

LIFE WORTH LIVING

By
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"When A Hero Needs A Savior"

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5.4.19

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Beverly Hills, CA
Via: HELP FOR HEROES INC.
PALMDALE, CA

LIFE WORTH LIVING - ACT 1: SCENE 11

INT. BLUEBIRD DINER - DAY

John is forced to alter his mood, bottling up frustration, as all the PATRONS know, and are happy to see him. Especially...

EVA
DADDY!!!!!

Cute as a bug's ear, lil' Eva (6) sprints to her daddy, who beams seeing her, throwing his arms out to catch and raise her. But, she comes to a screeching halt. A Beat.

Now sophisticated, she calms herself, showcasing her formal dance dress. Impressed with herself, she curtsies and bows.

All Patrons applaud. John laughs and LIFTS her skyward.

JOHN
You're beautiful Eva! Now let's see
if beautiful can fly!!

EVA
AHHHH! I'll puke I'll puke!

He's twirling her all the way up near the ceiling fan.
CHRISTINA (37), watches at a table with infant son, LOGAN.

JOHN
Do it. Hurl eggs. Mommy bought 'em.

EVA
Put me down or I'll call the cops!

JOHN
I am the cops!

EVA
Then we got problems Mr.

John lowers her, kneels, and squeezes her with every ounce of love he's got left. Over her shoulder, he sees Christina.

John whispers in Eva's ear.

JOHN
I love you over the moon and beyond
the stars, don't ever forget that.

EVA
I'll try not to daddy.

JOHN
You'll try?!

EVA
I had to learn a buncha twirl steps
for tonight. Plus cursive. That's a
lotta stuff to remember, man.

He connects eyes with her: joy. He walks her to the table.

CHRISTINA
Hello John.

John's stunned. When has his wife ever called him:

JOHN
John?

CHRISTINA
Logan sit still. John can you not
just stand there and help for once?

JOHN
Double Negative. ...*John?*

John gives Logan a quick zerbert on the stomach and helps him
settle into his highchair. It's rocky.

John studies the floor, seeing it's on a slant.
He grabs a few coffee slips from the counter.

DINER OWNER
Hola John.

JOHN
Hola Padre. Borrow these real quick
...up to you if ya want 'em back.

DINER OWNER
Anything you need Deputy.

John murmurs to himself heading to the table.

JOHN
I don't think you grasp that offer.

John slides them under the chair, stabilizing his son.

JOHN (CONT'D)
There we go Stud. Always check the
floor first. Remember *that*.

EVA
Ugh our brains are full.

CHRISTINA

Their stomachs aren't. Padre, how's the order coming, got a late dancer kid who needs to be in school.

JOHN

Where were you this morning?

CHRISTINA

Ha! You. YOU?! You are asking ME where I was for a family event? Wow I'm sure there's a perfect word to describe this moment.

EVA

Hippo-hippo-ocrisy? That's the word you used to the man on the phone.

John shoots her a glare. Then bottles it for the kids' sake.

JOHN

What man? Dear.

EVA

Hippo-pona, *hypocrisy*! Whoa. Hope I don't gotta spell that in cursive.

John and Christina are at a boiling point. But, bottling it.

END - ACT 1: SCENE 11

LIFE WORTH LIVING - ACT 3: SCENE 2**INT. JOHN'S PATROL SUV - EVENING**

John sweats; his arm twitching again, he CLASPS the steering wheel to stiffen and stop the shaking. Doesn't work.

JOHN

Dispatch. 260-Sam, in pursuit, eta 45 seconds. Be advised, possible scoop and roll. I repeat: possible emergency transport, requesting road clearing from Leo Lane to ER!

EXT. PARTY HOME - SUNSET

JOHN POV: Bolting to the side following VOICES from out back.

EXT. PARTY HOME / BACKYARD - SUNSET

HIPPY PARTY GOERS stand, a silent mob, encircling chaos. John hears SCREAMS from inside the circle which he *bursts* through.

BABY'S MOTHER

WAKE HER UP! MAKE HER WAKE UP!

BABY'S MOTHER (29), tattered, drunk, hits BABY'S DAD (32), demanding he save their BABY GIRL (9 months).

John SLIDES in, no words just action, instantly performing mouth to mouth and baby-appropriate chest compressions.

ALL GOES QUIET. Just the sounds of John's huffs.

The echo of his resuscitating breaths. And silent counting. 1-2-3-4, BREATH, PUMP, 1-2-3-4, BREATH, PUMP.

His eyes catch pieces of info as he performs CPR on her:

DRIPS, dropping from the pool, to the ground, mixing with spilt beer. The drips mesh with the echo of his breathing.

Party Goers watch, holding still-smoking joints in hand. Alcohol in others'. He is the only one equipped to serve.

He counts a final count, breaths, compressions: Nothing. John listens in the baby's mouth, no breath, emptiness.

WHOOSH the world RUSHES back in full chaos mode, hearing the Mother SHOUTING at John, as the Dad stares in total shock.

John, scoops the baby up, tucking her and running off, speaking into his shoulder radio as he parts the crowd.

JOHN

Attention Dispatch! Scoop & roll in effect, Leo Lane to Good Samaritan Hospital. Baby, less than a year, unconscious, CPR not effective. Repeat, scoop and roll in effect, requesting immediate road clearing! ER ETA 2 1/2 minutes!

The mom is screaming, chasing him. Party Goers hold her back. She's intoxicated and wildly rampaging toward him.

THE BLUR. All is tuned out, the people, the screaming, it's all just a blur to John, but this time, of positive focus.

He barrels around the side and to his car, holding, life.

INT. JOHN'S PATROL SUV - SUNSET

John holds the baby in his lap as he Code 3's through town. His other arm shakes on the steering wheel; he can barely control the car. He focuses hard on staying straight.

For the first time, there is fear in his pleading eyes.

JOHN

Stay alive, come on baby girl, stay alive for me! You got a great life ahead of you! You just have to get through this tiny bit of time. Stay alive! Fight, it's worth it, your life is worth it! Don't slip, don't slip, just a little bit more time, GOD! I NEED MORE TIME!!

The baby is turning blue. John's holding in his tears, as... Medic/Fire Trucks, and his fellow Deputies, clear the road.

END - ACT 3: SCENE 2