

Third Aider

Written by

Samuel Lewis

Based on, if any

Address

Phone number

EXT. BROAD DAYLIGHT.

A man, TOMMY, says goodbye to a friend and walks backward through a door. He collides with a boy, who falls back and hits his head - with a:

THE BOY

Ough!

He falls 'unconscious'.

TOMMY

Oh, fuck, umm... Hey! Are you alright?

(Escalating to a panic)

Oh, umm, okay okay okay, can you talk to me please?

Tommy visibly refrains from lightly slapping the boy awake. He then mutters as he processes what to do, moving around the boy to a better position.

In the background, a man is seen sprinting over, booming:

DYLAN

WOOOH!

(Hand on the shoulder of TOMMY)

'Scuse me mate are you alright?

(To TOMMY)

He's out cold.

TOMMY

I knocked him over by mistake, he must've hit h-

DYLAN

Yes mate I saw the whole thing.

While checking the boy's pulse, he swivels out his phone and begins to clumsily navigate it to phone someone.

TOMMY

Should I go and get someone?

DYLAN doesn't respond, instead invading TOMMY's space in order to move the boy into the recovery position.

DYLAN goes to take his shirt off (to cushion the boy's head), before a woman paces over and bundles up her jacket and places it there.

DYLAN

(Taking his shirt off faster and more erotically)

He might need something else for his side.

NICOLE

... No, that won't be necessary. Is he breathing?

Both men look at each other and then back at NICOLE. In the silence, the boy is heard breathing.

DYLAN

Yes ma'am.

TOMMY mhmms. He stands up in the background and asks again:

TOMMY

Should I go and get someone?

NICOLE

No, thank you. I think they'll be able to see it on cameras. What happened to the boy?

TOMMY

He-

NICOLE

Did he get fall and hit his head?

DYLAN

Yes, he did.

(He proceeds to comb through his hair, arching his back and clenching his jaw muscles)

TOMMY

(almost reluctantly)

Y- yes.

NICOLE moves the boy into the recovery position, so the boy is on his left. DYLAN is kneeling on the opposite side of the boy. He tuts and starts to check the boy's head for any trauma signs.

TOMMY

(half-defeated)

Check his arms for any-

DYLAN

I'll check his arms for any cuts or bruises.

TOMMY

... Hmm, yep, that's... Yeah.

NICOLE notices the boy begin to shift a little bit.

NICOLE

Hello, just stay there for me. You had a small fall so it's best if you stay there. Can you tell me your name please?

THE BOY

(drowsily)

And... Andrew.

NICOLE

Okay Andrew, how old are you?

ANDREW

Sixteen years. I think I turn seventeen in 3 months.

DYLAN butts in to try and show off his amazing first aiding skills.

TOMMY

Is he fully awake? Maybe you should check his eyes or something.

DYLAN

'Scuse me Andy, can you follow my finger for me?

(Pointing up his finger in front of ANDREW's face, doing it a little bit too close to his nose)

Just look at the tip and follow it please.

NICOLE sighs, brushing the act over her shoulder. TOMMY continues to say mmhms and yeps.

DYLAN

Umm, he in't following my finger.

TOMMY becomes visibly distressed in the background and is seen wanting to help, but not knowing how.

NICOLE

(Hastily)

Andrew, can you spell your name backwards for me?

ANDREW

W, E, R.....

(long pause)

DYLAN

(whispering to ANDREW)

D, D, D.

NICOLE is fed up and hits DYLAN. ANDREW is then seen slumping back, falling unconscious.

NICOLE
 (Looking to TOMMY)
 Hey... You.
 Call 999 for me.

TOMMY quickly takes out his phone and dials. A smile spreads on his face as he finally feels somewhat useful. NICOLE is incoherently speaking to the boy in the background.

DYLAN
 No! Take mine, I've already dialled it.

TOMMY reaches for DYLAN's phone, then realises and shoos DYLAN's hand away. The phone dials.

TOMMY
 It's... A three digit number. The same digit.

The phone picks up.

OPERATOR
 Emergency, which service do you require?

TOMMY
 Umm, someone's got a concussion and-

OPERATOR
 If someone is seriously concussed then they need an ambulance, so you should say ambulance because it's a medical emergency.

Click. TOMMY feels stupid and patronised.

NICOLE
 Hey, say where we are, say that a young boy is concussed and cannot stay awake.

TOMMY
 (After another operator picks up)
 Okay, hi, we're in Heskin Hall, there's a boy with a concussion and he can't stay awake.

OPERATOR 2
 Okay, can you tell me what happened to cause this injury?

TOMMY
 He... Fell.

When TOMMY turns away, fidgeting, ANDREW suddenly starts to get up and laugh.

DYLAN

Y'what!

ANDREW

Ah! You guy's fell for that so hard!

His MATE comes from around the corner, wielding a phone camera. They laugh together and jog away, almost barging past DYLAN.

DYLAN

Fucking Dickheads.

NICOLE

(Frustrated but trying to remain calm)

... Kids.

DYLAN

... You're a great first aider.
Wonder if you could aid me in-

NICOLE

I'm ignoring you.

TOMMY (wrongly) hangs up 999.

NICOLE

Did you just hang up? No, you- agh.
You need to call back and say that
there is no longer an emergency
here.

TOMMY does so.

OPERATOR

Emerg- ugh, God. You again?

TOMMY

(Fighting a clench in his throat)

There's no emergency at Heskin Hall
anymore, it was 2 boys pranking us.

The OPERATOR sighs and hangs up immediately. TOMMY nods towards NICOLE, who moves to check if he's alright.

DYLAN can't handle the sight and storms away into the shops, pushing the 'pull' door and then hitting his head on it when he does pull. He lets out a audible, furious growl and his footsteps fade.

TOMMY starts walking away. NICOLE walks into the hall, the camera following.

The camera pans down to DYLAN on the floor, rubbing his head, surrounded by shards of a mug, metal cups and a waiter's tray. He's groaning and calling for help.

CUT.

(mfw)