

BLOOD

Written by

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FADE IN:

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EXT. ROAD - DAY

1

GEORGE, 30, fit and strong, almost too much, casual dressing, but not really, attentive to the details. Perfectly fit jeans and a tight polo shirt, rubber sole shoes. He drives his convertible on a secondary road far from Los Angeles downtown. Blunt eyes look vaguely to the horizon. Right after a curve he sees something strange far ahead on the shoulder of the road. He squeezes his eyes and frown trying to identify what is it that he is seeing. As he approaches the scene he finally identifies what is it, a motorcycle parked at the shoulder.

GEORGE

What?

George reduces the speed, looks at the motorcycle, passes by it and, admires it. It is a beautiful Custom Harley Davidson, full of shiny chromes. Then he looks forward and notices a black helmet on the shoulder and next to it a body, partially on the shoulder, partially on the grass besides it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh, God!

George instantly hits the break and stops a few feet ahead on the road. With the engine still on, he stays still and apprehensive. He looks back, trying to see the body, looks around and sees nobody and nowhere to go ask for help.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Now what? Fuck.

Then that apparently lifeless body suddenly moves, raising one hand with difficulty. George, amazed and determined, engages the reverse and goes back, next to the body and parks on the shoulder of the road, leaving on the alert light of the car. Then he gets out of the car and runs to help that person.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Jesus man, are you hurt? What happened?

George, bent down over VICTOR, male, tall, dark haired, using black jeans pants, black leather boots, black Harley Davidson T-shirt and a black leather jacket, starts to realize the gravity of the situation. Victor is laying over his side, with the face in the creeping vegetation. There's blood coming out of his ears.

VICTOR  
(struggling whisper)  
Help me. Help me.

Victor then coughs, in pain, expelling blood through his mouth and choking. George watches the scene desperate.

GEORGE  
OK, calm down man, I`m gonna help  
you. Let me see. Of course, phone.

George, nervous, looks for his phone in his pocket.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(with shaky hands)  
Damn, what's fucking the number?

VICTOR  
Hurry (coughs) please.

GEORGE  
I`m calling.

George dials 911 and waits, but it reaches an automated voice mail.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Fuck, it is not answering. God damn  
it.

George gets up irritated , throw the phone on the ground next to Victor, gets away and walks in circles.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, what's the use of  
this shit if it is occupied?

Victor groans and George turns his attention back to him and bends down.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
OK, let me do something, I`ll turn  
you face up, right? To take your  
face of the grass.

VICTOR  
OK.

GEORGE  
On three, ok? One... two... three.

George pulls Victor's shoulder with one hand and supports his head with the other and rolls Victor's body face up.

VICTOR  
(screaming)  
Aaaargh... aaargh!

GEORGE  
OK, done, sorry.

George and Victor look each other in the eyes for the first time. George becomes completely scared at how bad Victor's face looks, really injured and bleeding all over. George then quickly disguises the horrific expression in his face and looks away. He stands up looking away to hide his panic. Victor follows everything with the eyes only. George picks up the phone and calls emergency again.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
(FEMALE VOICE)  
Emergency service, how can I help you?

GEORGE  
Hello, I need help, there was an accident.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
OK, what is your name?

GEORGE  
George

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Did you have an accident? Are you hurt?

GEORGE  
No! Damn it, I am not hurt. I am here on the shoulder of the road and there is this guy all fucked up.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Is it a car accident?

GEORGE  
(irritated)  
I don't know, I don't know, I was driving, saw this guy and stopped to help.

VICTOR  
(groaning)  
Hit... hit

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
OK, please keep calm sir, I need  
you to...

GEORGE  
Wait (to the phone operator). What?  
(to Victor)

VICTOR  
(groaning)  
Hit... car.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
I need...

GEORGE  
No... Wait. He said he was hit by a  
car.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Sir, I need you to describe the  
state of the victim.

GEORGE  
What the Hell! I am no doctor! The  
guy is fucked up. What is this all  
about? Send the God damn ambulance.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Sir, describe what you see.

GEORGE  
(nervous)  
I don't know. I mean, his face is  
all fucked up, everything bleeds,  
mouth, ears. The rest I don't know.  
He is using a jacket. When I turned  
him up he screamed.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
OK, Sir, thank you. Listen  
carefully, this is very important.  
Don't move him anymore, OK? He can  
have a spine injury. Please don't  
move him anymore.

GEORGE  
OK, OK. Now can you send the  
fucking ambulance?

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Can you tell me a reference address  
for the accident?

GEROGE

Address, what fucking address? I'm  
in a road in the middle of nowhere.  
There's nothing here.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Any reference point?

GEORGE

God damn it! I don't know, take  
Highway 2 towards East, from La  
Cañada, drive about 20 minutes and  
turn left on a small road.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Hold on... OK, that's the Los  
Angeles Forest Highway. How many  
miles into it?

GEORGE

Oh, I don't know. Maybe 2.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

OK, I am already sending one unit  
to the location. Can you do me a  
favor, sir?

GEORGE

Yes?

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Can you please leave your phone on?  
Just in case we need to contact  
you.

GEORGE

OK.

George hangs up and puts the phone back in his pocket. He  
looks at Victor, which is in a lot of pain and still bleeds.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hold on, man, they are coming.

JOHNAS, 35 year old male, 5'7" tall, 198 pounds, drives an  
ambulance through L.A.. ROBERT, his teammate, 25 year old  
male, 5'11" tall, 176 pounds, rides with him. They hear the  
radio cracking, it's JANE calling on the radio.

JANE (V.O.)  
 Attention unit 625... unit 625.  
 Bob, do you copy?

ROBERT  
 Copy, come in Jane.

JANE (V.O.)  
 Bob, we have a situation, hit and  
 run, near Highway 2 towards East  
 from La Cañada. Over.

ROBERT  
 Negative, we cannot take this Jane,  
 our supplies are incomplete. Over.

JANE (V.O.)  
 No crying boys, you are the closest  
 and the only free ones at the  
 moment, it is critical.

Robert and Johnas look at each other worried.

JOHNAS  
 Sheesh!

ROBERT  
 (to the radio)  
 It's the second time this week. OK,  
 we're going, give me the  
 coordinates. Over.

JANE (V.O.)  
 Now we're talking! You're my  
 heroes, boys. So, take the Foothill  
 Freeway South, then...

3

EXT. ROAD - DAY

3

George walks in circles, nervous, and stops from time to time to look far on the road to check if there is any vehicle coming. He sees nothing and goes back to Victor.

GEORGE  
 I still don't know your name. I'm  
 George.

VICTOR  
 Victor.

GEORGE  
 Victor, OK. So what happened, man?  
 You said you were hit?

VICTOR  
 (struggling)  
 I got out of fuel and then... Then  
 this guy hit me whe- when I was  
 asking for help.

GEORGE  
 Really? Fucking idiot. And did he  
 run away just as that?

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Yes.

Victor chokes with the blood in his throat and coughs  
 contorting himself in pain.

VICTOR  
 Argh, it hurts, fucking hurts.

GEORGE  
 Easy, man. They're coming. Stay  
 with me now!

George listens to the sound of a siren far away and runs to  
 the middle of the road. The ambulance appears tiny on the  
 horizon and gradually approaches them. George waves to them  
 in the middle of the road. Some moments later the ambulance  
 arrives and stops behind George's car. Robert and Johnas get  
 out of the ambulance quickly. Robert opens the rear door of  
 the ambulance, takes his equipment and runs in Victor's  
 direction. Johnas comes a little bit before him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Hurry up, he's there.

JOHNAS  
 OK, let's have a look.

George approaches Victor, but he is put away by Robert that  
 comes with equipment.

ROBERT  
 Excuse us, we need space to work  
 here.

George, solicitous, attends promptly the solicitation.

GEORGE  
 Of course.

Robert opens his case and starts the standard procedures,  
 examines each part of Victor's body, looking for fractures  
 and injuries.



ROBERT

Hi, my name is Robert, I'm a paramedic. I will examine you, just tell me if or when it hurts, OK? What's your name?

VICTOR

(with difficulty)  
Victor.

Robert palpates Victor's thorax and Victor contorts himself.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Argh! There it hurts. Argh!

ROBERT

OK, hold on.

Robert goes on, going down along Victor's body until he reaches the abdomen.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What about here?

VICTOR

(screaming)  
Argh!

ROBERT

OK, OK, try not to move.

VICTOR

(irate)  
It's so easy to say it, mother fucker.

Robert, worried, looks at Johnas and throws him a hopeless expression, visually indicating that there is no chance for Victor, and then he looks back to Victor.

ROBERT

It's OK, everything is gonna be all right.

Victor looks Robert in the eyes distrustful and wrinkles only one of the eyebrows. Robert stands up and pulls Johnas aside, getting away from Victor. George watches everything terrified, but silent.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

(whispering)

This guy is all fucked up, multiple fractures on the thorax, the ribs perforated the lungs, it's full of blood. The abdomen is rigid, full of blood too, the spleen is probably injured too. Half of his blood is in his cavities. He's bad.

JOHNAS

How long can he stand?

ROBERT

Without drainage and a transfusion? About ten minutes tops. I don't know how he is not on shock, yet.

JOHNAS

Well, we've gotta run then. Stabilize him and put in the ambulance.

Robert and Johnas approach Victor again.

ROBERT

Victor, this is the situation: you have a severe internal hemorrhage and needs an urgent blood transfer. We'll have to start the procedure right here. Do you know your blood type?

VICTOR

Mmmm... Type "O" negative.

Johnas immediately goggles his eyes. Robert looks inquisitive at Johnas that walks away calling Robert, nervous. Robert goes to him.

ROBERT

What was that, dude?

JOHNAS

We're fucked.

ROBERT

What do you mean? Fuck what?

JOHNAS

We're fucked man, we don't have "O" negative on stock, he can only take "O" negative.

ROBERT

Oh shit, we are really fucked.

George, still besides Victor, pays attention to their talk and realizes that something is wrong. Johnas and Robert come back, both serious.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Are you sure of your blood type?

VICTOR

Hell yeah. I am fucking dying here.

ROBERT

We have a problem then.

VICTOR

(cynical)

Oh, really?

ROBERT

I'll not lie. You need type "O" negative blood and we have none here. If you don't receive the transfusion, you ain't gonna make it.

George goggles his eyes. Victor starts laughing helplessly until he chokes with his own blood. George, sweating, stands up, walks nervously in circles mumbling something and then stops besides them, with shaky hands.

GEORGE

I am type "O" negative.

Robert and Johnas look immediately, surprised, to George.

JOHNAS

What?

GEORGE

Yes, I am "O" negative.

JOHNAS

Jesus, I can't believe it. That's it.

Johnas goes in the ambulance direction. George holds his breath for an instant, closes his eyes and fist, tense.

GEORGE

I can't.

Johnas stops in the middle of the way and turns back furious. Robert, also furious, looks Victor in the eyes.

ROBERT  
How come you can't?

JOHNAS  
What did you say?

Johnas comes back looking George in the eyes.

JOHNAS (CONT'D)  
Are you fucking crazy? What is this now? Are you going to let him die?

George, with the fist still closed, breathes nervously and sweats. He closes his eyes strongly for an instant and breathes normally again. Johnas and Robert face him furious.

GEORGE  
I can't... I am HIV positive.

Robert and Johnas immediately change their look from furious to hopeless and disarm their tense bodies. In the mean time, Victor chokes again and laughs.

JOHNAS  
Oh, no!

ROBERT  
God damn it! Now we are fucked.

Johnas takes Robert by the arm.

JOHNAS  
Listen, let's do it anyway.

Victor goggles his eyes and struggles to say something, but he chokes in his blood, then vomits a lot of blood. He tries again. George watches everything desolated, almost crying.

VICTOR  
No! No fucking way!

JOHNAS  
Man, if it's not like that, you'll die here.

VICTOR  
(angry)  
Let me fucking die then.

ROBERT

He's right, injecting contaminated blood is crazy.

JOHNAS

Dude, would you rather watch him die here? With the transfusion he can at least get to the hospital. Then he...

VICTOR

No fucking way! You're not putting this shit in me.

George falls on his knees, desolated and powerless. He brings his hands to his head and bends down until he touches the ground with his forehead. Victor faints.

JOHNAS

Watch out! Check his signs.

Robert takes Victor wrist and tests his breath.

ROBERT

He is not breathing, the heartbeat is weak. The hemorrhage is making too much pressure inside. We've gotta open him. Get me the lancet.

Johnas opens his equipment case, takes the lancet and gives it to Robert. At the same time Robert opens Victor's jacket and tears his T-shirt on the right side. He then takes the lancet and makes a deep cut between Victor's ribs. Johnas gives Robert a plastic tube. Robert inserts the tube in the cut and a large amount of blood flows out. Victor starts breathing again, but remains unconscious. Robert, on his knees, with his hands full of blood, looks at Johnas and then at George. He thinks for a moment and looks back to Victor.

4 MOUNTAGE

4

Children run happy on the park. Blood drops in the water. Family photos. Smiling couples. Blood mixes slowly with the water. Dog running outdoors. Children birthday party. Blood mixes with the water. Child riding a bike.

5 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

5

A small group of people stand around a closed coffin. All bikers with black leather jackets, boots, etc. Among them Robert, Johnas and a priest. It is not possible to identify all the faces however.

People then leave the place and one specific man, whose face we never see, walks to his motorcycle and rides away.

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EXT. ROAD - SUNSET

6

The man from the cemetery stands on the shoulder of the road at the same place Victor had the accident, holding the helmet by the lace with one of the hands. He uses a red bandana on his head, a black leather jacket, boots and sunglasses. After a while he lets the helmet fall on the ground. Then he raises his right hand, looks at it, closes his fist strongly, breaths deeply and turns back. Now we see the man is actually Victor. He takes the bike and rides away towards the sunset in the horizon.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Sometimes life throws us challenges. Challenges that stripe us off of our pride, comfort and potentially... life itself. They are actually opportunities... to leave behind our prejudices, our fears, our selfishness. All the things that prevent us from living a meaningful life and seizing each and every day for what they are, an opportunity. It's not a matter of how much time we have here, it's about making the most of it while we're still around. Being thankful and spreading love as there was no tomorrow.

FADE OUT.

THE END