

Sydney R, 16, NJ

Madam Moxie

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES FIRE STATION - DAY

The scorching, mid- May, California sun beams down on the newly painted Los Angeles Fire Station.

INT. LOS ANGELES FIRE STATION - STATION LUNCHROOM- DAY

DISSOLVE TO:

ELLIE RITLEY, a strong-willed, fresh faced 24-year-old woman who has been working at the FDLA for three months is shown. She is sitting at the station lunch table enjoying a turkey and avocado sandwich. Her favorite.

EZRA, an athletic, trim man in his mid-30s enters the lunchroom, carrying a copy of *Striking; Vol IV*.

EZRA

(tossing the magazine on Ellie's lunch table)

Ok, Really? *Him?* (pointing to the man on the cover) If he could make it as a model, then that's easy money for me.

ELLIE

(slightly irritated that her peace and quiet was interrupted)

Ezra, come on. You've said this about every guy featured on this thing.

EZRA

And I won't stop until it's me on that cover!

ELLIE

(jokingly rolling her eyes)

Don't worry, I won't hold my breath!

An extremely loud bugle sound rings throughout the entire station.

Ellie quickly sprints to her quarters to change into her gear.
Ezra is already three steps ahead.

Cut to:

Ellie and the fire squad arrive at an apartment building with its third floor completely ablaze.

MARK, VETERAN FIREFIGHTER, 42,

OK everyone, follow protocol. Stay focused and execute instructions safely.

(Fire squad begins spraying the building with strong bursts of water)

Suddenly, a distressed voice of a little girl screams for help through a cracked window.

Little Girl

HELP ME! PLEASE OH MY GOD! HELP ME!

ELLIE

SHIT. SHIT! THERES A KID IN THERE! IM GOING UP!

Mark

Ellie, it's too dangerous for you. You aren't even trained enough!

Ellie

(Abrasively, through her teeth)

I said I'm going up.

Ellie climbs onto the ladder and is overcome with immense fear.
I'm not cut out for this. She thinks. What if we *both* die in here?

ELLIE (now inside the apartment, with her back against the window)

HELLO! IT'S THE FIRE DEPARTMENT! ITS ALRIGHT! CALM DOWN. TELL ME YOUR NAME.

LAYLA, 10 years old, covered in ashes and soot, sit atop a table surrounded by flames.

(Crying) ITS LAYLA! IM LAYLA. PLEASE HELP ME I CAN'T BREATHE!

ELLIE

(extremely to hesitant to enter the flames to reach the little girl)

LAYLA

PLEASE! HELP ME!

Suddenly, a ghost-like woman appears among the flames wearing a white flowy gown.

GHOST WOMAN

(calmly)

Ellie, look at me. Look into my eyes. Focus. You can do this. You were *made* to do this.

ELLIE, still looking deep into the woman's eyes, feels a shock throughout her whole body. When the shock seizes, the woman is gone. Ellie mysteriously is free of any fear. Without any thought, Ellie runs straight into the flames and meets Layla atop the table as if she were ***invincible***.

ELLIE

(Picking Layla up and carrying her above the flames, to the latter)

You're safe now. Don't worry. We're going to be safe.

Cut to:

Ellie and Layla are now safely on the street in front of the building.

EZRA

ELLIE! HOW TH-HOW THE HELL DID YOU DO THAT? WE THOUGHT YOU
DIDN'T MAKE IT OH MY GOD!

ELLIE

(hugging Ezra)

I can't explain right now. I'm just glad we're safe.

LAYLAS MOM

(distraught)

(through tears of joy) Hello! Oh my God, thank you so much. May
I ask, what's your name?

ELLIE

(first hesitant, then confidently)

Madam Moxie.

FADE OUT

THE END