INT. AMBULANCE - PARKED - LATER

Quiet. Finally. Nora sits sideways in the passenger seat. Cal eats peanuts. Nora has a video up on her phone. Some glossy tropical REALITY SHOW. A beautiful woman cries beside a pool while a shirtless guy tries very hard to look sincere. Nora holds the phone toward Cal.

NORA
Look at her face.

CAL
I saw it.

NORA
No. Right here.

She backs it up. Makes him watch. On the phone--

SHIRTLESS GUY
I swear to you, nothing happened.

The woman just stares at him. Nora pauses it.

NORA
She knows.

CAL
Everybody knows.

NORA
He doesn't know she knows.

CAL
He knows.

NORA
No, he thinks he's killing it.

Cal looks at the frozen, shirtless idiot.

CAL
He kinda does.

Nora stares at Cal.

CAL (CONT'D)
What?

NORA
That's insane.

She takes the phone back. Cal goes back to his peanuts. He's absolutely been watching the show.

Nora swipes out of the video. Opens ZILLOW. Scrolls. House. No. House. No. Then-- THE HOUSE. Brick. Older. Nice. She stops.

Kitchen. Backyard. Four bedrooms. Glass storm door.

Cal glances over.

CAL
That one again?

NORA
What?

CAL
You've shown me that house.

NORA
No, I haven't.

CAL
Blue kitchen.

Nora looks. Blue kitchen.

NORA
Maybe once.

CAL
Four bedrooms.

NORA
So?

CAL
There's one of you.

NORA
Could change.

Cal looks at her. She scrolls before that can become anything.

CAL
You gonna have a bunch of kids?

NORA
Why, you got some you're trying to
get rid of?

Cal eats another peanut. Nora keeps scrolling.

CAL
You could afford it.

That one gets through. Nora shrugs.

NORA
I'm just looking.

CAL
You've been looking at that one.

NORA
It's Zillow.

CAL
Mm-hm.

NORA
It's Bumble for houses.

Cal looks at the phone.

CAL
I've been looking too.

NORA
At houses?

CAL
Colorado. Little place. Covered porch. Smoker.

NORA
Oh, fuck off. You're gonna spend retirement setting meat on fire.

CAL
That's the dream.

NORA
Who's gonna fix my shit?

CAL
You own a screwdriver.

NORA
That's not what I asked.

Cal looks at her. Then the phone. Nora locks it.

NORA (CONT'D)
Whatever.

EXT. REAR SERVICE LANE - CONTINUOUS

Clay comes back. He sees the puncture in her arm.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Want me to get somebody?

NORA
County has our location. We need another crew and an ER. They know we can't drive.

Across the lane, Cal makes Mike hold the gauze against his own temple. Mike keeps trying to give it back.

NORA (CONT'D)
Cal's retiring.

CLAY
For real?

NORA
Colorado.

CLAY
Good for him.

Nora watches Cal. Clay closes the clasp on her bag. No comment.

CLAY (CONT'D)
You walked out of a movie for less blood than that.

NORA
Oh, Jesus.

CLAY
You picked it.

NORA
Guy was getting his face cut off.

CLAY
It was a horror movie.

NORA
I deal with that shit at work.

CLAY
You took the car.

NORA
It was my car.

CLAY
I know whose car it was.

She almost smiles.

NORA
I thought you'd come out.

CLAY
I thought you'd come back.

NORA
I did.

CLAY
You texted me from home.

Nora looks at him. She has an answer. Then decides not to use it.

NORA
Was the movie any good?

CLAY
Fuck no.

She laughs in spite of herself.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Two hours of people talking.
Talking and talking--

He turns toward the parking lot. Still talking.

CLAY (CONT'D)
--and talking--