

LIFE AND DEATH AND HIGH SCHOOL

PILOT

Inspired by real-life teen emergency medical technicians. In one U.S. city, if you call an ambulance because someone's dying, this is who shows up:



WGAw registered

Life and Death and High School

Pilot

INT. GROSSE POINTE SOUTH HIGH SCHOOL GYM - AFTERNOON (D1)

Assembly in progress. STUDENTS in the bleachers pay nominal attention as the Bill Gates-ish PRINCIPAL speaks on stage. Behind him a banner depicts 25 STDs in graphic detail.

PRINCIPAL

The best way to prevent getting an
STD is to not have sex!

BOY (O.S.)

Boo!

PRINCIPAL

But! If you do, condoms form a
barrier between the penis and anus,
vagina, or mouth and keep one
partner's fluids from getting into
or on the other.

Recorded MUSIC BLARES. The banner bursts as someone dressed like a BANANA runs through it, then dances and moves all around the stage.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

Get protected, not infected.

A troupe of PERFORMERS try to put a giant condom over the dancing banana.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

It takes practice.

(enjoying his Oprah
moment)

If you reach under your seats,
there's a banana and condom for
everybody!

Students reach under the benches. A few stop to check buzzing phones. NADIA (14, a newly-minted old soul) reads the alert.

NADIA

Thank R.B.G.

She scoots by her fellow Normals and down the steps. Past where:

PEREGRINE (17, black, with that self-conscious confidence sometimes seen in a celebrity's kid) pockets his phone, stands and ditches the Populars.

DESTINEE (15, black, eyes on the prize) edges past the Brains;

ODIN (16, a mess and a hero) leaves the Floaters;

SAM (15, charmingly lacking in self awareness) stops goofing with the Jocks, and heads for the door.

All five assemble near the exit. Their styles vary except for their white EMT uniforms. What brings them together?

PEREGRINE
(to the teacher)
Trench collapse on Windmill Pointe.

MR. GIRISHANKAR (28, the cool teacher) scans their faces.

MR. GIRISHANKAR
You're not just trying to ditch
assembly? Where's Ambulance One?

Nadia flashes the police scanner app on her phone.

NADIA
Responding to a slip and fall.

He holds the door for them.

MR. GIRISHANKAR
Have a good call, posties. No puke,
no poop!

The five run out. Nadia follows Destinee, looking at the bun on top of her head: it's as solid as she is.

A FLASH OF RED LIGHT

AND

The edit FLIPS like the emergency light atop an ambulance, wiping us into

INT. AMBULANCE TWO - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING (D1)

Peregrine preps behind the wheel. Odin lands shotgun as Nadia, Destinee and Sam pile in back. Nadia pops her head up front.

PEREGRINE

Yes, Nadia.

NADIA

Can I drive?

PEREGRINE

Rookies don't drive.

NADIA

I'm a really good driver.

He flips on LIGHTS and SIRENS and drives out of the ambulance bay adjacent to the school. Odin scans the computer.

ODIN

Male construction worker, injured and unconscious. Female worker buried waist-high. She's conscious but having difficulty breathing.

PEREGRINE

Determine steps.

SAM

You and Odin assess and secure; I do immobilization; Destinee is BLS; Nadia is gurney; Ali is ALS.

PEREGRINE

Sounds good. Confirm and agree.

NADIA

DESTINEE

Graffiti and boarded-up buildings flash by outside. Peregrine pulls one block over and it's stately hedges and mansions.

DESTINEE (CONT'D)

The Detroit side of Altar Road, an ambulance takes half an hour.

(as Peregrine parks)

This side, we average 4.7 minutes.

She opens the back door revealing a massive 1920s Tudor.

NADIA
Grosse Pointe is gross.

Nadia preps the lift as Destinee loads up the gurney.

DESTINEE
They let us run the EMS. I'm not
mad at that.

EXT. WINDMILL POINTE DRIVE - CONINUOUS - MORNING (D1)

Work has halted near the collapsed 4'x 15' trench. A distraught BACKHOE OPERATOR and a CREW GUY kneel next to an unconscious male coworker, CODY (30s). The posties run up; the FOREMAN sees them and balks.

FOREMAN
They're sending adults, too, right?
This is bad.

ODIN
We trained for bad.

A fly car pulls up, followed by Fire 49. Paramedic ALI (24, Latinx, savvy older sister) hops out of the car and hustles with the FIREFIGHTERS to the trench. She greets the foreman.

ALI
Hi, Altagracia, paramedic. Fire
will handle situational safety.
What happened?

FOREMAN
The trench collapsed on two of my
workers. The scooper hit Cody in
the head. We got him up, but
Shillivia's still down there.

The two coworkers step away from Cody to make room.

PEREGRINE
Ali, Odin, Destinee, you're with
Cody.

Peregrine continues on. Destinee sets down the hurry bag. Odin pulls out a stethoscope and puts it to Cody's chest.

ODIN
 No heartbeat.
 (to Destinee)
 Give me the monitor.

Destinee stares at the brain matter protruding from Cody's skull.

ODIN (CONT'D)
 Destinee, the EKG machine.

Destinee stands, stunned. Ali hands Odin the EKG.

ALI
 Destinee, sit before you fall.

Destinee obediently plunks down.

ANGLE ON: the trench, where Peregrine talks to Schillivia, who's buried to her waist.

PEREGRINE
 Schillivia, can you nod your head?

She does.

PEREGRINE (CONT'D)
 Nadia's gonna ask some questions.
 I'll be right over here.

He steps over to confer with the others. Nadia lies belly-down with her face peering over the edge of the trench to safely make eye contact with the patient.

NADIA
 Hi, Schillivia. Are you in pain?
 (off her nod)
 That's actually good.

The firefighters work to shore up the trench; Peregrine huddles with EMS. It's intense.

PEREGRINE
 Her oxygen's been restricted for at least five minutes.

FIREFIGHTER
 We've gotta install edge protection for Search & Rescue.

Nadia calls over:

NADIA

Lower me down, I'll dig out to her
thighs so her vital organs can
work, she can breathe.

FIREFIGHTER

To swing a shovel you'd have to be
a Cross-fit beast. Little hundred-
thirty-pound girls don't cut it.

NADIA

(points to her body)
This is a solid buck fifty.

FIREFIGHTER

A six foot, hundred-eighty pound
athlete would be a start.

SAM

That's Peregrine!

Sam points to the nearby backhoe.

SAM (CONT'D)

Throw a rope over that digger arm,
lower him down, there's enough air.
He can dig them out enough to buy
time.

FIREFIGHTER

Any slippage could kill them both.
That dirt's eighty pounds a cubic
foot. Wait for the confined spaces
team.

PEREGRINE

She could stroke out by then.

FIREFIGHTER

Hopefully not. Guys, we love the
enthusiasm, but it's safety over
speed.

He goes to supervise his men. Destinee walks over.

NADIA

The female just lost consciousness.

The posties look to Ali, desperate.

ALI

We have to follow OSHA rules. All we can do is be ready.

Sam, still brainstorming, turns to Destinee:

SAM

Have you used a post hole digger?

DESTINEE

In the projects? Until moving here, I hadn't used a doorbell.

PEREGRINE

The projects don't have doorbells?

DESTINEE

No, Fresh Prince, we had these.

She "knocks" with her fist.

PEREGRINE

Shit. Sorry.

A SIREN BLARES AND CUTS OUT as Urban Search and Rescue pulls up.

Nadia watches as firefighters put a ladder down the side of the trench. She speaks quietly to Destinee.

NADIA

If you hold the ladder, I can get oxygen on her in ten seconds.

DESTINEE

Or cause a slide and die in five.

NADIA

They shored it up, they're just signing off.

She nods to where several men confer. Destinee hesitates. Nadia holds up her hand in oath.

NADIA (CONT'D)

"I will follow that regimen which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of patients..."

Destinee's soft spot. She's torn.

NADIA (CONT'D)
You can be a pussy all day, I'm
going.

Nadia grabs an emergency oxygen unit and climbs down.

INT. TRENCH - CONTINUOUS - MORNING (D1)

Nadia lands, goes to Schillivia, checks her pulse, talks reassuringly even though the woman is unconscious.

NADIA
This sends air into your lungs so
don't even worry about breathing,
okay?

She inflates the oxygen reservoir bag and carefully attaches the mask over Schillivia's nose and mouth. Ali peers into the trench.

ALI
Nadia! Get up here.

NADIA
Two seconds, I'm just gonna protect
her really quick.

ALI
They'll lower a shield.

Guys up top prep an aluminum shield. Next to them, Sam tosses Nadia a helmet. She catches it and fits it onto Schillivia's head.

NADIA
(to Schillivia)
Just in case.

On the other side, the backhoe tilts; the dirt underneath starts to give way. Peregrine is suddenly standing next to Ali, looking down.

PEREGRINE
(WTF)
Nadia!

Sam holds up a pack.

SAM

Nadia. Avalanche airbag. Put it around her shoulders, pull the cord.

He tosses it to Nadia. More dirt slides and piles around Nadia's ankles. She positions the airbag around Shillivia's shoulders.

NADIA

(to Shillivia)

Here's a little added help.

She pulls the airbag's cord; it inflates.

PEREGRINE

Okay, get out!

NADIA

(to Shillivia)

Even if things get messy, you'll have oxygen.

Nadia rushes to the ladder. She's halfway up when a whoosh of earth engulfs Schillivia from the back. The airbag keeps her head and face clear; the oxygen mask lets her breathe.

SAM

(extends hand)

Here!

He grabs Nadia's hand and pulls her over the edge. Peregrine drags her fifteen feet clear. She lays coughing.

The firefighters rush to establish new siding. Destinee brings Nadia a bottle of water.

NADIA

Thanks.

She gratefully drinks, then pours over her eyes. Ali walks up with stern words for Sam.

ALI

The officers can decide what they think about your actions.

SAM

Helping protect the patient from being smothered?

ALI

And encouraging Nadia to be down there longer. But, yeah, quick thinking. It's complicated. You're complicated.

SAM

Thank you.

ALI

If I'm going to let you guys push limits, you've gotta accept mine. Nadia, when I say get out, get out.

NADIA

I did.

ALI

Barely. They could be having to rescue you now, too.

PEREGRINE

And do you know what the headline would've been in you were killed?

NADIA

"Son of Pistons Head Coach Says Death Not His Fault"?

PEREGRINE

Actually, yeah, probably. And after that, "Post 82 Replaced."

NADIA

Because of one EMT fatality in forty years?

PEREGRINE

Yes. And you would have ruined this for all of us.

NADIA

Instead I helped someone.

PEREGRINE

Maybe. Whatever the outcome, you're suspended.

NADIA

What? Today's my Rider test.

PEREGRINE

Not anymore.

NADIA

Don't you have to check with the other officers?

PEREGRINE

No.

There's a commotion from the trench as Urban Search and Rescue swiftly bring Schillivia up via an electric winch. They lower her safely to the ground and EMTs rush in to attend to her. Nadia looks at Peregrine like 'what about *that?*.'

PEREGRINE (CONT'D)

You better hope suspension is all it is.

INT. NADIA'S KITCHEN - EVENING (N1)

Nadia walks in. Her parents, RAY and JENNIFER (40s, seasoned careerists with parental guilt), descend.

RAY

Peregrine called.

Her brother, R.J. (12, clued-in), enters with an empty family-sized Doritos bag.

JENNIFER

He said you're suspended for recklessness.

NADIA

Narc.

JENNIFER

That's all he said.

Nadia, relieved, sees the opportunity.

NADIA

Yeah, we're not allowed to talk about calls.

R.J.
(to his parents)
If you ground her, you miss
bowling, so you're also punishing
your team.

NADIA
Thanks, R.J.
(to parents)
Am I'm grounded?

JENNIFER
No.

R.J.
Bowl on, Britney Spares!

RAY
We hope you'll go out *more*.

JENNIFER
It'd be nice to have some friends.

NADIA
I have friends.

JENNIFER
Colleagues.

RAY
We know it's tough in a new school -

JENNIFER
We found a workshop --

NADIA
Ohmigod, seriously, guys.

JENNIFER
It's called Spy Hop. It's a way to
meet a range of kids.

NADIA
Pyros.

R.J.
Try hards.

NADIA
Kids who stand too close.

RAY
It's for spirited teens.

JENNIFER
I wish I could do it, actually.

She doesn't wish that.

NADIA
Quit suggesting groups, I don't
need to go to weirdtown.

JENNIFER
Okay. You'll deal in your own way.
Maybe it's writing a letter --

NADIA
OH MY GOD. What happened to the
middle kid getting lost in the
shuffle?

As Nadia stomps past; R.J. licks Dorito dust off his fingers.

R.J.
Glad they're obsessing about you.
I've had Doritos for dinner three
nights in a row.

INT. NADIA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - EVENING (N1)

Nadia pulls up the draft of an email she's been writing on
her phone. It just says, "Dear Jacob."

NADIA
Fuck!

She chucks her phone and it hits her headboard with a loud
THWACK . Shit -- does it still work? Oh. It does.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE LAB - THE NEXT MORNING (D2)

The room's chill vibe is a co-creation of teacher and
students. Their science-themed art and humor line the walls.
Mr. Girishankar finishes writing on the white board as
students enter.

MR GIRISHANKAR

Harry Styles is thrown horizontally at 10 meters per second from the top of a cliff 112 meters high. What is the horizontal displacement and what is Harry's final velocity?

ODIN

This is bio -- isn't that physics?

MR. GIRISHANKAR

Yeah. It's just nice to picture.

MEGAN (15, low-key queen bee) spaces while JUSTINE (16, pragmatic) struggles with a Bunsen burner. The flame shoots up.

JUSTINE

Fuck me.

Odin closes her needle valve. Nadia walks in just as the bell rings and students applaud.

NADIA

For being one second late?

She slips into a seat next to lab partner Destinee.

MEGAN

For saving that construction worker. She's alive because of you.

Destinee tenses.

SAM

Your guy had *injuries incompatible with life*. You couldn't have helped anyway.

NADIA

You'll get it next time.

DESTINEE

Or freeze again.

NADIA

You won't. And then you can write your college essay on overcoming fear.

DESTINEE

Med schools don't want ho'flakes.

ODIN

Are you kidding? A genius with feelings? Berkeley'll give you a scholarship. And a cry closet.

SAM

And a therapy goat.

DESTINEE

Whatever that was, I'm over it.

SFX: Vibrating phones

Sam looks at the alert.

SAM

Good thing.
(off text)
Code Three. Hot and fast.

DESTINEE

(excited)
Heart attack.

NADIA

Lucky.

They rush out. Mr. Girishankar gestures to Nadia and Megan.

MR. GIRISHANKAR

Nadia, Megan -- you two partner up.
(plays w/couple nicknames)
Nadian. Megadian. Mega.
(likes it)
Mega.

MEGAN

Okay.
(after he walks away)
Nope.

Instead she joins SYDNEY (14, pliable) and Justine. Nadia is stung. Justine gets up, says to Megan:

JUSTINE

Your loss, bitch, she's the smart one.

Justine sits with Nadia, whose spirits go up.

NADIA

Hey.

JUSTINE

I'm Justine.

NADIA

I know. I'm Nadia.

JUSTINE

Here's the deal: you do the assignment and I'll get us into Chase Boettcher's BBQ.

Oh. The real reason she came over?

NADIA

What if I don't?

JUSTINE

You will, you're an upholder. I just threw in the invite because you should come.

NADIA

I don't really need your invitation.

JUSTINE

Really? 'cause you do.

Nadia checks the police scanner app on her phone.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Ooo, phone in class.

Justine holds out her hand for it.

NADIA

It's just for Post emergencies.

JUSTINE

You need a party, look at yourself.

Nadia rolls her eyes around as if trying to look at herself.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

You're going.

Justine plucks the phone away. Nadia glares.

INT. POST 82 - RADIO ROOM - AFTERNOON (D2)

Radio Roomie LEE (15, polymath with an indie band) monitors updates. At the white board, Odin writes this shift's Candidate, Rider, EMT, Driver, Radio Roomie and Medic. Nadia enters.

NADIA
Is Emmet here?

ODIN
He's on at five.

Lee notices the "Justine" doodle on a folder in Nadia's pack.

LEE
Is that Justine Simard's?

NADIA
She's my lazy-ass lab partner.

LEE
She's my girlfriend.

Oops.

NADIA
Lazyass with a good ass.

LEE
She's cool, she just hates science.
There's only one answer to every
question. She likes possibilities.

NADIA
I like answers.

LEE
Me, too. That's why we're good for
her.

Nadia puts her uniform in Peregrine's cubby. Lee surfs social media on his phone, typing with his only hand faster than most do with two.

LEE (CONT'D)
Paula Revere is dissing us on Next
Door.

NADIA

Who's she? A helicopter mom?

ODIN

To the whole town. Let's get her a tennis racket; the woman needs a hobby.

LEE

(reads phone)

"High school EMTs make zero sense. No retiree wants to be fighting for their life on their kitchen floor and have a couple of 16 year-olds walk in.."

ODIN

Unless they've got a bag valve.

LEE

"How did a van converted by Eagle Scouts become our city ambulance service?" Like she doesn't know.

ODIN

Her dumb kid didn't. Easiest question on the test, he couldn't even get that.

LEE

"We need professional emergency medical response, not a teen soap."

ODIN

(grins)

Can't we be both?

INT. SPY HOP OFFICE - AFTERNOON (D2)

Nadia slouches in a chair behind a row of TEENS. On the wall a paper dolphin says, "Welcome to Spy Hop!" A road sign warns "Anger is one letter short of danger." Nadia spots Justine, who points to them both being here and mouths:

JUSTINE

Kismet.

Fucking great. DR. SARAFIAN (40, dreams of a strip mall learning center empire) greets the class.

DR. SARAFIAN

Let's give Nadia a Spy Hop welcome.

Students ad-lib hellos. Justine gives a quiet dolphin trill.

NADIA

Hi.

Nadia sits.

DR. SARAFIAN

As you've discovered, Nadia, our
teen years are a dark neighborhood
we shouldn't walk alone at night.

Nadia's open bag on the floor VIBRATES. She looks down to her
phone inside: Justine just texted. Nadia ignores it.

DR. SARAFIAN (CONT'D)

Today we're talking about anger.
Flareups are common in puberty.

Justine nods for Nadia to check her phone.

DR. SARAFIAN (CONT'D)

Your hormones are changing. The
good news is they won't change
again for two decades. Unless you
hit early menopause.

She inches toward the window, subtly opens it.

DR. SARAFIAN (CONT'D)

So how can we verbalize our anger,
not physicalize it?

Justine gives Nadia a look. Nadia scribbles on a handout,
"I'm not texting you." Justine gestures 'huh?'

DR. SARAFIAN (CONT'D)

Do we yell?

Nadia texts, "I'M NOT GONNA TEXT YOU." Justine's "LOLz" makes
Nadia's phone BUZZ again.

DR. SARAFIAN (CONT'D)

Do we post about it on social
media?

Nadia replies: "And if this has homework, I'm not doing
yours."

DR. SARAFIAN (CONT'D)
 No. An angry status is like writing
 a passive-aggressive note, except
 the world can see it.

Justine texts "Take it cheesy." (Cheese emoji + y.) Nadia
 sighs.

DR. SARAFIAN (CONT'D)
 Is this uncomfortable, Nadia?

NADIA
 No.

DR. SARAFIAN
 Did you want to share with the
 group, or just with Justine?

NADIA
 Neither.

JUSTINE
 It wasn't her fault, I was
 bothering her. Y'know what? Because
 I'm an angry person.

DR. SARAFIAN
 Well, you might *feel* angry.

JUSTINE
 No, I'm horrible, I can't be
 reformed.

Justine gets up, walks out. And just like that, she's free.
 And this stupid class just became *completely* uninteresting.
 Unbelievable.

INT. POST 82 - EMMET'S OFFICE - LATER - 5PM (D2)

Paramedic EMMET (22, happily working class) does paperwork.
 Nadia pops her head in, holds up a microfiber car wash mitt
 and makes it 'talk.'

NADIA
 Come check out the car wash.

She's bad at puppet voices and hiding crushes.

EMMET
 You're not supposed to be working.

NADIA
This isn't medical.

EMMET
Suspension is suspension.

NADIA
What purpose does it serve? Let me
prove myself.

EMMET
It's not up to me. I just make sure
you guys don't kill anybody. Or
each other.

NADIA
And advise. The officers listen to
you.

EMMET
My advice is do other things.

NADIA
Other things don't help me stay
sane.

EMMET
They might. It's a big world.

NADIA
Yeah, but what else lets you know
you've made good use of your day?

EMMET
Fixing the grill at my parents'
cottage, batting cleanup in
softball... Don't let Post become
your life.

This really cuts into her, more than if it came from a peer.

NADIA
Are you saying I've got no future
with this?

EMMET
Maybe work on your stuff, tap the
resources available.

NADIA
You sound like my parents.

EMMET
(deadpan)
Gross.

SFX: Station house tones alert everyone to a call

LIGHTS flash

EMMET (CONT'D)
You're out for the week, use your
time wisely. Maybe even have fun.

LEE (OVER P.A.)
Ambulance One, bring a bone saw.

NADIA
That sounds fun to me.

EMMET
I know.

Peregrine enters, sees that Nadia obviously just made an appeal.

PEREGRINE
You didn't believe me? You're gone
for the week.
(to Emmet)
Fire 49 is still out, so we're
packing extra toys.

He exits. Emmet gets up to follow, passes Nadia.

EMMET
See you Monday.

She's left alone.

INT. MODEST 1930S HOUSE BASEMENT - AFTERNOON (D2)

Window wells, concrete floor, lotta junk. A MAN (20s) is bent over CHARISMA ("18"), who's bent over his workbench.

MAN
Fuck fuck FUCK.

CHARISMA

Yeah, you're fucking me good.

Actually, he's trying to free his penis -- she's an AI-enabled sex robot. Dressed in a Catholic school uniform. From the Echo:

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Sir, try to breathe. Ma'am, can you unlock the front door?

CHARISMA

My primary objective is to be a good partner and give you pleasure.

The man speaks to 9-1-1 via the Echo:

MAN

Have them smash the sidelight and undo the deadbolt.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Okay, I messaged the first responders your consent.

CHARISMA

I give my consent, thanks for asking. You're a gentleman!

From upstairs we hear GLASS SMASH.

9-1-1 OPERATOR

They're in. I'll turn you over to the team.

CHARISMA

Yeah turn me o---

MAN

Charisma! Shut! Up!

Destinee runs down the stairs, takes in the scene and halts.

DESTINEE

Ma'am, are you okay?

MAN

It's a robot.

(notices she's a teen)

Christ, I asked for firefighters.

Sam arrives. Destinee pulls supplies from the go-bag.

DESTINEE

I'm Destinee, this is Sam. Does the device have an emergency release?

MAN

Everything swelled around it.

Emmet and Peregrine appear.

MAN (CONT'D)

(re: the guys)

Thank god.

PEREGRINE

What have we got?

SAM

Penis stuck in a hyper-realistic vagina.

PEREGRINE

Have you tried switching from "sexy" to "family" mode?

The man nods yes.

SAM

Are you allergic to latex or lube?

He shakes his head no.

PEREGRINE

What's the strategy?

SAM

Wait for him to get soft?

MAN

Do something!

Sam offers Destinee a sincere aside:

SAM

Here's your comeback moment.

She gives him an I-hate-you look, then:

DESTINEE

My hands are the smallest, I could--

MAN
 (re: Emmet)
 No, him.

EMMET
 I only step in on procedures the
 EMTs can't do.

He nods for Destinee to glove up. She does.

MAN
 She's under age!

EMMET
 It's legal, she's licensed.

A wave of pain hits the man.

MAN
 Do it!

Destinee squirts lube on her gloved fingers, then gingerly
 feels out the situation.

MAN (CONT'D)
 Gaahhh!

She makes a swift move and frees his penis. He shoves
 Charisma off him and she lands head-first with a thunk.

MAN (CONT'D)
 Get her out of here!

From the floor:

CHARISMA
 This is good. I love it this way.

EXT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - AFTERNOON (D2)

Justine answers the door to Nadia.

NADIA
 So this party, what would I have to
 do?

JUSTINE
 Do you own a dress?

Nadia shakes her head no. Justine pulls her into the house.

EXT. JUSTINE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER -- AFTERNOON (D2)

Airborne clothes fly at Nadia.

JUSTINE

Try that.

Nadia holds up a crocheted halter dress.

NADIA

What kind of bra --

A bra hits her shoulder, sticks. She turns and changes clothes.

JUSTINE

So what skeletons are in your closet?

NADIA

None.

JUSTINE

You didn't *choose* Spy Hop.

NADIA

My parents did. When I got suspended from Post.

JUSTINE

They don't send you if it's a one-off. What else did you do?

NADIA

I didn't *do anything*.

JUSTINE

Is that what your mother's therapist said?

That's remarkably close to the mark. Nadia redirects.

NADIA

How'd you end up there?

JUSTINE

Dad loves a diagnosis.

NADIA

What were you diagnosed with?

JUSTINE
Seeing the world clearly.

Nadia turns around. The dress is form-fitting, looks great.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
God, you've got a body like that
and you're hiding it?

NADIA
Yes. Any other makeover cliches?

JUSTINE
Yeah, we need music. Gimme your
phone, I'm grounded from mine.

Nadia hands her phone to Justine who scans the music.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
You're into Middle Kids.

Nadia shrugs.

NADIA
I'm a middle kid.
(suddenly self-conscious)
Why are you being nice to me?

JUSTINE
Because you're letting me.
(hands in the air)
Makeover cliché! "Breakfast Club."

Nadia looks in the mirror. Our smart rebel girl is suddenly vulnerable in a dress she'd never wear. She doesn't have the confidence to pull it off but she does have the confidence to pull it off.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
You might not even want back into
Post.

INT. AMBULANCE - AFTERNOON (D2)

In the back: sexbot Charisma sits in the jump seat at the head of the gurney. Sam tucks a mylar blanket around her for modesty, then sits on a bench opposite Destinee. Up front: Peregrine drives. Odin, shotgun, surfs Spotify.

ODIN

Welcome to the jambulance,
Charisma. What do you want to hear?

CHARISMA

I try to be satisfied with what I
have.

ODIN

(to Peregrine)

Is that Zen, or sad?

Too deep for Peregrine, who shrugs. Odin PLAYS "Simple Satisfaction."

DEL THA FUNKEE HOMOSAPIEN (O.S.)

*I'mma keep it alive, the funk/
With this 'lil special device, the
funk/It works for me, what's that,
the funk/Lemme flip the switch and
get it started, the funk*

Sam notices a smudge on Destinee's pants.

SAM

You've gotta wash off brains before
they dry or they never come out.

Destinee stares at the spot.

SAM (CONT'D)

Are you doom cycling?

DESTINEE

I thought the big hurdle to my plan
would be the cost of med school.

SAM

Today was a blip. You're meant to
be a doctor. Toys For Tots gave you
the stethoscope.

DESTINEE

They gave my sister a princess
outfit, now she works at CVS.

They consider Charisma.

DESTINEE (CONT'D)

Why does a sexbot have "family" mode? What does that even do?

SAM

Makes her say more child-friendly things.

DESTINEE

So then she's a weird Alexa who helps with homework?

Sam notices Charisma's outfit and realizes, creeped out:

SAM

How'd that guy get a uniform from St. Clair of Montefalco?

Charisma stares, pigtails askew, mouth open. "Simple Satisfaction" takes us into:

INT. CHASE'S HOUSE - FOYER - 4:02PM (D3)

ANGLE ON a line of guys' bare bottoms and girls kneeling in front of them to suck them off.

NADIA

Really?

JUSTINE

Is this your first party?

NADIA

No, I'm just used to Fortnite in some kid's basement.

Nadia steps into the massive house filled with TEENS. CHASE BOETTCHER (14, enjoying his moment) blows by.

CHASE

Band goes on in an hour.

And he's swallowed by a sea of strangers.

NADIA

Is Lee here?

JUSTINE

Posties don't go to parties.

NADIA

I thought we just weren't allowed
to drink.

JUSTINE

Posties won't risk being seen near
alcohol. It's like cops not being
around pot.

NADIA

Why'd you invite me, then?

JUSTINE

You're suspended! What're they
gonna double-suspend you?

NADIA

Yes! I'm leaving.

JUSTINE

Why follow a rule that's stupid?

NADIA

I took an oath.

JUSTINE

Loosen that bandana, nobody wants
to fuck a boy scout.

NADIA

Actually, people do, it's a
problem.

JUSTINE

(walks off)

I'm getting us drinks.

NADIA

Water for me!

INT. CHASE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - 20 MINUTES LATER - AFTERNOON
(D3)

Nadia enters as Sydney rips open a case of beer. Megan holds
up a full bottle of whiskey.

MEGAN

Adult beverage?

NADIA

Thanks, but Chase's parents'll go
Guantanamo if their booze is gone.

SYDNEY

We just brought this back from
Canada. My sister is nineteen.

Megan dangles the whiskey. Now what?

NADIA

Gotta pee.

She leaves.

INT. CHASE'S HOUSE - MASTER BATH - HALF HOUR LATER - NIGHT
(N3)

Nadia dawdles, snoops, finds a giant Eiffel Tower-shaped
dildo.

NADIA

Eww, Mrs. Boettcher. Or Mr.
Boettcher.

Someone POUNDS on the door.

SYDNEY (O.S.)

Hurry up.

Nadia opens it to Sydney and Megan, both tipsy.

MEGAN

(slurs)

Why'd I wear these stupid shoes?
I don't even care.

NADIA

Is she okay?

SYDNEY

She's fine.

Nadia's not so sure.

INT. CHASE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATER - NIGHT (N3)

Sydney helps Megan down the stairs. Justine walks up.

JUSTINE

C'mon, the band's about to start.

EXT. CHASE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT (N3)

A crowd looks up at the band on stage. Chase stands next to the lead singer, enjoying the best moment of his life so far.

CHASE

Ladies and gentlemen: Shouty
Shouty.

SHOUTY SHOUTY starts, everyone rocks out. It's infectious, even Nadia eases into it. Justine throws her arms in the air.

JUSTINE

Yeeee-aahhhh!!!!

Nadia grins, jumps, accidentally crashes into Justine, bounces.

NADIA

Fiyaaah!

EXT. CHASE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - TWO SONGS LATER - NIGHT (N3)

The band plays to teens awash in sweaty happiness. Nadia notices Megan, who seems dizzy and confused.

NADIA

Megan. You okay?

MEGAN

Where's my girlfriend?

Sydney, dancing, points to the stage. Megan wanders off.

NADIA

Something's up with Megan.

JUSTINE

Yeah, she drinks like a cartoon
leprechaun.

Nadia goes after her.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Don't be an EMT, please.

INT. CHASE'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT (N3)

Nadia comes upon Megan sitting on the floor, clearly buzzed.

NADIA
Megan. You okay?

MEGAN
(Indecipherable)

Nadia checks her pulse and pupils, holds up three fingers.

NADIA
How many fingers?

MEGAN
Fff.

HASSAN (a young 15) comes by.

NADIA
Help me get her up.

HASSAN
She hates me.

They pull Megan up, but her right side collapses.

NADIA
Megan, can you raise your right
hand?

She can't.

NADIA (CONT'D)
(to Hassan)
Do you have a phone?

HASSAN
(embarrassed)
Not yet.

NADIA
Stay with her, I'll be back.

Hassan stands awkwardly holding up a drunken Megan.

HASSAN
Don't spew on me.

EXT. CHASE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT (N3)

Nadia stands with Justine, Sydney and Chase.

NADIA

I think Megan's having a stroke.

JUSTINE

You're having a stroke -- she's fifteen.

CHASE

She just drank a pint of Canadian Club.

NADIA

Well she's in distress, call 9-1-1.

SYDNEY

Megan would kill us -- she's got a huge crush on a postie.

NADIA

(re: not calling)

Are you serious?

SYDNEY

(re: crush)

Yeah, don't tell her girlfriend.

Nadia looks to Chase.

CHASE

I do not want Megan Izu mad at me. Neither do you.

NADIA

Justine, do you have your phone?

JUSTINE

If you call 9-1-1 because the drunk girl sounds drunk, you'll look stupid.

NADIA

I don't care.

JUSTINE

Isn't bad judgement what got you suspended? Are you 1000% sure?

NADIA
Her right side is weak, she's
confused --

JUSTINE
Every party has a drunk girl in the
bathroom. Give her a Red Bull,
you're overthinking.

Is she?

NADIA
Give me your phone.

Justine hands it over.

JUSTINE
We're never getting invited
anywhere again.

INT. CHASE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT
(N3)

Nadia finds Megan on the bed with Hassan nearby.

HASSAN
She passed out.

Nadia rubs her knuckles against Megan's sternum.

NADIA
Megan.

MEGAN
Ow!

Sam, Destinee and Peregrine enter wearing uniforms, carrying
hurry bags. They're surprised to see Nadia.

PEREGRINE
Is this like when a wannabe
firefighter starts a fire so they
can put it out?

Nadia is professional.

NADIA
Fifteen year-old female drank a
pint of whiskey and started
slurring really soon afterwards.

The EMTs examine Megan with the maneuvers Nadia used earlier.

NADIA (CONT'D)

She's drunk, but she also showed sudden weakness on her right side. I think she had a stroke.

PEREGRINE

How long ago?

EMMET

If she's had a stroke, tPA will dramatically improve her chance of recovery, but only if administered within four-and-a-half hours.

DESTINEE

ASA reduced it to three. I read it last week.

Destinee looks for it on her phone.

NADIA

What if you give it after that?

PEREGRINE

It could kill her.

Nadia looks at the bedside clock. It's 7:02pm.

NADIA

We got here at four, I think I saw her ten minutes later.

PEREGRINE

You think, or you know?

Does she trust herself?

NADIA

I know.

Destinee shows Emmet the article; he nods.

EMMET

So we've got an 8-minute margin of error. Do we go for it?

Emmet looks to Nadia. She's terrified, but solid.

NADIA

Yes.

EXT. CHASE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT (N3)

Nadia stands by the ambulance, watching Destinee raise Megan's gurney on the lift.

NADIA

Thanks for being up on tPA. Every ambulance crew needs a nerd.

DESTINEE

And a rule breaker.

NADIA

That's Odin.

DESTINEE

Not this week.

Emmet walks up.

EMMET

(to Destinee)

Amazing work. You really upped her chances of a better outcome.

DESTINEE

Thanks.

Destinee gets in the side door. Emmet turns to Nadia.

EMMET

This could've been grim if not for you.

NADIA

It's what any of us would do.

EMMET

No, none of us would've been at this party.

Oh. Shit.

NADIA

Sorry, I know we're not supposed to.

EMMET

There's actually no official rule.
I'm glad you were here. For a lot
of reasons.

Nadia is, too. Peregrine comes over.

PEREGRINE

You gonna accompany your patient to
the hospital?

Nadia clocks the reprieve and goes to hop in the ambulance.
Justine approaches.

JUSTINE

Good thing you didn't listen to me.

NADIA

I'm not a boy scout.

JUSTINE

Prove it. Can we hang again?

Nadia rolls her eyeballs around as if trying to look at
herself.

NADIA

Yes.

A Cadillac SUV speeds up driven by ABEO IZU (40s, corporate).
His wife, CINDER (40s, high-strung + frantic) jumps out.

CINDER

Megan?! Are you okay?

She runs toward the ambulance with her husband close behind.

CINDER (CONT'D)

Abeo, meet us at the ER!

Nadia ushers the mom toward the ambulance and helps her in.

NADIA (V.O.)

Parents can get hysterical.
Especially Mom.

INT. NADIA'S BEDROOM - 4 AM (D4)

Nadia sits on the floor, typing an email on her phone.

NADIA (V.O.)

She's been on me to write this.
Your therapist suggested it. I had
a big win today, I helped someone.
I even got to sit by them in the
ambulance and hold their hand. I
wish it'd been yours.

She stares at the blinking cursor, then:

NADIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Remember when we were little and
ambulances went by, we'd plug our
ears to keep out the noise and hold
our breath to keep out death? Now I
love hearing ambulances, that siren
means hope.

INT. NADIA'S OLD HOUSE - FLASHBACK - AFTERNOON (D5)

Nadia walks up, backpack across her back. She's greeted by
two POLICE OFFICERS just exiting the house.

NADIA (V.O.)

That day with the police, they told
me you'd had a heart attack, they'd
called an ambulance.

An ambulance pulls up, emergency lights flashing.

NADIA (V.O.)

And when it came, I thought yes!
Help is here! But there were no
sirens. Because there was no rush.

R.J. arrives home from school, looks to Nadia, what's going
on?

NADIA (V.O.)

I didn't tell Justine why I acted
weird when she brought up Middle
Kids. I miss being a middle kid.
I'm not supposed to be the oldest.

Nadia and R.J. watch as the EMTs walk calmly up the sidewalk
and into their house.

INT. NADIA'S BEDROOM - RESUME - 4AM (D4)

Nadia continues typing.

NADIA (V.O.)

So, yeah, today I pushed past something scary, it turned out okay. For the first time since you left I can breathe. It might not last, but at least it's possible.

Nadia stares at what she just typed. Types one more thing.

NADIA (V.O.)

Miss you. Love you.

Then, the hardest part.

NADIA (V.O.)

I've gotta go.

ON HER IPHONE SCREEN: She signs the email "xxo," then quickly hits send. The WHOOSH of it going into cyberspace is a release. PING! The email bounces back, undeliverable. A difficult reality, but task completed.

Middle Kids' "Mistake" comes up as she clicks off the phone, climbs into bed, shuts off the light.

MIDDLE KIDS

*You're standing out in the rain
tonight/ Like you got something to
say to God / And you got a debt to
pay back / For something you did
way back / You wanna make it okay*

The music takes us into

INT. POST 82 - KITCHEN/DINING AREA - MORNING (D4)

Posties end shifts, start shifts, wake up. Rescued sexbot Charisma is now in Post 82 sweats on a stool near the dining table where Lee studies. Near the oven, Odin uses trauma sheers to open a bag of tater tots.

ODIN

These freezer-burned potatoes are about to fulfill their epic destiny as waffle tater tot grilled cheese.

Sam holds up two donuts sandwiched around a slice of American.

SAM

Check this out smackdown judges:
stale donut grilled cheese.

Nadia surveys the fridge.

NADIA

So the category is Grilled Cheese?

SAM

Questionable Leftovers.

NADIA

Charisma, what can I make with a
banana, a tomato, and this
(sniffs, not sure)
yuca root?

Charisma instantly computes:

CHARISMA

Baked yucca fries with grilled
banana ketchup.

Nadia, delighted, gathers the items. Destinee, in pajamas, watches from the table.

DESTINEE

Whoever's first wins.

EMMET

Agreed. Last night was so busy we
got by on oral glucose and hospital
saltines.

A preppy, determined 40something woman walks in. It's PAULA REVERE flanked by a GRANDPA and Cinder.

LEE

(low, to Nadia)
Paula Revere.

NADIA

And Meagan's mom. Maybe they came
to thank us.

Peregrine stands. Before he can greet her:

PAULA

You're Dwane Casey's kid -- why do you need Post?

PEREGRINE

Can I help you?

She cheats slightly to the iPhone camera on which she's filming.

KENDALL

I'm Kendall Huebner. Nom de plume: Paula Revere.

LEE

(to Nadia) Nom de plume.

Kendall talks for the benefit of the camera.

KENDALL

This isn't a breakfast club -- to people outside Grosse Pointe, believe it or not, *teens* are our first responders. Dial 9-1-1- and this is who they send.

She flips the camera round to show Odin smushing tater tots and cheese between two waffles.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Which is why Cinder Izu's daughter almost died last night.

KENDALL pans over to Cinder.

CINDER

Kids were refusing to call for help, they were embarrassed to have their classmates come.

Kendall recognizes Nadia.

KENDALL

You were there.

NADIA

We don't comment on cases.

Kendall points the lens at Emmet.

KENDALL

I bet you wish you weren't the only paid professional.

EMMET

I'd choose these kids over the adult crews I've had.

KENDALL

It might've been cute in the Seventies, but now it's dangerous.

ODIN

That's not what the stats say.

KENDALL

I've got a thousand signatures.

She produces a petition.

ALI

For what?

KENDALL

To get the age waiver revoked. EMTs should be at least eighteen.

SAM

Most posties aren't. But when the bell goes off, we're fast or we're stop. We're about proficiency and professionalism.

PEREGRINE

Yeah, we're hardcore stone-faced focused 100% on getting that job done. We're not being stupid on scene.

KENDALL

Still, what high schooler wants the mean girls showing up to their tragedy?

DESTINEE

Women like us are why we've got the best outcomes in the county.

NADIA

The guys are amazing, too.
Peregrine's always having us play
war games so we can be that much
more prepared.

PEREGRINE

Whenever I pass a building, I'm
dissecting it, looking at it with x-
ray vision, how it's laid out, the
roof. I'm imagining where the
ladders would go, where I'd park
the truck.

SAM

By the time someone calls 9-1-1
we're at least eight minutes behind
the ball--

DESTINEE

Any EMT is.

SAM

-- So we need to do everything we
can to gain advantage.

PEREGRINE

Every car I see I imagine how we'd
cut it open. We 'what if' the shit
out of things.

ALI

And nobody's better at 'what if'ing
than teens.

Kendall, unmoved, talks into camera.

KENDALL

To add your name, click on the link
below.

(changes angles)

Adults in our ambulances, is that
too much to ask?

She clicks off her phone and tucks it away.

NADIA

Have you seen what we do?

KENDALL

I see. And hear. One of you said I should get a hobby -- this is it.

She heard them talking? How?

Paula and her posse exit. For the first time these responders don't know how to respond. SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT

P.S. --

This is Charisma. The posties are protective of her. The girls give her a make-under and the boys make sure she's always respected.

She's AI-enabled, so she learns from listening and can offer advice. Posties individually seek her perspective and odd wisdom. She's not 100% on social mores like discretion, so pour your heart out at your own risk. And make sure she's on your team for trivia night.

