

THE CALL

"You Gotta Sin To Get Saved"

(Pilot)

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"You Gotta Sin To Get Saved"

FADE IN:

EXT./ESTAB. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - 6:00 A.M.

The sun flares through the palm trees, creeping up the quiet streets as a lone ambulance floats through frame.

INT. NICK AND IAN'S AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

NICK ADAMS, a rakishly handsome thirty-something paramedic, argues with his best friend and partner, the neurotic but capable IAN WODE. The cab of their rig is spotless - they are covered in gore. LA is never quiet for these guys.

IAN

I can't believe she named the kid after you. Again.

NICK

Birth is an emotional time for a mother.

IAN

That's the third kid we've delivered in the rig that got named after you. Plus, Nicholas Adams Gonzalez. What kind of name is that for a little girl?

NICK

People make these snap decisions in the heat of the moment. I just happened to be there.

IAN

I was there too! And it's not like I didn't do my part. I lost my ring in that woman!

TOM TIMLIN, a trainee with eyes wider than a character from Japanese animation, pokes his head in from the back.

TOM

Good news! I found the placenta. But It's still really slippery back here.

IAN

That's 'cause her water broke, rookie.

TOM

It doesn't look like water. It's all gooey and technicolor - like Willy Wonka threw up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tom slips out of frame. The radio crackles to life.

O.S. VOICE

Unit Seven? Can I have a word?

IAN

Great. It's the Wolf. (A DEEP BREATH,
THEN, INTO HANDSET) This is Ian.

INTERCUT:

INT. AURORA HEALTHCO SUBSTATION - SAME TIME

WALT "THE WOLF" WOLFRAM, face like a clenched fist and a disposition to match, hunches over his mic. He is flanked by his dead-pan, long-suffering assistant, JEFF.

THE WOLF

You wanna tell me why you brought an illegal alien and her newborn to Cedars?

IAN

(SOTTO, TO NICK) How did he know that? I haven't even filed the action report yet.

THE WOLF

The husband called to thank you. Jeff is on the phone with him right now.

CUT TO:

INT. CEDARS SINAI MEDICAL CENTER - SAME TIME

A TEARFUL MEXICAN FATHER speaks in rapid-fire Spanish as the TEARFUL MEXICAN MOTHER cradles little Nicki Adams Gonzalez.

TEARFUL MAN

Gracias! Gracias por mi linda!

The Mother stands. Something shiny falls from between her legs. PING! A NURSE retrieves it: it's Ian's class ring.

INTERCUT:

INT. AURORA HEALTHCO SUBSTATION - SAME TIME

JEFF

The nurse wants to know which one of those guys went to USC.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE WOLF

Why'd you haul her to a four-star hotel?
You know you're supposed to drop her at
County.

Nick grabs the handset.

NICK

The kid looked cyanotic. She deserved a
chance. Plus, I had a feeling...

THE WOLF

Screw your "feeling!" And by the way,
this is America: you deserve what your
insurance can afford.

NICK

Wow. What a heart-warming sentiment.
Just let me knock the frost outta my ear.

JEFF

(TO THE WOLF) Actually, she doesn't even
have insurance. Isn't that ironic?

THE WOLF

No, Jeff. That is not ironic. Irony is
when expectations collide with reality in
a surprising and unsettling way.

JEFF

Like when you answered the ad in that
swinger's magazine and your mom showed
up?

THE WOLF

(BEAT) That is the last thing I tell you
in confidence.

TOM

Sir, Tom Timlin here. I can attest to the
criticality of the situation. That kid
was all tangled up; there was blood
everywhere. Their conduct was heroic.

THE WOLF

(INCREDULOUS) "Criticality?" Who are you
and what are you doing in my rig?

TOM

Tom Timlin? I received a memo assigning
me to train with Unit 7. Today is my
first day (THEN, TO NICK AND IAN) By the
way, my wife made Rice Krispy squares...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He holds up a baking pan, wrapped in cling film.

THE WOLF

Listen, Crayons, when I want your opinion, I'll give it to you. Adams, I've had it with your cowboy bullshit, understand? Not following regulations can get you in deep trouble. You of all people should know that. Or have you forgotten--

NICK

Uh, we're losing you. Must be sunspots.

Nick makes a STATIC-Y SOUND and hangs up the handset.

RESUME - NICK AND IAN'S AMBULANCE

IAN

Why do you have to poke The Wolf like that? You know he hates being mocked.

TOM

And, technically, he is the boss.

NICK

So? Technically that child is alive. And technically, that's all I care about.

Nick notices a GORGEOUS GIRL rollerblading along the driver's side. He leans out and flashes his thousand-watt smile. She glances over, smiles back... and SLAMS into a street-sign. Nick hits the breaks and instantly jumps out of the rig to check on her. Ian follows Nick, but arrives a second behind.

NICK (CONT'D)

Ian, get me the vector squelch mat!

ANGLE ON: Ian, as he whip-turns and stalks back to the rig.

TOM

What's a "vector squelch mat?"

IAN

It's code for "Back off - she's mine."

ANGLE ON: Nick and the Gorgeous Girl.

NICK

Are you all right (FISHING)---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GORGEOUS GIRL

(INSTANTLY) Tiffany. Yes, I think so.
Just a little embarrassed.

NICK

Well don't be, okay? I'm going to
perform a quick memory test, to rule out
a concussion: what's your phone number?

TIFFANY

(LAUGHS, THEN) I like you.

NICK

(SMILING) Everybody does.

ANGLE ON: Ian and Tom, watching Nick and a giggling Tiffany.

IAN

He gets "Tiffany." The last sidewalk
save I got was a ninety-year-old woman.
During mouth-to-mouth, I swallowed her
dentures, which is about as sanitary as
licking the back end of a bulldog.

TOM

(RE: NICK) Wow. He just started working
on her and she's already laughing. With
that kind of healing touch, it's no
wonder they call him "The Comeback Kid."

IAN

(PISSSED) We've all heard the nickname.

TOM

(OBLIVIOUS) Pretty cool, right? But it's
gotta be a burden too. 'Cause I guess
you can't save everybody.

IAN

(INSTANTLY) And he hasn't. And it haunts
him. But we try not to put that on the
billboard, all right, sport?

Ian SMACKS Tom. The radio CRACKLES to life.

THE WOLF (O.S.)

Vehicular collision at Exposition and
Vermont. Kincaid, what's your proximity?

CUT TO:

INT. KINKY'S AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

Meet JENNA "KINKY" KINCAID - a stunning, steely and supremely bodacious paramedic in the employ of Aurora/Healthco.

KINKY
ETA in ten. My partner's just finishing
up some pressing medical business.

CUT TO:

INT. LUNCHEONETTE BATHROOM - SAME TIME

PAUL, Kinky's partner, sits on the can, reading MAXIM.

PAUL
(SINGING QUIETLY) My milk shake brings
all the boys to the yard....

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - SECONDS LATER

NICK
(INTO HIS HANDSET) We're there in five.
(TO TIFFANY) Sorry angel. Duty calls.

CUT TO:

INT. KINKY'S AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

Kinky stares incredulously at her handset. What the fuck?

KINKY
What? No! I can take it. I--.

THE WOLF (O.S.)
"Pressing medical business?" If you
wanna keep your job, you better stop
slacking off, Kincaid - or at least learn
some better lies.

JEFF (O.S.)
You should talk to Adams. (CHUCKLING)
He's got a couple of real zingers...

THE WOLF (O.S.)
You are no longer allowed to speak.

Paul emerges from the bathroom and climbs into Kinky's rig.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

Sorry. I am just frozen up in there.
Totally seized up. Ever get stuck with
something you just can't get rid of?

Kinky just stares daggers at him.

CUT TO:

INT. NICK AND IAN'S AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Nick leaps into the driver's seat and rapidly belts up.

IAN

Why'd you grab that call?

NICK

Kinky's occupied. We gotta take 'em as
they come. Don't you want to help?

IAN

Yes! It's just, it's, it's almost the
end of the shift, the rig is a mess...

TOM

Actually, I brought a mop from home.
(HOLDING UP MOP) All spic and span!

IAN

You want the truth? I've got a bad
feeling. We've been doing so well
recently, the law of averages demands
that we experience a major catastrophe.

NICK

Aww - you worry. (TO TOM) He worries.

Nick hits the flashers and revs the engine.

TOM

Code three. Lights and sirens. I love
lights and sirens.

IAN

(TO NICK) Just please be careful.

NICK

I can't make any promises. Code three,
man. I have to move like a cheetah.

Nick TROMPS on the accelerator, plastering Ian to his seat.

END ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

INT. NICK AND IAN'S AMBULANCE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

The rig screams across town as Tom ricochets around the back.

TOM
(DELIGHTED) So this is what a hundred and
twelve miles an hour feels like!

IAN
(SCARED) Every time. You do this every--

Nick swerves around an RTD bus. Tom flies through frame.

IAN (CONT'D)
HOLY SHIT THAT WAS CLOSE!

KINKY (O.S.)
Adams? You wanna pick up? Adams!
That is my call. You snaked my call!

TOM
Who's that woman on the radio? She
sounds nice.

NICK
You don't want any part of that, kid.
That is Kinky Kincaid. And nestled in
that velveteen voice lies pure disaster.

Nick swerves, scattering a spandex-wearing bicycle club full
of portly middle-aged men.

NICK (CONT'D)
(OFF IAN'S GLARE) Dude, I had to. They
must be punished for wearing those pants.

TOM
Disaster? What kind of disaster?

IAN
She's cursed.

CUT TO:

INT. KINKY'S AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

Kinky sits in the passenger seat as Paul drives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK (V.O.)

She can't keep a partner. Goes through 'em like they're Kleenex. In fact, not a single one has lasted more than a week.

PAUL

Dig this. I can blow a humongous bubble.

Paul's humongous bubble POPS in his face. Temporarily blinded, he swerves wildly, nearly crashing the rig.

CUT TO:

INT. NICK AND IAN'S AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

TOM

Why do you call her Kinky?

NICK

Because she's an ex-porn star.

TOM

Really?

NICK

Really. She was forced out of the industry when she killed a man. Gave him third-degree rug burn.

Nick winks. Tom stares at him for a long beat.

TOM

They let a murderer be a paramedic?

IAN

He's kidding you, Pikachu. Didn't you see the wink?

TOM

Oh. Right. The wink.

NICK

If you wanna be a paramedic, you gotta learn how to read people. Focus on the non-verbal cues. First response is all about seeing the truth of a situation even when the patient can't tell you.

IAN

Or won't tell you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

The truth has got to be what you feel,
not what you're told. Never forget that.

TOM

I guess that's why they call you "The Man
With the Golden Gut."

IAN

OK, you know what? Hero worship is a
dangerous thing. (A BEAT OF SILENCE,
THEN, TO NICK) How did you get two
nicknames? I don't even have one.

NICK

We're here.

Nick turns sharply, causing Tom to shoot forward.

IAN

Great. Our odds of catastrophe are
steadily increasing. Studies show that
first responders consistently get shot
more often this side of the 110.

CUT TO:

EXT. KOREATOWN STREET - SECONDS LATER

Nick and Ian jump out. Ian looks around, clearly terrified.

NICK

There it is. Bentley versus beater.

ANGLE ON: A Bentley wedged into an crappy, abandoned Jeep
that's wearing the boot. The PATIENT sits behind the wheel,
alert and talking.

NICK (CONT'D)

He's conscious and conversational. At
least we can rule out blunt force trauma.

IAN

A two hundred thousand dollar car in this
neighborhood. You know what that means?
Asian triads. This place is probably
bristling with gats.

NICK

"Gats"? Seriously?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IAN

Just follow my lead. I have a comprehensive knowledge of Asian street culture.

TOM

Based on what?

IAN

The films of John Woo.

The patient turns around. Ian's face lights up.

IAN (CONT'D)

Oh my God. That's Frank Flynn!

TOM

Who's Frank Flynn?

IAN

Hall of Fame Quarterback for the Raiders. I idolized him growing up. My dad even got me an autographed football for my eleventh birthday, which my brother promptly traded for pornography. Scarred me for life.

NICK

How do you get out of bed in the morning?

IAN

With great difficulty. (THEN) How's my hair. Is my hair OK?

He looks at Ian for a beat... then WILDLY TOUSLES his hair.

NICK

When you're suitably groomed for this medical emergency, feel free to join me.

Nick exits. A miffed Ian smooths his hair and turns to Tom.

IAN

Cool. Easy save. Good press for the company - which will get The Wolf off our backs. See? It's all good in the 'hood.

Tom picks up his pan of Rice Krispy treats and starts to eat.

TOM

The 'hood! Funny! (OFFERING) Want one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

IAN

No. And don't wave food around. It attracts the pilgrims.

Ian crosses out.

TOM

(CALLING) Pilgrims? What pilgrims?

Having gotten no response, Tom shrugs and digs into another gooey square. Just then, A HOMELESS WOMAN waddles up.

HOMELESS WOMAN

The government is messing with my blood pressure.

TOM

Oh. Ma'm, I really not allowed to treat any--

HOMELESS WOMAN

THE GOVERNMENT!

She COUGHS. An oyster is born. It lands on Tom's shoe.

CUT TO:

EXT. KOREATOWN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Nick examines Frank, who sits in his splendid car.

FRANK

...so I was just driving along when I felt this tingling in my passing arm. Then a tightness.

NICK

Tight like a t-shirt, fresh out of the dryer, or tight like an anvil sitting on your chest?

FRANK

T-shirt.

NICK

That's good. You want the t-shirt.

FRANK

Anyway, I only made it about thirty yards before I hit this poor bastard.

NICK

You had a little atrial fibrillation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

What's that? A heart attack?

NICK

Heart episode. You dodged a bullet.
And the good news is you're stable.

Ian enters frame, pushing a gurney.

IAN

Mr. Flynn. Ian Wode.

FRANK

Call me Frank.

IAN

Frank. Wow. OK. I'm a big fan.

The conversation continues as they load him into the rig.

NICK

The biggest.

IAN

Been waiting to meet you my whole life.
Seriously. I think you're amazing.

Ian puts the earpieces of the stethoscope in his ears.

FRANK

You guys are amazing. Look, winning the
Superbowl is one thing. But saving a
life? That's real heroism.

Ian whips the stethoscope out of his ears.

IAN

(FERVENTLY) I disagree completely. That
Hail Mary you threw at the end of
Superbowl XVIII was much more heroic than
saving a life. You ever save a life?
Not pretty. There's the smell. Plus,
stuff gets everywhere: viscera, mucus...

NICK

(RE. STETHOSCOPE) Ian.

Ian pops the earpieces back in and listens to Frank's heart.

IAN

Right. Sinus rythm's normal. He's a
strong as an ox! Up top, Big Frank!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ian puts his hand up. Frank high-fives him with effort.

NICK

And now we're back in grade school.

FRANK

It's OK. I love the fans. Matter of fact, I have a personal appearance in Downey, so if we could move this along...

IAN

Mr. Flynn just released an audio book.

FRANK

"Great Quarterbacks Read The Bible."
Doug Flutie covers Genesis.

IAN

I pre-ordered it on Amazon.

NICK

(SOTTO) Man-crush, anyone?

FRANK

Actually, I came down this morning to I sign a few balls at the Big Five.

IAN

Really? You sign balls?

NICK

(TO IAN) Want me to hold your pants for you?

Ian LAUGHS A LITTLE TOO HARD and pulls Nick aside.

IAN

Listen: how long you figure it'll take to finish the exam and get him on the road?

NICK

Three to five minutes, max.

IAN

And you can handle it alone, so...

NICK

So you want to break protocol and delay our departure in order to fill a hole left in your boyhood?

IAN

Nick. He's stable and strong as an ox...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NICK

What about the law of averages? What about looming catastrophe?

IAN

OK: have I been humiliated enough?

NICK

For now, yes.

Nick smiles. Ian takes off. Frank leans into frame.

FRANK

Where's he going?

NICK

(SEARCHING) To handle some pressing medical business.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG FIVE SPORTING GOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Ian runs up to the door. Locked! He rattles the gate. He turns and sees something that makes his face light up.

IAN'S POV: We see a Korean shop across the street, next to a pet store. The shop's sign reads "THE HAPPY TIME EVERYTHING COMPANY." A riot of consumer goods - including football jerseys - hang in the window. Ian runs back through frame, passing Tom, who now stands with a SWARM OF STREET PILGRIMS. He is taking the Homeless Woman's blood pressure.

TOM

Okay. Okay. I really have to go now.

Tom tears off the cuff. She loses her balance and her wig.

HOMELESS WOMAN (O.S.)

My wig! Now they can read my mind!

CUT TO:

INT. NICK AND IAN'S AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Nick is taking Frank's blood pressure.

FRANK

So why'd you become an ambulance driver?

NICK

Paramedic. Low pay. Long hours. The usual. Taking any medication?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

No. Clean as a whistle. (EARNESTLY)
Since I found Jesus.

NICK

Really? Where was he hiding?

FRANK

Funny. So when do we get out of here?

NICK

Soon. I just want to be certain that
you're stable before we move you.

FRANK

Didn't you already say I was stable?

NICK

(BEAT) There are degrees of stability.
(THEN) Where'd you get this contusion?

FRANK

Must've happened when I hit the Jeep.

NICK

It doesn't match the impact pattern.

Nick notices a scratch on his palm, containing something red.

FRANK

Grandkids. They love to rough-house!

NICK

(PULLING THE ITEM FROM HIS PALM) Your
grandkids wear press-on nails?

FRANK

(SUDDENLY TURNING INTO AN ASSHOLE) Can I
get a less inquisitive paramedic?

Right on cue, Kinky's rig SCREECHES up. She leaps out.

KINKY

You slimy, shit-sucking grandstander.
Where do you get off snaking my call?

FRANK

On second thought, I'll stick with you.

END ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

INT. HAPPY TIME EVERYTHING STORE - MOMENTS LATER

A breathless Ian BURSTS in. The KOREAN PROPRIETOR is speaking Korean on his cell. The handset on Ian's uniform crackles. The Proprietor SHUSHES him. He turns it off.

IAN

Excuse me. Kind of in a hurry. Just met my hero. Do you sell footballs?

Still on his cell, the Proprietor points to a rack of soccer balls.

IAN (CONT'D)

Yeah. I mean an American football.
American -- (SHOUTING) AMERICAN FOOTBALL?

PROPRIETOR

(IN PERFECT ENGLISH) I heard you the first time. Behind the soccer balls.

IAN

Good. Great. I'm just kind of in a--

PROPRIETOR

I was born in this country, you know.

A door SLAMS. Startled, Ian flinches. Balls go everywhere.

PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)

Oh, I get it. This is Koreatown, so naturally, you're expecting gun-play. Clearly, I'm a heavily-armed Korean shop owner. I'm also eating a dog and enriching uranium back here.

IAN

What? No. That's-- no.

PROPRIETOR

Why don't you accuse me of overcharging - really round out the racist stereotype?

IAN

I'm sorry. I didn't... I'm sorry.

PROPRIETOR

Apology accepted. (THEN, RE. FOOTBALL)
That'll be three hundred dollars.

CUT TO:

EXT. NICK AND IAN'S AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Kinky bitches at Nick as he searches Frank's Bentley. Nick barely pays attention to her. This is their dance.

KINKY

...so in conclusion, I came here to tell you that if you ever make me look bad in front of The Wolf again, I will put your balls in a jar.

NICK

God this car is nice. It's nicer than my apartment.

KINKY

(PRODUCING JAR) I even brought the jar.
(SWATTING HIM) Are you listening to me?

NICK

Sorry. While I was stabilizing this guy, I discovered a defensive wound. (HE HOLDS UP THE NAIL) He's self-important, self-righteous blow-hard, and my gut tells me he's hiding something.

KINKY

So now you're tossing his car? You know, maybe you shouldn't dig around in this one. Just stick to the four corners of the job.

NICK

Kink, people who drive Bentleys don't just wander down here at daybreak. This guy's into something. A woman got hurt.

KINKY

You are a walking disaster magnet.

NICK

Me? Let's talk about you. You can't keep a partner for more than a week. Maybe because you are (SOTTO) cursed.

KINKY

I am not cursed. That's ridiculous.

NICK

Let's look at the partnership record, shall we? Jim fell down a well. Ted got malaria. Spoonie got hit by lightening. But this guy, he looks like a survivor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: Paul, as he exits a public restroom, buckling his pants. He turns to a nearby MAN.

PAUL

Nada. Zero. I am totally land-locked!

Paul exits frame. The Man watches him go. A second later, fire-escape ladder crashes down on the spot where Paul stood.

ANGLE BACK ON: Nick and Kinky.

NICK

I bet you Captain Constipation doesn't make it to the end of the shift.

KINKY

You're on. What're the stakes?

NICK

Dinner. A great dinner. At Spago.

KINKY

Make it sex. Dinner is too intimate.

Nick smiles. Franks sticks his head out of the ambulance.

FRANK

Can we get in gear, pal? I've got people to see, places to be--

Pissed, Frank taps his Panerai, then sticks his head back in.

KINKY

Yeah, he is kind of a prick. Still, it's been seven years since the accident. You can't save the world by yourself.

NICK

Wait. Are you looking out for me?

KINKY

Look, you're great at what you do. I just don't want to see you get burned again.

NICK

I just never knew you could be so sweet.

KINKY

(SEXY) So sweet you could pour me on your pancakes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICK
Can that be the bet?

CUT TO:

EXT. KOREATOWN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Ian runs toward the rig, football in hand.

IAN
Wode's at the twenty, the ten--

TOM (O.S.)
Ian!

Ian turns to see Tom, trailing a crowd of STREET PILGRIMS.

TOM (CONT'D)
Hey, I was just doing some community outreach, and Sal here said--

PILGRIM #1
That asswipe you're working on clipped my shopping cart like two blocks back.

TOM
Plus, Nestor says that he's seen that car here before.

PILGRIM #2
Mr. NFL comes to this side for a little sumthin'-sumthin'. Parks his car over night. Pays the kids to watch it.

IAN
(BEAT) He could be visiting his mother.

PILGRIM #1
Yeah! And I'm the Queen of Scotland!

Pilgrim #1 LAUGHS, flashing a rotten smile. Ian recoils.

IAN
I gotta go.

Ian sprints out of frame.

TOM
Wait! I need your help. Uniqua here has requested a pelvic exam.

PULL WIDE TO REVEAL: UNIQUA, a very hard-bitten hooker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNIQUA

I got a wicked case of panty crickets.

TOM

I'm not really qualified to--

Uniqua hitches up her skirt. Tom SHRIEKS and recoils.

CUT TO:

EXT. NICK AND IAN'S AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Nick is still practically salivating over the Bentley.

NICK

How long would I have to save up for a car like this? Two, three hundred years?

Nick opens the glove compartment and notices something... just then, the radio on their uniforms SQUAWKS to life.

THE WOLF (O.S.)

Got a second call - Attempted suicide.
Nine hundred block of Western.

They immediately jump out of the Bentley and rush to the rig.

KINKY

That's it? You got an exact location?

THE WOLF (O.S.)

No, I'm being vague on purpose. There is no location. Call came in on a cell.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - SAME TIME

We see a BEAUTIFUL ASIAN WOMAN lying on a bed. A red brassiere peaks through her nightgown. A bottle of Vicodin rests loosely in her hand. A cell phone lies on the floor.

THE WOLF (V.O.)

I guess the patient got religion and called herself in. Line went dead before she could give us the address. CHP is bird-dogging the exact location now.

CUT TO:

INT. AURORA HEALTHCO SUBSTATION - SAME TIME

KINKY (O.S.)
So what do you want me to do?

THE WOLF
Circle. A black-and-white's en route.

INT. NICK AND IAN'S AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Nick looks inside and sees Frank stripping off his EKG leads.

NICK
Excuse me. Where are you going?

FRANK
I'm leaving.

NICK
You just had a heart attack.

FRANK
Heart episode. I've had worse. Plus, I
always walk off the field. (RISING) So...

NICK
You're my patient and this is my rig.
You don't go anywhere until I say you do.

FRANK
OK, fine: I'm driving with a suspended
license. Little Vicodin problem. (RE.
JEEP) If we leave before the cops get
here, I can keep this outta the tabloids.
(SOTTO) I can make it worth your while.

Frank produces a wad of bills... and winks. Ian bounds in.

IAN
Hey. Sorry. The pressing medical
business took longer than I (MOCK
SURPRISE) Whoa! What's this? A
football? Wow. Anyway, maybe you could--

FRANK
Tell you what: I'll sign it as soon as
we get going.

IAN
Great. Let's go.

CONTINUED:

NICK

When we arrived, Frank was talking about being a real hero. Maybe he wouldn't mind sticking around so we could look for this woman.

IAN

What woman?

NICK

Did you turn off your handset?

IAN

(TURNING IT ON) No. (RE. FOOTBALL) Can we stop on the way and get a Sharpie? (OFF FRANK'S LOOK) Just kidding. A ballpoint will be fine.

NICK

What are you really doing down here, Mr. Flynn? Visiting your girlfriend?

FRANK

I beg your pardon. I am a married man.

IAN

A famously married man. Look, just because a guy fudges where he's been and where he's going...

NICK

...and has a defensive wound on his hand (PRODUCING PANTIES) and a pair of panties in his glove compartment...

IAN

...doesn't mean he can't sign a football (THEN, REALIZING) wait: he's got a defensive wound?

FRANK

That's it. I'm calling my lawyer.

Frank goes for his cell, but Nick gets it first. He scrolls through the calls, then grabs the handset on his uniform.

NICK

Jeff: on the attempted suicide, what number did the call originate from?

JEFF (O.S.)

Three-two-three, nine-six-nine...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICK
(READING) oh-six-four-nine.

JEFF (O.S.)
Bingo.

THE WOLF (O.S.)
Adams, is that you?! Why the hell aren't
you mobile?! And did you hang up on me
before?! You are skating on very thin--

Nick immediately turns off the radio.

NICK
(INSTANTLY, TO FRANK) Where is she?

Tom enters.

TOM
Sorry I'm late. What's going on?

FRANK
Look, my business is my business.

NICK
Not when another life is at stake.

TOM
(TO NICK) Who's life is at stake?

FRANK
You son of a-- Oh God. There it is.

IAN
There what is?

FRANK
The anvil. It's the anvil this time.

TOM
(TO NICK) What anvil?

NICK
(TO FRANK) The stress of the situation is
hitting you. It's creating an irregular
heartbeat, called arrhythmia, which could
ultimately lead to cardiac arrest. Of
course, we could stop it with digitalis.

Nick reaches into the kit and pulls out a vial of digitalis.

FRANK
Good. Great.

IAN
Yes. Good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NICK (CONT'D)

...which I'll administer as soon as you tell me where your dying girlfriend is.

Nick tosses the vial to Tom, who catches it, confused.

TOM

(TO IAN) Is what's happening now normal? 'Cause it seems not normal.

FRANK

I'm not gonna be blackmailed by some med school reject.

NICK

Actually, Ian is the med school reject.

IAN

Not true! I totally got into med school! I just couldn't attend because of the shaking and the nosebleeds.

NICK

Where is she? Tell me or he'll break it.

FRANK

You are making a career-ending decision.

NICK

Tom, break it.

Nick winks... and Tom breaks the vial. Nick stares at him.

NICK (CONT'D)

(BEAT) What did you do?

TOM

I broke the vial.

NICK

Why?! The wink means don't break the vial. Why would I wink if I wanted you to break the vial? I said break it. The wink undercuts the "break the vial." Haven't you been paying attention?!

TOM

Oh well. No harm, no foul, right?

The EKG starts to BEEP aggressively.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

IAN

He's going into v-fib. We need digitalis.

TOM

I broke the digitalis.

NICK

Then we need more digitalis.

IAN

There's a pet store across the street. Large mammal biology is the substantially the same as human biology. They spay and neuter animals. They'll probably have some digitalis in there.

TOM

Too bad it's closed.

NICK

Then you gotta break in.

TOM

That's unethical.

NICK

So's killing a patient on your first day.

TOM

Killing a -- But didn't you say all Korean business owners carry gats?!

IAN

That is a vicious stereotype. Now go!

Tom SPRINTS out. Nick and Ian go to work on Frank.

IAN (CONT'D)

Why'd you tell him to break the vial?

NICK

Why'd you have to delay our departure?

IAN

All I wanted was a signed football. A memento. And you go and do this to a legend - not a legend, an institution.

NICK

What did you tell Tom about hero worship?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

IAN

(THE NERVE OF THIS GUY) I need a good reason not to kill you. No: I need a Mother Theresa reason not to kill you!

NICK

Don't panic. Like you said, he's strong as an ox.

IAN

Yes. Right. I read in Sports Illustrated that he still runs five miles a day.

Suddenly, Frank flat-lines. Nick stares at Ian.

NICK

This is why I do not trust the media.
(GRABBING DEFIBRILLATOR PADDLES) Clear!

END ACT THREE

CONTINUED: (6)

ACT FOUR

INT. KIM'S PET STORE - MINUTES LATER

A darkened sales floor. A beat - then the door BURSTS open. There is much CHITTERING and BARKING. Tom enters.

TOM
Hello? Anybody here?

Nothing. Tom stumbles blindly through the darkened shop.

TOM (CONT'D)
I am not a criminal! I'm a paramedic.
Paramedic trainee, actually-- anyway, I
misinterpreted an instruction... not
important -- this is a medical emergency!

Tom RICOCHETS off various pet receptacles. He SPILLS a terrarium of snakes, TIPS OVER a rabbit hutch, backs into a SNARLING DOG, even UPENDS a cage of baby ducks. Finally, he sees a medical cabinet, keys still in the lock. He opens it.

TOM (CONT'D)
Digitalis! Wow. Just like he said.
That was easy-peasy, Japanesey.

Just then, the ANCIENT SHOP OWNER emerges from the back room.

TOM (CONT'D)
(BEAT) Did that sound racist?

The Ancient Shop Owner raises a cross bow and FIRES - hitting Tom in the shoulder. Tom goes down with a mighty "OOOOH!"

CUT TO:

INT. NICK AND IAN'S AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Nick and Ian work furiously on Frank, who is turning grey. Nick charges the defibrillator.

IAN
You know I paid three hundred dollars for
that football?

NICK
On your salary? That seems rather
irresponsible. Clear!

Nick shocks Frank. Nothing. Nick re-charges the paddles

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IAN

Irresponsible?! I-- You-- if he dies, you know we're going to prison. I'm going to prison. Do you know what they'll do to me in prison?

NICK

I have a general idea. Clear!

Nick shocks Frank again. Nothing. He recharges the paddles.

IAN

I coulda had a wife. Kids. There might have even been a Tiffany in my future.

NICK

Ian, there's a dying woman out there. He knows where she is. I know he does.

IAN

You don't know shit, okay? We're not fighting demons here - we're saving lives. And if you keep living in the past, you're gonna lose another one!

NICK

Okay. I'm an arrogant, self-important workaholic with a haunted past, and we're both paying the price for that. Have I been humiliated enough?

IAN

I think so, yes. Now stand back and let a pro show you how it's done.

Ian takes the paddles from him and cranks them way up.

IAN (CONT'D)

(DEEP BREATH) I'll tell you one thing. Whatever happens, I am no longer sleeping in this dude's jersey. Clear!

Ian shocks Frank with a mega-jolt. He GASPS VOLCANICALLY.

FRANK

Oh my God. Oh my God.

NICK

Sinus rhythm is stabilizing.

IAN

Mr. Flynn, just lie still. We're getting you to a hospital. Don't try to speak -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK

Tammy. Her name's Tammy. She's at--

CUT TO:

EXT. NICK AND IAN'S AMBULANCE - SECONDS LATER

Nick BURSTS out of the back and grabs his radio.

NICK

Kinky? I have an exact location on that attempted suicide! 969 Western, Apartment 3G.

CUT TO:

INT. KINKY'S AMBULANCE - SAME TIME

The rig is totally frozen in traffic. Brightly costumed Korean celebrants choke the boulevard. Paul honks his horn.

KINKY

Fantastic! Unfortunately, Magellan here just steered us into the middle of a friggin' parade! (THEN, TO PAUL) Bear right. Right. Your other right!

CUT TO:

EXT. .NICK AND IAN'S AMBULANCE - SECONDS LATER

NICK

I'm close! I'll take this one on foot!

Nick grabs his crash kit and sprints from his rig.

CUT TO:

INT. KINKY'S AMBULANCE - SECONDS LATER

KINKY

Snake another one of my calls?! I don't think so!

Kinky grabs her crash kit and sprints from her rig.

EXT.NICK AND IAN'S AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Tom BURSTS from the pet store and runs toward the rig, where Ian remains, tending to Frank.

TOM

I GOT IT! I GOT THE DIGITALIS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tom gets to the rig... then collapses out of frame, tossing the digitalis in the air. Ian catches the falling vial.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING/INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

MONTAGE: Kinky and Nick each run toward the apartment building, weaving among pedestrians and dodging obstacles. They arrive at the entrance simultaneously. Inside, we see TAMMY, stretched out on a bed, breathing shallowly. As Coldplay's "Fix You" swells over the scene, Nick and Kinky POUND up the stairs. As Nick KICKS in the door, the bottle of Vicodin falls from Tammy's hand. Nick and Kinky do compressions and Tammy COUGHS herself back to life.

CUT TO:

EXT. NICK AND IAN'S AMBULANCE - MINUTES LATER

Ian examines the bolt sticking out of Tom's shoulder.

IAN

So how was your first day?

TOM

Well, I've been puked on, shouted at, bitten, shot and emotionally terrorized.

IAN

All in all, pretty run-of-the-mill.

Tom stares at him, aghast. Ian winks. Tom smiles.

TOM

Yeah. I can't wait 'til tomorrow.

A BEAT... and Tom promptly throws up on Ian's shoes.

ANGLE ON: Nick and Kinky, loading Tammy into her rig.

KINKY

Another save for "The Comeback Kid."

NICK

Actually, this one goes in your column.

ANGLE ON: Paul, who approaches from a nearby restroom.

PAUL

Check this out. I finally fired off a five-coiler. Had to show someone, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He holds his cell phone up for Tom, who recoils.

NICK
(TO KINKY) End of shift. That makes day
seven, and your partner is still intact.
Kinky's curse is broken. Everybody wins!

A BABY DUCK from the pet store squirms out of Tom's pocket.

PAUL
A baby duck. Where'd that come from?

The Baby Duck promptly waddles into the street.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hey look out, little fella!

Paul chases it... and gets SMEARED by a police cruiser,
flying out of frame. Nick runs over.

NICK
Nobody panic. The duck is fine.

END ACT FOUR

CONTINUED: (2)

TAG

INT. AURORA/HEALTHCO SUBSTATION - LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Nick stands in front of his locker, wearing nothing but a towel. He closes the door, REVEALING: Kinky.

KINKY

OK. You ready to go?

NICK

Go where?

KINKY

Well, you won the bet, so--

NICK

So you were serious about that?

KINKY

Hey: a bet's a bet. (BEAT) Unless you don't want to--

NICK

No, no. I totally want to. I just didn't realize you were serious.

KINKY

(SEXY) As a heart attack.

NICK

Okay. Okay great. Just let me wash the conditioner out of my hair.

KINKY

Your hair's not even wet.

O.S. VOICE

Hey! Nick!

PULL WIDE TO REVEAL: A smiling Tiffany, wrapped in a towel.

TIFFANY

You said you were gonna wash my back.

Tiffany walks O.S... and tosses her towel. Kinky exits.

NICK

So we'll just revisit that tomorrow.

Kinky's jar flies in from O.S. and hits Nick in the head.

END OF SHOW