

PROTOCOL 25

FADE IN:

EXT. ACCIDENT SCENE - DAY

Two mangled cars. Flashing cruiser lights. Road flares. A fire truck and one ambulance.

A woman, IRENE, stands by the open ambulance. An EMS ATTENDANT holds a cold pack to her cheek.

A more seriously wounded MAN is being loaded by stretcher into the ambulance by the ambulance DRIVER and a FIREFIGHTER.

IRENE
Will he be ok?

EMS ATTENDANT
He'll be fine, ma'am.

IRENE
He really seems to be in pain.

EMS ATTENDANT
It's not life threatening. He's in good hands.

IRENE
I think it was my fault, it all happened so fast.

The man is now loaded. The EMS Attendant with the woman gently leads her onto the truck.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

EMS Attendant helps Irene lie on the stretcher adjacent the injured man, who is groaning under an oxygen mask.

IRENE
Is this necessary?

EMS ATTENDANT
Regulations, ma'am. Just enjoy the ride.

He straps her in tight.

IRENE
Are you sure this is necessary? I'm a little claustrophobic.

He loosens the strap on one of her arms. Reassures her with a hand on her arm.

EMS ATTENDANT
It'll be ok, I'm right here.

She smiles nervously. There's already a bond between her and the EMS Attendant.

EXT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

The firefighter closes the ambulance up. It takes off, flashing lights but no sirens.

INT. AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Irene turns to the wounded man next to her.

IRENE
I'm really sorry, I hope you're ok.

His eyes go to her, but he says nothing.

IRENE
My name is Irene.

He says nothing.

IRENE
They are going to take good care of you.

An EKG reading beeps, the heartbeat of the man.

IRENE
I hope it wasn't my fault.

EMS ATTENDANT
Accidents happen, Irene.

She meets his smile with her own. It's not flirting, just the connection of two strangers.

The radio crackles in front and on the EMS Attendant's portable.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Dispatch to transport.

EMS ATTENDANT
Go ahead.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

We have a protocol twenty five on the male patient, advise immediate measures.

EMS Attendant looks down at the patient. He's alert.

EMS Attendant tightens the straps around the man's arms and then around his legs.

Irene watches nervously.

EMS Attendant speaks into the radio.

EMS ATTENDANT

Patient secure and stable.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Christ, be careful, Frank. Cops on the scene found his trunk full of body parts. Maybe hit him with a sedative to be sure.

EMS Attendant weighs it. Nervous but calm. Finally decides.

EMS ATTENDANT

No warrant for that, dispatch, he's shown no sign of violence.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Fuck ethics, Frank. You're in there with a fucking Jeffrey Dahmer. Do what you have to do.

EMS Attendant takes out a syringe and fills it.

The man watches.

Irene tests her straps. She can't get out.

She looks at the wounded man next to her, but his eyes are locked onto the EMS Attendant.

EMS Attendant is entranced. Can't pull his eyes away.

EMS Attendant drops the syringe. Closes his eyes. Convulses a couple of times. The EKG machine makes a few odd blips then normalizes -----

----- when his eyes open, he looks around. Examines his hands. A slight smile when he looks over at Irene.

The male patient is unconscious.

EMS Attendant picks the syringe up off the floor. Examines it. Another smile at Irene.

He pulls up the shirt of the male patient. Feels around his chest. Another smile at Irene.

He plunges the syringe into the patient's heart, injecting all the sedative.

A moment later, the patient convulses. The EKG codes an alarm.

DRIVER
(from the front cab)
What's happening?

EMS ATTENDANT
Machine malfunction. I got it.

EMS Attendant turns down the EKG.

IRENE
You killed him!

EMS ATTENDANT
(voice altered slightly)
Saved the world from a long,
expensive trial.

IRENE
You have no right!

EMS ATTENDANT
Think of all the innocent people
this man killed. Young girls,
tortured and killed. Even women
your age.

IRENE
How could you know?

It's starting to dawn on her now.

EMS attendant starts to load another syringe.

IRENE
(stammering)
I suppose you're right.

He eyes her suspiciously.

EMS ATTENDANT
You think?

IRENE

You never know when someone's going to get off on some technicality.

EMS Attendant takes a position by her side.

She works to free her hands. Tries to buy time.

IRENE

Probably smart you didn't use a scalpel. That's what I would've done. I would never have thought of injecting it right into the heart. But then I have no training. Would have made a mess too.

He nods, thinking.

IRENE

My way would have been kind of fitting, though. With him unable to defend himself just like he probably did to his victims. Sick bastard.

He places the syringe on the stretcher of the dead male patient and reaches across him to open the equipment door.

Irene uses her now free hand to unfasten the hand straps.

EMS Attendant searches through the scalpels. Finds what he wants. Turning back with the scalpel in hand...

She stabs him in the shoulder with the syringe, emptying its contents.

He rips it away.

Leans forward with the scalpel.

But the sedative hits his system.

He falls back onto the dead male.

Irene is feverishly undoing her straps.

He drops the scalpel.

She picks it up.

He's lying back on the dead patient, awake but unable to move. She stares at him. Starts to look entranced....then shakes it off.

IRENE

Oh, no, not in my head you sick
bastard.

She puts the scalpel to his neck. Hesitates. Not easy to
kill, even to save your life.

His eyes close and his body slumps.

She cuts his jugular.

He slumps to the floor convulsing.

On the verge of screaming, she bites her hand. In a
whispering voice.

IRENE

What the fuck, what the fuck.

Panicking, she looks around at the mess. Tries to calm
herself.

A deep breath. A plan coming together.

She cuts the straps holding the dead man. Puts the scalpel in
his dead hand. Lies on her stretcher. Straps in her legs.

IRENE

Driver!!

The DRIVER turns and glances back through the window.

IRENE

You got to get me out of this!

She's busy trying to undo her straps.

IRENE

They killed each other!

Driver takes another quick glance through the window.

DRIVER

Jesus Christ!

The ambulance brakes.

IRENE

No, keep going, get us to the
hospital!

The ambulance speeds up again.

IRENE
Call it in, though, have the police
waiting!

The driver does nothing.

She sees him studying her in the mirror.

IRENE
Did you hear me!?

DRIVER
Just stay calm ma'am.

She watches out the window. Coming toward the hospital. She
breathes a sigh of relief.

But the ambulance races by it.

She looks out the window. The hospital grows distant.

He watches her in the mirror.

DRIVER
You know, the accident really was
your fault.

Terrified she watches him.

DRIVER
Or maybe we were just meant to find
each other.

She grabs the scalpel from the hand of the dead man.

This time the Driver looks back. A big smile crosses his
face.

DRIVER
Should be an interesting ride.

FADE OUT.