

((504)) FIRE

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Episode 001 - "Pilot"

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COLD OPEN

EXT. FIREHOUSE - DAY

A couple of FIREFIGHTERS walk away from a firetruck.

REVEAL: The gang. CHRISTIAN "CHRIS" (23, African-American, cocky, flirtatious, great smile). MATTHEW (23, Caucasian, friendly-giant, kind-hearted). KATE (25, Biracial, self-righteous, resting face). CARLOS (27, Latino, short and buff, whimsical).

They're playing soccer. Kate and Chris are on the same team, Matthew and Carlos are on the other team. Kate blocks Matthew from scoring.

MATTHEW

Okay, here's what I'm gonna do: I'm gonna kick left, swing right, do a splitter and spin past you, leaving your goal exposed and winning me and Carlos a point.

KATE

Why are you telling me your plan?

MATTHEW

Because when I actually do it, you won't see it coming. I'll catch you off guard. You might as well call me the next Tom Brady.

KATE

No...

MATTHEW

Wayne Gretzky?

CARLOS

So close yet so far.

MATTHEW

James Todd Smith?

Everyone looks at him in question.

CHRIS

The rapper? LL Cool J?

MATTHEW

He's a rapper?

CARLOS
Come on, man.

Chris steals the ball from him.

CHRIS
A real player doesn't tell their
opponent what they're going to do.
So you can call me Ronaldo, because
he *actually* plays soccer.

Chris rolls the ball between his feet. Matt is in a defensive position.

SLOW MO: Chris does a subtle kick to the left then charges right.

Matthew falls to the ground.

Chris STRIKES THE BALL. Determination is on his face.

Matthew and Kate watch in awe. Carlos follows the direction of the ball, it's coming at him.

Chris is SMILING as the ball comes closer to the goal.

Carlos' head slowly turns as the ball completely misses the goal post.

Matthew becomes concerned. Kate watches in terror.

END OF SLOW MO: The ball WHIPS past Carlos and SMASHES into the window of the firehouse. The security alarm goes off.

Everyone slowly turns to Chris, who's standing there frozen.

The FIRE CHIEF, FRANK (50s, Caucasian, heavyweight, and short-tempered) walks into the scene. He's stunned.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Heeeeeey Frank. How're you doing?
You...um, look a little red there.
You might want to use the sunscreen
I bought you so you can age
gracefully. Those frown lines are
not doing you any good.

FRANK
WHAT DID YOU DO?

CHRIS
I didn't--we were just playing
soccer. Tell him Matt--

Chris turns around to see the gang leave the parking lot in a FIRETRUCK. They back out of the lot, the emergency alarm and lights blaring. As the truck drives off, wheels squeal in the distance.

Chris turns back to a red, livid, Frank.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm sure Ronaldo missed a few shots
in his career.

END OF COLD OPEN