

CODE BLUE

Written by

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INT. CAFÉ - NIGHT

A hippie trendy café. A couple of pretty GIRLS, work behind the counter. Busy making drinks.

HANK, 38, a handsome African American dressed in a smart suit looks dead on his feet, totally exhausted. He's next to be served.

HANK

Coffee black. Large. To go.

The pretty girl taking his order gives him a sideways look.

PRETTY GIRL

You don't look so great. Sorry to say.

He nods. Checks his watch.

HANK

I've been awake about 18 hours now. I've just got off the phone to my mother who wants to divorce my dad. And before that I was texting with my dad who only yesterday broke his arm climbing up a set of ladders, he's 78 years old. And now I'm on my way back to the office.

PRETTY GIRL

Did you forget something there? At the office?

He shakes his head.

HANK

Starting off my next shift actually. Overtime. We're short staffed again. What a shock.

PRETTY GIRL

A short shift? Quick in and out.

HANK

Twelve hours actually.

She puffs out her cheeks.

PRETTY GIRL

That's rough man, I think you're going to need more than this coffee to get you through that.

HANK

Well, that's all I've got. There isn't much else. So the plan is simply coffee and sugar, injected directly into my veins.

PRETTY GIRL

That doesn't sound very healthy.

HANK

It's not and I should know better.

PRETTY GIRL

Well I hope it goes quick for you.

HANK

It's not going to. Honestly, I don't think today can get any worse.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Hank, coffee in hand rummages through his pockets pulling out a set of keys. He approached a red sports car.

He clumsily drops the keys.

HANK

God damnit.

Two white uniformed POLICE OFFICERS approach Hank from behind. The first is big and mean looking, the second looks like he might start throwing up at any second.

OFFICER ONE

Excuse me sir, is this your car?

Hank turns around to face them, surprised.

HANK

Excuse me?

OFFICER ONE

I asked if this was your car.

HANK

Yes officer it is.

OFFICER ONE

I'm going to have to see some evidence that proves that. We've had a lot of break-ins around here recently.

HANK

Am I being treated as a suspicious person? Standing here with my coffee? In board daylight. Is that how car thieves operate these days?

OFFICER ONE

Sir. That's a pretty expensive car that you're standing next to.

HANK

Oh, and someone like shouldn't be able to afford a car like that you mean? Someone like me shouldn't be driving a car like that?

OFFICER ONE

Sir. I'm going to have to see some evidence that you are the owner of this vehicle.

HANK

My pleasure.

Hank picks up and dangles his car keys at the police officers. He then goes to open the car door but then abruptly stops.

OFFICER ONE

(shouting)

Let me see your hands!

The first officer screams, pulling out his gun and taking aim at Hank's head.

Hank spins around to face them, holding his hands up.

The first officer has his finger on the trigger, though the second officer beside him is just standing there, sweating and looking ill.

Hank switches between the two of them.

HANK

Your friend beside you doesn't look too good.

The first officer glances at his friend, nudges him.

OFFICER ONE

(hissing)

Will you get your act together? Get your gun out.

The second officer slowly removes his gun, but doesn't take aim, just holds it down by his side.

OFFICER TWO  
I don't feel right.

HANK  
Describe your symptoms to me.

OFFICER ONE  
Hey! You're talking to me right now.

HANK  
Your friend could be in real trouble.

OFFICER ONE  
The only one here in real trouble is you.

Hank focuses on the second officer.

HANK  
Tell me about your symptoms.

OFFICER TWO  
My chest has felt heavy for a couple of days now. It's really heavy.

OFFICER ONE  
Don't say another thing to him.

HANK  
And the sweating? Is this normal for you?

The second officer wipes some sweat from his forehead.

OFFICER TWO  
No. Not normal.

HANK  
Keep going.

OFFICER TWO  
I've got this weird pain in my arms.

HANK  
Anywhere else. Your jaw? Neck? Back? Stomach?

OFFICER TWO

My jaw.

The first officer gives another hard nudge to the second.

OFFICER ONE

What are you doing? We're arresting him, not flirting with him.

HANK

I'm a doctor.

OFFICER ONE

The hell you are.

HANK

Never met a black doctor before?

OFFICER ONE

No. Plenty of Indian ones. Never black. But I'm good at spotting bullshit and you're full of it.

HANK

I'm a doctor. I have my bag in my car. I can help your friend.

OFFICER ONE

He doesn't need your help.

HANK

Oh yes he does. And he needs yours too. Call him an ambulance.

OFFICER ONE

Shut the hell up.

OFFICER TWO

What do you think is wrong?

OFFICER ONE

He's not a doctor.

HANK

Shortness of breath?

OFFICER TWO

Yes.

HANK

Dizziness?

OFFICER TWO

Yes.

HANK  
Feel like you might be sick?

OFFICER TWO  
Yes.

HANK  
You're on your way to having a  
massive heart attack.

Fear and panic fill the second police officer.

OFFICER TWO  
No.

OFFICER ONE  
He's lying.

Hank goes to open his car door.

OFFICER ONE (CONT'D)  
You make another stupid move like  
that and I'm opening fire. Last  
warning. I want to see your hands  
at all times. You move when I say  
you can move.

Hank turns slowly back.

HANK  
You need to call him an ambulance.

OFFICER ONE  
And you need to provide me with  
some evidence that this is your  
car.

HANK  
Forget the car, we've got a medical  
emergency on our hands.

OFFICER ONE  
Oh, you'd like us to forget about  
this car wouldn't you.

HANK  
Yes.

OFFICER ONE  
Put your hands in the air.

HANK  
If we do nothing your friend is  
going to die.

OFFICER ONE

I've heard some crazy things before, what people will say to get out of being arrested but this one is a new one for me.

HANK

I'm a doctor. And your friend is having a heart attack.

OFFICER ONE

And where did you get your medical license? Facebook?

HANK

If he dies. It'll be on you.

OFFICER ONE

Don't you dare threaten me.

HANK

I have my medical bag in my car. I can help him. He needs to sit down and stay clam.

OFFICER ONE

You move, I shoot.

HANK

If I do nothing he's dead.

OFFICER ONE

I'm calling for backup.

HANK

Good, tell them to bring an ambulance with them.

OFFICER ONE

A real comedian.

Hank slowly turns back to his car. Uses the keys to open the car door.

HANK

I'm getting my bag.

OFFICER ONE

Get your hands where I can see them!

HANK

I'm a doctor, I have to help him.



OFFICER ONE

Hands!

HANK

No!

OFFICER ONE

Your hands now!

HANK

I took an oath and he's having a heart attack.

OFFICER ONE

Hands!

HANK

My bag.

OFFICER ONE

I will shoot!

Hank pulls out his large black medical bag from the front passenger seat. He turns to face the police officers.

The first police officers opens fire. Hitting Hank in the chest.

The bangs from the gun set off the second officer's heart attack, now in full flow.

The second officer drops down to his knees clutching at his chest.

Hank is on the floor, dead. His bag breaks open. Filled with medical supplies and equipment.

The second officer collapses down to his side, holding onto his chest with both hands. In terrible pain as his heart attack only gets worse.

The first police officer looks between Hank and his friend, no idea what to do next.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END