporting - lemme guess -

(sniffs)

Something from the Calvin Klein family of colognes?

(his face says he is)

I got a better chance than you of gettin some pussy tonight 'n all I'm thinkin about is Denzel's lips.

JOHNNY

Can we stop calling him Denzel?

BRIAN

I thought he looked like a young, more muscle-y Harry Belafonte.

(catching himself)

That didn't come out right.

JOHNNY

How do you even know who Harry Belafonte is?

HANK

'Cause he's watching TV with his parents.

(then)

Pete - what day is this?

PETE

Thursday November 17th.

HANK

Who's the President?

PETE

Barack Obama.

HANK

And why was Bye Bye Miss American Pie playing on your car stereo?

PETE

I like that album.

Hanks shines a penlight into Pete's eyes. Seems concerned.

HANK

I'm gonna suggest the doctors drill a small hole in the base of your skull.

PETE

Because of the concussion?

HANK

Because we need to suck out all that horrible 70's music and replace it with some stuff from the century we are currently living in.

INT. HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

The guys blow through a set of doors, walking briskly.

HANK

Great driving Johnny - crash site to emergency room took us less than eight minutes.

BRIAN

That was amazing - all of it - the driving, the fire - BOOM! Wow!

HANK

Par for the course, dude. What we do every day.

BRIAN

It was incredible! Everything I dreamed about!

HANK

Scale of 1 to 10 I give it a 4. Johnny?

JOHNNY

(beat)

You really think he looks like Denzel?

Hank stops dead. Shakes his head. Exasperated.

HANK

Brian - go get us some Gatorades.

He hands a five dollar bill to Brian and indicates the vending machines down the hall.

BRIAN

You want Gatorade Prime, Gatorade Performance, or Gatorade Recover?

HANK

Let's go with - yellow.

Brian leaves.

JOHNNY

I know I know - Cubs tickets. I'm fine. Just - don't judge me - remember how long it took you to get over your breakup with Jeff The Chef?

HANK

Two days and a weekend trip to Miami.

JOHNNY

Which in gay man's time is like six goddam months.

HANK

So not cool bro.

JOHNNY

Its just - y'know - she was my everything. My roommate, my - my soulmate -

HANK

Your maid, your mommy...

JOHNNY

Uncool, man. And yeah, she's still my ICE.

HANK

Which is ridiculous. I removed Jeff the Chef as my ICE a week before I kicked his pretty ass out.

JOHNNY

Who's your ICE now?

HANK

Haven't decided.

JOHNNY

Know what we should do - forget girlfriends and boyfriends - we should be each other's ICE.

HANK

Ha! That's funny.

JOHNNY

What - I'm not good enough for you?

HANK

Listen - I want the person I call in a life and death situation to be someone special.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

Not the Jeff The Chef - who cheated on me with a busboy. Someone honest and true, who's gonna sit there and hold my hand and ease me through to the other side by leaning down and whispering into my ear - telling me how much they feel and care for me. And I want to leave this earth with one last touch of his loving lips brushing up against my cheek - saying - ever so softly - I love you Henry. And I shall continue to love you - always and forever.

JOHNNY

(a beat)

A busboy? Holy shit.

HANK

This is why I didn't tell you.

Hank turns to find Brian, holding three Gatorades, staring up at him. He's got tears in his eyes.

BRIAN

That was beautiful Hank. Really really - touching.

(re: the Gatorades)

They only had purple.

HANK

You wanna tell him?

JOHNNY

We're men Bri. We don't cry. Three exceptions. First-born kid, ending of "Field Of Dreams," the day Mike Ditka dies.

HANK

If that ever happens - God forbid.

JOHNNY

It's okay to get misty.

(to Hank)

Right?

HANK

(twisting the knife)

No. You can get misty if Ditka's wife dies before he does and you see him on ESPN talkin' about her and HE gets misty. Otherwise? Misty sounds really really gay.

BRIAN

Who's Ditka?

INT. GARAGE/AMBULANCE COMPANY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dispatch office. Several parked ambulances. A big garage door opens to a parking lot and another hospital building where the emergency transport helicopters land. The guys enter and are immediately greeted by MAC, female, late 50s, heavysset, the seen-it-all administrator of the Ambulance Company. She's almost a guy. And is sucking on a filterless Pall Mall hard enough to make it hum.

JOHNNY

What's up, Mac?

MAC

Listen, I got good news and bad news. The bad news is they're moving your parking again. Hospital bought a second rescue helicopter and they need the spaces for the new pilots.

JOHNNY

Typical.

MAC

Aren't you gonna ask me what the good news is?

HANK

You're down to four packs a day?

MAC

The new pilots are even hotter than the old ones.

JOHNNY

Who's that good news for?

MAC

Based on how many men are coming out of the closet these days? Probably Hank.

Mac indicates two female EMTs looking up at the pilots on the heli-pad with binoculars. One of the female EMTs is MOLLY, mid-twenties, pretty, an ex-college soccer player. The other is KEENA - black and hot as hell. Hank walks over and Keena hands him the binoculars.

KEENA

Gaydar time.

MAC

(to Brian)

We call him The Dick Whisperer.

HANK'S BINOCULAR POV: two handsome pilots pose next to their helicopter. Staring off.

HANK
(expertly, through the
binoculars)
Dammit.

MOLLY
What.

HANK
They're both straight.

BRIAN
How can you tell?

HANK
Grooming habits. Shoe care. And -
they can't stop starin' at the rack
on that red-headed nurse.

BINOCULAR POV moves to show her and her amazing tits. She starts to flirt with the pilots.

JOHNNY
These guys ain't shit. They fly in
they fly out. Don't even get their
hands dirty. Why does every chick
on earth have a thing for 'em?

KEENA
Okay, let me say a sentence: "I'm
dating a hot helicopter pilot." Now
let me say another sentence: "I'm
dating a hot ambulance driver."
Which sounds better?

MOLLY
Say the first one again.

KEENA
Hot - helicopter - pilot.

MOLLY
I'm wet.

HANK
Me too.

Mac has another huge coughing fit - sounds like a lung is coming up. Brian reacts. No one else does.

MOLLY
How's the first day, Brian?
Learning anything?

JOHNNY
I'll tell you what I learned. He
lives with his parents.

KEENA
Really?

BRIAN
Downstairs. I live downstairs.

KEENA
I'd love to live with my Dad. But
his place is really, really tiny.

BRIAN
One bedroom?

KEENA
Prison cell.

MOLLY
I could never live with my parents.

BRIAN
You don't get along?

MOLLY
We get along fine. I just have a
fear of masturbating within 15 feet
of my mom. You?

Brian is stuck. The alarm sounds.

HANK
(saving Brian)
Bri, you wanna run point on this
call?

BRIAN
You think I'm ready?

JOHNNY
Why not? You're brave enough to
beat off in your parents' basement.

Off Brian's speechless reaction to the girls:

INT. NICE APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

A MAN, 30s, with a towel around his waist is hunched over in
some pain facing the guys. The pain is in his ass. Lets call
him COKE BOTTLE GUY.

HANK

Sir, I know it might be your initial experience here but we get this call 4 or 5 times a year and I have to be honest - first time out? Guys rarely begin by sticking an entire coke bottle up their ass.

JOHNNY

Usually guys start with something smaller. You didn't have any zucchini or carrots?

COKE BOTTLE GUY

I have both, actually. It's just -

JOHNNY

Just what?

COKE BOTTLE GUY

I was planning on making some soup.

JOHNNY

Brian, examine the injury.

BRIAN

What.

JOHNNY

You wanted to run point. Take a look.

Brian blanches. Clears his throat. Crosses behind the guy. Deep breath. Tentatively lifts the towel. He bends over and shines his penlight up the guy's butt.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Well, Brian, whaddaya think?

BRIAN

It's up there. It's really - up there.

COKE BOTTLE GUY

I coulda told ya that! Can you get it out? I don't want to have to go to the hospital.

HANK

Not a problem. Bri - run down the rig and get the ColoVac 500. It's in the side storage tank.

Brian rushes out.

COKE BOTTLE GUY
Wow. The ColoVac 500. Sounds
powerful. Is it gonna hurt?

JOHNNY
It's gonna hurt a lot. Mainly
because it doesn't exist.

COKE BOTTLE GUY
But he just ran like a bat out of
hell as soon as you said the name.

HANK
He's new. And we're paramedics,
sir. Even if there was a device
that sucked soda bottles out of The
Place We Dare Not Go - our budget
wouldn't include it.

JOHNNY
We barely get dental. Never mind
anal.

INT. - MOVING AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Sirens wailing. Lights ablaze. Johnny drives.

COKE BOTTLE GUY (O.S.)
Ow! Slower!

JOHNNY
Okay okay!

EXT. - CHICAGO STREET - CONTINUOUS

WIDE ANGLE shows the ambulance is literally moving at about 7
mph. Cars and trucks speed past. Some cars backed up behind
it, beeping their horns as Johnny waves them to go around.

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Hank sits in the back, bored as Brian reassures the guy,
who's laying on the gurney with his knees up, moaning and
breathing heavily. ANGLE ON JOHNNY: as he hears the Whoop
Whoop of a police car, Theresa and Danny pull up alongside
the ambulance.

THERESA
You realize you're doing literally
seven miles an hour?

JOHNNY
Yeah. Got a guy in the back with a
coke bottle jammed up his keister.

THERESA

Wow. What is it with men wanting to put stuff in their rear ends?

JOHNNY

Askin' the wrong guy. You lived with me almost two years - did I ever get anything stuck up my ass?

THERESA

You mean besides your own head?

Danny laughs hard and heavy at that until he notices Johnny's not laughing-- he's glaring at him. And she speeds off. Johnny's pissed. Sees a giant pothole ahead - and gets an idea. He purposely drives right over it - making the entire rig slam down and rumble up.

COKE BOTTLE GUY (O.S.)

Ahh!

IN THE BACK: the coke bottle rolls off the gurney and across the floor of the rig.

COKE BOTTLE GUY (CONT'D)

Hey - it came out!

HANK

Nice drivin' bro!

JOHNNY

Laws of gravity.

HANK

Should we drop you at home, buddy, or would you like us to take you to the supermarket?

COKE BOTTLE GUY

Supermarket? What for?

HANK

Get your deposit back.

INT. SANDWICH JOINT - LATER THAT DAY

The guys have ordered sandwiches and are now picking out drinks from the cooler. Brian is holding the door open as they gaze at the sea of bottles.

JOHNNY

Whaddaya wanna drink?

BRIAN

Not Coke. Matter a fact - think I want something that comes in a cup.

JOHNNY
Like sperm?

HANK
Speaking of which - Denzel
approaching.

Danny is walking towards them. Johnny notices how Hank is
eyeballing him:

JOHNNY
Maybe he should be your new ICE.

HANK
I would gladly strip down'n jump
into my deathbed right now.

DANNY
Hey guys. Johnny - Theresa wants to
talk to you outside for a sec.

Johnny's head drops with a sigh.

JOHNNY
(to Danny)
Do me a favor. Shoot me.

HANK
You ain't back in 5 minutes I'm
eatin' yer sandwich.

JOHNNY
I ain't back in 5 minutes it means
my ears melted off.

As Johnny exits, Brian's being polite:

BRIAN
You want some sperm, Denzel?

Danny doesn't know what to say. Hank smirks.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Did I just say what I think I just
said?

DANNY
You said sperm.

BRIAN
(no other explanation)
It's my first day.

EXT. SANDWICH SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Johnny notices that the police cruiser is empty. Glances around when he hears a hushed 'hey' which seems to come from inside the back of the rig, where one door's ajar. He crosses to peek inside when someone grabs him and pulls him in:

INT. BACK OF THE AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

As the door slams and Johnny rolls across the floor. Theresa grabs him and kisses him. Starts undoing his belt. She's already got her pants off and shirt open.

THERESA

Shh. C'mon. Fast'n quiet.

JOHNNY

Wait - what?

THERESA

Tonight's our regular get together at my place right? Bang our brains out, take care of each other's physical needs - Super Hot Sex With The Ex Night? But this is even better.

JOHNNY

The guys're like 20 yards away.

THERESA

Makes it even hotter. Here.
(pulls out her handcuffs)
Cuff me to the gurney.

JOHNNY

I'm not cuffing you to anything. This is insane. A cop'n an EMT having sex in the back of an ambulance in broad daylight? This isn't a get together. It's a cheap 80's porn video.

He thinks about that for a second. She smiles.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Gimme the cuffs.

She does and starts madly undressing.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Although I still think it's weird that we have to do this right now instead of tonight cause this is sooo dangerous - one of the guys could wander out here I mean even your new partner what if he just came out here and opened the door? Our whole we hate each other since the breakup cover story gets blown.

She's taking off her pants, her ass almost in his face.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

(off her ass - omigod)

Then again, unless that happens in the next 90 seconds I don't think we have anything to worry about.

THERESA

Peel off.

JOHNNY

(he starts undressing)

So - why can't we meet tonight?

THERESA

Because.

JOHNNY

Because why?

THERESA

Because it's none of your business.

JOHNNY

(stops undressing)

Oh man - you have a date!

THERESA

Shut-up and listen to me. Do not let what I'm about to tell you effect your penis. I have a date. It's not with someone you know so I'm within the rules we both set.

JOHNNY

Is it your partner?

THERESA

No.

JOHNNY

Does he look like your partner?

THERESA

No.

JOHNNY

Does he look like me?

THERESA

No! He looks like Matt Damon.

(to his penis)

Sorry.

(back to Johnny's face)

He's just a random guy I met who
flirted with me and he called me
this morning'n asked me out. Now
strip down'n let's go!

She starts grabbing at his clothes.

JOHNNY

Wait - whoa - hey - wait! Now this
really pisses me off.

THERESA

What?

JOHNNY

This idea you have - like I'm some,
I dunno - sex machine you just -
use whenever you need it. Some sex
toy who comes over and, and -
performs on cue. Cause I'm not,
Theresa. I'm not.

THERESA

(off his penis)

Maybe yer not but apparently he is.

JOHNNY

My eyes are up here.

THERESA

I just thought that if you and I
had sex now, I'd be much less
likely to have sex later on
tonight.

JOHNNY

(like she would)

With a complete stranger.

THERESA

Who looks just like Matt Damon.

(to his penis)

Again - I'm sorry.

JOHNNY

(a beat, then:)

It's go time.

He starts kissing and fondling her.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

How many dates have you been on?

THERESA

How many dates have YOU been on?

JOHNNY

(a beat - then:)

I asked you first.

THERESA

(pulling back)

So - none. I can't BELIEVE you Johnny! All this time and you haven't been on a single date!

JOHNNY

Hey - don't try and turn this around on me! I'M the one who should be pissed off at YOU!

(to his penis)

Stay with me bro.

THERESA

For what? Doing what we both agreed to do? See other people so we could figure out whether or not we ultimately belong together? I KNEW you were never gonna see anyone!

JOHNNY

Who the hell am I gonna see? Hah? I work all the time!

THERESA

So do I! That didn't stop me from meeting a Matt Damon look-a-like and the Chicago version of Channing Tatum.

JOHNNY

Who's Channing Tatum?

THERESA

He's like Matt Damon only younger and - hunkier.

(off his penis)

Wow. You have some kind of Matt Damon fetish?

JOHNNY

Must be the arguing. Go time!

He reaches out to grab her.

THERESA

Stop. Stop!

She takes a breath. Looks right into his eyes.

THERESA (CONT'D)

I'm not in love with any of these guys - I'm still in love with you - but I'm WORKING at finding out if this - thing - you and I have is gonna stand the test of time - if there's anyone else out there who is going to turn my head and make me laugh and make me sigh whenever he walks into the room - someone who, even when I'm not with him, is always in my head making me wish time would move faster until the next moment I get to be with him.

A beat as he stares into her eyes and she his. Then:

THERESA (CONT'D)

(off his penis)

Oh my god - THAT made you lose your hard-on? Of course! Just the SOUND of commitment turns you off. OUT!

She turns her back and starts getting dressed - her phone is by Johnny's knees. He picks it up. Eyeballs it. Scrolls:

JOHNNY

You changed your ICE from me to your sister? You hate your sister.

THERESA

My sister might suck but she's still my sister. YOU - on the other hand - have managed to transform yourself from the love of my life into not even a late night booty call.

He opens the door and -

THERESA (CONT'D)

Wait.

She picks up his St. Jude medal - which had fallen off - and tenderly fastens it back around his neck. They look into each other's eyes for a second. Then - he jumps out. TWO WOMEN are standing there. They see Theresa in her underwear and unbuttoned police jersey with the hand cuffs on one wrist.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Two words ladies: civil service.

INT. O'BRIENS BAR - NIGHT

After work. A pretty waitress smiles at them as she leaves the table. They all raise their glasses in a toast.

HANK
Congratulations on making it
through your first day, Easter.

JOHNNY
Ya done good pal.

BRIAN
Thanks guys.

JOHNNY
To Easter Seal!

They all clink and drink.

KEENA
Eww - what is this?

BRIAN
It's a Peach Cobbler. I invented
it. Ginger ale, lemon zest and a
dash of peach shnapps.

KEENA
You keep drinking these - pretty
soon your tits are gonna be bigger
than mine. Now go up to the bar and
get us five beers and five shots of
whiskey.

BRIAN
(gets up to go)
I'm not supposed to drink whiskey.

HANK
Why not?

BRIAN
Makes me wanna take my clothes off.
And sing.

JOHNNY
Five doubles. Order five doubles.

Brian crosses out. Johnny glances at his phone.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
We gotta go.

HANK
Why.

JOHNNY

I GPS'd Theresa's phone and she's leaving her apartment right now to go on a date.

HANK

Which you did while you'n her were having sex in the ambulance this afternoon during lunch.

(off Johnny's reaction)

She wears Chanel No. 5 and you came back smelling like you just guest-hosted The View.

JOHNNY

Y'know what? Smug's not a good look on you.

HANK

Pretty good look. Goes with my eyes. And my cock.

JOHNNY

She'll recognize my truck and your car so we're gonna have to take Brian's.

MOLLY

Brian's never gonna go for that.

JOHNNY

Why not.

MOLLY

Because unlike you he's a decent, civilized, moral human being who respects other people's privacy.

HANK

Exactly. So we're gonna have to get him really really shitfaced.

KEENA

He's not gonna like the taste of that whiskey though.

(calling out to Brian)

Brian! Scratch the whiskey and get us 5 Peach Cobblers!

Brian smiles and gives her a thumbs up. Hank high fives Keena.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

Hank drives. At about 45 mph. Johnny shotgun staring at the phone. Brian in back, his clothes rolled up in his lap.

HANK

A '94 Subaru Brian? We coulda hitched a ride on Nathan Lane's back and gotten there faster. Put your clothes on!

BRIAN

You guys hot? Let's go swimming!

HANK

(off Brian's pale skin)
Last time I saw this much white was at a Coldplay concert.

JOHNNY

45 mph?

HANK

It won't go any faster!

BRIAN

Hey, I can see the lake!

HANK

This ain't gonna work. They come out of that restaraunt to head back to his place only way we can keep up is if they're riding a bicycle.

JOHNNY

She is NOT going back to his place.

HANK

What does he look like?

JOHNNY

She said he looked like Matt Damon.

HANK

(beat)
We're gonna need a faster car.

EXT. HALSTEAD STREET/INT. BRIAN'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

They park across from a fancy restaurant.

HANK

Alinea? Dude's taking her to friggin' Alinea? They serve a chocolate galette drizzled with liquid gold here! You sure it's not the real Matt Damon?

BRIAN

What's a galette?

JOHNNY

It's a pudding.

HANK

It's a cake! A flat, free-form
expensive goddam cake!

Brian starts to quietly scat-sing Fly Me To The Moon.

HANK (CONT'D)

I'm telling you right now - she's
sleeping with this guy - tonight.
This is one of those places where
you take a chick inside and let her
smell a napkin - she blows you
right there at the table. She might
be blowing the guy right now
between the appetizers and the main
course. I know I would. Brian stop!

JOHNNY

You're supposed to be helping me.

HANK

I AM helping you. I'm telling you
the truth, brother.

Brian starts humming the song - very very low.

HANK (CONT'D)

None of this would have happened if
you paid the right kind of
attention to her instead of laying
around the apartment all the time
playing Madden on the X-Box. Brian -
stop!

JOHNNY

What are you talking about? Half
the time you were over playing
Madden with me.

HANK

So I could sabotage my relationship
with Jeff the Chef. I had a master
plan. I KNEW what I was doing.

BRIAN

If you eat gold, does that mean you
shit gold?

JOHNNY

Shuddup Brian.

HANK

Why ya takin it out on Brian?

JOHNNY

I'm not takin' it out on Brian. You started this.

BRIAN

Maybe that's what they mean by shittin' bricks.

JOHNNY

Brian! I swear ta God!

HANK

YOU started this by not listening to yer chick! Now she's givin' hummers to movie stars at places they wouldn't let you perform the Heimlich maneuver in! You happy?

BRIAN

Omigod - is THAT the guy?

HANK

Oh. My. God.

JOHNNY

What?

BRIAN

I'D blow that guy.

JOHNNY

My girlfriend's gonna have sex with Jason Bourne.

HANK

She's lookin this way!

They all duck down. A beat. Then:

BRIAN

Did you see the new Jason Bourne movie with Jeremy Renner where he's NOT Jason Bourne but he's like-
(off Johnny's reaction)
I didn't think you did.

JOHNNY

This is bad. This is sooo bad - did I tell ya she shitcanned me as her ICE and put in her sister?

HANK

She despises her sister.

JOHNNY

I know.

HANK
What the hell're we even DOING
here? You shoulda mentioned that up
front! It's over, man! Her using
her sister as her ICE is like me
using Michelle Bachmann!

He sits up.

HANK (CONT'D)
Oh my god.

JOHNNY
What?

HANK
The guy drives a Lamborghini.

They all peek up at the most incredible car you've ever seen.
Then they duck back down. Johnny is in prayer mode.

JOHNNY
Oh Lord - please don't let her
sleep with him please please
please.

HANK
Lord - if you can hear me - please
let this guy be gay.

BRIAN
Hey, they're not leavin'. They're
making out.

Brain was peeking and now they all rise up.

HANK
Okay - forget gay. Let him be bi.

Suddenly Theresa pushes the guy away.

JOHNNY
That's my girl. Kick him in the
balls honey! Kick him in the - hey,
what's she doin'?

BRIAN
She's gettin' out.

They watch as Theresa gets out of the car and crosses to the
front of it and - starts writing something down.

JOHNNY
Wait. Is she -

HANK
Yup. She is writing him a ticket.

BRIAN
Must have been a terrible kiss.

HANK
Brian?

BRIAN
I know. I'll stop talking.

Theresa walks to the driver side window of the Lamborghini. The Matt Damon-Channing Tatum guy rolls it down and she hands it to him. He speeds off.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
She's comin' this way!

They all duck down again. Shhh-ing each other. There is a long beat as they hold their breath and then - TAP TAP TAP on the window. Brian gets up and rolls down his window in the back. Johnny and Hank stay down.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Hi, Theresa.

THERESA
Why do you smell like peaches?

BRIAN
I'm drunk. You wanna go swimming?

Johnny and Hank slide up.

JOHNNY
You just give that guy a ticket?

THERESA
Yes. His registration was expired - which I normally let go when I'm on a date with such an incredibly handsome, sexy, shockingly wealthy hunk of manhood - except for two things. Number one? He couldn't stop talking about himself. He was an arrogant cocky self-involved asshole. Which is what I seem to be attracted to. So I was still gonna let him make out with me right there in the car for hopefully about fifteen minutes.

BRIAN
Because it was a Lamborghini?

THERESA
That and the fact I knew you guys were out here watching.

JOHNNY

How?

THERESA

Because I GPS'd YOUR phone about two months ago.

JOHNNY

Oh.

THERESA

Plus he had a tongue like a horse. And he tried to finger me. Which I don't allow on the first date. Unless the guy's a really great kisser. Then it's both hands on deck.

JOHNNY

She's kidding.

THERESA

Y'know what? I never should have deleted you as my ICE - 'cause who better to call in case of emergency than someone who's already parked right across the street!? Johnny - if only you had put this much thought and energy into our relationship while we were living together. It would have been charming and impressive. And might have ended with us walking home together tonight, arm in arm - totally in love. Instead - I'm taking a taxi. By myself. And shame on you for getting this innocent young man drunk and using his car for your nefarious plan! Good night!

She turns and walks away. They all watch her go. There is a long, uncomfortably quiet beat in the car. Then:

HANK

(raising his hand)
Who's glad we came?

INT. GARAGE/AMBULANCE OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

Brian seated with his head in his hands. Groaning. Molly hands him some Advil. Johnny enters. Checks his watch.

JOHNNY

Wash 'em down quick bro. Hank's got the rig loaded up'n ready to roll.
(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

And he's fuelin' it as we speak -
all jobs the new guy is supposed to
do. Even with a massive hangover.

MAC

Best cure for a hangover I know is
jumpin' into the lake. Naked.
(off their horrified
reactions)
I've been sober - and fully clothed
- for five years now.

MOLLY

There's a blessing I didn't even
know I had.

BRIAN

I need something to drink -
something without alcohol.

KEENA

Or peaches? Here.

She hands him a Coke. He downs a couple Advil. Takes a swig.

BRIAN

Think I'm off peaches. And bars.
And swimming.

JOHNNY

I apologize for puttin' you in the
middle of that whole Theresa thing
last night, Easter Seal. It was
unfair and irresponsible.

BRIAN

No no. That part was awesome. I've
never been on a spy mission before.

He downs two more Advil. Huge swig of Coke.

JOHNNY

In that case - you're welcome to
join us tonight. She's got another
date but she un-GPSed her phone so
we gotta rent a car'n be outside
her apartment by 6 ready to follow
her'n whoever the hell comes to
pick her up - which I'm pretty sure
is gonna be Denzel.
(off everyone's faces)
What.

BRIAN

Drunk as I was I clearly recall
Theresa saying she wanted to see
some new behavior from you.

JOHNNY

What did I just say? No phone,
rental car.

KEENA

Oh yeah. Those're new.

Brian takes another huge swig.

BRIAN

This Coke tastes funny.

KEENA

It should.

JOHNNY

Seeing as how the bottle it's in
spent most of yesterday up a fat
man's ass.

A beat. Brian stares back at them. Then does a HUUUGE spit
take and starts screaming with his tongue stuck straight out
until he heads into the locker room. Johnny spent that time
taking pictures with his phone. Which he is now dialing on.

MAC

Second best hangover cure in the
world.

HANK (ON PHONE)

He drink it?

JOHNNY

Almost the entire thing.

Brian's screaming can be heard off-screen.

HANK (ON PHONE)

Take it you didn't tell him it
wasn't the actual bottle yet.

JOHNNY

Gonna wait a little while for that.
Like maybe - a month?

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - INTERCUT - CONTINUOUS

Hank, on the phone, is gassing up the rig.

HANK

Photos?

JOHNNY (ON PHONE)
Oh yeah. They'll be blown up,
framed and hung behind Mac's desk
by the time we get done with the
shift. See ya in 5.

Johnny hangs up. We see Hank's iPhone screen right before he
does the same. It features a close up of Johnny as he is
driving the rig. And right above it the name tag "I.C.E."

END OF SHOW

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