UNTITLED AMBULANCE SHOW

"PILOT"

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&

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Based on the British show "Sirens"

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ACT ONE

INT./EXT LOU MITCHELL'S COFFEE SHOP - CHICAGO - MORNING

Two plain, old-fashioned to go cups of coffee land on an old school diner counter. The kind of cups you don't really see anymore. Same goes for the waitress - who's about 70 years old and tough as nails.

WAITRESS
Here ya go handsome.

JOHNNY - 32, white, good-looking from the right angles and HANK - same age, black, good-looking from angles they haven't even invented yet - both dressed in their official EMT uniforms - grab the cups.

JOHNNY
Thanks Mabel.

WAITRESS
(indicating Hank)
I was talkin' to him. You I call cute. This one here? If I could go back in time I'd bring him with me.

JOHNNY
Please do.

Johnny hands her a ten and she gives him back a five which he places in the tip jar.

WAITRESS
Thanks cutie.

Johnny and Hank walk and talk as they exit:

JOHNNY
(off Hank's expression)
What.

HANK
Busy-ass morning with a new guy comin' on the rig for training and you still insist on drivin' five miles out of our way to stop at Lou Mitchell's.

JOHNNY
Ya know why? I'll tell ya why. 'Cause Lou Mitchell's is the last joint left in Chicago where you can get a REAL cup of coffee. As in coffee-flavored coffee. From a chick named Mabel.
(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Last time you heard that name was on a Dick Van Dyke rerun. See that joint?

He indicates a frou-frou, fancy little coffee boutique across the street - chock full of hipster types sipping gigantic coffee drinks from large, fancy elaborate containers.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Went in there once to see what all the fuss was about - ordered a coffee from a guy who looked like he was starring in The Boy With The Douchebag Tattoo. Coffee cost me 9 bucks and tasted like pumpkin pie. Ya know why? Cause it was a Pumpkin Mocha Something Grande Loco Something Else. I asked the guy what the douchebag tattoo was - he said it was a chinese symbol for peace. Which he got from a Chinese guy. Which I hope means it's the Chinese symbol for Dear China, kill me first when The Red Army invades America. I like my coffee to taste like coffee and I like it to be served by someone sporting a tattoo they got either in the Marines or the holocaust. And I tip big 'cause I wanna make sure they stay open 'cause I'm goin' in there every day for the rest of my friggin' life.

A beat as Hank digests all of that. Then:

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
What.

Hank knows Johnny like they were blood brothers.

HANK
You're bummed out about the guy who died on us yesterday. Not the coffee.

He hit the nail right on the head:

JOHNNY
Guy was what - 35? Coulda been either one of us. Healthy happy guy steps off a curb and bang! Hit by a bus. And based on what you and me know to be true - he didn't die right away. So he was alive - and alone - underneath that bus for at least 10 minutes before he passed. Alone alone.

HANK
We did everything we could, bro. Like we always do. He ain't the first person we couldn't save.

JOHNNY
I know, but - can't shake it. I was up all night thinkin' about it.

Hank gives him a long stare.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
What.

HANK
This is about you'n Theresa.

JOHNNY
Five minutes frantically pumpin' the chest of a guy who's almost the same age as me yesterday. Tryna bring him back to life? I dunno - really put things in perspective.
(off Hank's face)
What?

HANK
This ain't about the coffee, the dead guy OR Theresa. It's about YOU. 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 mess.

JOHNNY
I don't wanna die alone.

HANK
Nobody does.

JOHNNY
Am I sounding like a chick?

HANK
Women outlive men on average by 8 years. They dont worry about dying alone. After spending enough time with guys like us I'm sure they look forward to it. Especially YOUR ex. Ya wanna talk about perspective? Look at it from hers: she lived with a guy who showed more commitment to coffee-flavored coffee than he did to getting married.

JOHNNY
I know. I know. But I still miss her, man.

HANK
(totally sympathetic)
I feel you, bro.
(a beat)
Tell ya one thing I don't miss: the screaming crazy arguments and the endless grudges and the constant breakups. You don't wanna die alone? Y'know what you should do? Get back together with her.

JOHNNY
Really?

HANK
Oh yeah. Guarantee you won't die alone. 'Cause the last thing you'll see will be her standing over you wielding whatever weapon it was she killed you with.

JOHNNY
I hate you.

HANK
Because you love me. Ya need a moment?

JOHNNY
Yeah.

Hank pats him on the back like he's gonna give him a little time to think and then:

HANK
Tough shit Sherlock. Look, you know I love ya bro but you gotta reach up into your panties and pull your ballsack back down. We gotta job to do. Sometimes we save people, sometimes we can't. Sometimes the only reason they don't die alone is because they die in our arms. Now suck it up - we got a new guy comin' on 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 huge pastry and drinking his coffee. Henry rides shotgun. Apple, coffee. In the middle is the new guy - BRIAN, mid-twenties. Bag of candy. Wide-eyed and innocent.

BRIAN
You guys want a Skittle?

Hank and Johnny exchange a look. No takers.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Wild Berry. Super Purple pack.

Brian snaps a photo with his iPhone.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(off the Skittles)
Wow. This is a regular lime Skittle in a Wild Berry Skittle bag. What're the odds?

He takes another photo.

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

BRIAN
Navy? No no - EASTER seals. Volunteered.

He takes another photo.

JOHNNY
What's with the pictures?

BRIAN
For my blog.

HANK
You have a blog.

BRIAN
I do now. Today's gonna be first day on the job stuff - obviously. Photos, video. There might be a vlog component. I'm not sure yet.

JOHNNY
A vlog.

BRIAN
I could link you. You guys Facebook?

JOHNNY
No I don't Facebook - matter a fact I don't even read regular books. I don't blog, I don't vlog. 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.

JOHNNY
You wanna vlog, kid? Vlog about the rules - 'cause I can guarantee you right now half the crap they taught you in training is gonna fly out the window once things get down'n dirty out here in the real world. You may have passed your EMT class but you still got a lotta stuff to learn.

He puts his pastry in his mouth, drives with his coffee hand then reaches his free hand deep down the front of his pants.

HANK
Like how to eat, drink, drive and adjust your balls all at the same time. Four years in the Army I never saw a man pull off that maneuver.

JOHNNY
It's a gift.

BRIAN
(shooting it all)
This is awesome.

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
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, kid.

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

Johnny is driving like Jeff Gordon while almost nonchalantly eating his pastry 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.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(to Brian)
Two years of minor league hockey'n five years on this job I never got a serious injury. That's what this medal does for me.

BRIAN
St. Jude. Patron saint of lost causes.

HANK
Which pretty much sums up his love life.

JOHNNY
(holding up his phone)
Got my love life right here, bro.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Chicago North 115 cellphone caller says driver appears badly injured, unconscious and bleeding. Repeat driver appears badly injured, unconscious and bleeding.

HANK
Might be bustin yer CPR cherry kid.

JOHNNY
CPR cherry, tracheotomy cherry, defibrillator cherry - could be a triple header.

HANK
Maybe he'll even shit his pants so you can get that outta the way.

BRIAN
I'm ready. This is great. I'm so ready. I aced CPR in training. And the defibrillator. Probably the two things I'm looking forward to most. Those two and the dead junkie thing.

HANK
The dead junkie thing.

BRIAN
When you stick the Narcan needle in the dead junkie and it brings them back to life? Sounds so cool.

JOHNNY
I forgot it was even CALLED Narcan.

HANK
Combined 10 years on the job we seen like two dead junkies. Days of the old skinny-assed actual heroin O.D. junkies are over. All crackheads'n meth freaks now. They ain't dead when we show up.

JOHNNY
They're usually rantin' 'n ravin' 'n throwin' crazy Jackie Chan type karate kicks.

HANK
Had one last week was wavin' a machete around'n screamin' about bein' Obama's cousin.

JOHNNY
You don't need a Narcan needle for that.

HANK
He just shows them some phone porn and they quiet right down.

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.

Johnny drops a piece of pastry to the floor - Hank nonchalantly takes the wheel with one hand while Johnny locates and retrieves it. They then resume positions like they've done this a million times - which they have.

BRIAN
Awesome. Just awesome.

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.
(getting on the ground)
Get the gurney and 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 take another verse of this goddam song. If it was U2 we'd wait.

BRIAN
But standard operating procedure...

HANK
He don't believe in procedure. He believes in Michael Jordan. Now move your pudgy white 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 (CONT'D)
Leak is gettin' heavy, bro. And based on personal experience I estimate there's about another 13 minutes left in this crappy tune.

JOHNNY
I'm 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 chances for a fire and, thank God, the music.

HANK
Thank you.

JOHNNY
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
Coulda been worse.

JOHNNY
How?

HANK
Coulda been a Celine Dion fan.

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

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

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. It's Farrell with an F, by the way. Last week you used PH.

Hank and Brian lift the boarded victim onto the gurney and start rolling him towards the back of their rig.

CHICAGO FIRE LT.
Let me remind you how it's supposed to go down, asshole! Fire department secures the vehicle, fire department pulls out the victim, fire department hands the victim over to you guys to deliver to the doctors at the hospital where the real medical work gets done. You ain't in charge've nothin' but transportation - because that's all you are: glorified goddam cabdrivers!

JOHNNY
Only one problem in that equation, ballface.

CHICAGO FIRE LT.
What's that?

JOHNNY
Cab drivers got here first.

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.
(indicating her partner)
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.

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. 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.
(off Johnny’s look)
What? Not true?

JOHNNY
(after a beat)
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
Theresa and Johnny used to live together, Bri. She broke up with him two months ago. It was practically court-ordered.
(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)
Me and everyone else they knew demanded a demounting before they either killed each other or the earth fell off it's axis - whichever came first.
(off Theresa's face)
Not true?

THERESA
(pushing back)
It was mutually agreed upon.

HANK
Between you two and the entire city of Chicago.
(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 awright?

Johnny appreciates the concern, pats Hank on the shoulder as a thank you gesture and BAM! Doors slam 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:

JOHNNY
I woulda passed the firefighter test this year if I didn't pull that hamstring.

HANK
Last year it was the Achilles right? And the year before that?

JOHNNY
The huge argument with Theresa about the new sofa. Blew my concentration.

HANK
Vitals are all aces. Tape.

JOHNNY
There was no reason for her to mention that shit in front of whatever his name was.

HANK
Denzel. Gauze.

BRIAN
Danny. I think it was Danny.

HANK
He's 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.

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. He's 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.
(to Brian)
I'm gay by the way.

PETE
Okay.

HANK
(to Pete)
Talkin' to him but glad to know you're cool, Pete. Gold star number two.
(to Brian)
I'm a big giant ex-military homo Bri. Put that on yer vlog. I don't dance and I don't moisturize. I belch I fart I love the Chicago Bears the same way any football fan does - although I do have a 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.
(then, to Johnny)
She told him all that shit about you because she ain't over you yet and I know you ain't over her either but I'm tellin' you bro do NOT let me hear you say you two are gonna start datin' again 'cause I will put you both out of my misery.
(to Brian)
Bandages.
(back to Johnny)
She's still yer ICE isn't she?
(no response)
Stupid goddam question. Who's yours Brian?

BRIAN
My parents.

HANK
Your parents.

BRIAN
Well they live right upstairs.

JOHNNY
You still live with your parents?

BRIAN
No. I said they're upstairs. I'm downstairs. Whole separate floor.

HANK
How many times a week you eat dinner with them?

BRIAN
Maybe - three.

HANK
Which means four. You live with your parents. ‘N at your age that’s more than just a little bit gay.

BRIAN
But I’m not gay.

HANK
You got a girlfriend?

BRIAN
Not right now.

HANK
You like Kathy Griffin?

BRIAN
(defensive)
She’s funny.

HANK
No girlfriend Kathy Griffin fan shoes shining like mirrors clothes neatly pressed and 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 more like a young and hunkier Harry Belafonte.
(beat)
Omigod that sounded gay.

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.

HANK
Have you been drinking?

PETE
Stone cold sober. I got cut off by a trailer truck and hit the curb.

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

Johnny, Hank, and Brian push the patient up to the Emergency room doors where they're met by Doctors, Nurses, Orderlies.

HANK
We got him stable. My guess is you're gonna wanna look at-

DOCTOR
Hey - do I ask you how to drive an ambulance? No I don't. Why? Because I'm a doctor, that's why.

JOHNNY
He's just trying to explain that-

He gives Johnny a dismissive look and heads into the ER.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Fag.
(off Brian's look)
What?

Brian tries to subtly indicate Hank.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
He gave me permission to say it whenever I want. Fag, faggy, fagalicious.

HANK
As long as he's referring to doctors we hate, any of my ex-boyfriends, and any guy interested in Theresa. I'll give you permission to say it too if you want, Bri.

JOHNNY
I even get to call stuff gay.

BRIAN
No thanks.

HANK
Come on. Say the f word.

BRIAN
Nope.

HANK
Don't give the word power, dude. Say it.

BRIAN
I'm really not comfortable-

Johnny and Hank stop him in his tracks.

JOHNNY
Say it.

BRIAN
No.
(off their looks)
Fine.
(deep breath - then:)
I can't say it. It's not cool.

HANK
We ain't going anywhere until you say it, Bri - it's like a rite of passage.
(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)
Now I want you to take away that word's power. I want you to own it and stomp on it and -

BRIAN
Okay okay - fag fag fag fag FAG!

They turn to notice a doctor standing but three feet away. He may or may not be gay but either way does not seem very happy about what he just heard. He gives Brian a dirty look.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
No no - not you.
(indicating Hank)
Him! HE'S a - wait! He said I could say it!

Johnny and Hank high five.

JOHNNY
First day and he's already pissin' off doctors. Welcome to the guys who get to say gay club, kid. I been a card-carryin' member for years.

HANK
Now all you gotta do, Johnny, is get a retarded person to give you permission to say retard and you're all set.

JOHNNY
Bri, is it cool if I say retard?

BRIAN
No.
(getting it)
Ohh.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HOSPITAL - MINUTES LATER

The guys walk down the hallway toward dispatch.

JOHNNY
(to Hank)
Who's your I.C.E.?

HANK
Private.

JOHNNY
I get it. Brian - go get us all some Gatorades.

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

BRIAN
Do you want Gatorade Prime, Gatorade Performance, or Gatorade Recover?

JOHNNY
Let's go with - yellow.

Brian leaves.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Okay - he's gone. Spill.

HANK
I didn't mean private as in wait til Brian ain't around I meant private as in I ain't tellin' you.

JOHNNY
You tell me everything.

HANK
You THINK I tell you everything.

JOHNNY
'Cause you do.

HANK
No I don't. I hold back.

JOHNNY
Bullshit.

HANK
Okay - test. I ever thought about getting married?

JOHNNY
Course not. You have sexual ADD. Plus you always say-

HANK
- let all the gay guys get married'n then wait a couple years until the boredom and the anger and the searing daily disappointment that marriage is made of take hold - THEN let's see how gay it is. But I almost married Jeff.

JOHNNY
Jeff the Chef?

HANK
Yup. Loved him. Loved his eyes, his face. His pasta. But then - once it got kinda serious - he started bitching about me not expressin' my feelings enough'n not calling him every ten minutes'n not tellin' him I love you all goddam day. He started acting like-

JOHNNY
A chick.

HANK
A chick with a dick.

JOHNNY
Why couldn't you tell me that?

HANK
Because Jeff was my ICE'n if I told you that you woulda been jealous'n pissed off it wasn't you. Right?

JOHNNY
Why shouldn't I be your ICE, hah? Gimme one good reason.

HANK
Because I want the person I call in a life and death situation to be someone reliable, 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.
(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)
And I shall continue to love you - always and forever.

JOHNNY
(a beat)
I ain't doin' that.

HANK
I didn't think so.

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," 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 gay.

Hank and Brian exit, leaving Johnny with egg on his face.

INT. GARAGE/AMBULANCE COMPANY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A big garage with a dispatch office attached. Several parked ambulances. A big table and some chairs. A few old front seats from retired vehicles for the EMTs to lounge on. There's a fridge and a barbecue somewhere. 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, heavyset, 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
My Advil intake. Just popped another six 'cause my neck's cramped from spending an hour on the phone getting rations of crap from Lieutenant Nutsack at 47 Truck. Why you gotta bust his balls all the time?

JOHNNY
'Cause I'm sick'n tired of bein' treated like we're second or third class citizens by guys who think they're the only heroes in town!

MAC
Look, Johnny, after I had my heart attack and died for seven minutes--

JOHNNY
Three. It was three minutes. And you didn't die.

MAC
I was dead. I saw a light. I got a message. Maybe it was from God, maybe it was from some other entity, but the message was simple: don't sweat the stuff you can't control.

HANK
Like smoking.

She has a huge coughing fit. Brian is concerned. Johnny and Hank and everyone else barely even notice. They walk away.

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
Hank and anyone else in this office with a vagina.

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
The one on the left could be dumber than a Kardashian sister and I'd still do him.

JOHNNY
(taking the binoculars)
Let me see that.

JOHNNY'S POV (through binoculars): two ridiculously good-looking pilots. One loads the helicopter as the other starts the propellers. They're absurdly windswept and sunlit.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
These guys ain't shit. They fly in they fly out. Don't even get their hands dirty. Why does every EMT with a set of tits have a thing for 'em?

MOLLY
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?

KEENA
Say the first one again.

MOLLY
Hot - helicopter - pilot.

KEENA
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?

Brian's a bit shy around Molly. It's clear he has a thing for her. Hard for him to talk to her. Like right now.

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.

She crosses away.

MOLLY
I could never live with my parents.

BRIAN
You don't get along?

MOLLY
No. We get along fine. I just have a fear of masturbating within 15 feet of my mom. You?

A long beat. Then:

BRIAN
First day's been good. Learning a lot. Seeing some action. I mean, they haven't really let me run point on anything, but-

JOHNNY
You wanna run point? Hank - he wants to run point.

HANK
Hey, any man who's brave enough to beat off in his parents basement-

BRIAN
I don't -

JOHNNY
All right, next call - no matter what: you're the man.

BRIAN
Really?

JOHNNY
Yup.

BRIAN
Awesome.

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.

JOHNNY
(to the man)
Let me guess. You were changing a light bulb - naked - you stumbled off the ladder and you fell backwards right onto the coke bottle.

The man grimaces a "no."

HANK
You were about to watch a football game - naked - the phone rings, you put down the coke bottle, answer the phone and a few seconds later sit down and suddenly feel the cold hard shaft of the bottle's neck tickling your prostate.

MAN
Look, my wife and kids are away, I smoked a little weed, and I was just - curious. I'm not gay.

HANK
Of course not. Did I say gay?

JOHNNY
I was thinkin' it.

MAN
Well I'm NOT! I just always wondered what something like this might, y'know - feel like.

HANK
And what DOES it feel like?

MAN
Like a I got a soda bottle jammed up my butt.

JOHNNY
Go figure. Brian, examine the injury.

BRIAN
What?!

JOHNNY
You're the man, Bri. 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 a light up the guy's butt. Hank snaps a picture of Brian peering up the guy's rear end. Johnny laughs.

MAN
Hey!

HANK
It's for his blog.

JOHNNY
Well, Brian, whaddaya think?

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

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

HANK
I'm guessing your wife is your In Case Of Emergency contact and you probably don't want us to call her about this. Do you happen to have an In Case Something Gets Lodged Up Your Ass contact?

MAN
Yeah. You guys.

HANK
Think we just moved up a rung. From glorified cabdrivers to proctologists.

JOHNNY
Congratulations, Doc. As a fellow member of the medical establishment, here's what I'm gonna suggest we do.

INT. - MOVING AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Sirens wailing. Lights ablaze. Johnny drives.

MAN (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.

HANK
Look at the bright side, sir. A gerbil woulda been wayyy itchier.

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.

MAN (O.S.)
Ahh!

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

MAN (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?

MAN
Supermarket? What for?

HANK
Get your deposit back.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

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.

THERESA
Shh. C'mon. Fast'n quiet.

JOHNNY
Wait - what?

THERESA
Tonight's our regular get together at my place, right? But this is even better.

JOHNNY
The guys're like 20 yards away.

THERESA
(pulling out her handcuffs)
I know. 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. As does he.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
We gotta be quick though. What if one of the guys decides to come check on us? Then our whole we hate each other we broke up forever cover story is kaput.

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.

As he's handcuffing her and she's peeling down his pants:

THERESA
This is hot. Don't you think the sex has been better when it's not surrounded by all that other stuff?

JOHNNY
What stuff?

THERESA
Money. Feelings. Furniture.

They are kissing and tearing off clothing and groping each other like crazy throughout the following:

THERESA (CONT'D)
We see each other one night a week on the sly and bang each other's brains out which takes care of both our physical needs while perfectly avoiding the hassle of being together longer than fifteen minutes, which in our case only leads to arguing about everything from curtain colors and commitment issues to the perils of global warming.

JOHNNY
I will NEVER live in an apartment with pink curtains, I do NOT have commitment issues, and Al Gore is a fat, pretentious, self-promoting omigod you look amazing.

THERESA
They were magenta. You broke up with me over magenta curtains.

JOHNNY
You broke up with ME because of the curtains. Which were pink.

THERESA
You broke up with me the two times before that.

JOHNNY
You were crying yourself to sleep at night.

THERESA
You cried at the end a Toy Story 3.

JOHNNY
It reminded me of when I moved outta my Mom's house.

THERESA
I cry myself to sleep and you don't shed one goddam tear but some animated asshole leaves his toys behind and you ball your eyes out like a baby?

JOHNNY
I did NOT ball my eyes out I was just a little - misty - and please tell me you didn't tell your partner about that shit like you told him about that other shit right in front of our new guy!

HANK
(on radio)
Johnny - sandwich is ready bro.

JOHNNY
(answering)
Be right in.

THERESA
I was trying to throw Hank off the scent - givin' you crap in front of MY new partner. Who's gonna find out sooner or later anyways. Meanwhile you didn't jump to my defense when Hank was bustin' my chops. Did you just say 'misty'?

JOHNNY
He's my best friend. He was defending my honor.

THERESA
(a beat)
Why wasn't I ever your best friend?

JOHNNY
Nice. Throw THAT knuckler at me. I've told you before baby no man wants his girl to be his best friend. Because no man wants to turn to his best friend while they're watching a football game together and say - hey, how 'bout a blow job?

THERESA
Which of course - in Hank's case - you could actually do.

The sexy action is slowing down.

DANNY
(on the radio)
T - food's up.

THERESA
(answering back)
Copy that, honey, be right in.

JOHNNY
(a beat)
Honey?

Okay - that's it. She's done.

THERESA
Yeah. Honey. We did it again - we talked too long. Uncuff me.

JOHNNY
What's he call you?

THERESA
Uncuff me now or I kick you in the nuts.

As he's doing so:

JOHNNY
Can I ask you something?

THERESA
No.

JOHNNY
That guy we pulled outta the wreck this mornin' - as usual we had to ask him who his ICE was and that led to Hank'n me gettin' into a discussion about-

THERESA
My sister's my ICE now.

JOHNNY
How'd you know what I was-

THERESA
Because I'm always two steps ahead of you. I changed my ICE from you to her about 5 minutes after we broke up which was about 3 minutes after I took the blow torch to your signed Michael Jordan jersey.
(before he can say it)
Which is worth almost eight thousand dollars on eBay. Believe me I know. I could've done my whole kitchen over with that goddam shirt.

JOHNNY
(a beat)
You hate yer sister.

THERESA
She's a bitch. But she's a bitch who's gonna show up at the hospital no matter what condition I'm in - just for the drama alone. If I got burned up in a fire so bad I needed a skin graft, she'd show up in a mini-skirt just in case my plastic surgeon was cute and single. Plus - she only ever sheds crocodile tears.

JOHNNY
I wouldn't cry - not in front of you.

THERESA
Unless we're talking Toy Story 4 and Buzz Lightyear is in the burn unit.

JOHNNY
So you'd rather have yer sister there than me.

THERESA
No. But being someone's ICE is a privilege. Reserved for someone close. My sister might suck but she's still my sister. You on the other hand are currently my EX-boyfriend. I call her in case of emergency - I call you in case I wanna get laid. Which I still do tonight at my place. Regular time. And all action tonight - no talking!

JOHNNY
What if I say no?

A sharp laugh bursts out of her.

THERESA
That's funny.

JOHNNY
One day soon I might say no.

THERESA
And one day soon the polar ice caps'll melt. Then we'll be doing this underwater. Go.

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 hanging from one wrist.

THERESA (CONT'D)
Two words ladies: civil service.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. GARAGE/AMBULANCE COMPANY OFFICE - LATER

Shift over. Johnny, now dressed in civilian clothes, is stopped by Hank. Brian is standing there with a smile.

HANK
Where you goin'? I thought we were taking numbnuts out for his first day beer.

JOHNNY
Nah, I gotta thing.

HANK
What thing?

Mac is in the b.g. coughing and smoking and watching the Westminster Dog Show.

JOHNNY
Uh - dog thing.

HANK
When did you get a dog?

JOHNNY
Well I didnt really get one I'm just - I've been - savin' 'em. Rescue Dog - Society. RDS. Workin' for them in my spare time.

BRIAN
That's so cool. Think I've heard of that organization.

JOHNNY
Yeah - they're uh - there's a big RDS dinner tonight so I gotta go.

HANK
So go for ten minutes then come meet us.

JOHNNY
Can't.

HANK
Why not? You drop in there say hello duck out come meet us.

JOHNNY
Um - I dont really wanna make a big thing about it but they're - they're honoring me.

HANK
(not buying it)
For what?

JOHNNY
(thinking fast)
Savin' the most dogs, finding the most homes for 'em. And not just the easy dogs like the beagles, the boxers, and the retrievers. No, I placed all the weird ass dogs in good homes - pit bulls, greyhounds -

BRIAN
They can be anorexic.

JOHNNY
Bet yer balls they can - I got some of 'em eatin' again so yeah, they're honorin' me and I gotta give a speech and everything.

HANK
You wrote a speech?

JOHNNY
Yes. No. I mean - I'm gonna be brief. To the point.

HANK
Okay. Well - come meet us down O'Brien's after.

Johnny exits. Hank turns to see the dog show on tv and smirks a knowing smirk. Then a strange sound emits itself from Mac - not a cough.

HANK (CONT'D)
Hey Mac - you cryin'?

MAC
It's these damn golden retrievers. They remind me of my ex-husband.

HANK
Dumb?

MAC
And gassy.

HANK
I thought you hated your ex.

MAC
I do. But he used to fetch me stuff.

INT. O'BRIENS BAR - NIGHT

After work. Everyone has a drink. 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.

BRIAN
Thanks guys.

MOLLY
So - you're staying?

BRIAN
Of course I'm staying.

KEENA
Not everyone does.

BRIAN
Really?

MOLLY
Nope. Lotta folks can't take the stress.

KEENA
Come in all gung ho and then bam! First day scares the crap out of 'em - the blood, the puke, the pressure - scares them off.

BRIAN
I don't mind the blood - and I just looove the pressure. Haven't seen any puke yet. Not a big fan really. When I see someone puke it kinda makes ME wanna puke.

KEENA
Well you better start working on your gag reflex kid cause sooner or later someone's gonna throw up on ya. Might be me if I keep downing these girly drinks - what is this?

HANK
I let Brian pick.

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. Wow Molly hot bartender at three o'clock.

There is a big strong hunk of a man behind the bar - very straight. Kind of guy women love and men don't wanna fight.

MOLLY
See ya.

Molly and Keena exit the booth and cross to the bar.

HANK
Glad to hear you like the job, Bri.

BRIAN
Yeah. It's everything I thought it would be. Just - amazing. Saving that guy from the car? Sooo cool. I mean - that WAS some real hero crap you and Johnny pulled off. Plus - y'know - just meeting you.

HANK
Me?

BRIAN
Yeah. You're like - well - I come from a pretty normal - well, normal is the wrong word - um, I dunno how else to say it but - you're my first gay friend.

HANK
No I'm not.

BRIAN
Yeah no - I know - I'm jumping the gun calling you my friend but -

HANK
No no - you can consider me a friend. I'm just pretty certain I'm not your first GAY friend.

BRIAN
No. I'm certain. You are.

HANK
Uh huh. Who were your three best friends growing up?

BRIAN
Why?

HANK
Just tell me. Three guys you were closest to for most of your life. In your 'normal' world.

BRIAN
Um - this guy Joey Misfanato. Captain of the jayvee football team. Chuck Cheese - worst gas you ever smelt - he cleared an entire party out once after the junior prom. One time he even lit one on fire in a McDonald's! And Bobby Pukarski.

HANK
What does Bobby do?

BRIAN
He was incredibly talented - he starred in all the big musicals in high school. People still talk about his senior year performance in South Pacific. And now he's a dancer.

HANK
Uh huh. Hate to break it to you buddy but at least one of those three guys was gay.

BRIAN
No way. We all had girlfriends.

HANK
Which one had the most girlfriends.

BRIAN
Duh - Joey Misfanato. The football player.

HANK
And how was Joey's hygiene.

BRIAN
Whaddaya mean?

HANK
Did he smell good, did he dress nice?

BRIAN
Of course he did. He was always surrounded by women.

HANK
Not one of whom he ever dated for longer than a month, correct?

BRIAN
Um - lemme think.
(off Hank's smirk)
No way man. There's no way!

HANK
Scientific studies tell us 1 in every 10 American men is gay. My more hands-on approach says the number is actually about 1 in every 3. And based on the information you just gave me? Joey Misfanato most definitely did not like pussy.

BRIAN
I refuse to believe that. It's not possible. Chuck! It has to be Chuck! He never had a girlfriend for longer than a week. And guys LOVED him!

HANK
Cause he lit his own farts on fire! In public! For straight men that's the equivalent of a girl seeing a unicorn. But HUGE turnoff to women. Huge. Paul Newman was married to Joanne Woodward for 52 years. Ya know why? He never lit one up in the living room.

BRIAN
Pukarski! The dancer.

HANK
Nope. Too obvious. He's just a talented guy who's gettin' laid a lot because he's working in a profession chock fulla horny chicks and men so gay they fart actual flames - no lighter needed. 1 in 3 Brian. It's a fact. Just look at your new work crew. There's you, there's Johnny and then - me.

BRIAN
(stunned)
Joey Misfanato.

HANK
I know. It's hard to hear this. But it's way more widespread than you think.
(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)
And it’s been this way for a long long time pal. Look at Jesus.

BRIAN
What?

HANK
Worshipped his Mother. Spent every single day hanging out with 12 other guys. One of whom - John The ‘Beloved’ Disciple - rested his head on Jesus’s chest during the Last Supper - which by the way - was a guys only affair. Last night on earth and he don’t invite Mary Magdelene? You tell me.

BRIAN
I can’t believe this. This can’t be true. Joey Misfanato - Jesus? No way. There’s just - no way.

Keena and Molly sit back down.

KEENA
We want another drink I guess we’re gonna have to order from our pretty waitress.

MOLLY
Five minutes at that bar and we can’t get that hot bartender’s attention.

KEENA
It’s like we’re invisible.

HANK
That’s because he’s gay.

Both Keena and Molly slump. Hank’s always right.

BRIAN
No he’s not.

HANK
He gave me the secret gay glance when we walked in.

BRIAN
There’s a secret gay glance?

HANK
Yup. Plus - messages you send each other.

BRIAN
Like what?

MOLLY
Like ordering drinks with the word Peach in the title.

Brian looks over at the bartender - who winks at him.

BRIAN
We need some whiskey. Fast.

INT. THERESA'S APT - SIMULTANEOUS

Theresa opens the door to find Johnny waiting. She's dressed in extremely skimpy and sexy lingerie.

JOHNNY
Wow.
(as he enters)
Yer - um - ready to roll, hah?

THERESA
Yeah. In a little bit of a rush. I gotta thing.

JOHNNY
What kinda thing?

THERESA
Just a - thing. Jump in the shower big boy.

JOHNNY
Okay - I just - ya got anythin' ta eat? I'm starvin'.

THERESA
Jump in the shower I'll make you a sandwich'n once we get done you can take it with you. C'mon - chop chop.

JOHNNY
Jesus, I'm -

THERESA
C'mon.

JOHNNY
Wait a minute. This - thing?

THERESA
Yeah?

JOHNNY
What kinda 'thing' is it?

THERESA
Just a regular - thing.

JOHNNY
Is it a date?
(off her face, very calmly)
We agreed not to lie to each other or string each other along T. We agreed we were both gonna see other people. So if it's a date, call it a date and not a thing. I'm not gonna get mad - it's all part of the deal we made when we broke up. We're both mature, responsible adults here. Be honest. Own up.

THERESA
Okay. It's a date.

JOHNNY
(complete 180)
You gotta be shittin' me!

THERESA
See? You're mad.

JOHNNY
I'm not mad! I'm - who is it?

THERESA
I'm not telling you who it is.

JOHNNY
Is it someone I know?

THERESA
No! God no. It's a complete and utter stranger. It's just - a guy. I would never date someone you know - didn't we both agree on that?

JOHNNY
Yes we did.

THERESA
See? I'm within the rules.

JOHNNY
Yes. Yes you are.

THERESA
Now c'mon.

JOHNNY
C'mon what?

THERESA
Let's go. Clothes off'n into the shower. I'm horny.

JOHNNY
You - you still wanna have sex?

THERESA
Yeah.

JOHNNY
See - now this really pisses me off.

THERESA
What?

JOHNNY
(hurt)
This - idea you have - like I'm some, I dunno - sex machine you just - use whenever you need it. Like I'm not even a person. I'm just some - sex toy who comes over and, and - performs on cue.
(with meaning)
'Cause I'm not, Theresa. I'm not.

He walks away. She thinks for a second. Then:

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
With a complete stranger.

THERESA
Who happens to look just like George Clooney.

JOHNNY
(a beat, then:)
It's go time.

He picks her up and heads for the bed, kissing her once before dropping her onto it. He continues to frantically get undressed.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
How many dates have you been on?

THERESA
How many dates have YOU been on?

A beat as he stands there undressing. Then:

JOHNNY
I asked you first.

He drops down on the bed and goes to kiss her.

THERESA
(pulling back)
So - none.

Uh oh. She's inched herself away from his lips. He knows he's in trouble if he hasn't gone an any dates.

JOHNNY
(thinking fast)
Six.

THERESA
Six?

She seems pissed.

JOHNNY
Okay - not really six. I mean - it WAS six but - five of them were with the same girl.
(now she seems even more pissed)
But four of those were, y'know - durin' the daytime so - coffee, they were just coffee - so, I mean - does the daytime even count as a date?

THERESA
What's her name?

JOHNNY
Who?

THERESA
The coffee drinker.

JOHNNY
Oh. Jessica. Jesse.

THERESA
You call her Jesse already?

JOHNNY
No. Jesse was the main one. Jessica is the other one.

THERESA
What does Jesse do?

JOHNNY
In bed? I wouldn't know because we never-

THERESA
For a living.

JOHNNY
Oh. She's a - nurse.

Theresa jumps out of bed.

THERESA
You're lying and you're lying based on looking over my shoulder at my Tootsie poster - I saw your eyes dart.

There is in fact a framed poster of the movie "Tootsie" on the opposite wall.

THERESA (CONT'D)
I can't BELIEVE you Johnny! All this time and you haven't been on a single goddam date!

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

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? All I see are dead people or people who are almost dead or guys with coke bottles stuck up their asses. I work all the time!

THERESA
So do I! That didn't stop me from meeting two George Clooneys and a Wolverine!

JOHNNY
(a beat)
There's two Clooneys?

THERESA
Yes. And a Hugh Jackman.

He grabs her hand and pulls her back toward the bed.

JOHNNY
Go time again! We are gonna have a TON of sex right now!

THERESA
Stop. Stop!

She pulls away and stands back up.

THERESA (CONT'D)
I'm not in the mood now. Listen - I'm a girl - so when I walk around, even when I was living with you - guys hit on me. George Clooney guys, Hugh Jackman guys, fat guys, bald guys. It just happens. You - as a man - have to actually work at it - talk to girls - ask them out. But instead - you do nothing. Which was what you did after awhile during our relationship - nothing.

She sits back down next to him - staring 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.

She takes his hands in both of hers.

THERESA (CONT'D)
Okay?

JOHNNY
(gazing back at her, getting it)
Okay.
(another beat)
Can I ask you one, simple, easy to answer question though?

THERESA
Yes.

JOHNNY
How much do these guys really look like George Clooney?

She drops his hands.

THERESA
Out.

She heads for the bathroom.

JOHNNY
And this Jackman guy - does he just have a Hugh Jackman face or is he all jacked up like Jackman?

The bathroom door slams shut.

THERESA (O.S.)
Good bye!

JOHNNY
Because we get like two or three roid rage calls a week honey and believe me - it ain't pretty.

THERESA (O.S.)
I'm gonna count to three and then I'm getting my taser out!

JOHNNY
I think we should have sex.

THERESA (O.S.)
One Mississippi two Mississippi-

JOHNNY
Okay okay - I'm going.

He notices her cellphone on the kitchen table - eyeballs it.

INT. O'BRIEN'S BAR - LATER

Johnny enters, spots Hank and Brian, and quickly heads over to them, passing Molly and Keena on the way.

JOHNNY
I need yer guys help.

BRIAN
Omigod - what happened.

HANK
He went over to see Theresa and found her bangin' some guy.

JOHNNY
No I did not.

HANK
You went over to see Theresa and she was bangin' TWO guys?

JOHNNY
I went over to see Theresa'n she's goin' out on a date with a guy.

HANK
Who she might bang.

JOHNNY
You didnt buy the dog thing?

HANK
Not for a second.

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

HANK
It's a pretty good look. Goes with my eyes. And my cock.

JOHNNY
We're gonna go stake out her date. I GPS'd her phone.

BRIAN
What.

HANK
There's an app you can get where you link your phone to a friend's and you can track each other.

BRIAN
I know. I use it when I'm out on the town and I want to meet up with all my apparently gay friends for a drink.

HANK
Same idea really. Only in Johnny's case there's no meeting up. Or drinks. And the friend who's out on the town doesn't even know she's involved.
(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)
It's completely immoral and extremely reprehensible and a total violation of privacy.

Hank stands up to leave. Turns and says to Brian:

HANK (CONT'D)
We're takin' yer car because she'll recognize either one of ours.

BRIAN
(hesitating)
I dunno. I've never done anything like this before.

HANK
Up until about 6 hours ago you'd never shined a light up a guy's ass before either. I'm assuming. Live a little. Let's go.

They start to rush out.

MOLLY
Where you guys goin'?

BRIAN
Johnny GPS'd his girlfriend's phone and we're gonna go stake out this date she's on.

JOHNNY
Whoa whoa - it's way more complicated than that.

The girls and the bartender are all waiting to hear how.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(giving up)
No it's not. C'mon.

The guys rush out. Molly turns to Keena.

KEENA
I wish I could meet a guy who'd GPS me.

MOLLY
Me too. I wanna get married soon.

KEENA
What's the hurry?

MOLLY
I want to have eight kids.

KEENA
With the same father?

MOLLY
Of course.

KEENA
(a beat)
Doesn't get much whiter than that.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

Brian drives. At about 45 mph. Hank shotgun. Johnny in back staring at the phone.

JOHNNY
1723 North Halstead. She's been there for over an hour. Some restaraunt.

HANK
A '94 Subaru? We coulda hitched a ride on Nathan Lane's back and gotten there faster.

JOHNNY
45 mph. You gotta be shittin' me.

BRIAN
Once we hit 50 it starts to shake.

JOHNNY
It's shakin' right now.

BRIAN
This is not shaking. This is a shimmy.

JOHNNY
What happens if you go 65?

BRIAN
My mother gets really upset.

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 George Clooney.

HANK
(a beat, then:)
They're going back to his place.

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

They park across from a fancy restaurant.

HANK
Alinea? Dude's taking her to fucking Alinea? They serve a chocolate gallette drizzled with liquid gold here! You sure it's not the real George Clooney?

JOHNNY
Shut up.

BRIAN
What's a gallette?

JOHNNY
It's a pudding.

HANK
It's a cake! A flat, free-form expensive goddam cake! 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 banging the guy right now - between the appetizers and the main course. I know I would.

JOHNNY
You're supposed to be helping me.

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

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 bangin' 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
Jesus - it's like George Clooney banged Hugh Jackman.

HANK
She's lookin this way!

They all duck down. A beat. Then:

BRIAN
It's interesting that you put Clooney on top in that equation because I would have thought that the Wolverine would have been-

HANK
Shuddup Brian!

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! Start the car Brian. We're splitting.

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
That 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 Clooney Jackman guy rolls it down and she hands it to him. He speeds off.

JOHNNY
That's it - I am never playing Madden again. EVER!

BRIAN
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 the window. Johnny and Hank stay down.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Hi, Theresa.

THERESA
Hello Brian. Tell Johnny and Hank to sit up, please.

BRIAN
Johnny, Hank--

JOHNNY
We know!

They get up.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Did 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. But still I was 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. Good night gentlemen.

She turns and walks way. 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?

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. AMBULANCE - THE NEXT MORNING

As they drive:

JOHNNY
Hey, Brian, listen - sorry I dragged you into that situation last night. It was not fair to you and quite frankly - I'm a little embarrassed about the way I conducted myself.

BRIAN
Are you kidding me?! That was like - one of the greatest nights of my life. I got to drive almost 65 miles an hour, I got to go on a stakeout - which I never dreamed I'd ever get to do. Plus I got to hear a girl use the phrase 'he tried to finger me'. THAT wasn't even on my list.

JOHNNY
You have an actual list, too, don't you?

BRIAN
Oh yeah. I think everyone should.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Chicago North 911 - possible OD at the corner of North Kedzie and Division inside Humboldt Park.

Hank responds as Johnny hits the pedal.

HANK
Wasn't bringin' a junkie back to life one of the things on your list yesterday?

BRIAN
(beaming)
Yes it was. Yes - it - was. See I just - I visualize what I want. And then I have faith in the fact that they are going to happen.
(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I send positive energy out into the universe and trust the universe to provide. It's kind of a Buddhist mentality.
(a beat)
You got a list, Hank?

HANK
Oh yeah.

BRIAN
What's on it?

HANK
Names I'm thinking of calling you.

EXT. HUMBOLDT PARK - ONE MINUTE LATER

As the ambulance screeches up and the guys jump out to find a young RAGGEDY LOOKING WOMAN crying over the body of a young RAGGEDY LOOKING MAN who appears to be dead. Hank starts checking his breathing, etc.

HANK
What's he on Miss? WHAT'S HE ON?

RAGGEDY YOUNG WOMAN
Heroin. He was fine just sitting here talking to me and then -

JOHNNY
Okay, relax, ma'am. He's going to be fine. Bri - this is you. You got this.

HANK
(handing him a package)
Grab the Narcan needle'n jam it in.

BRIAN
But in training they said to put it in slow otherwise the victim might -

JOHNNY
Puke? Whaddid I tell you about rules rookie? You got a dead man here!
(off the girl's sob)
Not dead yet but - close.

HANK
Jam it in there or give it to me!

BRIAN
But my instructor said-

HANK
They don't puke, Brian! They come back to life and start throwing crazy junkie punches! Jam it in and then - duck! Now go! GO!

Brian jams it in. Pumps the Narcan. And then leans back and covers his head. Until - nothing happens.

HANK (CONT'D)
One Mississippi, two Mississippi-

Ahh! - the dead man's eyes open. He breathes deep and long. Then - he sits up. Brian uncovers. The girl shrieks with delight and tries to run to him but Johnny holds her back.

RAGGEDY YOUNG WOMAN
Oh baby!

BRIAN
Hey - it worked!

HANK
Yup. You, my friend, are a hero.

Hank pats him on the back and then gingerly takes two large steps away as: BLAP! The man pukes onto Brian's shoes. Then: BLAAAAAAAAAAP!!! The dead man projectile vomits the loudest, longest stream of black fluid you have ever seen in your life: ALL OVER BRIAN.

DEAD MAN
You ruined my high, man!

HANK
Wait wait - it's gonna get better.

And BLAAAAAAP! Brian pukes right onto the junkie, who screams and moves away.

RAGGEDY YOUNG WOMAN
Ewww!

JOHNNY
Would you mind taking a picture of us?

RAGGEDY YOUNG WOMAN
Um - yeah. Okay.

Johnny and Hank get semi-close to Brian.

HANK
We'll run your vitals and everything in two seconds, sir. It's his first day on the job and we wanna remember this.

The dead man moves out of the way while the woman stands back and frames up: Johnny, Hank, and a black puke covered Brian.

RAGGEDY YOUNG WOMAN
Let me get a little further back.
(she moves)
You're still not all in.
(she moves back further)
Okay - that's good - now everybody smile.

Everyone does and SNAP! she and the dead man run off with Brian's iPhone like two bats running out of hell. After a beat:

HANK
You know the photo I took of you looking up that guy's rear end with the flashlight?

BRIAN
Yeah.

HANK
Please tell me you deleted it.

BRIAN
Nope.

A beat as they sit there watching the junkies run away.

JOHNNY
(enjoying it all)
Positive energy baby - positive energy.

HANK
(off the puke)
Is that a Skittle?

EXT. PARKING LOT - HOSPITAL/INT. JOHNNY'S TRUCK - LATER THAT DAY

Johnny's parked truck. Brian shotgun. Johnny's tapping on the wheel impatiently.

JOHNNY
Where the hell is Hank?

BRIAN
What's the rush?

JOHNNY
We gotta be at Theresa's by 6.

BRIAN
Oh. We all going out together?

JOHNNY
Kinda. She's gotta another date tonight so obviously I can't use my phone GPS deal or any of our vehicles so we gotta go to Hertz'n pick up a rental'n then be parked outside her building'n ready to follow her'n whoever the hell comes to pick her up.
(off Brian's face)
What?

BRIAN
So you learned absolutely nothing from our experience last night?

JOHNNY
Did you not just hear my plan? No phone - rented car?

BRIAN
So two things.

INT. HOSPITAL VENDING MACHINES/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Doctor who Brian accidentally called a fag from the earlier scene is giving Hank his cellphone number.

GAY DOCTOR
I didn't mean to get your little friend in trouble. He's cute.

HANK
He's straight.

GAY DOCTOR
Really?

HANK
I know. I'll call you.

GAY DOCTOR
Please do.

As the doc exits, Hank's phone rings. He looks at the screen. It reads: "ICE." He answers it as he heads down the hall.

HANK
(into phone)
I'm comin'.

EXT. PARKING LOT - HOSPITAL/INT. JOHNNY'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

It's Johnny on the phone.

JOHNNY
Under the gun here bro - I'm gonna pull right up to the exit door.

He hangs up, throws the truck into drive and peels out.

BRIAN
Can I drive?

JOHNNY
If they're walking you can drive.

END OF SHOW