

Lance the Freelance Ambulance Driver

By

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EXT. CITY STREET

An ambulance is racing through city streets, siren wailing and lights flashing, weaving madly through traffic. Intense action music accompanies the frantic drive. The action comes to a sudden halt as the ambulance pulls into a fast food drive thru and stops.

DRIVE THRU ATTENDANT
Welcome to Hippy Burger, can I take your order?

LANCE
(intense)
Are you still serving breakfast?

DRIVE THRU ATTENDANT
Yes sir we are.

LANCE
(exhuberant)
YES!

Freeze on LANCE's happiness. Quick titles, with song accompanying them.

THEME SONG
He's Lance, the Freelance Ambulance Driver!

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD

A man is waiting at a bus stop, singing with his headphones on. Suddenly, the ambulance comes roaring in, hits the man and runs him over as it stops. LANCE hops out and trots around to the other side.

LANCE
Hey, how are you doing?

BUS STOP MAN
Ahh, ow, my legs... ahh...

LANCE
(not listening)
Listen, I need a favor. I'm told there's a Starbucks somewhere around here. Help me out, would ya?

(CONTINUED)

BUS STOP MAN
Ow, my legs, my legs!

LANCE
People joke about there being one
on every corner, but I'll be damned
if I can find one in this
neighborhood.

BUS STOP MAN
My legs!

LANCE
Yeah yeah, I'm off duty right now
pal. Starbucks, any help?

BUS STOP MAN
You ran me over!

LANCE
Oh, no, I don't think so.

BUS STOP MAN
What?! You did, you ran over my
legs... hey, hey get back here!

LANCE
Just looking for some coffee, for
the last time man, I'm not working
right now. Sheesh!

LANCE gets back in and drives away, running over the man's
legs again.

BUS STOP MAN
Hey wait... Ow! Son of a bitch!

THEME SONG
Got no insurance? Don't leave your
care to chance. Call Lance, the
Freelance Ambulance Driver!

EXT. A SUBURBAN HOUSE

A woman is out in front of her house, hunched over in
pain. The ambulance pulls up, LANCE hops out.

LANCE
You called?

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

I... I think I've been poisoned.

LANCE

No time for details, I'm on a tight schedule here. Cash or credit card?

WOMAN

Umm... credit card, here...

LANCE

Whoa whoa whoa, what is that, American Express?

WOMAN

Y-yes...

LANCE

(dismissive laugh)

I don't think so. No, no, no. Their merchant fees are out of control, can't do it. What else you got?

WOMAN

Please, my stomach. I think I'm gonna die. Please.

LANCE appears to be pondering for a moment. Then we see the ambulance pull away, revealing that the woman is still there, angry.

WOMAN

You bastard!

THEME SONG

He's Lance!

EXT. HIGHWAY

A car pulls over, the ambulance pulls over right behind him. Both drivers jump out, the other driver begins yelling at LANCE.

ANGRY DRIVER

Who do you think you are?

THEME SONG

He's Lance!

(CONTINUED)

ANGRY DRIVER

You're weaving all over the
freakin' road like a gosh darn
maniac!

LANCE

You're supposed to pull over when
you see me coming.

ANGRY DRIVER

No lights, no siren? No pullover!
Look at you, you don't even have a
uniform! I'll bet you don't even
have anyone in there, do you? Do
you?!

LANCE

No, I don't have any one... I have
six people back there, in dire need
of...

ANGRY DRIVER

Oh six people, really? How is that
even possible? You're full of
crap!

LANCE

No, you're full of crap!

ANGRY DRIVER

Ooo, think of that one yourself,
did ya? Look pal, I don't know how
they do things in your country...

LANCE

I'm from Queens!

ANGRY DRIVER

BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH!

LANCE

I've got...

ANGRY DRIVER

BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH!

LANCE

You need to...

ANGRY DRIVER

BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH!

(CONTINUED)

LANCE punches / strikes the other driver, he's knocked out cold. LANCE looks at the driver, then back at his ambulance, back at the driver, then sighs and rolls his eyes. Cut to the ambulance pulling away from the scene (with the driver presumably inside... with six other people?? Perhaps he opens the back doors, the six people are staring back at him, he says "Make room", then show the ambulance speeding away.

EXT. CITY STREET

We see montage of LANCE driving the ambulance, theme song plays while montage unfolds.

THEME SONG

U...niversal Health Care
don't exist,
alas. Laaaaaaaaance will
privitize your ass, (he'll
privitize your ass - low
"YEAH!")

... the meter running (like a taxi cab)... him chatting on his cellphone (day trading or something similar)... he passes right in front of a hospital and goes by, still chatting.

PASSENGER

That was the turn, you missed it
again you idiot!

EXT. ESTAB. SHOT - HOSPITAL

Segued directly from the missed turn shot above.

INT. HOSPITAL, NURSES STATION

LANCE is hanging out, chatting up a nurse. Nurse is giggling.

LANCE

You see what I did, you thought I
said something dirty there, but all
I said was Foucault.

NURSE

Tee hee hee, tee hee hee.

(CONTINUED)

LANCE

I remember there was this lecture on YouTube with Chomsky, who is of course rabidly antiestablishment, and Foucault, who is of course rabidly French, and they're really getting into it about (the dialectical)...

NURSE

Hey, do you drive an ambulance?

LANCE

As a matter of fact I do.

NURSE

I think you're getting towed.

LANCE

Oh, Foucault me!

EXT. OUTSIDE HOSPITAL

LANCE runs out the hospital doors. Ambulance is getting towed away.

LANCE

Oh, come on. How am I going to get home now?

SON

(comes outside)

Hey, when are you gonna bring my mother inside, huh?

LANCE

(oblivious)

This is just great. Geez.

SON

Hey, isn't that your ambulance? Hey, stop! (starts chasing after it)

LANCE

Ah well, I guess I'll call a cab... again. (starts dialing on his cell)

SON

(chasing after ambulance)

Mother? Mother! Mother!

(CONTINUED)

THEME SONG

If healthcare woes are getting you
all bunched up in the pants, call
Lance, the Freelance Ambulance
Driver. He's Lance, the Freelance
Ambulance Driver!

END CREDITS (fast).