

"BLEEDING H.A.R.T."

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. H.A.R.T DISPATCH CENTER - DAY

A URV - a high tech, versatile flying vehicle for High Altitude Urban Rescue - is docked on the side of the building. We HEAR the VOICE of a DISPATCHER, OVER.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
(filtered)
H.A.R.T., Emergency... yes... yes, we'll
send a team over right away.

2. INT. URV COCKPIT

TZ (attractive female, mid-20s) and JOEL (late 20s, slightly pudgy) - two Emergency Management Technicians, enter the cockpit already strapped into their acceleration couches. They lock into place.

Joel is facing forward, the driver. TZ faces rearward, where she can manipulate the controls for the medical gurney mounted aft.

TZ
So, what have we got?

JOEL
Guy fell down a lift shaft at cross-
street plaza. Probably dead. Bystanders
linked us.

3. EXT. STREET

The URV detaches, configures for flight and screams off, passing cars left and right as it weaves through the flying traffic of the vertical city.

4. INT. URV COCKPIT

TZ looks over her shoulder.

TZ
Not to be macabre, but what's the rush?
You know riding backwards makes me

nauseous.

JOEL

Ah, there's this ambulance chaser - this black market medevac's been beating me to my jobs recently. I think he's hacked my dispatch encryption.

TZ

But if the victim's dead, it has to be us.

JOEL

I just really don't want him to get ahead of me.

TZ

And I really don't want to boot in the gurney.

(she looks out the window, trying to calm her stomach - notices something outside)

Does he drive a kind of beat up orange China car?

5. EXT. STREET

We see TZ looking out the window at MYKAL KEULLING in our eponymous flying car. He waves.

6. INT. URV COCKPIT

Joel glares at him.

JOEL

Aw, not again! Hold onto something!

FREEZE FRAME

SUPERIMPOSE: "PROFESIONAL DRIVER, CLOSED COURSE."

BACK TO SCENE

He jams the accelerator forward.

TZ

(sick)

Oh god.

7. EXT. STREET

Both vehicles accelerate. Mykal cuts in front of a Trans-atmospheric freighter, which swerves in front of Joel to avoid a collision.

8. INT. URV COCKPIT

Joel throws his hands up, as though to brace himself against a person who has stumbled into his path. We see the wireless control devices hooked around his thumbs.

JOEL

Whoa!

9. EXT. STREET

The URV extends its flaps and angles its aerofoils against the impeding freighter in a motion just like Joel's.

Mykal blazes around a corner, ducking between a building and a scanning tower. Joel, on a wider parabola, skims the top of the tower, clipping its antenna.

10. INT. URV COCKPIT

Joel steers, hyper focusing.

JOEL

He's faster than I am, but I can go places he can't. Just give me a chance...

TZ

I'm going to give you carrots and peas if this keeps up...

11. EXT. STREET

Joel gains on Mykal, going above the traffic while Mykal has to dodge though it.

12. INT. URV COCKPIT

TZ scans (with her eyes) through a holograph that hovers in

the air in front of her.

INSERT

A schematic of a building with a point indicated two thirds of the way up.

BACK TO SCENE

TZ

Here's a break. The lift is stopped between levels. Fastest way will be to go to the roof, coordinate with the lift operator and go down the shaft on our drop lines.

13. EXT. CROSS STREET PLAZA

The vehicles race up to the building, neck and neck. Mykal slows, thwarted by the massive breezeway that blocks his access to the side of the building.

14. INT. URV COCKPIT

TZ jerks a finger directionally.

TZ

Turn in there!

JOEL

Stellar.

He jerks the controls.

15. EXT. CROSS STREET PLAZA

Joel ducks into an alley, reconfiguring the ship to fit narrowly between the neighboring buildings, and rockets upward.

16. INT. URV COCKPIT

They relax.

JOEL

Let's see your crappy hover bug do that!

TZ

Not bad, professional driver closed course.

JOEL

(defers to her)
Professional navigator.

TZ

I'll prep the medbay.

17. INT. LIFT SHAFT - DAY

Joel and TZ descend into frame, along with the gurney. They arrive on the roof of the stopped elevator, where the VICTIM lies broken, but still gasping for breath.

VICTIM

(groans)

TZ

Holy crap, this guy's still alive!

JOEL

(kneeling down)
Sir, I need you to hold still. We're going to...
(surprised noise)

The lift shudders and descends out of sight, leaving them suspended by their drop lines. It stops far below, where Mykal Kuelling stands silhouetted in an open door.

MYKAL

(smirking)
Need a lift?

TZ and Joel gawk at him helplessly.

JOEL

(deflated)
He's good. Unethical and mercenary, but he is good. You think he bribed the lift operator?

TZ

I dunno, but I'm glad we're not paid by the job. You wanna stop for a drink?

JOEL

Might as well. Unless someone gets hurt
while he's taking that one to the med-
center. Then it's no contest.

FADE OUT

THE END