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:
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 – CONTINUOUS – 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 he 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 weirdotown.

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)
(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 disssing 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 cliche! “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’ma 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
Yeeeee-ahhhhh!!!!

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

NADIA
Fiyyaah!

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’smy 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 ABE OIZU (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.