

THE NEED FOR SPEED

When it comes to love, sometimes slow is best. Sometimes not.

INT. CAR NIGHT

SARAH drives her pink car through the empty streets. At the sound of an ambulance siren nearby, she tenses. It whips past and she exhales. Sarah talks on a hands-free phone.

SARAH
Okay, I've got the goods. I'll be there in fifteen. Make that twelve.

MAISIE (V/O)
If you could make it ten it'd be better. I'll be asleep in fifteen.

SARAH
Not if Dan has his way.

She turns the music up and opens the window. Breeze billows through her hair. A siren sounds and she sees, in the rear-view mirror, a police car behind her, lights flashing.

SARAH
Shit.

EXT. STREET NIGHT

Sarah pulls to the curb. Police officer, JORDAN, pulls in behind her. He approaches and leans in at the window.

JORDAN
In a bit of a hurry, aren't we?

SARAH
Sorry. It's been a long night.

As she flicks through her wallet, he sees her ambulance I.D. He notes her lovely lips and eyes. She hands him the licence.

JORDAN
You're an Emergency Medical Technician?

He notes down her licence details.

SARAH
Yes. I suppose going fast is an occupational hazard.

JORDAN
So you drive the ambulance, do you?

SARAH
(irritated)
Yes, they give women licences these days, haven't you heard?

Stifling a grin, he looks into the car and sees on the passenger seat, two boxes of condoms and some loose packs.

JORDAN
You have some interesting cargo there. I see why you're in a hurry.

SARAH
(embarrassed)
What? No, they're not mine. I mean, they are, I didn't steal them or anything.

JORDAN
Good to hear.

SARAH
They're for my sister.

JORDAN
(wildly amused)
Your sister?

SARAH
She and her husband, well, this is their night for...you know...and her kids have been sick and she hasn't been able to get to the chemist and ... well, I wasn't sure what sort she preferred so I..

JORDAN
..bought up the store. I see. Better get a wriggle on. Don't want the family growing on my account. But before you go, tell me, who do you think's faster? Cops or Ambos?

SARAH
Well du-uh it's obvious, isn't it?

JORDAN
Yeah, I think so.

A Mexican stand-off. She's irritated, he's teasing.

SARAH
 There'll be official stats, but two
 out of three calls, I'm there
 before the guys in blue.

JORDAN
 (sceptical)
 Yeah right!

SARAH
 Are we seriously doing this? My
 van's faster than yours? At (checks
 time) ten fifteen in the evening?

JORDAN
 I'm impressed...that you can reach
 the pedals on one of those monster
 vans. Do you have wooden blocks
 tied to your feet or what?

SARAH
 I'm not so small and you're not so-
 Sarah flings the door open. It crunches on Jordan's hand.

JORDAN
 Aaaahhh.

SARAH
 Oh my God. I'm sorry. Are you okay?
 As she walks towards him, he pulls back.

JORDAN
 Stay back. Speeding and assaulting
 an officer. You're racking up quite
 the charge sheet, young lady.
 She's concerned till she sees his grin.

SARAH
 Let me take a look.
 As she tries to rotate his hand, he yells in pain.

SARAH
 You need to get this X-rayed. Jump
 in. I'll take you to casualty.

JORDAN
 Me? Get into that sex shop on
 wheels? I'm not that type of guy.

A car whooshes past. A radio blares out from the police car.

RADIO
 Suspect heading West on Bancroft
 Avenue. Anyone in position?

Jordan rushes to the police car, but can't open the door with his hand. Sarah opens it. With his good arm, he grabs the radio. But she has to click the button for him to speak.

JORDAN
 (in radio)
 I'm on Highland and Bancroft.
 Commencing pursuit. Over.

SARAH
 Pursuit? You're joking aren't you?
 You can't drive with that hand.

JORDAN
 I'm not leaving without it, lady.

SARAH
 Shift over. I'll drive.

JORDAN
 I can't put a civilian in danger.

SARAH
 I'm not a civilian. And you can
 have all the danger. I'll just get
 you to where you need to go.

She offers her hand. He hesitates.

SARAH
 I won't tell if you don't.

He grasps her hand as she helps him out. He takes the passenger side. She takes the driver's, but has to move the seat forward a lot. He grins. She scowls. And whooshes off.

EXT. STREETS NIGHT

They whizz along at super speed.

JORDAN (O/S)
 Whooah!

They zoom through the chicanes, meant to slow traffic.

They swerve just in time, as the door of a parked car opens.

They stop suddenly so a possum, eyes big, can cross the road.

INT. POLICE CAR NIGHT

Jordan's eyes are even bigger.

JORDAN
So fast, and yet so caring. That's
why you're an..E.M..

EXT. POLICE CAR NIGHT

The police car moves superfast.

JORDAN (O/S)
...Teeeeeeeeeeeeee.

RADIO
Suspect on Holroyd Road,
intersection 13.

The car spins around 270 degrees at high speed.

INT. CAR NIGHT

Sarah is comfortable and enjoying herself, Jordan less so.

JORDAN
So I'm imagining lots of stolen
cars and joy rides in your youth?

SARAH
Dad taught my sister and I to
drive, so we could run down any guy
who did wrong by us.

Jordan looks worried. Seeing this, Sarah grins.

SARAH
Who's the better driver? Police or
ambulance? Say it with me.

JORDAN
Police are best! Go the fuzz!

A surge of extra speed makes him grip the seat.

JORDAN
Okay, Ambos are best! Ambos!

She eases up. Holds up her phone.

SARAH
I recorded that...just so you know.

JORDAN

That confession was obtained under duress. It won't stand up in court.

RADIO

Subject entering Belleview market car park. Use caution when approaching as he may be armed.

Sarah looks over at Jordan, who's serious now.

JORDAN

The market's around that next corner. Just drop me here and you take off.

SARAH

Do you think you should be chasing down armed criminals by yourself?

JORDAN

I'll be fine. You keep well clear.
(in radio)
Approaching suspect from western end of markets. Over.

He gets out.

JORDAN

I'm serious now. Move well away.

EXT. STREETS NIGHT

He runs off into a deserted marketplace and Sarah pulls to the curb in the shadows, engine idling, lights off.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

She drums the steering wheel, watches with possum eyes. There's a gunshot. Like a bull about to charge, she grips the wheel, narrows her eyes, and revs the engine. And revs.

EXT. MARKET NIGHT

The police car bursts out of the road, squealing.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

In the deserted car park, Sarah sees someone running - Jordan. Ahead is BURGLAR, who leaps over a fence to escape.

She spins round and takes the back way and drives alongside Burglar. He levels the gun at her and fires. She ducks and continues to drive, using the mirrors to guide her.

Burglar comes to a dead end at a brick wall. As the car heads straight for him, lights in his eyes, he raises his arms and chucks the gun. The car pins him against a brick wall.

Along comes Jordan, who takes one white-faced look at Sarah and pulls out his handcuffs with his good hand.

JORDAN
 (to suspect)
 Hands where I can see them.
 (to Sarah)
 Would you mind? Keys are in my
 right pocket.

SARAH
 Not at all.

She secures the cuffs.

JORDAN
 I see you've done this before.

As she scowls at him, another police car roars into view.

JORDAN
 You'd better take off.

The officers swarm in and Sarah slips into the shadows.

JORDAN (O/S)
 I hit my hand while in pursuit.

EXT. STREET NIGHT

She walks along a deserted street, talking on the phone.

SARAH
 I need a lift. I'm at Belleview
 Markets.

A police car cruises by, Jordan is in the passenger seat.

JORDAN
 Need a ride, ma'am?

SARAH
 (in phone)
 Call you later.

She climbs into the back seat of the police car.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Jordan grins cheekily at her in the rear-view mirror.

JORDAN
It's dangerous to be out so late at
night, Miss.

SARAH
I can handle myself.

JORDAN
I don't doubt that.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sarah gets out of the police car and heads to her car. Jordan winks and they drive off. Sighing sadly, she gets in.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

As she starts up, a knock on the window scares her.

JORDAN
You wouldn't to know where the
nearest hospital is? Bloody ambos
are never there when you need them.

SARAH
Get in.

JORDAN
My name's Jordan. I have a bulldog
called Bentley. My last girlfriend
said I liked danger too much.

SARAH
Is that even possible?

JORDAN
(checks out condom pack)
Chocolate flavoured. Your sister
has a sweet tooth, hey?

SARAH
They're not all for her.

She whizzes off down the street.