

CHICAGO FIRE

PILOT

by
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TEASER

EXT. 12TH FLOOR BALCONY - NIGHT

JODI TRIPP, 30, and MATTHEW CASEY, 35, stand a few feet apart... the skyline of Chicago spread out before them. She's dressed in an office suit... he's wearing jeans and a T-shirt. It's a nice night for a first date.

JODI

You won't believe me if I tell you.

CASEY

Try me.

JODI

He was already married. His wife showed up to the florist when we were picking out flowers for our centerpieces.

CASEY

Wow. What an asshole.

JODI

That's my problem. I always pick losers.

CASEY

You wanna hear about my day? I'm walking down the street, I look up, and I see this very attractive woman all by herself and I think, "I have got to talk to her."

Jodi eyes him skeptically.

JODI

I know you're married. I can see the ring.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK... we now see they actually aren't on a balcony... they're on a LEDGE, and this woman has climbed out a window and is about to jump.

JODI (CONT'D)

It's perfect actually... the last man I talk to is taken.

IN THE ROOM BEHIND THEM:

FOUR CHICAGO FIREMEN are there, very quiet, listening to Casey's conversation via a radio...

ON THE LEDGE:

A decorative buttress keeps Casey from reaching out and grabbing her. So he keeps her talking...

CASEY

That may be, but I know you can use a friend.

(beat)

And if you jump now it's going to look bad in my file, trust me.

He steals a glance up and we can see a LIEUTENANT from SQUAD 3, getting ready to belay down on a rope from the floor above. His name is KELLY SEVERIDE, 35, and he's built like a strong safety. His hair is close-cropped, and his demeanor is more Navy Seal than Old Navy. He has an EARPIECE in his ear.

CASEY (CONT'D)

And I'll get endless grief from the guys about how I let a pretty, single Chicago woman take herself off the market.

Casey gives Severide a quick shake of the head, like he should hold off.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Tell me more about yourself. Mom and dad? Brothers and sisters?

Severide hears this mistake and moves closer to his edge. Jodi starts to tear up.

JODI

They uh... my dad uh... shot himself when I was eleven. My mother --

CASEY

(quickly changing the subject)

Any pets? A cat at home?

JODI

No.

CASEY

Well none of that matters...

She stops... looks at Casey, her voice cracking.

JODI

Listen, I've already made up my mind...

CASEY

No you haven't. The fact you waited until I got up here, the fact you're still talking to me now, it means you're looking for a reason not to do this.

Jodi looks down, like she sees for the first time just how goddamn high she is. She looks up at Casey...

CASEY (CONT'D)

Just take my hand...

...and as she takes the smallest step toward him, her foot slips off that ledge... Casey reaches around the buttress to grab her but...

WHAM! Severide swings down and KICKS her back through the window... where the other firemen grab her.

Casey nearly falls from the commotion... gains his footing at the last second. He looks down at the 12 story drop... then over to Severide, eyes crackling...

Less than a month ago, a firefighter on Casey's truck was killed. Whose fault it was depends on which of these two men you ask. One thing is clear: this personal rivalry runs deep, burns hot, and is far from settled.

Severide stares daggers back at Casey from where he hangs from his rope, over the city...

SEVERIDE

What the hell are you doing up here, Casey?

CASEY

First on scene.

With that, Casey moves back through the window.

FROM INSIDE we see Severide yell something at Casey, which looks a lot like "fuck you" but it's drowned out by the Chicago traffic. Casey stops and turns, the two men separated by the glass.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - CHICAGO

The CAMERA FLIES over Lake Michigan, down the river, and into the city... where FIREHOUSE 55 sits...

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Casey cleans out a locker, dumping shit in a paper bag, tearing photos off the inside of the door. Including a few of a pretty woman... and a few of him and other firefighters competing in softball, standing in front of their truck.

The driver of Truck 81, TIMOTHY HAYES, 30, African-American, enters singing Jay Z. He's fit and wiry, dressed to the nines like he's just rolling in from a night out. He loves life, loves action, loves women...

HAYES

(singing)

I got 99 problems but a...

He pops his locker to get dressed and notices...

HAYES (CONT'D)

...what the hell are you doing, Casey?

CASEY

I can't stand looking at this another day.

HAYES

Heather might want it.

Casey stops, rubs his eyes with the heels of his palms.

CASEY

Yeah. I'll call her.

HAYES

And Fitori's looking for you.

He picks up the paper bag... shuts the locker... there's tape on the outside that says "Darden." Casey rips the tape off, sticks it to the bag, and heads out. Guess it wasn't his locker.

EXT. CHICAGO TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

FIVE COP CARS are parked haphazardly outside the building, lights flashing, and a group of TWENTY AFRICAN-AMERICANS mill about. It's a rough, west Chicago neighborhood called Austin. Gang-ruled, the only white people allowed in this part of town are buying heroin.

A C.F.D. AMBULANCE races up, lights and sirens going. Two female paramedics jump out. The first is GABRIELA DAWSON, a beautiful Latina, 30. The driver is her partner, LESLIE SHAY, 35, pretty, with blond hair. These two are joined at the hip like sisters. Their spirit and energy is infectious.

They immediately race to the back to pull out their gurney as a COP meets them...

COP

Second floor, three GSWs. Two organ donors, another hit in the gut.

DAWSON

The shooter?

COP

Gone, but this happened less than ten minutes ago. We're sweeping...

The women hustle inside...

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

It's a mess with blood and bodies. Two dead BLACK MALES, another, RICKY, writhing on the floor, holding his severely bleeding belly. Dawson moves to him as Shay checks on the other two...

RICKY

Oh God, oh god...

Shay notices a GUN next to each body, including the kid who's still alive. There's also ANOTHER COP up here, keeping an eye on things.

Dawson pulls Ricky's hands away from his white t-shirt. Everyone in this neighborhood wears the same, regardless of gang affiliation: white t-shirt and jeans, which makes it impossible for witnesses to ever ID anyone.

DAWSON

What's your name?

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RICKY

Ricky.

DAWSON

You buying or selling, Ricky?

RICKY

Bitch, just fix me up.

SHAY

Maybe we should let him bleed a while.

Shay undoes a pack of gauze and hands it to Dawson, who cuts away Ricky's shirt.

RICKY

I put one in that 2-6. Hit him right in the head.

DAWSON

I don't think so, Ricky. He's gone.

RICKY

Naw, man, I hit him.

The cop gets a call: a locked door a floor up.

COP

He's upstairs.

DAWSON

We're good here.

The cop hustles out...

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Ricky, were you using? I gotta know so we don't give you something that --

Just then, the CLOSET DOOR opens and ANOTHER KID walks out, holding a fucking GLOCK. He's no more than fifteen.

SHAY

Whoa whoa whoa...

He's got his other hand over his head, and blood is streaming down his face, his eyes are wild; he's high. Ricky fights to get up but Dawson jams him back down.

RICKY

Rise up, fool...

The kid lifts his gun in their direction...

DAWSON
 (with authority)
 Sit down on the couch. I need to look at
 your head.

A long tense beat, but finally he just sits down on the couch, his gun now in his lap. Shay sees Ricky eyeing his own piece on the floor, and she slowly slides it away, out of his reach...

Dawson stands, moves toward the couch...

DAWSON (CONT'D)
 All right... let me take a look.

The kid pulls his hand away and we see he was grazed across the scalp. Dawson puts some gauze on it, holds it there, that gun still in his lap.

She and Shay share a look: what the fuck do we do?

DAWSON (CONT'D)
 Your head's in bad shape. But I'm only gonna help you if you drop that piece on the floor.

His eyes dance around. Dawson pulls the gauze off...

DAWSON (CONT'D)
 You need to drop that gun or I'm leaving.

SHOT KID
 C'mon.

DAWSON
 Not until you drop that gun.

The guy looks around, out of it. High as a kite.

DAWSON (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 Drop the gun now!!!

The kid drops it to the floor... just as cops burst back in and tackle the kid, pinning him on the couch.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - LATER

More COPS and AMBULANCES here now, as the women push Ricky toward their rig and the shooter goes to another.

As they pass a COP...

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COP
Christ, Gabriela, what can I say...

DAWSON
Say you'll check the closet next time.

She climbs inside and slams the ambulance doors shut.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

Severide is walking, when a door swings open and there's Casey, obviously headed in the same direction. Neither is happy to see the other.

SEVERIDE
You wanna run with Rescue Squad, Casey, you're gonna have to apply.

CASEY
I doubt a letter of rec written in crayon is going to help.

SEVERIDE
Nothing I write for you will help, trust me.

INT. COMMANDER FITORI'S OFFICE - DAY

DEPUTY DISTRICT COMMISSIONER KAY FITORI, 35, stands behind her desk. She is all-business and humorless. She'd be pretty if she'd let her hair down, but that doesn't seem likely. Ever. A knock at the door...

FITORI
Come in.

Both Severide and Casey step in...

CASEY
Commissioner --

FITORI
Shut the door.

They sit, wait. Without looking up...

FITORI (CONT'D)
Whatever this is... it's going to stop.

SEVERIDE
We're fine, Chief. TV Calling - For educational purposes only

FITORI

I got two calls saying firemen were screaming at each other on the scene last night.

CASEY

Like the Lieutenant said, we're good.

Fitori looks at him through the tops of her eyes.

FITORI

I know it's been a rough month for this house, but either you two end this, or I will. You will not like my fix, I swear.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES - MORNING

Casey heads out and runs into BATTALION CHIEF WALTER BODEN, 55, who is walking toward Fitori's office. Boden has kept himself in great shape, a fireman's fireman.

BODEN

Heard you were working on your day off.

CASEY

I needed the exercise, Chief.

This gets Boden to chuckle.

BODEN

Severide said Squad 3 was on the jumper scene...

CASEY

Not until after I was talking to her.

Boden nods his head and starts to move to the door...

CASEY (CONT'D)

Say Chief... there's a rumor floating around you might be fighting that asshole cop Olmstead on Saturday. The one who slept with your first wife.

BODEN

It was my second wife, and she's his problem now, not mine. I'm not fighting.

Boden opens the door, as Fitori is just finishing up with Severide, who leaves.

IN FITORI'S OFFICE:

BODEN
These guys will work it --

FITORI
(cutting him off)
Your pension papers. It makes my life a helluva lot easier if you make a quick decision.

She hands him some forms. He looks them over...

BODEN
That's it?

FITORI
Mayor Emanuel wants to stop by. Say a few words to the firefighters Friday to mark the month since Darden--

BODEN
Date's right but Friday's the wrong shift. Saturday is second watch...

FITORI
Right. Right. I'll call them.

Boden starts to leave.

FITORI (CONT'D)
And Boden? Handle your watch.

EXT. FIREHOUSE 55 - DAY

A young candidate firefighter, PETER MILLS, 23, fresh out of the academy, walks up to the outside of the house, taking it all in.

One bay on the APPARATUS FLOOR is open... Truck 81's. Mills walks through it, apprehensive on his first day.

ON TO THE APPARATUS FLOOR:

Hayes is checking out Truck 81's front tire pressure.

Mills slows a moment to take in the APPARATUS FLOOR. It's a big house, and besides TRUCK 81, it holds an ENGINE, SQUAD TRUCK, a BATTALION CHIEF'S SUV, and an open space for an AMBULANCE, out on a call. Hayes looks up...

MILLS

Hey... I... my name's Pete Mills. I'm the new candidate on 81.

HAYES

Fantastic! We've been waiting for you!

MILLS

Really? Great.

He leads Mills back into the station; Mills hurries to keep up... maybe fitting in won't be so tough...

HAYES

Just out of the academy, eh...? You have any women in your class?

MILLS

A couple.

HAYES

Could they handle a hose?

Mills starts to answer and thinks better. As they walk, Hayes points...

HAYES (CONT'D)

TV's in there but the satellite's busted, kitchen, gym's there, coke machine...

They walk further into the interior of the apparatus floor where two of the SQUAD THREE GUYS work, cleaning their RESPIRATORS...

HAYES (CONT'D)

(pointing like it's part of the tour)

...Rescue Squad assholes, hose tower...

Three other SQUAD GUYS are testing a MASSIVE HANDHELD ROTARY SAW. Its ENGINE ROARS... Mills slows to look...

HAYES (CONT'D)

Mills, keep moving!

EQUIPMENT ROOM:

Here all the FIREFIGHTER GEAR is stored... JACKETS, PANTS, UNIFORMS... hanging on hooks. And standing in this large room is an imposing, clean-cut firefighter, OTIS, 30, giving a tour to fifteen THIRD-GRADERS and their TEACHER. Otis is in the middle of putting all his gear on to show the kids...
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HAYES

Hey, Otis, this is Mills.

OTIS

I'm giving a tour.

HAYES

I know. Mills is our new candidate.

Otis smiles big, puts the helmet on Mills' head...

OTIS

Well, Candidate Mills... it's all yours.

Hayes snickers, and he and Otis exit. Mills looks at the kids, realizes what just happened...

MILLS

Who wants to try on a helmet?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CHRISTOPHER HERRMANN, 40, is just putting away breakfast plates. He's a tall, salt-of-the-earth family man.

Otis, Hayes and a large firefighter JOSE VARGAS come in. Vargas is a giant specimen, a real bull in a fire. He's just finished pumping iron.

HERRMANN

Throw in for cooking club.

Otis, Hayes and Vargas each put fifteen bucks on the counter.

VARGAS

How'd a guy who can't cook get the chef job?

MOUCH

No gag reflex.

MOUCH, 62, is always on the same place on the couch. He's put on a few pounds, gotten comfortable.

Casey enters, puts his fifteen on the counter too.

CASEY

Otis, what happened to your tour?

OTIS

Our new window licker.

Casey grimaces at that news. We follow him to the...

APPARATUS FLOOR:

...where he sees Mills, thirty feet away, giving the kids a demonstration... now wearing all the gear.

MILLS

(to the kids)

This is called a pass alarm. If a firefighter is totally still for more than eighteen seconds... a loud alarm goes off until he moves again.

KID

Why?

MILLS

Well, if he's hurt or trapped, we'll know where to find him...

Casey watches as Mills' PASS ALARM BLARES... and all the kids cover their ears. He shakes the alarm; it stops.

MILLS (CONT'D)

And this house is special because it has a Rescue Squad.

He points to a TABLE where the RESCUE SQUAD GUYS hang out. Severide sits at the head of the table.

MILLS (CONT'D)

Squad 3 serves a big piece of the city, and only goes to fires or bad accidents.

KID 2

So they're like the best firemen?

MILLS

That's right. The best of the best.

Casey rolls his eyes as one of the bay doors opens with a blast of Chicago air as Dawson and Shay's AMBULANCE backs into its spot.

MILLS (CONT'D)

Check it out... the C.F.D. has its own Paramedics who help the citizens of Chicago by...

The back door swings open...

DAWSON

Watch your feet!

Dawson uses a five gallon "silver bullet" of water to hose Ricky's blood out the back of the ambulance. The kids jump back, the teacher disgusted. Casey steps in.

CASEY

Hey, kids... who wants to see the fire pole?

The kids all hurry away while Casey leans into Mills...

CASEY (CONT'D)

No kids down the pole.

Mills nods and hurries off. Casey watches him go. We get the sense he's conflicted about the new guy.

BY THE AMBULANCE:

Shay and Dawson keep cleaning out their rig. When they look up, Hayes, Otis, Vargas, and Herrmann have all shown up and are staring at Shay...

SHAY

What the hell're you guys looking at?

HERRMANN

They look good. I'll say that.

VARGAS

Definitely bigger.

She realizes they are all actually looking at her chest.

SHAY

You think I had my tits done?

OTIS

That's what Dawson said. But it's cool. We're all for it.

Shay looks at Dawson on the back of the rig, who's laughing. Shay turns back to the boys (AWAY FROM CAMERA) and rips open her shirt, showing them everything.

SHAY

You think I need to improve on these?

The men are shocked into pleased silence. In the background behind her, Mills comes sliding down the fire

pole. The kids just stare at him, unimpressed. Their teacher starts to lead them off...

...and right then, THE ALARMS GO OFF... FIVE OF 'EM... A woman's electronic voice calls out.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

*Pin-in Accident, Franklin Street Bridge,
Ambulance 56, Engine 14, Truck 81, Squad
3, Battalion Chief.*

Everyone immediately springs into action, moving quickly but calmly. Hayes is the first one into his truck, behind the wheel, the engine running before his ass hits the seat.

HAYES

Let's go! Let's go!

Mills comes straggling in, having to jump in the moving truck. The lights go on and the truck roars out...

EXT. FIREHOUSE 55 - DAY

On the street, Truck 81 hauls ass through the towers of Chicago... WE RIDE ALONG, barreling through intersections, running parallel with the Chicago River.

IN TRUCK 81:

Guys are calm and collected. Casey swivels in his seat.

CASEY

Mills, right? Shadow Mouch. Walk with a purpose, but don't run. Take it all in, know the details of the situation before you act. You're going to learn more in the next fifteen minutes than your entire time at the academy...

(beat)

And Mills, don't be a crow.

Mills nods, no idea what this means. Otis pops a stick of gum. Herrmann reads the Trib, then looks out the window, a SEVERE BURN SCAR covering his cheek and neck.

HERRMANN

Wow... this is bad, bad, bad.

EXT. FRANKLIN STREET BRIDGE - DAY

The truck roars to a stop and now we get a look at the accident... two cars have hit head on... a small HONDA, crushed... and a MERCEDES SUV... which did the crushing.

The SUV driver's door is open but the driver is nowhere in sight.

The Honda has a YOUNG MOTHER in the front seat, trapped, and a LITTLE GIRL, 8, trapped in the back... smashed glass and twisted metal are everywhere...

The guys on Truck 81 leap out and start grabbing gear, Mills doing his best to guess what they might need...

Casey leads the charge over to the accident... the mother is bleeding and freaking out...

CASEY

Ma'am... can you hear me?

YOUNG MOTHER

My daughter... Madeline... my little girl...

The mother can't turn her head. Casey looks in the backseat, can see the terrified little girl...

CASEY

I see her. She's okay...

(calls out)

Get the jaws!

Severide is the first one off the Squad Truck... he and another squad guy haul ass over with the JAWS OF LIFE...

Boden jumps out of his SUV, sizing up the accident...

BODEN

(into the radio)

This is Chief Boden, I need two more ambulances here and a helicopter.

Dawson and Shay hustle to the scene as well...

CASEY

Mother - daughter, trapped, both responsive...

Dawson hurries around to the back of the car, pushes past Mills who is in the way... sees Madeline wedged in the back seat...

DAWSON
Can you hear me...

CASEY
Madeline.

DAWSON
Madeline?

The girl nods, in shock. Severide and Capp work the jaws of life on the mother's door, wedging its blades in the metal and forcing it apart.

DAWSON (CONT'D)
Are you hurt, honey?

The girl nods...

DAWSON (CONT'D)
Okay, can you tell me where you hurt?

MADELINE
(whimpers)
My body.

DAWSON
Okay. You mean your tummy or your chest?

MADELINE
My chest...

The guys off the Engine rush to the car, dragging a 2 1/2 inch hose, ready to douse it if it flashes as Severide rips off the driver's door and frees the woman... another ambo has arrived and the PARAMEDICS tend to the mother.

While this is happening, Mouch is looking at the other car... the driver's door open... the window broken out, no one behind the wheel. His eyes track from the open door the ten feet to the edge of the bridge.

MOUCH
(to himself)
Shit, he's in the water. HE'S IN THE WATER!

BODEN
Who?

MOUCH
The driver! He ejected!

Boden turns to Squad 3...

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BODEN

We think we got one in the river. Go!

Squad 3 races back to its truck to change into dry suits. Vargas and Hayes pick up the Jaws and work on where the little girl is trapped. Dawson keeps her focus on her...

DAWSON

Now listen Madeline, I want you to see if you can turn your head toward me. Can you do that?

The girl gingerly turns her head... we now see she has blood on the other side of her face.

Severide and the Squad Guys emerge from their truck in their DIVING GEAR...

SEVERIDE

Capp and me are going. Barnes and Wilensky on RIT and run the line.

Severide and Capp drop their ropes to belay down into the river as the other two run a communications line down with Severide. That water looks cold as hell.

AT THE HONDA:

Suddenly, the car catches fire... flaring up quickly...

BODEN

Get a hose on this!

The girl looks scared shitless inside... but the ENGINE GUYS immediately hose the hood, killing the flames... just as the SQUAD GUYS go over the side of the bridge, repelling down into the water.

Mills is at the SUV, and he sees a LIGHT GRAY SUIT JACKET in the back seat... he stands and scans the crowd of on-lookers... everyone is bundled up pretty well, except one BUSINESSMAN... Mills takes a few steps toward the crowd, trying to get a better look.

Sure enough, the businessman is wearing the matching suit pants, but no jacket.

MILLS

That's the driver.

Before anyone can say anything, Mills is moving, and the guy sees him and runs. SEVERAL COPS chase after him.

Mills barrels after the drunk and tackles him from behind! He holds him for the cops while...

Mouch sees that Severide and Capp are fully into the water now. Boden, pissed, talks into a two-way...

BODEN

Cancel the dive, repeat, cancel the dive.
No one's in the water.

At the Honda, Vargas, Hayes, and Casey rip the door off... Shay and Dawson can get the girl out, but pause when they see her JUGULAR is distended...

DAWSON

Whoa whoa! Look at her jugular.

Dawson quickly gets a STETHOSCOPE on Madeline's chest...

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Muffled heart sounds. It's Beck's triad.
She's got a sternal fracture and likely a large hemopericardium.

SHAY

Okay, quick and gentle.

They ease her out... her face is turning white.

DAWSON

You're all right, honey. You're a
fighter, right? You're a fighter.

They race back to the ambulance with the stretcher, passing the cops, who are cuffing the SUV driver. One of them shakes a smiling Mills' hand, like he's a hero. Mills joins the guys from Truck 81...

MILLS

We got the driver.

CASEY

Did you want to go back and take the
cop's test, 'cause it's not too late.

Mills looks down at his feet, burning, as the ambulance roars away. Hayes watches it go, rips off his gloves saturated with Madeline's blood, and throws them on the street, frustrated...

HAYES

New goddamned gloves.

END OF ACT ONE ^{TV Calling} - For educational purposes only

ACT TWO

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

The ambulance rips up the road, siren BLARING.

IN THE BACK:

Dawson has cut open the girl's shirt and attached a SALINE IV to her arm, plus wired her to the EKG machine.

DAWSON

Time!

Shay calls out from the driver's seat...

SHAY

Less than two minutes.

The girl's eyes flutter... and the EKG starts beeping crazily... her pulse is flip-flopping, unsteady...

DAWSON

I got PEA! She's bleeding into the bag around her heart.

SHAY

Shit...

DAWSON

I have to evacuate the blood...

SHAY

Minute and a half!

DAWSON

She doesn't have a minute and a half, Shay!

SHAY

(nodding)

Do it!

She reaches over to her equipment... pulls out a 14-GAUGE NEEDLE.

DAWSON

Stop! Stop! Stop!

ON THE STREET:

Shay brakes hard in the middle of busy Wabash Street. Cars behind don't know what to do... start to pull around it. The ambulance stays in the center lane, lights on.

IN THE BACK:

Dawson feels on the girl's chest, then slides the needle into Madeline's chest, toward her heart, all the time watching the monitor... as soon as the amplitude goes really high...

DAWSON

Come on, come on...

Suddenly, Dawson sees a series of LARGE CONTRACTIONS on the heart monitor...

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Shit, I hit the heart.

SHAY

Back it out slowly!

She backs it out and the heart beat normalizes, then she pulls back the plunger on the syringe, where it fills with blood.

DAWSON

Got it! Pressure's coming up. Go! Go!
Go!

Shay floors it again... and the ambulance bursts forward.

EXT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY

...they roar into the hospital... the doors are thrown open and an ER SURGEON and a NURSE leap inside...

DAWSON

(quickly)

Mediastinal hemorrhage... I attempted pericardiocentesis and saw PVC's.

ER SURGEON

Jesus, Dawson... you hit the heart?

DAWSON

I backed it out and evacuated as much blood as I could.

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ER SURGEON

Let's hope you didn't kill her in the process.

They're already rolling the girl out of there...

ER SURGEON (CONT'D)

(ignoring her, to an EMT)

Get her into 3... call Dr. Nesbitt upstairs and tell him to prep for surgery...

And with that, they're through the doors and gone, leaving Dawson and Shay behind. A male attendant, MARTY PATTERSON, sees Dawson standing there, comes over...

MARTY

Gabby...

She forces a smile. These two had a few dates, and Marty's a nice, safe guy.

DAWSON

Hey, Marty.

MARTY

Don't worry about him. He's an asshole. And his wife's finally leaving him, so there's that.

She nods, as Marty touches her gently on the shoulder.

INT. APPARATUS FLOOR - DAY

Truck 81 backs into its slot... the Squad truck, engine and battalion chief's SUV are already here.

Casey and the other tired firefighters climb off and head toward the kitchen... Otis hangs back to talk to Casey...

OTIS

(to Casey)

Say Lieutenant, now that we got a new Candidate here, I don't have to be Otis anymore.

CASEY

You're still Otis.

OTIS

But I thought maybe I could start learning to drive the truck and get Mills on the elevators.

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Herrmann is walking by...

CASEY

Herrmann, what's this guy's name?

HERRMANN

Otis.

CASEY

No, his real name.

HERRMANN

(guessing)

Bart?

OTIS

Brian. Brian Washington.

Herrmann laughs and walks off.

OTIS (CONT'D)

He knew.

CASEY

You're staying on elevators, which makes you Otis. Sorry.

Otis walks away, upset, and Severide comes marching over, bare-chested, his dry-suit rolled down to his waist.

SEVERIDE

A guy in the water?

(points at Mouch)

How about a guy with his head up his ass?

CASEY

You handle your firefighters and I'll handle mine.

SEVERIDE

That's a good theory, Casey, how about giving it a try.

WHUMP! WHUMP! WHUMP! They look around like: "where is that sound coming from?"

The open gym door is right there, and they all look inside to find...

INT. THE GYM - DAY

Chief Boden in here with boxing gloves on, walloping the shit out of the HEAVY BAG.

BODEN

I thought you'd like to know I am going to fight that dickhead Olmstead who slept with my wife in Saturday's drop-a-cop.

He throws another devastating combination.

BODEN (CONT'D)

Or we can all just put on the gloves and beat the shit out of each other. Maybe the Mayor comes on Saturday, that's what he sees?

He turns to his men but no one says a word.

BODEN (CONT'D)

We lost Darden a month ago Friday. That ain't changing.

Boden goes back to punching that bag: WHUMP! WHUMP!

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Mills unloads stuff into a locker. He closes the door and puts a piece of tape on it where he writes his name. A WIDER SHOT reveals those lockers, each with a taped name, and now Mills is part of it, in Darden's old spot right next to Casey's.

EXT. FIREHOUSE 55 - MORNING

It's shift change time and the guys from Truck 81 head out after the long night... walking to their personal cars and pick-up trucks.

Casey walks out next to Dawson... Dawson looks distracted and Casey notices...

CASEY

You okay, Dawson?

DAWSON

Of course. Yeah. It's... some days, you know? Forget it. It's all good.

Casey holds up his palms like he'll pry no further. They arrive at his pick-up truck. Before he opens the door...

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Listen, some of us are going to the Red Head tomorrow night if you and Hallie want to come...

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CASEY

Sounds good, but we do a date night thing. Just us.

DAWSON

Oh, sure. Sounds nice.

Dawson "salutes" him and heads toward her car.

INT. CASEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Casey's house is mostly empty... like half of the furniture is gone.

He's lying in bed... sound asleep, when a hand comes in and pushes his shoulder. HALLIE, 30, stands over him... she nudges his shoulder again.

Casey rolls over and looks up at her.

HALLIE

I just came back for the espresso maker. I didn't want you to hear some rummaging in the kitchen and wake up and bury an axe in me.

He sits up, disoriented.

CASEY

Yeah... of course. I don't use it. The espresso maker, I mean.

He follows her out to the kitchen, just wearing boxers.

CASEY (CONT'D)

This means you found a place.

HALLIE

Right by the hospital.

CASEY

How much?

HALLIE

Don't worry about it.

CASEY

I'm pitching in.

HALLIE

I make four times what you do, Matt.

CASEY

You tell anyone?

She shakes her head, tucks the machine under her arm.

HALLIE

You?

CASEY

No... seems then it becomes real...

She touches him on the cheek, then starts to leave and stops again...

HALLIE

You used to call sometimes, just to say, 'hi.' In the middle of the shift, for no reason at all.

CASEY

And then you started your residency and stopped answering your phone.

She nods... he's right. She turns the handle and is out the door.

EXT. HERRMANN'S HOUSE - DAY

A MAN in a suit moves up to the patio of a LARGE HOUSE in Glen Ellyn and rings the bell. He looks at his watch, tired, impatient. Herrmann opens the door and forces a smile.

MAN

Mr. Herrmann? I'm David Talbott, an attorney with the sheriff's...

HERRMANN

Yeah. No problem. We're all out. There's a dryer I couldn't get out of the basement but otherwise...

MAN

We'll take care of it.

Herrmann steps past him, stops, and turns around with the keys. The man waives him off...

MAN (CONT'D)

Oh. No... we'll change the locks.

HERRMANN

Right.

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Herrmann frowns and heads off the patio. His WIFE and KIDS are waiting for him, all packed into an SUV with a UHAUL on the back... Before he climbs into the car, Herrmann wheels and throws the keys as hard as he can into a field next to the house. Then he catches his breath, climbs into the car and takes off...

EXT. RED HEAD PIANO BAR - NIGHT

Hayes, Shay, Vargas, and Dawson sit at the bar, drinking... Hayes has a LOCAL GIRL who looks like she doesn't mind riding on the back of a motorcycle.

HAYES

Solo tonight, Vargas?

The bartender hands Vargas ten shot glasses and he scoops them up...

VARGAS

Momentarily.

...spins around and puts them on the table facing the crowd of hot women coming in the door. He starts pouring from a bottle and a couple of the girls slowly head his way to check out the free drinks. Vargas smiles.

Dawson keeps looking at the door... but whoever she's looking for, doesn't come in. She pretends to have a good time as more shots are poured.

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - MORNING

The sun rises over the lake... lighting up the Sears Tower, the Art Institute, the statue of Marilyn...

INT. APPARATUS FLOOR - MORNING

Hayes, Herrmann, Otis, Vargas and Mills stand outside the HOSE TOWER... running the hoses up the line to dry them out. Shay is over by the ambulance, restocking...

HAYES

Yo, Candidate... the blond paramedic...
Shay, she's into you.

Dawson walks by right then...

HAYES (CONT'D)

Dawson... tell this kid what you told me.

DAWSON

Shay said she thought you were cute. But leave me out of it.

OTIS

I heard she's a monster. Dude I know over at 19 walked with a hitch for a week.

MILLS

You guys are full of shit.

HAYES

There's a lot of things I would joke about but not about that.

HERRMANN

Listen to me kid. My house just got foreclosed on because I took a bath in the market. We're now living at my in-law's, which is two bedrooms shy of unpleasant. My wife won't take birth control because the Pope told her God would cry if she did, so I can't have sex. If I get a chance to live vicariously through you... it is literally all I have.

HAYES

Jesus.

HERRMANN

There's a saying kid, "Firefighters break everything." It's true. Don't break this.

DAWSON

A firefighter dating a medic is a rite of passage. Trust me on that.

Mills looks at her... finally he makes up his mind. He moves over to the ambulance and approaches Shay...

MILLS

Hey.

Shay leans out of the back of the ambulance... pushes some hair out of her eyes. She's cute... big smile.

SHAY

Hey...

MILLS

I'm Peter Mills.

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SHAY

Peter Mills, can you hand me that box over there?

He finds a SUPPLY BOX and hands it up to her...

MILLS

So the little girl from the bridge accident? She okay?

SHAY

You really are new, aren't you?

(beat)

We get them to the doctors the best we can, and then we move on. It's the only way to make it here.

Mills nods, grasping it.

MILLS

Listen, I was thinking... I mean, I was wondering... Do you maybe wanna hook up for a beer or dinner or something...

SHAY

Mills. Are you gay?

MILLS

Me? No?

SHAY

I am.

Mills looks confused for a second... then he looks over his shoulder and all of the guys are dying laughing, including Dawson. Shay smiles big, happy to be part of the joke.

FITORI (O.S.)

Dawson! Shay!

Deputy District Commissioner Fitori is standing over by the door that leads up to the offices, a very serious look on her face.

Dawson and Shay quickly step over to her.

FITORI (CONT'D)

Which one of you put a needle in a girl's heart?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. FITORI'S OFFICE - DAY

Fitori leads the women in and sits behind her desk. As they start to sit across from her...

FITORI

You can stand.

She finds her notes on her perfectly organized desk.

FITORI (CONT'D)

I just spent an hour on the phone with the Chief Surgeon at Cook County who thinks you went way off book.

Dawson starts to say something...

FITORI (CONT'D)

You know who your union reps are?

DAWSON

What?

FITORI

Call them, get them involved now.

DAWSON

Her heart was stopping and we tried to save her. Why would we need representation?

Dawson starts to say something again, but Fitori's look gets her to stop. Fitori leans back...

FITORI

I'm sure it's exciting, racing around the city, shaking your little asses for the cops and firemen around here. But this isn't something you're gonna flirt your way out of.

EXT. FIREHOUSE 55 - DAY

Casey stands at the back door, fighting off the cold. A beat up Jeep Laredo pulls up. He picks up that box of stuff from Darden's locker and meets the car...

A woman, HEATHER DARDEN, rolls down her window and Casey sticks his head in, gives her a kiss on the cheek. Her two boys, four and six, are in the back...

CASEY

Hey, Heather. Hey guys.

This is gut-wrenching for Casey, but he's determined to put on a good face for the kids.

HEATHER

Thanks for meeting me out here, I just... can't go in there.

CASEY

How are you?

She fakes a smile...

HEATHER

What do you want me to say...

ABOVE, FROM A WINDOW:

In the locker room, Severide watches the conversation below. He blows out a deep breath, conflicted.

DOWN BELOW:

An uncomfortable moment. Heather looks at the box...

HEATHER

That's it, huh?

Casey nods.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Fourteen years at this station and it all fits into a box.

CASEY

Heather, there's not a single place I look and don't see him. The bells go off and I think, "the truck can't leave yet. Andy's not..."

His voice catches. He stops before he loses it.

HEATHER

How about you and Hallie and me get together... I could really use a margarita or four.

Casey meets her eyes, equally lost...

CASEY

Yeah, of course. I'll have Hallie call you.

HEATHER

Thanks.

He forces a smile and carries the box around her car, where he slides it in the back and closes it up. He waves through the window as she drives off. He watches her go... pissed, sad, guilty.

He turns to look up at the locker room window, but no one is there.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A knife expertly slices through a red potato...

Guys linger around as Mills sets the table.

OTIS

(re: the setting)

Ain't gonna miss that job.

MILLS

How long were you the Candidate here?

OTIS

Not long. Eight years.

Hayes comes busting in, full of energy.

HAYES

I can't believe we're gonna miss the fights tonight.

Chief Boden fills up his coffee.

BODEN

Just as well. Just found out he fought Golden Gloves.

HAYES

Twenty years ago! They at least gonna video it or something? We gotta see it.

Boden just shrugs as Hayes sniffs at the air, finally noticing the smell... then he spots who is doing the cooking today: Casey.

HAYES (CONT'D)
 (to Herrmann, softly)
 What's the Lieutenant doing?

HERRMANN
 He said he wanted to cook the Saturday
 corned beef.

Casey pulls a beautiful looking CORNED BEEF from the
 oven, then puts the potatoes in the same pot to cook...

HERRMANN (CONT'D)
 Look at that.

MOUCH
 He made the best Chicken Parmigiana I
 ever put in my mouth when he was a
 candidate here.

Hayes moves over to get a closer look...

HAYES
 What'cha doing, Casey?

CASEY
 Don't you worry about it. Call everyone
 to chow.

He puts the final touches on what looks like an
 absolutely gourmet feast.

INT. APPARATUS FLOOR - DAY

A Squad member, CAPP, heads over to the Squad table...

CAPP
 Casey's in there cooking.

Severide absorbs this news, raising his eyebrows. Just
 then they hear over the speaker...

HAYES' VOICE
 Chow, chow, chow!

THE KITCHEN:

...the last one in is a wary Severide. All eyes on him.

CASEY
 Have at it.

Severide walks over to the counter, takes a look at the spread, then pulls out a couple of pieces of white bread and a jar of peanut butter, and heads out.

The rest of the Squad guys look at each other, what to do? They want to eat, but finally head out too...

Boden looks back and forth between Casey and the still swinging kitchen door. Casey blows out a breath...

EXT. FIREHOUSE 55 - NIGHT

Severide sits on the front bumper of the Squad truck, smoking a cigar. Casey walks up...

CASEY

I'm trying here, Severide.

SEVERIDE

Keep on.

A long beat, the guys holding each other's stares, then Severide takes a puff, looks back out at the street.

CASEY

I cleaned out Darden's locker today.

Severide just lets this hang...

CASEY (CONT'D)

You should have vented the back...

SEVERIDE

We're called the Rescue Squad, Casey. We don't "vent" shit. You shouldn't have put your man through the window.

Severide shakes his head...

SEVERIDE (CONT'D)

You know what? I don't have to explain anything to you. I sleep like a baby... you?

Casey stares at him, hot, then backs away like he's had enough. Severide watches him go.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - BOXING GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

A SMALL CROWD can be heard outside as a TRAINER wraps Chief Boden's hands. Across the locker room, OLMSTEAD, a big cop about his age, stares at him, pacing.

BODEN
Jesus, Olmstead. Give it a rest.

INT. FIREHOUSE 55 - EVENING

Casey's guys are finishing up the dishes.

OTIS
Say, Herrmann? You think maybe you just
bought too much house?

Herrmann stares daggers at Otis.

HERRMANN
I was preyed upon by low-interest loan
vultures.

Mouch starts to move back to his spot on the couch as
Casey comes through the doors.

CASEY
What time's the Mayor coming?

HERRMANN
I heard nine.

OTIS
I heard he stops to take a piss in every
house in the city. As a sign of respect.

MOUCH
(nodding)
Stopped here in June. Obama dropped a load
in Wrigleyville when he was a Senator.

Casey looks at the clock.

CASEY
Mouch, before you sit...

Mouch stops, wary... Casey considers his next move...

CASEY (CONT'D)
Screw it. Let's take a ride.

INT. BATHROOM - FIREHOUSE - EVENING

Severide enters the last stall and closes the door. He
peeks out a nearby window to see Truck 81 roll out.

He's holding a small doppel kit that looks like it came
from a hospital. From it, he withdraws a needle, a
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syringe and a prescription vial. He exposes the needle, dips the syringe, pulls the plunger. He's done this many times before.

He stares at his arm, on a mission... then sticks himself with the needle, thumbs the plunger. A COUPLE OF GUYS COME IN, and he's careful not to make a sound.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Truck 81 pulls up to the outside of the building...

The guys all pile out of the truck and climb into the basket of their TOWER LADDER, raising it even with a second story window. They all peer into the window...

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The gym is filled with FIREMEN and POLICEMEN, a couple of hundred, surrounding the action in the boxing ring. Risers, like in a high school gym, provide seating.

Boden emerges from the locker room and heads toward the ring...

IN THE BUCKET:

Hayes puts a two-way radio to his lips...

HAYES

Hello sports fans, this is Timothy Hayes speaking to you live from the Cook County YMCA.

INT. FIREHOUSE 55 - NIGHT

A RADIO CRACKLES with Hayes' call, and firemen from all around the house start migrating to the front. Severide comes out of the bathroom, looking calm.

SEVERIDE

What's that?

CAPP

That's Hayes.

HAYES (RADIO)

Battalion Chief Walter Boden looks like a heat seeking missile as he climbs into the ring to take on Captain Olmstead,

(MORE)

HAYES (RADIO) (CONT'D)
 from the CPD. Olmstead, of course, looks
 like the quivering cop slob that he is.

The guys all break up laughing...

INT. GYMANSIUM - NIGHT

Boden heads to his corner, throwing a few punches,
 loosening up. He looks at the other corner to see
 Olmstead, and then past him...

...to where his ex-wife MARIANNE has climbed up to the
 corner. She gives Olmstead a good luck kiss... but then
 looks over at Boden to see if he was watching.

He turns away, and throws another phantom combination,
 pissed. Maybe he does still care.

INT. FIREHOUSE 55 - NIGHT

Hayes's voice still comes through that radio.

HAYES (RADIO)
 Chief Boden first won the event in 1985
 when he was on the esteemed Truck 81, the
 greatest truck in all of Chicago.
 There's the bell and here we go... Boden
 is out quickly but takes two quick jabs
 to the nose...

Everyone tenses...

HAYES (CONT'D)
 He falls back into the ropes, one, two,
 three to the chin. Boden's in trouble
 already...

EXT. EL TRACKS - NIGHT

An EL TRAIN whizzes by... it comes within just feet of
 passing buildings.

INSIDE THE TRAIN:

A couple of BUSINESSMEN read papers on their commute. A
 few more BLUE COLLAR WORKERS look out the window, bored.

ON THE EL:

And here comes that train... it whips around a turn... hits the damaged area...

...and jumps the tracks! The first car flies right into the side of a FIVE STORY APARTMENT BUILDING...

EXTERIOR PROPANE TANKS crumple from the blow and EXPLODE, sending flames up the side of the building...

INT. FIREHOUSE 55 - NIGHT

THE ALARMS RING FIVE TIMES...

ELECTRONIC VOICE

Accident - Building Fire - Train
Derailment - Ambulance 56, Engine 14,
Truck 81, Squad 3.

Everyone's eyes go wide... and they break for the truck... leaving the two-way radio behind...

AT THE GYM:

Truck 81 hears the same call...

VARGAS

That's just down the block.

CASEY

We're rollin'.

They sprint down the ladder as it already lowers...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

Hayes is driving the truck like he's competing at Indy.

EXT. EL TRACKS DERAILMENT - NIGHT

...and the truck BLASTS around a tight turn to be the first truck on scene.

It's such a shocking sight, a TRAIN CAR hanging vertically, ANOTHER jammed in a burning building, even the pros on this truck slow for a moment to process it...

CASEY

Let's go!

Everyone moves quickly and efficiently... the five story apartment building is burning on the third floor, flames blasting out the windows.

Another engine arrives at the same time and the ENGINE FIREFIGHTERS pull hoses and start attaching to the hydrants.

Shay and Dawson are close behind in the ambulance.

Casey starts barking orders to his crew...

CASEY (CONT'D)

Herrmann, vent the roof. Otis... get to the elevator and tell us what we're looking at. Mills and Hayes, get in that train and start extraction. Vargas... you and me to the top floor and work our way down, let's move...

A natural leader in his element.

INSIDE THE BUILDING:

The first floor is relatively calm as they all run inside...

Residents are leaving quickly. Otis races to...

THE ELEVATOR BANK:

...where he takes a KEY out of a RED KEY BOX to the left of the elevators. He turns the key, the BELLS GO OFF and all the elevators return...

THE STAIRS:

WE FOLLOW A LINE OF RATS racing down the stairs to get out of the building, and the CAMERA SPINS to find Vargas and Casey going up. Seventy pounds of gear on their backs.

DERAILED TRAIN - NIGHT

Hayes and Mills run a ladder from the ground to the dangling train...

The burning front of the train blocks their path. Mills' is struggling to stay calm...

HAYES

Breathe normally, kid. Slow breaths...
put the wet stuff on the hot stuff.

Hayes throws on his mask and hurries up the ladder... blasting the nearby flames with his SILVER BULLET of water. Mills pulls his mask on, tries to regulate his breathing and follows right behind him...

ON THE TRAIN:

The train is mostly vertical. Mills and Hayes are able to use the seats to climb up the forward car...

HAYES

(calls out)
ANYONE HERE?! ANYONE HURT! CALL OUT!

Before they find anyone we cut to...

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Herrmann takes the tower ladder up to the roof and jumps off, carrying a FIFTY-POUND GAS SAW... he starts cutting a diagonal strip right into the roof, while...

IN THE LOBBY:

The smoke is growing here, and one of the elevators returns to Otis, but not the other one. It says it's stuck on FLOOR FIVE.

OTIS

(into his radio)

I got an open door on five. Going up to clear it.

Otis hustles up the stairwell...

ON THE FOURTH FLOOR:

Casey and Vargas emerge from the stairwell door to find smoke so thick they can't see past their masks...

...but they both immediately duck where they can get a good look under the ceiling of smoke at APARTMENT DOORS. They crawl to the first and kick it in...

INSIDE THE SMALL APARTMENT:

CASEY

Fire department! Anyone here?! Call out!

They crawl in, sweeping for anyone... while...

OUTSIDE:

Dawson and Shay are helping RESIDENTS who stumble out of the building, getting oxygen on them, while...

ON THE TRAIN:

Hayes and Mills force the door open on their train car and step into the next one up...

They find a badly hurt WOMAN in this one... Hayes takes his mask off...

HAYES

(to the woman)

Can you move?

The woman nods...

HAYES (CONT'D)
 (into his radio)
 I need a ladder to the second car...

RADIO VOICE
 Where?

He stands and smashes out a train window with his axe.

EXT. DERAILED TRAIN - NIGHT

The engine guys spot him and hurry to get a ladder up.

FIFTH FLOOR LOBBY:

It's really smoky here, and Otis hustles over to the elevators, where the second one is stuck because a WOMAN has passed out in the doorway, keeping the door from closing. He hurries over to her...

ON THE FOURTH FLOOR:

Casey and Vargas try to kick in a door but it won't budge... WHAM! WHAM! They alternate knocking it with axes and then the door splinters...

...they get low... looking below the smoke line... as they crawl into a new apartment...

CASEY
 Fire department! Anyone here? Call out!

They check the new room... Casey opens a closet door...

...to find TWO TERRIFIED CHILDREN hiding under blankets...

CASEY (CONT'D)
 It's going to be all right... we'll get you out.

He and Vargas take off their masks and put 'em on the kids... They scoop up the kids, holding their breaths as they barrel out of the room...

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Casey and Vargas hustle out the door where Dawson and Shay are there to take the kids...

CASEY

One more look and then this is a water
carnival.

Casey and Vargas throw their masks back on and head back
inside... while...

ON THE TRAIN:

Mills and Hayes try to get to another part of the
derailed train but the metal has crushed the entrance to
the third car...

MAN

(in pain)

Help! Help me!

Hayes uses his PIKE (a long pole with a metal hook on the
end) to pull back just a small piece of the metal and
pokes his head into the space...

IN THE TRAPPED SPACE:

The man is bleeding badly... he's wedged in. Just Hayes'
head can poke into the space...

HAYES

We're going to get you out, sir.

MAN

Hurry. I can't... I can't...

HAYES

Hang on.

ON THE TRAIN:

Hayes pulls his head back...

HAYES

(to Mills)

Get your pike in here...

He and Mills go to work to enlarge the hole but can't get
it any bigger. He calls down on his radio...

HAYES (CONT'D)

Is Dawson out there?

RADIO VOICE

Who?

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HAYES
The Paramedic in Ambo 56...

OUTSIDE:

Dawson hears the chatter coming out of an engine guy's radio...

DAWSON
I'm Dawson...

The Engine guy hands her his radio...

HAYES (RADIO)
Get your skinny ass up here with a kit.

DAWSON
On my way...

ON THE ROOF:

Herrmann's saw jams in some of the tar and pitch on the building's roof... he switches to his axe and starts working... CHOP, CHOP, CHOP.

Then he reaches down and peels back a big stretch of the roof for ventilation, a blast of heat and smoke coming out.

HERRMANN
Roof's open.

ON THE FOURTH FLOOR:

Casey and Vargas check the last room...

CASEY
Clear!

VARGAS
Clear!

CASEY
Out! Out! Out! Let's let 'em get hoses on it!

A burst of flame rips from below... lighting up the wall behind them. They head for the stairs which are hot...

IN THE TRAIN:

Dawson climbs into the dangling train and struggles to get up to where Hayes and Mills are still working on that hole with their pikes.

She arrives, carrying her medical bag...

HAYES

Can you get through there?

She looks...

DAWSON

I had a light lunch.

She starts to wriggle inside the hole...

IN THE TRAPPED SPACE:

...she shimmies about halfway inside... looks at the guy, whose breathing is very shallow...

MAN

My chest. I'm dying...

DAWSON

Not today you're not.

And with that, she climbs the rest of the way inside the tiny space...

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Let me take a look.

She puts a pen-light in her mouth and pulls back the guy's shirt...

...it looks like his chest has caved in.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

(mutters)

Okay.

(shouts to Hayes)

Get this hole open!

Outside, Shay joins the firefighters to talk to Dawson. Dawson feels his pulse... frowns...

DAWSON (CONT'D)

You're going to be fine. What's your name?

MAN

Um, uh.... I can't... Phil.

SHAY (O.S.)

What you got, Dawson?

DAWSON

Chest pain and rapid breaths, mild confusion.

SHAY

Tension pneumothorax?

DAWSON

Just our luck, huh?

EXT. DERAILED TRAIN - NIGHT

Boden's SUV races up to the scene, and he climbs out, his lip and eye are swollen, boxing tape on his hands.

Mouch hurries over to him...

BODEN

Rescue Squad's two minutes out.

MOUCH

Herrmann's heading down from the roof.
Otis, Casey and Vargas are clear on floor
four and headed down...

Boden looks at the building, taking in where the smoke is light, where it's black, the whole picture...

BODEN

(shaking his head)
They gotta go up...
(into this radio)
Casey... up up up! To the roof!

INT. FIFTH FLOOR LOBBY

It's too chaotic and loud here. Casey and Vargas hustle down the stairs, into the fire... Vargas hesitates, as below them is ugly with fire.

VARGAS

Lieutenant, maybe we should go up...

Casey sees the flames are fully climbing the walls...

CASEY

Yeah...

Above them, Otis puts his oxygen on the woman and lifts her up... he opens the door and looks down, sees Casey and Vargas starting to climb... and then...

THE STAIRS COLLAPSE! Three flights crumble and fall three stories to the basement...

Otis is stunned on his platform, as three levels of stairs below him just disintegrated...

IN THE BASEMENT:

The two men lie still... flames surrounding them... the basement an oven. The CAMERA PUSHES IN ON CASEY'S PASS ALARM, affixed to his shoulder... just as it BLARES!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Those pass alarms continue to BLARE.

EXT. DERAILED TRAIN - NIGHT

ENGINE FIREFIGHTER

Firefighters down!

And just as he says that, the Squad 3 truck rips through the smoky street and stops quickly, the guys leaping out and already moving, arriving like the Cavalry.

BODEN

At least two not moving in the basement.
Casey and Vargas.

SEVERIDE

We'll get 'em.

Severide and his Squad rush into the building...

INSIDE THE APARTMENT LOBBY:

They sprint to the stairwell amidst the smoke and flames to see the stairs collapsed... those alarms blaring from down below. Severide looks over the edge...

OTIS (O.S.)

Up here!

Severide looks up, surprised to see Otis on the fifth floor, no way down. He pulls up his radio...

SEVERIDE

Get the tower to the fifth floor, west
side window.

(to the guys with him)

I'm going down.

Capp tosses a rope down while three other Squad members drop to the floor to hold the rope... Severide uses it to drop down to...

THE BASEMENT:

...just as Casey shakes the cobwebs off and looks up to see Severide descending upon him like an apparition.

Severide lands next to him.

SEVERIDE

Guess we're gonna miss the Mayor's visit.

(beat)

Goddam, you're cooking down here... you all right?

He offers his hand and helps Casey up... there is not an ounce of rivalry now, two firemen in the thick of it.

CASEY

I think so. I... we were...

(realizes)

Vargas!

Casey scrambles over and the two of them toss some debris out of the way. They finally find Vargas, lying at an awkward angle.

SEVERIDE

We need two more ropes down here!

Two ropes drop from overhead and Casey and Severide work to tie it around Vargas... Casey wraps his arms around Vargas's chest and hoists him up while Severide ties the rope off and we cut to...

INT. DERAILED TRAIN - NIGHT

Dawson is getting an I.V. in Phil when his eyes flutter...

DAWSON

Where you going, Phil?

(beat)

Phil! You with me?

Nothing.

DAWSON (CONT'D)

Shit...shit...shit...shit...

She calls over her shoulder...

DAWSON (CONT'D)

I'm losing him.

IN THE TRAIN:

SHAY

You've gotta clear that pneumothorax!

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Hayes and Mills are still working those pikes...

HAYES
(to Mills)
Get a saw.

MILLS
Yes sir.

Dawson shakes her head...

DAWSON
The union's going to get a call about
this one too...

Shay hears a shout for a medic on the radio...

SHAY
Dawson, don't think, just do. I gotta go
help out in the building.

Mills and Shay take off for the busted window.

IN THE TRAPPED SPACE:

Dawson feels for a pulse...

DAWSON
Okay, okay...

She shines her light down into her kit... finds a
NEEDLE... she's going to have to do the same thing again.

She feels for the right place... exhales... and plunges
the needle in... while...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

Herrmann's tower ladder rolls around the building, it's
SNORKEL BASKET reaching up high toward the fifth floor,
where Otis waits in the window.

HERRMANN
Need a lift?

OTIS
Thanks, buddy.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Casey and Severide get the rope tied off around Vargas...
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SEVERIDE
 (into his radio)
 Pull him up...

Then they get under Vargas to help take some of the weight off while...

IN THE APARTMENT LOBBY:

The three squad firefighters pull from the ground like they're in a tug-of-war contest...

IN THE BASEMENT:

Slowly the body of Vargas raises up... Casey and Severide stand side by side... pushing him up, up, up...

IN THE APARTMENT LOBBY:

Vargas's body comes up over the floor-line and the Squad guys grab him...

EXT. THE BURNING APARTMENT:

...and carry him outside to a waiting stretcher. More and more trucks and emergency vehicles continue to pull up to the scene.

OTIS
 Is that Vargas?

Shay has oxygen on the woman Otis saved (who's now conscious) and she gets the stretcher with Vargas into the ambulance...

SHAY
 (to Otis)
 Otis! Drive this thing to Cook County!

He doesn't wait for more...

OTIS
 Yes, ma'am.

He always did want to drive. He jumps in the front seat while Shay climbs in back and starts to tend to Vargas.

Otis throws the lever into drive, slams down on the accelerator, and launches the ambulance, while...

IN THE TRAPPED SPACE:

Dawson inserts the needle between Phil's ribs, where an audible HISS OF AIR escapes his chest. She pulls the needle out and slaps a compressor pack on the spot...

ON THE TRAIN:

Mills hurries through the window with the saw and hands it to Hayes.

Hayes cranks it up and starts cutting at the metal wall...

IN THE TRAPPED SPACE:

Sparks fly but Dawson ignores them, still checking that pulse...

DAWSON

Come on, Phil. Stay with me.

And Phil's eyes start to open just as behind them, a piece of the metal falls away... enlarging the hole. Mills gets his pike in there and wedges it open further.

Hayes turns off the saw... and ducks his head in there...

HAYES

You ready?

Dawson nods and backs out of the hole as Mills and Hayes reach in and drag the businessman out by his ankles...

OUTSIDE THE TRAIN:

Dawson hurries down the ladder while Hayes and Mills get the man out of the window... and working like a perfect team, get him down the ladder... while...

IN THE BASEMENT:

Severide offers his hands in the classic hoisting position like kids going over the backyard fence.

Casey puts his boot in the spot and Severide lifts him up to the floor level...

Casey uses all of his arm strength to get up there, then flops over on his belly and offers his hands down to Severide.

Severide jumps up and Casey starts to go over the edge, but suddenly Mouch arrives out of nowhere and flops down on top of him... holding him in position...

..Severide climbs up Casey's body and gets up to the floor level too.

This just as the whole building really goes up in flames... Mouch pulls Casey back from the edge...

OUTSIDE:

Severide, Casey, Mouch and the rest race out of the building and burst through the flames and smoke...

...and spill into the yard.

SEVERIDE

(into his radio)

Clear... Squad 3 and Truck 81 are clear!

BODEN

That's it, engine... let's open up the hoses.

The engine guys move in and douse the flames on the first floor... working their way up the side of the building...

The air superheats inside the apartment building and smoke billows up through the ventilated roof that Herrmann made.

In the middle of it, Boden directs the engine guys in closer and closer...

Casey hurries over to Boden...

CASEY

How's Vargas?

BODEN

Shay took him to Cook County. Otis drove.

Someone hands Casey a water bottle and he just pours half of it over himself and it steams. He hands the other half to Mouch, who does the same.

Severide heads over to where the Squad guys are gathered around the Squad truck... Casey watches him go.

The engine firefighters gain control of the fire, keep pushing in, the water pounding the flames.

Casey turns to Mills...

CASEY

Nice work, Candidate.

MILLS

Thanks.

The flames diminish... thick black smoke pours out of the roof.

CASEY

Now start packing up our shit.

He says it with a small smile on his face... and Mills grins too. Together, they all start to gather up their equipment, just as a BLACK SUV pulls up.

MAYOR EMANUEL climbs out, surveys the damage.

HERRMANN

Looks like we're going to meet the mayor after all.

One by one, the mayor goes along, soberly shaking each firefighter's hand.

The CAMERA PULLS UP, UP, UP... as the last of the flames are subdued...

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. FIREHOUSE 55 - MORNING

The sun starts to rise on Firehouse 55... the new shift is coming in...

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Casey comes out of the showers as Dawson sits on a bench, talking on her cell phone. He dresses as she hangs up.

CASEY

Union?

DAWSON

Yeah, they're starting a file, whatever the hell that means.

CASEY

I'm going to the hospital to check in on Vargas if you want to come.

DAWSON

What do you know?

Casey rubs his eyes...

CASEY

I know we can't lose another one.

He gathers his stuff... then looks at the locker with "Mills" tape on it where Darden's name used to be. He takes a deep breath, shakes it off... and they head out.

ON THE APPARATUS FLOOR:

Casey and Dawson walk across the floor and Casey can see through the gym doors that Severide is in there, lifting weights. The guy doesn't quit.

INT. CHIEF BODEN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Boden is in here with his glasses on, looking over his pension paperwork. A KNOCK on his door...

BODEN

It's open.

Mills enters, holding a FOLDER. ^{TV Calling - For educational purposes only}

MILLS

Furlough requests...

BODEN

Helluva first day, Mills. Even made your first arrest. Your dad was the same way.

MILLS

You knew him?

BODEN

I crawled hallways with him on Squad 1. Why do you think you're here?

MILLS

Thank you, Chief...

Boden waives off his thanks. Mills starts to go...

MILLS (CONT'D)

Chief... one other thing. Lieutenant Casey told me not to be a "crow." Do you know what that means?

Boden takes off his glasses, wipes them...

BODEN

A crow wanted to be a peacock so he put on colorful feathers and went over to the peacock's yard, but the peacocks plucked them all away. Then the crow tried to go back with the crows, but they wanted nothing to do with him.

Mills nods... heads out. As he does, Boden's peer from the next shift comes in, CHIEF DECKER.

CHIEF DECKER

You still here, Boden? Go home.

Boden holds his hands out...

BODEN

I am home, Decker.

Boden starts to leave, as Decker unpacks...

CHIEF DECKER

Heard you caught a helluva fire. Vargas is a tough bastard.

BODEN

Yeah, he is.

CHIEF DECKER

And thanks for the cash. First round
knockout paid extra.

BODEN

Trust me, it was my pleasure.

And with that, he's out the door...

CLOSE ON: that pension paperwork, in the trash can.

INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY

Casey and Dawson head inside the waiting room... Shay,
Otis, Herrmann, and Hayes are already here.

CASEY

Any update?

HAYES

He's in surgery to find the bleed.
They're gonna be putting screws in both
hips at least.

Casey nods, worried, then looks at Shay and Dawson, who
both look like they've been through the wringer.

Down the hall, Marty, the attendant who had a few dates
with Dawson, is talking to a nurse...

MARTY

I got her into four. She's 190 over 80
so let's keep a watch on her.

He hands a clipboard to the nurse and heads to the
station in front of them. As he approaches...

CASEY

Excuse me...

MARTY

Yes?

CASEY

Dawson... what was the name of that
little girl from the bridge?

Dawson is shocked that he'd ask... Shay shakes her head.

SHAY

Casey, don't.

Then...

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DAWSON

Madeline. That was her name.

CASEY

Do you have any news on a little girl
named Madeline? Pin-in from the Franklin
St. Bridge?

Marty looks at Dawson, then picks up a phone, says a few
words into it and waits. Then...

MARTY

Madeline Pokress. Vitals are stable,
released by the end of the week.

The CAMERA FINDS DAWSON AND SHAY, who breathe deeply.

CASEY

Thanks.

Marty hangs up, shares a look with Dawson, glad to be
able to deliver good news. Boden and Mouch come in...

BODEN

Anything change?

OTIS

Still in surgery. I'd call his family
but he never talks about anyone...

CASEY

(to Dawson)

Come get me if there's an update...

DAWSON

Sure.

She watches him walk out, her eyes on him a moment longer
than normal. It's not lost on Marty.

EXT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL - MORNING

Casey walks to the little area outside the EMERGENCY
WAITING ROOM and dials his cell phone...

Inside he can still see his guys, waiting on their
comrade. He sees Mills arrive, and the guys slide over,
making room for him.

INT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Hallie, exhausted, walks to her car. She checks the caller I.D. She lets it ring a couple more times, considering, then finally answers it.

HALLIE
What are you doing?

CASEY
You picked up.

HALLIE
Yeah, I picked up.

CASEY
Just wanted to hear your voice.

She smiles, touched.

HALLIE
How was your shift?

CASEY
It was fine. Typical.

HALLIE
What is it, Matt...?

He opens his mouth to say something but before we hear what he says...

INT. GYM - DAY

Severide finishes pounding the weights. He gets up... stretches, leaves the gym, heads into...

THE SHOWERS:

...where only one shower is going, the steam pouring out of the stall. Severide sees the crossed bugles and name plate "FITORI" on the shirt on the bench outside.

He sheds his clothes... and walks into the stall...

Fitori jumps as he comes up behind her and kisses her neck...

FITORI
(whispers)
Not in here.

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SEVERIDE

Third watch are doing drills.

FITORI

You're insane.

He hasn't stopped kissing her neck... a small moan escapes from her.

SEVERIDE

I just don't care.

He goes in for a deeper kiss and she returns it...

INT. THE KITCHEN - LATER:

Severide enters, his hair wet. He moves over to the refrigerator, and pulls out a plate of left-over corned beef from Casey's cooking, the meal he turned down.

Fitori enters, looking conservative again. Then, she just sits down across from him, as other firefighters enter the kitchen, having no idea about the two of them.

Severide dips into the food, takes a bite... and as a smile forms, we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

They're all there, waiting. A door opens and everyone looks up, ready for some news... but instead of a doctor, it's Hallie Casey.

She walks in, says some quiet hellos to everyone, and sits down next to Casey, holding his hand.

Dawson can't quite look away, watching these two. Casey's face says it all: right now, he needs his wife.

END OF PILOT