

TEASER

INT./EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Siren BLASTING, Lights FLASHING, the ambulance flies past run-down triple-decker houses in Boston. It's a truck. A red and white behemoth. Its front wrapped with a black two-foot high bumper.

TANYA SUAREZ (mid 30s) rests her hand with cigarette out the open driver's window. The SIREN floods in. Strong and tall, hot and intimidating, she's at home in the driver's seat, been there for fifteen years.

In the passenger seat, JIMMY KILEY (early 20s), short, nervous, and buff. He wears his uniform tight to show off his muscles.

TANYA

(loud but conversational)
The patient's meat. Family's all over you. What do you do?

JIMMY

Not my first call.

TANYA

(smiles)
What, you been working downtown for a month?
(looks over)
Bunch of drunk yuppies? No hot calls, right? No shootings, no stabbings?

Off his anger at his own inexperience --

TANYA (CONT'D)

What do you do?

JIMMY

Load and go.

Up ahead, a BLUE CAR is at a stop sign, waiting for a break in the traffic.

Tanya reaches over flips a switch. The ship's HORN blasts over the SIREN.

TANYA

All the family wanna hear, he won't die. What do you tell 'em?

Jimmy looks at the blue car. It's left turn signal BLINKING, it inches onto Dorchester Ave, but they're coming on fast.

Jimmy squirms, grabs the arm rest, and pushes his back deeper into the seat. Tanya slows to a stop behind the car.

She gives the HORN another blast. The blue car moves forward, but not enough. No room to go around, Tanya pulls forward and gives the car a love tap. The DRIVER looks back, but doesn't move, too much traffic.

She pulls forward and pushes the car into the street. As the car slides into the intersection, the Driver looks back -- freaked out -- and leans on the HORN.

An oncoming car, SKIDS and stops by CRASHING into the blue car. As Tanya pulls around the accident --

TANYA (CONT'D)

Well?

JIMMY

(looking at the wreckage)
You tell the family, we're doing everything we can.

Fully clear, Tanya floors it across the intersection, knocking Jimmy back in his seat.

TANYA

Never make promises. They're family. They can do anything. Their bubble done popped --

JIMMY

I get it.

Tanya looks at him -- *doubtful*. She throws her cigarette butt out the window --

TANYA

You're handling this patient. Don't fuck it up.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

More triple-decker houses around the park. The dark field lights tower over the baseball diamond.

Tanya pulls the stretcher from the back of the ambulance and rolls it across the grass.

Trauma bag in hand, Jimmy speeds ahead of her, across the field, searching. Nobody there, until he sees a body on the grass by the metal stands. He makes a hard turn toward it.

He reaches the PATIENT (early 20s), a male flat on his back. Unconscious, breathing, his clothes blood soaked.

Jimmy grabs his trauma shears and cuts open the patient's jeans, exposing his legs and a gunshot wound.

He cuts open his shirt, exposing a gunshot wound to his chest -- a hole in his lung -- the air WHISTLES out. Jimmy grabs a patch from his bag and plugs the hole.

STEPHEN (O.C.)

He gonna make it?

Jimmy glances to his side, sees jeans and work boots.

JIMMY

Doin' everything we can.

STEPHEN (O.C.)

He's my cousin, man.

Jimmy looks at Tanya halfway across the field.

STEPHEN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Come on. He gonna make it?

Jimmy puts his fingers on the patient's neck, feels his pulse.

STEPHEN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Talk to me for fuck's sake --

JIMMY

Doin' everything we can. He just might --

BANG, BANG, BANG. Three GUNSHOTS to the Patient's chest.

Jimmy's ears RING. He stares down, frozen, blood spatter on his face. Stuck in the never-never land of shock, Jimmy EXHALES, EXHALES.

Looking down on Jimmy, STEPHEN TIERNEY (20) holds the gun. He's young, tough.

STEPHEN

How 'bout now?

In the distance, SIRENS. As they get louder, they meld with --

Pre-lap: -- the BREATHING of sex.