

INT. SWEENEY'S PUB - 1984

A raucous blue-collar crowd is packed shoulder to sweaty shoulder in the South Boston bar. Any hand not holding a cold pint has a cigarette instead, and a slate grey haze hangs from the ceiling.

All eyes are glued to TVs at either end of the bar, tuned to the 1984 OLYMPICS, just as Mary Lou Retton is about to start her gold medal winning vault.

BARTENDER

Shut the fuck up!

The din dies down, and a distant WAILING SIREN is heard.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER

The distance she gets, on this particular vault, is about twenty two feet.

The siren gets closer. As Mary Lou raises her arms, a member of the Red Sox Nation raises his glass and fist in salute.

RED SOX FAN

Fucking USA! Wooooo!

Retton begins her run down the track, just as a fire truck tears down the street. Then another. And a third. Red Sox Fan and a few others wander to :

EXT. SWEENEY'S PUB - CONTINUOUS

They look towards where the fire trucks were headed.

RED SOX FAN

Holy fucking Christ.

Down the street, the sky is filled with fire.

EXT. BROWNSTONE

An inferno rages as Red Sox Fan and friends jog up, beer and cigarettes still in hand.

A fireball explodes out a window, showering glass and debris on the army of FIRST RESPONDERS gathered below, including an fire captain talking into a walkie-talkie.

FIRE CAPTAIN

Kavanagh! Pull your team out!  
Now!

INT. INFERNO HALLWAY

A fire team of four men work their way down a hallway, wrestling with a hose, their best efforts having no effect.

The man second in line, KAVANAGH, holds his hand to his ear, then taps the Lead Man on the shoulder.

KAVANAGH  
Come on! We're out of here!

The men retreat backwards down the hall, towards the stairs.

As they pass a CLOSED DOOR, Kavanagh stops, staring at it. He is brought out of his reverie by Lead Man bumping into him, almost knocking him to the ground.

LEAD MAN  
What's wrong?

KAVANAGH  
I wanna check this room. Could be someone trapped in there. You guys go.

Kavanagh shoulders his way through the door into:

INT. NURSERY

Flames whip around a nursery. A large TEDDY BEAR melts, it's polyester guts oozing out, like the lava of Kilauea.

Lead Man tries to pull Kavanagh back.

LEAD MAN  
Come on! No way anyone's alive in there!

Kavanagh pulls away from Lead Man's grip.

KAVANAGH  
Someone's here.

Kavanagh walks, trance like, to a crib. Flames lick at him.

He hesitantly peers in, fearful of the horror he might see.

Empty.

From the door, Lead Man yells.

LEAD MAN  
Told you! Get the fuck out of there, now!

Kavanagh looks towards him, disappointment in his eyes.

KAVANAGH

I just- wait...

Kavanagh steps towards a HUDDLED MASS on the floor. Flames dance across the charred lump.

He gets closer, sees its a woman on her knees, huddled around something.

Faintly, the muffled crying of a baby.

Kavanagh rushes to the body, pulling her over on her side.

She unrolls, every inch of exposed clothing or skin charred, her face pulled into a horrible rictus, eyes melted away.

Incased within, a SCREAMING INFANT. Unhurt except his left forearm, charred and smoking.

Kavanagh scoops up the baby, tiny in his yellow arms.

KAVANAGH (CONT'D)

Live one! I got a live one!

Lead Man steps into the room.

LEAD MAN

Are you kidding me?

A beam gives way, the flaming ceiling collapsing on Lead Man.

KAVANAGH

RYAN!

Lead Man Ryan is under a flaming pile of DEBRIS, reaching towards Kavanagh. A creak. A shudder. The floor gives way, consuming the massive pile quickly.

Rushing to the edge of the flaming maw, Kavanagh looks down. Two stories below, through every floor, flaming rubble.

The floor begins to creak under Kavanagh's feet. He leaps back, just as the hole violently expands its radius.

A massive fiery gulch cuts Kavanagh off from the door. The flames in the room intensify, driving him back to the corner by the window, his infant charge cradled in his arms.

He slumps down, back against the wall, defeated. He pulls off his respirator.

KAVANAGH (CONT'D)

Sorry little guy. Guess I wasn't meant to be a hero after all.

The infant looks at him with a startling amount of clarity in his eyes.