

19 EXT. TRAVEL PLAZA - GARAGE - LATER 19

Jess pulls up in front of "GREG'S GARAGE & BODY SHOP."
There's an ambulance parked out front. A flash of concern.

20 INT. GARAGE - RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER 20

Sounds of machine work filter through from the shop floor as
Jess bursts in.

Sc. 1 Start

JESS

What happened?

VICKY (30's), a paramedic, is at the front desk examining the
collection of plastic knick knacks Jess has on display.

VICKY

Engine light's on in the wagon
again.

Behind the desk, GREG (55) - the man whose name is on the
sign - fills in paperwork.

JESS

Jeez, Vic. You scared the heck
outta me. I thought someone mighta
been crushed or chopped a finger.

GREG

Good morning to you too.

As she rounds the desk, he gives her a slap on the ass.

JESS

Dirty. Mitts. Off. Seriously, if I
have to say it again, I walk. No
fucking joke.

GREG

You know I'm playing.

JESS

Your play's no fun. I'll do that.

Greg hands the paperwork over. Disappears into the workshop.

VICKY

I don't think I could do that.

JESS

What?

VICKY
You're not worried about losing
your job?

JESS
I'm worried about losing my sanity.
(re. form)
We'll take a look this afternoon
and I'll give you a call.

VICKY
I was s'posed to bring it in last
week but the twins had flu. I kinda
told my boss it'd be ready today.
Now there's gonna be weather.

JESS
There's always weather.

Vicky looks desperate. Jess glances at a schedule.

JESS (CONT'D)
If we don't have to order parts,
mid-afternoon's the best I could
do.

VICKY
You're an angel.

JESS
We both know that's not true. I'll
call to confirm.

Sc. 1 End

Vicky goes.

Jess sticks her head through the door to the bodyshop.

JESS (CONT'D)
Greg!

She hands him the key and the paperwork.

JESS (CONT'D)
We've gotta prioritize this. I'm
going next door 'n buying a round
of coffees. And I'm taking cash
from the till.

GREG
Take the van back, will ya?

He tosses Jess a set of keys.

The streetlight above them flickers on. Olivia looks up. What the hell?

STEVE (CONT'D)
The grid should be off.

OLIVIA
Kim was going to do it.

Olivia hangs up her phone just as a CAR DOOR SLAMS.

The Emergency Managers look over...

Brad is out of his truck, opening the back...

142 EXT. CHURCH - EMERGENCY RELIEF - MOMENTS LATER 142

ON ANA. Still sitting motionless.

Paramedics pass by with a body on a stretcher. Ana watches them go, vacant. Recognizes Carlos's shirt. Could it be?

She follows.

143 EXT. CHURCH - EMERGENCY RELIEF - TRIAGE - MOMENTS LATER 143

Luke sits on the ground, out of the way.

Tammy holds Rick's hand.

Sc. 2 Start Vicky leads a few VOLUNTEERS down the line of victims.

VICKY
This one...this one...and this one.

A volunteer stops at Rick.

TAMMY
What's happening?

VICKY
He's getting an ambulance ride.
You're family?

TAMMY
He's my husband.

The volunteer hands Tammy a form. Tammy looks down. Just the basics: NAME, DATE OF BIRTH, ADDRESS, INSURANCE PROVIDER, ETC. She fills it in quickly.

Luke appears by his mother's side.

LUKE
Is he going to make it?

VICKY
Are you --

LUKE
I'm her son.

TAMMY
No...
(to Vicky)
He's not.

Tammy hands the form to Vicky. Luke looks at her, resigned. Resolved. She turns to him, a steady stare. He nods. So be it. She doesn't nod back. Turns and goes with Rick as he is carried away.

VICKY
(over, to Luke)
You need to move, sir.

Luke snaps to. Steps back as a new patient is wheeled into Rick's place. He sees Ana staring at him from the opposite side. She has witnessed the exchange with Tammy.

Luke looks down at the new patient. It's Carlos.

He steps back and watches the paramedics give Carlos a needle. Remove the t-shirt, tourniquet. Luke sees Carlos's smashed up hand. Jesus. He looks back over to...

Ana. Watching, full of fear.

Luke sees the volunteer hand Ana a form. The same one Tammy was given.

Ana looks down at it. LONG PAUSE. She holds a pen, but her hand doesn't move to fill it in.

ON CARLOS

Through his drug induced haze, he takes in the world around him. His eyes focus on a couple of COPS in the crowd...

He registers Luke. Standing so close. His fear compounds. Luke is fixated on something...

Carlos turns his head slowly to see what Luke is looking at...it's Ana. When Carlos turns back...

Luke is staring at him. Carlos looks terrified.

Vicky finishes working on Carlos. Steps away.

LUKE
 (to Carlos, gentle)
 You're going to be okay.

Ana hears this.

She returns her attention to the form. The information required has her paralyzed: NAME, DATE OF BIRTH, ADDRESS, INSURANCE PROVIDER, ETC.

Vicky notices Ana, motionless.

VICKY
 Do you need help filling it in?

ANA
 I'm fine.

Still no action. Vicky sees the debate in Ana's mind. Instinctively she knows.

VICKY
 (quiet)
 Is he undocumented?

A look from Ana. Vicky knows she hit the nail on the head.

ANA
 Will they send him back?

By Vicky's look, it's quite possible.

Carlos is desperate to understand what they're saying. He sees Luke listening. Knows that Luke understands what they're saying.

Luke sees Carlos's fear. Takes his good hand. Squeezes it reassuringly.

ANA (CONT'D)
 Will they help him first?

VICKY
 (compassionate)
 If you don't have insurance, you'll have to pay.

ANA
 I understand.

VICKY
Ma'am, you need to know this is
going to cost. A lot.

Ana pulls the bank draft for the house deposit out of her
purse. Shows Vicky.

VICKY (CONT'D)
I'll be back in two.

Sc. 2 End Vicky goes. Ana starts on the forms.

CARLOS
(in Spanish)
Don't.

ANA
You need medical help.

CARLOS
What about our life here?

ANA
My life will be wherever you are.

CARLOS
No. Ana.

But she is decided. He watches as she signs the papers. Gives
them to the volunteer.

Ana takes one last look at the deposit cheque. Slowly,
deliberately rips in two. Then again. And again.

The pieces flutter to the ground.

Luke watches.

The volunteer unlocks the wheels of the gurney. Pushes Carlos
toward the ambulance.

Ana follows. As she passes Luke, she slides a comforting hand
over his back. Luke looks at her, but she doesn't turn back.

Once again, Luke is left alone. He watches them go for a
beat. Then disappears into the crowd.

144 INT. CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

144

ON KIM'S FEET.