

CRASH

sandra bullock
don cheadle
matt dillon
jennifer esposito
brendan fraser
terrence howard
chris "ludacris" bridges
thandie newton
ryan phillippe
larenz tate
michael pena

crash

Story
by

Paul Haggis

Screenplay
by

Paul Haggis
&
Bobby Moresco

PRODUCTION DRAFT
REVISED
July 22, 2003

IMPORTANT NOTICE

CINEMA SCRIPT RESEARCH COPIES ARE MADE AVAILABLE FOR
PERSONAL USE ONLY.
THEY ARE **NOT** TO BE USED FOR ANY PURPOSE OTHER THAN PRIVATE STUDY,
SCHOLARSHIP, OR RESEARCH WITHOUT THE WRITTEN CONSENT OF THE
COPYRIGHT HOLDER.

CRASH

story by

Paul Haggis

screenplay by

Paul Haggis

&

Bobby Moresco

Production Draft
revised
July 22, 2003

Copyright 2002, Paul Haggis Productions. All Rights Reserved.

CRASH

OVER BLACK hear the sound of a COLLISION, metal crunching, tires skidding, horns blaring. Superimpose: **Tomorrow.**

GRAHAM (V.O.)
It's the sense of touch.

RIA (V.O.)
...What?

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Any other city, you're always touching people. You walk, you're bumped, packages are knocked out of your hands. In LA, no one touches you....

FADE UP to find:

1 EXT. SEPULVEDA BLVD. - CLOSE ON GRAHAM -- NIGHT 1

GRAHAM sits in the passenger seat of a gray sedan that lies skewed on the gravel shoulder. He's black, thirties. He stares ahead, either dazed or grappling with a very deep thought or both.

GRAHAM (continuing)
We're always behind metal and glass. Think we miss that touch so much we crash into each other, just to feel something.

RIA, American-born Hispanic, thirties, sits behind the wheel, watching Graham with real concern. A MOTORCYCLE COP raps on Graham's window.

MOTORCYCLE COP
You two all right?

RIA
I think he mighta hit his head.

MOTORCYCLE COP
Stay in your car.

The officer moves on. Graham looks to Ria:

GRAHAM
You don't think that's true?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

RIA

Graham, we were rear-ended. We spun around three times. Somewhere in there one of us lost our frame of reference. I'm gonna go look for it.

She climbs out. Graham looks off through the windshield.

HIS P.O.V. - THE ROAD AHEAD

A swarm of activity, having nothing to do with the collision that just occurred -- three police cars, an ambulance, a coroner's vehicle and crime scene tape tells us something nasty happened down in the long grass of the irrigation ditch.

2 EXT. SEPULVEDA BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

2

Ria walks in the opposite direction, toward the Mercedes that just rear-ended them. Yellow cones squeeze traffic down to one lane, a cop herds the cars into line.

Ria approaches the Motorcycle Cop who questions the driver of the Mercedes, a short middle-aged Korean woman, call her KIM LEE.

KIM LEE

(pointing at Ria)

She do this! She stop in middle of street!

RIA

(approaching)

I do this?

MOTORCYCLE COP

Ma'am, wait in your vehicle.

KIM LEE

Mexicans! You no know how to drive! She blake too fast! Stop in middle of street!

RIA

Oh, sorry, you no see my "blinky lights?"

MOTORCYCLE COP

Ma-am--

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

RIA

(to Kim Lee)

They call "blake lights." I blake
when I see long line cars stop in
front of me. You see over steering
wheel, maybe you blake, too.

MOTORCYCLE COP

(to Ria)

--You need to wait in your car, Ma'am.

KIM LEE

You crazy Mexican! I call immigration
on you! Look what you do to my car!

RIA

(to cop)

Can you just write in your report
how shocked I am to have been hit by
an Asian driver?

MOTORCYCLE COP

Ma'am--

RIA

(flashing badge)

It's not Ma'am, it's Sergeant. D.A.'s
Squad.

MOTORCYCLE COP

Oh, Christ.

KIM LEE

I no care you cop, I wanna see
insurance!

(to cop)

Wetback ruin my car!

GRAHAM

folds his collar up against the cold and walks toward the
crime scene, throwing a look back at Ria and Korean Woman,
the argument raging. He flips his badge into his jacket
pocket and dips under the crime scene tape.

Down in the gully the Coroner's team roll out a body bag.
Graham approaches a bored-looking DETECTIVE GRACE, who is
lighting a cigarette.

GRAHAM

You got a smoke?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

DETECTIVE GRACE
(blowing out smoke)
Quit.

GRAHAM
Me, too.

He hands Graham a cigarette.

DETECTIVE GRACE
You okay?

GRAHAM
Freezing.

DETECTIVE GRACE
Weather's gone nuts.

Both choose to ignore the fact that Ria and the Korean Woman continue to shriek at each other.

GRAHAM
What happened here?

DETECTIVE GRACE
It's yours if you want it.
(nods toward ditch)
Dead kid. Found a gun in the jacket;
empty, hadn't been fired.

GRAHAM
(calling off)
Hey, Sammy, any reason I want this?

Sammy, the Coroner Tech, shrugs, unimpressed.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
(to Detective)
No, you keep it, you're doing good.

Graham walks down into the gully. He spots something in the tall grass, marked by a red evidence flag. And a feeling starts to creep over him. Not a good feeling. As he turns to look at the body we FADE TO BLACK.

Superimpose: **Today.**

DIRK (V.O.)
It's been ten days, the gun is yours.

FADE UP:

3 INT. R&J GUNS - CLOSE ON A HANDGUN -- DAY 3

The handgun slides onto the counter. The hand belongs to DIRK, the impatient salesman.

DIRK (O.S.)

You get one free box of ammunition,
what kind you want?

Widen to see we're --

4 INT. R & J GUNS -- DAY. 4

FARHAD, Iranian, 50s, looks at the handgun and turns to his daughter DORRI, 25, who wears a blue suit and a bad mood.

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

What did he say?

DORRI

(in Farsi)

He asked what kind of bullets you
want.

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

How do I know? I don't know anything
about bullets.

DORRI

(in Farsi)

Which is a really good reason not to
be buying a gun.

DIRK

Yo, Osama, plan the Jihad on your
own time; what do you want?

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

What is he saying about Jihad?

(to salesman, in

English:)

Are you making insults at me?

DIRK

Am I making insults at you?? That's
the closest you get to English?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

FARHAD

I am American citizen--

DIRK

(here it comes)

--Oh, God.

(calling off)

Steve, did you sell this gun to these camel-jockies?--

STEVE

--Not me, maybe Jim.

FARHAD

--I have rights like you, I have right to buy gun.

Dirk pulls the gun back to his side of the counter.

DIRK

Not from my store, you don't.

DORRI

(to Farhad)

Just take the gun and we'll leave.

Farhad reaches for it. The salesman's hand goes to the butt of his holstered pistol.

DIRK

Keep your hands off the weapon.

Farhad freezes.

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

What is he saying?

DORRI

(to Dirk)

He paid for the gun, it's his!

DIRK

He's yelling at me and picking up a weapon, you think I'm stupid?

(to Farhad)

You pick up that gun, Ahab, I'll assume you intend to use it.

DORRI

It isn't loaded!

(CONTINUED)

DIRK

Didn't check it, can't assume that.
 (calling to Steve)
 You sure these ain't your sand
 niggers?

STEVE

--I'd tell you if they were.

FARHAD

--You ignorant man.
 (in Farsi)
 You stupid son-of-a-bitch!

DIRK

(calls to Security
 Guard)

Arnie? I am being threatened by
 this man, I want you to witness this.

Arnie, the Security Guard, waddles this way.

DORRI

Go wait in the car, Dad.

FARHAD

(in Farsi)
 This ignorant man insults me!
 (to Salesman)
 You are a stupid, ignorant man!

DIRK

Yeah, I'm an ignorant man. I fly
 747s into your fucking mud huts and
 burn all your friends. Get the fuck
 out of my store.
 (to Arnie)
 Arnie, get them out of here.

ARNIE

Okay, folks, come with
 me or I gotta call the
 cops.

FARHAD

Call the police! You swear
 at me, you cheat me!

DORRI

(to Farhad)
 Do you want to get arrested? Go
 wait in the car! Wait in the car,
 Dad.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

Farhad storms out, Arnie following. Dorri looks the salesman dead in the eye:

DORRI (CONT'D)

You can give me the gun or give me the money back, and I'm really hoping for the money.

Dirk looks Dorri up and down, gives her a lecherous smile and slides the gun back across the counter.

DIRK

And what kind of "ammunition" do you want?

DORRI

Whatever fits.

DIRK

Oh, we got a lot of things that fit.
(re: shelf behind him)
We got ball heads, flat-nose, hollow points, jacketed soft points, wad cutters, semi-wad cutters, semi-jacketed hollow points, long colts, short colts, Teflon coated, armor piercing and a dozen more that all fit in the same size hole, just depends how big a "bang" you can handle.

DORRI

(pointing)

I'll take the ones in the red box.

DIRK

(looks; looks back)

...Do you know what those are?

DORRI

Yes.

He takes the box with a snort and drops the ammo in the bag with the gun.

DORRI (CONT'D)

Thank you. We'll recommend you to all our friends.

She walks out with the bag, pushes open the door...

5 EXT. WESTWOOD -- NIGHT

5

ANTHONY flies out the door of an Italian restaurant, PETER just one step behind him. They're in their early twenties, young, hip, well-dressed black men, friends since third grade. They button their jackets as they head down the sidewalk.

ANTHONY

You see any white people in there waiting an hour and thirty two minutes for a plate of spaghetti? Huh? And how many cups of coffee did we get?

PETER

You don't drink coffee and I didn't want any.

ANTHONY

That woman poured cup after cup to every white person around us. Did she even ask you if you wanted any?

PETER

We didn't get coffee that you didn't want and I didn't order, and this is evidence of racial discrimination?

ANTHONY

I didn't say "discrimination," I said "stereotyping"; you aren't even listening.

PETER

Did you happen to notice our waitress was black?

ANTHONY

And black women don't think in stereotypes? When's the last time you met one who didn't think she knew everything about your lazy ass before you even opened your mouth? That waitress sized us up in two seconds. We're black and "black people don't tip" so she wasn't gonna waste her time; someone like that, nothing you can do to change their mind.

PETER

So how much you leave her?

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

You expect me to pay for that kinda service??

Peter laughs. Anthony doesn't.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

...What?

UP THE STREET

RICK & JEAN FIELDS, white, early 40s, step out of the Blockbuster and head toward their black Lincoln Navigator. Rick takes the video from Jean as she tugs her sweater closed.

JEAN

--Because I didn't think it would be this cold.

RICK

You're not getting my jacket.

Jean notices Anthony and Peter approaching. She instinctively takes her husband's arm.

JEAN

Then walk closer.

ANTHONY AND PETER

walk toward them.

ANTHONY

You see that? You see what that woman just did?

PETER

She's cold.

ANTHONY

She got colder soon as she saw us.

PETER

--Here he goes.

ANTHONY

Look around! You couldn't find a whiter, safer or better lit part of this city.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

But this white woman sees two black guys, who look like UCLA students, strolling down the sidewalk and her reaction is blind fear. I mean, look at us! Are we dressed like gangbangers? Are we making threatening gestures? If anybody should be scared, it's us: the only two black faces surrounded by a sea of over-caffeinated white people, patrolled by the trigger-happy LAPD. So, why aren't we scared?

PETER

Possibly because we have guns?

ANTHONY

You could be right.

Both men reach into their clothing and come out with Saturday-night specials. Anthony takes the driver's side as Peter yanks open the passenger door of the Navigator, shoving guns in their faces.

PETER

Get out of the car!
Get out of the car!

JEAN

Oh my God! Rick!

ANTHONY

Gimme the keys! Gimme
the keys! Get outta
the car! Shut up and
give me the keys!

RICK

Don't shoot, just don't
shoot.

PETER.

Walk away! Walk away! Turn around
and walk!

6 INT. BLACK NAVIGATOR

6

Anthony hops into the driver's seat, screaming for Peter:

ANTHONY

Get in! Get in!

Anthony sparks the ignition, whips his head around to see Peter drop into the passenger seat. Anthony hops back out...

7 EXT. WESTWOOD BLVD. -- CONTINUOUS 7

...and he aims his gun at Rick and Jean's back.

ANTHONY

Stop!!

They freeze. Anthony runs up, grabs the video tape.

8 INT. BLACK NAVIGATOR -- CONTINUOUS 8

Anthony drops into the seat and tosses the tape at Peter.

PETER

(reading label)

Haven't seen it.

Anthony shifts into first and screams out of there. Peter digs into his pocket and pulls out a plastic St. Christopher statuette. He licks the suction cup and sticks it on the dashboard.

ANTHONY

No! No! Take that voodoo-ass thing off there right now!

PETER

You're calling St. Christopher voodoo?

ANTHONY

--You see the marks it makes?! You think those rings wipe off?

PETER

Man's been the patron saint of travelers for nine hundred years and--

ANTHONY

--God speak to you, did he?! What'd he say, go forth, my son and leave big, slobbery suction rings on every dashboard you find?? Why the hell you do that?

PETER

Look at the way you drive, then ask me again.

9 EXT. ON-RAMP -- CONTINUOUS 9

Anthony swerves up the on-ramp of the 405 North--

10 EXT. COCO'S PARKING LOT - UNIVERSAL CITY -- NIGHT

10

A van wipes, revealing a sweep of flashing red lights. A dozen uniformed cops stand around pretending they are actually doing something, when they are really just waiting for...

GRAHAM AND RIA

who pull into the lot and stride out of the unmarked sedan, Graham cradling a steaming styrofoam cup of coffee. They are met by a pair of uniformed cops. The one who talks is named OFFICER JOHNSON.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Two guys driving East on Ventura.
The guy in the Cherokee does a quick
lane change, cuts the other guy off.

He indicates a Mercedes that lies a short distance off with the passenger door open.

OFFICER JOHNSON (CONT'D)

The guy in the Mercedes gets pissed,
pulls a gun -- he doesn't realize
the guy in the Cherokee is a cop
coming off shift.

GRAHAM

That the cop?

He nods toward a tall man, long stringy blond hair, sipping a coffee and leaning up against a squad car, chatting with two other uniforms.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Yeah. Name is Dryer. He's a Narc
out of Van Nuys.

RIA

I got the Mercedes.
(to second officer)
You come with me.

Ria and the second officer split off toward the Mercedes, which sits with the passenger door open.

GRAHAM

(re: Dryer)
Looks pretty relaxed for having shot
a man.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Coming up on Dryer's Cherokee:

OFFICER JOHNSON

He says he kept trying to drive away but the guy in the Mercedes kept pulling up next to him, screaming, waving the gun.

Graham stoops to see a bullet hole in the car door.

OFFICER JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Mercedes takes a shot at him. Detective Dryer returns fire, one shot.

GRAHAM

Any witnesses see who shot first?

OFFICER JOHNSON

They just heard two bangs.

GRAHAM

Why am I finding this all a little hard to believe?

OFFICER JOHNSON

You want to question Dryer?

GRAHAM

Not yet. Find me a witness. I want to know which gun came out first.

Graham splits off and arrives at the Mercedes, where Ria examines the body of the dead black driver, a bullet wound in his head. A pearl handled revolver lies on the floor.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Nice gun.

RIA

One bullet fired. The car is registered to Cindy Bradley. That's not his name. His name is Andrew Lewis.

She hands Graham a wallet.

RIA (CONT'D)

It was under the front seat.

Graham opens the wallet, revealing a Detective's Badge.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

RIA (CONT'D)
Hollywood Division.

Graham lets out a low whistle, then throws a look to Dryer, who still stands chatting.

GRAHAM
Looks like Detective Dryer shot himself the wrong nigger.

As Graham stands we cut to:

11 INT. THE COFFEE BEAN - ENCINO -- NIGHT

11

Crowded with patrons who order hot drinks to keep out the cold. We SLIDE PAST two Korean businessmen. CHOI JIN GUIH, late 40's, dressed well, sits across the table from the younger looking PARK.

PARK
You'll take a company check?

CHOI
No problem.

Park rips it out of the checkbook, hands it to Choi.

PARK
How soon can I have them?

Choi folds the check and stuffs it in his shirt pocket.

CHOI
I picking them up right now.

Choi stands and heads out the back door.

RYAN (O.S.)
I keep telling you he's in pain. He can't sleep.

He passes OFFICER RYAN on the pay phone by the door. He's white, in uniform, and angry.

SHANIQUA (O.S.)
(over phone)
And I told you the clinic is only open after hours for emergencies--

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

RYAN

--This is an emergency--

INTERCUT WITH:

12 INT. KAISER PERMANENTE HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

12

SHANIQUA, a very tired black administrator is on the other end of the line.

SHANIQUA

--Mr. Ryan--

RYAN

...Yes?

SHANIQUA

Your father has been to the clinic three times in the last month. He's being treated for a urinary tract infection that is by no means an emergency.

RYAN

--Let me talk to your supervisor.

SHANIQUA

You're lucky I'm here this time of night, I shoulda left hours ago. If you have any more questions about your HMO plan, you can make an appointment to come in from ten to four, Monday through Friday.

RYAN

What does my father do about sleeping tonight?

SHANIQUA

I don't know. I'm not a doctor.

BACK TO RYAN:

RYAN

What's your name?

SHANIQUA

My name is Shaniqua Johnson.

RYAN

Big fucking surprise that is.

(CONTINUED)

07-22-03

17.

12 CONTINUED:

12

CLICK. Ryan slams the phone down.

13 EXT. COFFEE BEAN PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

13

Ryan crosses towards the squad car. His partner HANSEN, white, late 20s, finishes the dregs of a coffee. Ryan hops in the car with:

RYAN

Why is every bureaucrat black and stupid? Can you tell me that?

Hansen climbs into the passenger seat. By the expression on his face we can tell he's not too fond of his partner. Ryan turns the key.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'll tell you why. These big insurance companies and HMOs hire blacks to deal with the public specifically because they're stupid. They think we'll get so frustrated talking to them that we'll give up and they won't have to spend their fucking money!

Ryan glances in his side mirror.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Black late model Navigator, last seen traveling west on Wilshire Blvd. in Westwood, California plate Uncle Apple George three one five.

A black Navigator drives past, heading West on Ventura, a 40ish black man at the wheel.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Suspects are two black males, approximately 20 years of age.

RYAN

You see that?

Hansen checks the plate as Ryan pulls out to follow.

14 INT. SQUAD CAR - MOVING SHOT -- CONTINUOUS

14

HANSEN

It's not it.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Ryan hits the flashers anyway.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

It's not the vehicle: the plates don't match, the driver's in his forties, and nobody jacks a car and takes it to Encino.

Up ahead, in the Navigator, a woman pops up in the passenger seat. She may have been napping in the driver's lap, or she may have been doing something else. She throws a look back at the cop car. Caught in the headlights her face looks chalk white. Ryan sees her face and bumps the siren.

RYAN

They were doing something.

15 EXT. VENTURA BLVD. - NIGHT

15

Ryan pulls over to the curb behind the Navigator and steps out. Hansen clearly doesn't like this; nonetheless, he steps out and assumes the backup position. Ryan approaches the window, unsnapping his holster.

RYAN

Keep your hands in plain sight. I need to see your license and registration.

Behind the wheel, CAMERON THAYER, 40ish, dark-skinned black, tucks his shirt back into the pants of his Armani tuxedo and digs out his wallet.

CAMERON

I do something wrong officer?

Ryan shines his flashlight into the truck. The passenger reapplying her lipstick is CHRISTINE THAYER, a strikingly beautiful, light-skinned black woman in a cocktail dress. She may have had a bit too much to drink.

RYAN

Evening.

CHRISTINE

(suppressing a smile)
How are you tonight, officer?

CAMERON

I need to reach into the glove compartment to get the registration.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

RYAN

Do it slowly, please.

Ryan eases the Glock out of its holster as Cameron slowly leans over and pops open the glove compartment. Ryan's flashlight beam glides from the glove compartment to Christine's breasts, then up to her face.

CHRISTINE

You like my dress?

CAMERON

Here you go.

He slowly hands the documents to Ryan.

RYAN

Stay in the vehicle, please.

He walks back to the squad car and hands the license and registration to Hansen and returns to the Navigator.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Step onto the sidewalk, please, sir.

CAMERON

I haven't been drinking.

RYAN

Then we shouldn't have a problem.

CHRISTINE

He doesn't drink. He's a Buddhist for Christ's sake.

CAMERON

It's okay, Christine.

BACK IN THE SQUAD CAR - HANSEN

runs the license, keeping his eye on Cameron as he steps around to the sidewalk.

RYAN

(to Cameron)

Stand on your right foot and touch your nose with the index finger of your left hand.

As Cameron does...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

CHRISTINE

steps out of the car.

CHRISTINE

I told you he doesn't drink.

RYAN

Wait in the vehicle, Ma'am.

CHRISTINE

There's no liquor on his breath, he doesn't look drunk, why are you doing this?

RYAN

Ma'am, I'm only gonna ask you once more to wait in the car.

CHRISTINE

"Ma'am??"

CAMERON

Get in the car, Christine.

CHRISTINE

Don't you "Ma'am" me, I'm not your fucking mammy.

Ryan motions for his partner to join him as...

RYAN

All right, both of you, turn around, put your hands on the vehicle.

CAMERON

Officer, we're a half a block from home --

RYAN

-- Don't talk to me, put your hands on the vehicle and spread your legs.

HANSEN

(approaching)

What have we got?

CAMERON

I'm a television director, my wife and I just came back from an awards dinner--

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

Ryan grabs Cameron's wrist and slams him up against the truck...

RYAN

What did I just tell you?

...and kicks his feet out.

CHRISTINE

Get your hands off him!

RYAN

(to Hansen)

Pat him down.

(to Christine)

Put your hands on the vehicle, ma'am.

Hansen reluctantly pats Cameron down.

CAMERON

Do what he says.

CHRISTINE

(to Cameron)

Fuck you!

(to Ryan)

And you keep your filthy fuckin' hands off me!

Ryan takes her wrist and twists her into the car face first, kicking her feet out from under her.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Ow! You fucking pig!

CAMERON

Christine, stop talking.

RYAN

That's quite a mouth you have.

(to Cameron)

Course, you know that.

CHRISTINE

Fuck you. That's why you're doing this, isn't it? You thought you saw a white woman blowing a black man and that just drove your little cracker ass crazy!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

CAMERON
Officers, if I--

RYAN
(to Hansen)
He says another word, cuff him.

HANSEN
Sir, I'm asking for your cooperation.

CHRISTINE
Fucking racist pigs!

CAMERON
Christine, shut you're goddamn mouth!

RYAN
I'd listen to your husband, Ma'am.

Ryan runs his hands up the sides of her torso...

RYAN (CONT'D)
You carrying any concealed weapons?

CHRISTINE
I'm wearing a cocktail dress, what do you think?

RYAN
You'd be surprised the places I've found weapons.

He slides his hands over the sides of her breasts. Hansen
pretends not to see, as he quickly frisks Cameron. Christine
turns her head so she catches her husband's eyes.

HANSEN
Clean.

But Ryan is nowhere near finished.

RYAN
(to Cameron)
So, what do you think we should do about this, Mr. Thayer?

Ryan squats and runs his hands down to her ankles...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (5)

15

RYAN (CONT'D)

My partner and I just witnessed your wife performing fellatio on you while you were operating a motor vehicle on a busy street.

Now his hands start up the inside of her calves.

RYAN (CONT'D)

That's reckless endangerment...

Hansen looks away, knowing this is bullshit.

RYAN (CONT'D)

...which is a class E felony. Then we could charge your wife here with lewd conduct and performing a sexual act in public.

His hands reach up her thighs into her dress and linger there. Christine looks away from her husband, her rage replaced by humiliation.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Now, you say you're a block from home. We can use our discretion, let you go with a warning. Or we can cuff you and put you in the back of the car.

Ryan removes his hands.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What do you think we should do?

CAMERON

We...we'd appreciate it if you'd...just give us a warning.

RYAN

So, you're not gonna do this kind of thing again?

CAMERON

...No. Sorry. It won't happen again.

RYAN

(to Hansen)

Man's apologizing, Bob. I think we can let them go, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (6)

15

HANSEN

Yeah.

Ryan looks into Christine's face, daring her to say anything. She doesn't.

RYAN

Fine. You can go.

CAMERON

...Thank you.

RYAN

No problem.
(walking away)
You folks drive safe now.

Christine climbs into the passenger seat as Cameron circles the vehicle.

IN THE NAVIGATOR

Cameron gets in the driver's seat, sees Christine is shaking. Puts his hand on hers. She pulls it away.

RYAN

smiles to himself, climbs into the car with his partner, who looks to be bursting to say something. But he doesn't. Ryan pulls out, passing the Navigator.

CAMERON

starts the engine and drives off.

16 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- NIGHT

16

SHEELAN, Farhad's wife, repeatedly slams the back door. Unlike her daughter, she wears traditional dress.

SHEELAN

(in Farsi)
It won't close.

FARHAD stands with Dorri as she loads the gun from the ammo box.

FARHAD

Pull it hard.

She keeps trying as....

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

FARHAD (CONT'D)
(to Dorri/in Farsi)
I can do that!

She snaps the cylinder in place.

DORRI
(in Farsi)
You couldn't even get it open.

FARHAD
(in Farsi)
You have no respect for your father
anymore? Give me the gun.

DORRI
There. Now you can shoot anybody
you want.

She hands him the gun and ammo. He turns on his heel and exits. Dorri follows him into THE FRONT OF THE STORE. Farhad pops open a hidden drawer under the cash register and places the gun and ammo in it.

FARHAD
(in Farsi)
That man could have killed your
mother. You think I should let that
happen? Let crazy people do whatever
they want to us?

Sheelan comes out from the back room.

SHEELAN
(in Farsi)
Farhad, it won't close.

Farhad disappears into the back room.

SHEELAN (CONT'D)
(to Dorri)
You should be at work.

DORRI
I'll call you tomorrow.

She pushes through the front door and...

17 EXT. FREEWAY -- NIGHT

17

The stolen black Navigator veers off the freeway and screams north through a barren part of the Valley. Hip-Hop blares out of the truck speakers.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

No, you want to listen to music of the Oppressor, you go right ahead.

18 IN THE NAVIGATOR

18

PETER

How in the lunacy of your mind is Hip-Hop "music of the Oppressor??"

ANTHONY

And you don't think it is?

PETER

I know that's hard to imagine.

ANTHONY

Listen to it! Nigger-this, nigger that; you think white people walk around calling each other honkies?? "Hey, Honky, how's business?" "Goin' great, Cracker, we're diversifying."

Peter punches the radio, a country western singer wails.

PETER

This better? You like this? Man's singing about lynchin' a nigger.

ANTHONY

And you believe there's a difference?

PETER

(singing)

"Gonna buy me a rope, and lynch me a niggerrrrr..."

ANTHONY

You got no idea where Hip-Hop comes from, do you?

ANTHONY'S POV -- THE ROAD AHEAD

Almost deserted; they fly past small factories and businesses closed for the night.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Only one vehicle in sight, a panel van parked way up ahead on this side of the street.

<p>ANTHONY (O.S.) (CONT'D) See, back in the sixties we had smart, articulate black men. Malcolm X, Huey Newton, Stokely Carmichael, Bobby Seale, Eldridge Cleaver; these brothers were speaking out and people were listening.</p>	<p>PETER (O.S.) (wailing and twanging) "I'd shoot him dead first, but I done broke my triggerrrrr... Gonna get out my sheet, put my hood on my heaaaad...</p>
--	---

A Korean man steps out from in front of the van, stops at the driver's door, searching his pockets.

BACK IN THE NAVIGATOR

<p>ANTHONY The FBI said: "Oh, we can't have that." "I know! Let's give the niggers this music by a bunch of mumbling idiots--</p>	<p>PETER "Gonna string him up good, and then he'll be deaaaad."</p>
---	---

Anthony takes his eyes off the road.

<p>ANTHONY --and they'll all copy it and sooner or later no one will be able to understand a fuckin' word they say! End of problem!"</p>	<p>PETER (chorus:) "In the home of the brave and the land of the freeeee. Gonna have black boys swinging, from each old oak treeeeeeee."</p>
--	--

BAM! They hit something. Both heads snap front, see nothing. They spin around to look behind them: nothing there either.

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON THE DOOR OF THE PANEL VAN

A set of keys sway back and forth in the lock.

BACK IN THE SPEEDING NAVIGATOR

Anthony looks to Peter.

ANTHONY
What the fuck was that?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

As Anthony stomps on the brakes...

19 EXT. THE SPEEDING NAVIGATOR -- CONTINUOUS

19

Choi, the Korean man from the Coffee Bean, is pinned to the undercarriage, screaming!

CHOI

AHHHHHHH!

The brakes lock up as...

THE TRUCK

skids to a stop and they hop out. Peter looks under the fender and comes flying back up.

PETER

Holy shit, we run over a Chinaman!

ANTHONY

What the fuck are you talking about?!

PETER

Why you asking me?! Look under the truck!

ANTHONY

You're saying there's a Chinaman under this truck?

PETER

What do you not understand? There's a Chinaman stuck under the goddamn truck!

Anthony bends down, looks right into the bleeding face of the Korean man. Anthony pops up like he's just been shot.

ANTHONY

Where the hell did he come from?!

PETER

Fuckin' China! What do you mean where'd he come from? He comes from standing up on the street!

ANTHONY

You say he was standing on the street?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

PETER

No, I think he comes with the truck, Anthony! It's an option now, for people who don't want to go through all the trouble of running over their own fucking Buddhahead!

ANTHONY

What the hell he do, leap out in front of the truck?

PETER

I don't know, maybe the FBI planted him under there! You know, to make car-jacking black people look bad in the eyes of the larger community. You got a theory about that, too?

Anthony looks under the bumper again...

CHOI

Help me.

--and pops up again.

ANTHONY

He's talking to me.

PETER

Oh, really? What's he saying?

ANTHONY

This is so completely fucked.

CHOI (O.S.)

Help me.

ANTHONY

Shut up! I'm trying to think!

(paces)

Jesus-Christ-Jesus-Christ-Jesus-Christ. Okay! Come on, get back in the truck.

PETER

You think we didn't drag him far enough?!

ANTHONY

We'll drive away, he'll let go.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

PETER

He's not gonna let go! He's stuck under the fucking truck! If he coulda let go, he probably would have considered that option half a block back!

Anthony leans under the truck, yelling:

ANTHONY

What the fuck you doing standing in the road?! They got no traffic in China?!

The Korean man moans something from under the vehicle.

PETER

What's he saying?

ANTHONY

(to Peter)

I don't know! Mutherfucker thinks he's been hit by a rickshaw!

PETER

Just grab his arm, we'll pull him outta there.

ANTHONY

You see the shape of this man? You grab his arm it's gonna fall off. You're gonna be standing in the street holding a Chinaman's arm. Then what you gonna do?

PETER

You gonna help me or not?

ANTHONY

(notices)

I bet that's his van. We could just stuff him back in it.

PETER

We leave him there, the man dies, and we're up on murder charges.

ANTHONY

So, you think it's better he dies in the back seat of a stolen Navigator

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
with our fingerprints all over him,
that what you're saying?

PETER
We're not stuffin' the man in a van!
Now grab his goddamn arm!

ANTHONY
Oh, fuck.

They reach under and grab the Korean man's hand. Choi screams in pain as Peter and Anthony yank, and we flash to:

20 INT. CAMERON AND CHRISTINE'S ENCINO HOME/GARAGE - NIGHT 20

Cameron's black Navigator pulls into the big garage next to a black BMW. Before it comes to a full stop, Christine is out, slamming the door.

CAMERON
(climbing out)
Christine! Christine!

But she's gone.

21 INT. CAMERON AND CHRISTINE'S ENCINO HOME - NIGHT 21

Cameron enters the two-story California-Cape Cod home. He crosses into their state-of-the-art kitchen, where he sees Christine dialing the phone.

CAMERON
Who are you calling?

CHRISTINE
The police, of course.

CAMERON
Put the phone down and talk to me.

CHRISTINE
I'm gonna report their asses. Sons
of bitches...

CAMERON
It's a waste of breath. It's like
telling a bee not to sting--

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

CHRISTINE

--Or telling a field-nigger not to bow and kiss ass?

CAMERON

Put the goddamn phone down.

She slams the receiver into the cradle.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

CHRISTINE

You have any idea what that was like for me? To have that pig's hands all over me, like that? And you stand there and let him do it and then you apologize to him?? What the fuck was that about?

CAMERON

What did you want me to do? Get us both shot? You were covering that ground all by yourself.

CHRISTINE

Oh, please. They were gonna shoot us on Ventura Blvd.? You really think that was gonna happen?

CAMERON

So, we'd only have been arrested. Why was I thinking that mighta been a poor choice?

CHRISTINE

You're right, much better to let that prick shove his hand up my crotch than get your name in the paper.

CAMERON

Oh, yeah, that's really what I was worried about.

CHRISTINE

It wasn't? You weren't afraid all your real good friends at the studio were gonna read about you in the morning and realize you were actually black?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

CAMERON

You need to go to bed.

CHRISTINE

No, what I need is a husband who will stand up for me while I'm being molested.

CAMERON

They were cops. They had guns. Where do you think you're living? With mommy and daddy in Greenwich?

CHRISTINE

--Go to hell.

CAMERON

Maybe I shoulda let them lock your ass up. I guess sooner or later you should learn what it's like to be black.

CHRISTINE

Fuck you. Like you know; like your childhood was any less privileged. Closest you ever came to being black was watching the Cosby Show.

CAMERON

Yeah, well at least I wasn't watching it with the rest of the equestrian team.

CHRISTINE

You know, you're right, Cam, I got a lot to learn. 'Cause I haven't quite learned how to shuck and jive. Let me hear it again:

(mimicking him)

"Thank you, Mr. Poh-liceman. You sure is kind to us po' black folk. You be sure to let me know next time you wanna finger-fuck my wife."

CAMERON

You know what? Fuck you.

CHRISTINE

Oh that's good. A little anger. A bit late, but nice to see.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

He bangs open his study door and...

22 INT. RICK & JEAN'S HOME (HANCOCK PARK) -- NIGHT

22

Jean swings the breakfast room door open to find an Hispanic locksmith re-keying the door to the garage. He's early twenties, close-cropped hair, baggy pants; his name is DANIEL.

JEAN

How much longer are you going to be?

DANIEL

This is the last door.

JEAN

Thanks.

She exits, walking through the dining room, and into the living room, where she finds Rick with several members of his staff.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(interrupting)

Excuse me. I need to talk to you.

She walks back into the dining room without waiting for a response. Rick turns to KAREN, his top aide (young, black, brilliant).

RICK

Just find Flanagan.

Rick exits to the...

THE DINING ROOM

where Jean waits, arms crossed so tightly they're squeezing all the air out of her lungs.

JEAN

I want the locks changed again in the morning.

RICK

Honey, why don't you go take your bath. Did you check on John?

JEAN

Of course I checked on John, I've checked him every five minutes since

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

JEAN (CONT'D)

we've been home, don't patronize me!
I want the locks changed again in
the morning!

RICK

Shhh, it's okay. Why don't you just
go upstairs and I'll --

JEAN

Didn't I just ask you not to treat
me like a child?

RICK

(starting to lose
patience)

Jean, I have a few things I'm trying
to take care of right now. My career,
in case you hadn't noticed--

JEAN

There are seventeen people in our
living room concerned about your
career, maybe you should consider
being concerned about your wife.

A small rap at the dining room door. MARIA (50ish), their
Salvadoran housekeeper and babysitter, stands with her sweater
and bag in her arm.

RICK

Yes, Maria?

Jean turns away.

MARIA

Sorry, Mr. Rick. Is okay I leave
now?

RICK

Yeah, sure, thanks for staying.

MARIA

No problem. Good-night, Mrs. Jean.

JEAN

Good-night.

Maria exits. Jean speaks to Rick as if English is his second
language:

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

JEAN (CONT'D)

I want the locks changed again in the morning.

RICK

Jean--

JEAN

And you could mention that we'd appreciate it if next time they didn't send a gang member.

RICK

(lowering his voice)

...You're talking about that kid in there?

JEAN

Shaved head, pants down around his ass, prison tattoos?

RICK

Oh for Christ sakes, those aren't prison tattoos!

JEAN

Right, and he isn't going to sell our key to one of his gang-banger friends the moment he's out the door.

RICK

Jean, it's been a tough night. Why don't you go upstairs and--

JEAN

--wait for them to break in.

(now in a rage)

I just had a gun pointed in my face!

RICK

(sotto)

Lower your voice!

JEAN

--And it's my fault, because I knew it was going to happen! But if a white person sees two black men walking toward them and turns and walks the other way, she's a racist, right?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

JEAN (CONT'D)

Well, I got scared and I didn't say anything and ten seconds later I had a gun in my face! Now I'm telling you that your amigo in there is going to sell our house key to one of his homies! And this time I expect you to take me seriously!!

Somewhere in there Rick's eyes went stone cold dead. He speaks softly, through clenched teeth.

RICK

Go upstairs, now.

JEAN

You do not speak to me in that--!

RICK

Have I ever hit you? Well, there's a first time for everything, isn't there?

Furious, Jean turns and slams her way into the kitchen. Rick stares at her, as she makes a show of wiping down the counter, until the swinging door finally comes to a rest. He turns and walks back to the...

THE LIVING ROOM

BRUCE, his second aide, stands as Rick enters. Karen snaps her cell phone closed.

KAREN

Flanagan doesn't think anyone has the story yet.

RICK

Trust me, it'll be in the first edition.

BRUCE

I've called the--

RICK

--Bruce, you can call God himself: I'm the fucking District Attorney, I'm running for mayor on having reduced the fucking crime rate. I get my car jacked, it is gonna make the news.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

(spinning this)

But while you've been making a significant reduction in the crime rate, the mayor has been destroying the financial base of the inner city--

RICK

--That's a good start.

KAREN

--now those people are losing jobs, hopeless, turning to crime....

RICK

Good, good. Fuck! Why did they have to be black? No matter how we spin this I'm gonna either lose the black vote or the fucking law and order vote. I got West Side Jews up the ass. Aren't there any Hasidic kids going bad, stealing cars?

BRUCE

Do you have to say they were black?

RICK

Did you think I should have looked at my own cops and told them I couldn't make out the color of two guys standing less than a foot from me? That's very bright, give yourself a raise, Brucie.

(to Karen)

You know what I need? I need a black man I can pin a medal on. I need a picture of me pinning a medal on a fucking black man. What about that fire fighter who saved those campers in--

BRUCE.

He's Iraqi.

RICK

He's Iraqi? He looked black.

BRUCE

Iraqi. Saddam Khahum.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (5)

22

RICK

Saddam? You want me to pin a medal
on an Iraqi named Saddam?? Are you
out of your fucking mind?!

And Rick blows out of the room, as Bruce wonders why he ever
opens his mouth.

23 EXT. RICK & JEAN'S HOME -- NIGHT

23

Daniel the locksmith drops his toolbox onto his seat. His
battery takes a little longer to turn over from the cold,
but it kicks in and he drives off, passing...

MARIA

who steps out of her dead car and tries to wave him down,
but he doesn't see her.

24 INT. RICK & JEAN'S HOME - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

24

Maria hangs up the wall phone. Jean drops the dishwasher
door open.

MARIA

I just wait for my husband. He fix
my battery.

JEAN

(yanking out the
dishwasher rack)
Are these clean or dirty?

MARIA

All clean.

JEAN

You know, Maria, one night I'd like
to come home and not have to put
away the dishes.

And she closes the dishwasher and walks out. Maria opens
the dishwasher and starts pulling them out.

25 EXT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW - WESTCHESTER -- NIGHT

25

Daniel's truck turns into the driveway of the dark house.
As he switches off the ignition he notices a light burning
in one of the windows.

26 INT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW -- NIGHT 26

The hall lies dark until Daniel opens the front door. He places his locksmith tools onto the floor and slips out of his shoes.

27 INT. HIS DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 27

Daniel eases open the door, finds the room lit by the bedside lamp. The bed is stripped of its pillow and blanket, part of which sticks out from under the box spring.

UNDER THE BED

Daniel lifts the bedskirt. He kneels and lies on the floor. His five year-old daughter, LARA, lies awake under the bed, blanket over her shoulder, pillow scrunched under her head.

DANIEL

How ya doing?

LARA

Fine.

DANIEL

Mom put you under here?

LARA

No.

DANIEL

Huh. So, how's things?

LARA

Okay.

DANIEL

Mm-hm.

(beat)

You didn't get scared or something, did you? There's no monsters in the closet? 'cause I hate monsters.

LARA

There's no such thing as monsters.

DANIEL

That's a good thing, then.

LARA

I heard a bang.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

DANIEL
Like a truck bang?

LARA
Like a gun.

DANIEL
Huh. That's funny. 'Cause we moved
outta that bad neighborhood, not too
many people with guns 'round here.

LARA
You remember when that bullet came
through my window?

DANIEL
I sure do.

LARA
Remember it went through the wall?

DANIEL
Yep, just left a hole.

LARA
How far can bullets go?

DANIEL
Oh, they can go pretty far. But
they usually get stuck in something
and stop.

LARA
...What if they don't?

DANIEL
What do you mean, baby?

LARA
I think it didn't see me, 'cause I
was under the covers.

DANIEL
You think it was looking for you?
(she nods)
You do something to make it mad?

Lara shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Wow. Well, it's a good thing bullets
can't read phone books. It could
find out where we live.

He sees Lara isn't convinced.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Still, I guess it coulda heard
somebody talking. You really think
it was that bullet you heard tonight?

Lara gives a small nod. Daniel settles in, as if only now
realizing the enormity of this situation.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Huh. This is a real problem.

He lies there thinking this problem through.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You think maybe we should move again?

LARA

I like it here.

DANIEL

Yeah. Me, too. But if that bullet
is out there flying around, looking
for you--

(realizes something)

Hold on.

LARA

What?

DANIEL

I am so stupid. How could I forget
this?

LARA

What?

DANIEL

Never mind, you're not gonna believe
me.

LARA

Tell me.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

DANIEL

Okay. When I was five, this fairy came into my room one night.

LARA

(skeptical)

Uh-huh.

DANIEL

See, I told you wouldn't believe me. Okay, you go to sleep now.

LARA

No, tell me.

DANIEL

...Okay, so this fairy comes into my room. And I'm like, "yeah, right, you're a fairy. Tell me something else." Anyway, we're talking, you know, and she's flying around the room, knocking my posters down and stuff.

LARA

She's was flying?

DANIEL

Yeah, she had these little stubby wings. But she coulda glued 'em on or something, right, I'm not gonna believe she's a fairy. So, she says, "I'll prove it." And she reaches into her backpack and pulls out this invisible cloak. And she ties it around my neck, and she tells me it's impenetrable. You know what impenetrable means?

(Lara shakes her head)

It means nothing bad can get through it. Not bullets, nothing. And she says I should wear this cloak and nothing will ever hurt me. So, I did. And my whole life I never got shot, stabbed, nothing. I mean, how weird is that? Only she tells me I'm supposed to give it to my daughter on her fifth birthday. And I forgot.

LARA

Can I touch it?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (4)

27 ~

DANIEL

Sure, go ahead.

She touches his arm.

LARA

I can't feel it.

DANIEL

Pretty cool, huh? If you want, I can take it off and tie it around your shoulders, 'cause she showed me how to do that. Unless you think it's stupid.

LARA

...Don't you need it?

DANIEL

Not anymore. So, what do you think? You want it?

Lara waits, then nods slightly. Daniel reaches in and pulls her out.

ANGLE ON LARA'S BED

Daniel places her on the bed.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Okay.

Daniel "unties" the invisible cloak and takes it off. He wraps it around her shoulders.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Hold your chin up.

She does. He ties it around her neck.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

That too tight?

She shakes her head.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You feel anything at all?

She shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (5)

27

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Good. Then it's just right.

He kisses her on the forehead.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You want to go back under the bed?

She shakes her head. He pulls out her pillow and places it on the bed. She lies down and he covers her.

He turns off her light and kisses her on the forehead.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

See you in the morning, little bear.

He heads for the door.

LARA

Do I take it off when I have a bath?

DANIEL

No, you leave it on all the time.
'Till you grow up and have a daughter,
and she turns five. Then you give
it to her. Okay?

LARA

Okay.

And he closes the door and Lara strokes her shoulder, trying to feel it, then closes her eyes.

28 INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM

28

Daniel sits on his bed beside his sleeping wife, pulls off his socks...and then his beeper goes off. He silences it quickly, checks the read-out. He picks up his shoes and moves quietly out of the bedroom. As he reaches for the door...

29 EXT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

29

Anthony flings open the back door of the stolen black Navigator and starts to pull their "Chinaman" out. Inside, Peter has his legs.

PETER

Wait, my foot's stuck!

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

ANTHONY

Take your time. Who's gonna notice
two black men carrying a bloody chink
outta the back of a Lincoln?

They carry Choi out, drop him beneath the emergency sign and
hurry back.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Muther-fucker ain't dead yet, he's
gonna freeze to death.

They hop in and drop the truck into gear.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

What year was that van he was driving?

As they speed off:

PETER (O.S.)

You want to steal the man's van?
You already took his wallet. What
do you wanna do next: find his house
and shoot his dog?

They disappear around the corner....

30 EXT. BACK OF CONVENIENCE STORE - ALLEY -- NIGHT

30

Daniel yanks open the back door, inspects the door, sees
that it's bowed. He yanks it closed again.

31 INT. STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

31

Daniel tries to turn the bolt, it will only move a quarter
turn.

FARHAD (O.S.)

Closed. Go away. Closed.

32 INT. FRONT OF CONVENIENCE STORE

32

A drunken Hispanic man yanks at the locked front door. Farhad
waves him off.

FARHAD

Go away. Come back tomorrow. Closed.

The man shuffles off as Daniel steps in from the back.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

DANIEL

Excuse me?

FARHAD

I want go home, how long?

DANIEL

I replaced the lock and adjusted it
and it's a little better, but you
got a real problem with that door.

FARHAD

You fix the lock.

DANIEL

I replaced the lock, but the door is
bent, you gotta fix the door.

FARHAD

Fix the lock!

DANIEL

Listen to me, you need a new door.

FARHAD

I need door? How much?

DANIEL

I don't know, you gotta call someone
who sells doors.

FARHAD

You try and cheat me, right? You
have friend who fix door?

DANIEL

I don't have a friend who fixes doors.

FARHAD

You fix lock.

DANIEL

Is there somebody else I should talk
to?

FARHAD

You fix the fucking lock, you cheater!

Daniel pulls out the bill -- printed on blue paper.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

DANIEL

Listen, just pay for the lock, I won't charge you for my time. But you gotta get somebody out here to look at that door.

FARHAD

You no fix but I pay? You think I'm stupid. You cheat, you fix the lock!

DANIEL

I'd really appreciate it if you'd stopped calling me names. It's twenty-four fifty for the lock.

FARHAD

You no fix the fucking lock!

DANIEL

I replaced the lock! You gotta fix the door!

FARHAD

Fucking cheater! You think you can fucking cheat me?

DANIEL

(crumples the bill)

Fine. Don't pay. Have a good night.

Daniel tosses the bill in the waste basket and walks out through the back...

33 EXT. BACK OF CONVENIENCE STORE - ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

33

Daniel hops into his pickup as Farhad comes out, his face beet red.

FARHAD

You fix fucking lock! You fix fucking lock!

Daniel drives off as...

34 INT. LUCIEN'S GARAGE - SUN VALLEY -- NIGHT

34

A Porsche screams into the garage, the garage door slams right behind it. As it disappears into the cavernous room, we see a couple dozen guys chopping up high-ticket cars of all descriptions.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

The Porsche driver parks beside the stolen black Navigator, where Peter and Anthony stand, hands in their pockets, across from LUCIEN GREEN, white.

LUCIEN

No, I understand. You run over a Chinaman, take him to the hospital, then drive right here so that I can share this experience.

(calling off)

Georgie! Take this out somewhere and burn it.

(to Anthony)

You got two seconds to get out of my shop.

ANTHONY

It's a little bit of blood, it'll wash right off.

LUCIEN

Two.

(to Georgie)

Burn these fools with it.

Lucien walks off into his shop as the mountain known as Georgie steps up to the Navigator. Anthony follows Lucien.

ANTHONY

So give us half. You're gonna chop it up anyway, the only thing you gotta burn is the seat.

LUCIEN

You watch the Discovery Channel?

ANTHONY

Not a lot.

LUCIEN

Every night there's a show with somebody shining a little blue light and finding tiny specs of blood spattered on carpets and walls and ceiling fans, bathroom fixtures, and special edition plastic Burger King drink cups. Then the next thing they show is some stupid redneck in handcuffs, who looks absolutely stunned that this is happening to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

him. Sometimes, the redneck is actually watching the Discovery Channel when they break in to arrest him. And he is still stunned: "How could this have happened to me?" Do I look like I wanna be on the Discovery Channel?

ANTHONY

No.

LUCIEN

Then get the fuck out of my shop!

ANGLE ON THE NAVIGATOR

Georgie puts the truck in reverse as Peter reaches in to pluck St. Christopher off the dashboard.

ANTHONY

(walking past)

Yeah, make sure you get that. Because without him, things coulda gone wrong tonight.

As they exit....

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

And for your information, he's got shit to do with driving; that's some Catholic marketing shit. He's the patron saint of lost souls.

PETER

Did we get lost?

35 INT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE - BALDWIN HILLS -- NIGHT

35

Looking in from the backyard we barely discern the two naked bodies lost in each other. We hear the passionate sounds of sex and find Graham in bed, on top of Ria, her legs wrapped around his back.

RIA

Oh God! Oh God yes! Yes!

Her fingers dig into his back. He screams, she screams louder. That's when the phone rings.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

GRAHAM

Jesus!

It rings again. He reaches for it.

RIA

Don't you dare!

GRAHAM

It could be S.I.D.

RIA

Don't you--!

He answers it, faking his best "just another day" voice.

GRAHAM

(into phone)

-- Graham Waters.

She pushes him off the bed. His naked body lands on the floor. He holds onto the phone, then:

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I'm sorry, this is Graham. Hello?

Naked and sweaty, Ria grabs the bottle of water on the nightstand, gulps it down.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yeah.... No, Ma. He's not here.

RIA

(suddenly ashamed)

Oh, God, it's your mother?

GRAHAM

(into phone)

No, I can't go looking for him. Ma?
Because I can't. He'll be home,
leave it alone.

(finally)

Ma? I gotta go, I'm having sex with
a white woman.

That gets Ria's attention. She gets up, searches for her clothes. He watches her.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Ma, I'll call you tomorrow. Bye.

He hangs up.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Sorry. Where were we?

RIA

(pulling on her pants)

I was white and you were about to
jerk off in the shower.

GRAHAM

Oh, come on. I woulda said Mexican
but it wouldn't have pissed her off
as much.

RIA

That's funny, 'cause if my mother
knew I was sleeping with a black
man, she'd never speak to me again.
Where's my goddamn blouse?

GRAHAM

You put it on I'm just gonna have to
rip it off.

As she yanks on her clothes....

RIA

You gotta keep everybody at a certain
distance, don't you? What happen,
you start to feel something and panic?

GRAHAM

Ria--

RIA

Because I am so looking forward to
hearing the "we can't mix career and
personal life" speech again. Like
it's such a big mystery which one
you'd choose.

GRAHAM

You're pissed because I answered the
phone. It could have been important.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

RIA

That's just where I begin to get pissed. I don't know how I could have had sex with a man who could talk to his mother like that.

GRAHAM

This is about my mother?? What do you know about my mother?

RIA

I know if I was your father I'd give you a beating.

GRAHAM

Yeah, I was raised badly. Take those clothes off and teach me a lesson.

RIA

You want a lesson? How about geography? My father is from Puerto Rico, my mother is from El Salvador; neither one is Mexico.

GRAHAM

So, then I guess the big mystery is: who gathered those remarkably different cultures together and taught them all how to park cars on their lawns?

She gives him a look that should cut through to the back of his head, then exits, slamming the door behind her.

36 INT. RYAN'S BURBANK DUPLEX - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

36

Ryan wakes from his sleep. He listens for a moment; something woke him.

37 INT. DUPLEX HALLWAY

37

Ryan, in T-shirt and boxers, steps out and walks toward the sound of someone groaning. He stops at the bathroom door, which sits slightly ajar.

RYAN

How you doing, Pop?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

POP RYAN (O.S.)

If I could piss I'd be doing a lot better.

(keeps himself from crying out)

Jesus. All right. I'm done, give me a hand.

Ryan pushes open the door. POP's in his 70's, but frail and in pain, which makes him seem more frail. Ryan holds out a hand. Helps Pop up.

POP RYAN (CONT'D)

Wait a goddamn minute.

(reaching for his pajamas)

Okay.

Ryan pulls his father up. Pop pulls his pajamas up at the same time.

RYAN

You're okay. You're okay.

As they head out:

POP RYAN

Stop, stop. I gotta go back.

They turn around. Pop grabs hold of the sink, pulls down his pajamas and looks to his son.

POP RYAN (CONT'D)

You gonna stand there and stare at me?

Ryan moves off as Pop eases himself onto the seat, the pain obvious on his face.

38 EXT. RYAN'S DUPLEX -- NIGHT

38

Ryan steps onto his small concrete porch and stares out at his quiet street and the freeway in the distance. And the night sky turns to dawn, and the dawn to morning and...

39 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - BACK ALLEY -- EARLY MORNING

39

The metal door has been forced and lies open. Farhad enters.

40 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

40

He walks through the storage room and into the store where he stops dead; the place has been ransacked; what hasn't been stolen has been smashed, racial slurs spraypainted on the walls. The front door lies open.

Shaniqua, the woman for the HMO, stands there, unsure what she just stepped into. She isn't sure she should ask, but...

SHANIQUA

Do you have any cigarettes?

Farhad goes behind the counter. There's almost nothing left.

FARHAD

What kind?

SHANIQUA

American Spirit Lights.

He finds one pack.

FARHAD

Five seventy-five.

Shaniqua hands him six.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

I don't have change.

SHANIQUA

That's okay.

41 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

41

Shaniqua drops into the seat of her car. Behind her a yellow school bus passes. In one of its windows we see Daniel's daughter, Lara, watching the world pass.

42 INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR -- MORNING

42

LT. BEN DIXON, African-American, steps into the hall with Officer Hansen. They speak quietly as they walk.

HANSEN

I don't want to cause any trouble,
Lieutenant, I just want a new partner.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

DIXON

I understand; your partner is a racist prick, but you don't want to stir up any bad feelings with him.

HANSEN

He's been on the force a long time--

DIXON

Seventeen years.

HANSEN

--and I still have to work here, sir.

DIXON

So, you don't mind that there's a racist prick on the force, you just don't want him in your car.

Hansen sees he's being boxed in.

HANSEN

If you need me to go on the record about this, sir, I will.

DIXON

That'd be great, write a full report. Because I am anxious to understand how such an obvious bigot could have gone undetected in this department for seventeen years, eleven of which he was personally supervised by me. Of course that doesn't speak highly of my managerial skills, but that's not your concern. Can't wait to read it.

Hansen gets it loud and clear.

HANSEN

What if I told you I wanted a new partner for personal reasons?

DIXON

So, now you're saying he's not a racist, you just don't like him.

HANSEN

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

DIXON

That's not a good enough reason.

HANSEN

Then I should think of a better one and get back to you.

DIXON

You think I'm asking you to make one up?

HANSEN

No, sir. I just can't think of one right now.

DIXON

You want to know what I heard? I heard it was a case of uncontrollable flatulence.

HANSEN

You want me to say he has flatulence?

DIXON

Not him; you. You have uncontrollable flatulence and are too embarrassed to ride with anyone else, so are requesting a one man car.

HANSEN

I'm not comfortable with that, Lieutenant.

DIXON

I wouldn't be either; which is why I understand your need for privacy. Just like you must understand how hard a black man has to work to get to, say, where I am, in a racist fucking organization like the LAPD -- and how many senior officers, White, Latino, Asian and even Black, will look for any reason not to further promote the aforementioned black officer. But that said,

(stops, looks him
dead in the eye)

IA is the next door on the left.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

42

DIXON (CONT'D)

Which gives you about ten seconds to decide if you want to put your career and mine on the line in pursuit of a just cause, or if you have an embarrassing problem of a personal nature.

Off Hansen's gaping mouth we cut to...

43 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE -- MORNING

43

Rick signs a document and hands it to one of his ADA's, looks to Karen.

RICK

He just shot the guy?

He grabs his jacket and heads out with Karen.

RICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Did they know each other, this some kind of grudge thing?

KAREN

Not as far as we can tell.

44 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CORRIDOR -- MORNING

44

Rick and Karen walk with purpose.

RICK

You think it was racially motivated?

KAREN

A dozen people heard the shots, no one saw anything.

RICK

Has the mayor made a statement?

KAREN

"Waiting for the results of the investigation."

RICK

Who do we have on it?

KAREN

Graham Waters.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

RICK

Tell him he talks to no one but me;
I want a report by three-thirty, my
office. I want to make the five
o'clock news.

And they're out the door.

45 INT. COLUMBIA STUDIOS - STAGE 24 -- DAY

45

Cameron rises from his director's chair.

CAMERON

Cut! Print! Moving on.

The crew broom the set as Cameron and his female FIRST A.D.,
head off for the next set.

FIRST A.D.

The office called, Fred is on his
way down. He has some thoughts.

CAMERON

Oh, Christ.

FIRST A.D.

(calling out)

Okay people, we're in the bungalow,
scene forty-six!

She pushes open the door to the bungalow set and we cut to...

46 CLOSE ON A TV

46

A black and white film, two men in a rowboat, talking in
Swedish with English subtitles.

ANTHONY (O.S.)

You gotta see this.

ANGLE TO REVEAL ANTHONY

on the sofa, watching as he finishes his cereal, as Peter
pulls his jacket on. This is Anthony's bungalow -- walls
lined with bookshelves jammed with paper backs of all sorts.

PETER

They still in the boat?

ANTHONY

You know what this is?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

PETER

Yeah, it's two guys in a boat, let's go.

ANTHONY

No, what it is, is absolute proof of the inferiority of the white race.

PETER

...They're fishing.

ANTHONY

I'm not talking about the guys in the boat; I'm talking about the guy who rented this.

Peter heads out, Anthony grabs his jacket and follows.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Listen up. It's Friday night; he's dressed sharp, he's looking good--

47 EXT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- MORNING

47

Anthony closes the door and follows Peter to the curb, where they climb in his old Toyota.

ANTHONY

--he has a Lincoln with fully reclining leather seats and a hot woman on his arm. And how does he plan to spend the evening? Watching a movie about some ugly-ass Norwegian fisherman. That video in there may be the best evidence I have ever seen as to why the races should not mix.

Peter turns the key. Nothing. He turns it again. Nothing.

PETER

You got Triple A?

ANTHONY

Yeah, and I got health insurance, too.

They climb out and start to walk.

48 EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

48

Peter sees a bus coming, waves at it.

ANTHONY
...What the hell are you doing?

PETER
Waving down the bus.

ANTHONY
Put your hand down! Are you out of your mind? You actually expect me to get on a bus?

PETER
No, I was really hoping we could walk into town, because we never do that anymore.

Walking off down the sidewalk.

ANTHONY
You have no idea, do you? You have absolutely no idea why they put those great big windows on the sides of buses? One reason only: to humiliate the people of color who are reduced to riding on it.

PETER
I did not know that.

ANTHONY
What you don't know could fill the Staples Center. And the thing is, you just don't want to know. You'd rather just get on a bus.

PETER
Kings are playing tonight.

ANTHONY
What??

PETER
Staples Center; Kings playing the Red Wings. Wanna go?

ANTHONY
How many times you asked me this?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

PETER

Thought you might change your mind.

ANTHONY

You don't like hockey. The only reason you say you like it is to get to me.

PETER

How long have I been telling you I wanted to be a goalie?

As the bus wipes frame:

CAMERON (V.O.)

Cut! Print!

49 INT. STAGE 24 -- MORNING

49

CAMERON

(continuing)

Moving on! Real nice work, Jamal.
Good work, Eddie.

The crew start to break the camera and lights down.

FIRST A.D.

Okay, we're in scene twelve.

FRED, the abnormally-tanned executive producer flirting with the script girl, realizes that they're moving on and calls out for every one to hear:

FRED

Hold on-hold on! Cam, you got a second?

Fred scampers after Cameron.

CAMERON

Yeah, Fred?

The First AD shares a "here it comes" look with the camera operator as Fred walks Cameron over to craft services.

FRED

I think we need another take, buddy.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

CAMERON
(restraining himself)
I don't know, Fred, that last one
was pretty terrific.

FRED
This is gonna sound strange, but...
is Jamal seeing a speech coach or
something?

CAMERON
What do you mean?

FRED
Have you noticed--this is weird--but
have you noticed that he's talking a
lot less black lately?

CAMERON
I'm afraid I haven't noticed.

FRED
Yeah, it's odd for a white guy to
say, but he just isn't sounding
anywhere near as black. This last
scene, he was supposed to say, "Don't
be talkin' bout dat." And he changed
it to "Don't talk to me about that."

CAMERON
And you think, because of that change,
people won't recognize him to be a
black man?

FRED
Is there a problem here, Cam?

CAMERON
No problem.

FRED
Because all I'm saying is it's not
his character. I mean, Eddie is
supposed to be the smart one. Not
Jamal, right? I mean, you're the
expert here, but to me it rings false.

CAMERON
(decides to eat it)
Okay, Fred.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

CAMERON (CONT'D)
(calling to crew)
One more, please!

FIRST A.D.
Everybody back, one more please!

FRED
Thanks, buddy.

Cameron heads back to his director's chair, feeling the eyes of the crew as they reassemble the camera and redress the set. We follow Fred off toward the exit, passing JAMAL.

FRED (CONT'D)
Hey, Jamal.

JAMAL
What was wrong with that?

FRED
Nothing. Cameron just wants one more.

FIRST A.D.
Okay, here we go!...

50 INT. KAISER PERMANENTE - ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES - MORNING

50

Shaniqua Johnson enters, wearing an overcoat, carrying a briefcase and finishing a Starbucks latte.

SHANIQUA
Damn I thought I left Chicago ten years ago. You know how cold it is out there?

CAROL, her assistant, sits behind her desk.

CAROL
I'd turn up the heat but I can't find it.

SHANIQUA
(checking)
Who have I got?

CAROL
Mr. Ames canceled, but you have a walk-in. Name is Ryan.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

Shaniqua turns to see Officer Ryan, dressed in his civilian clothes, who sits waiting.

SHANIQUA

Send him in.

Shaniqua exits to...

51 INT. SHANIQUA'S OFFICE -- SECONDS LATER

51

Shaniqua opens the file, looks up to see Ryan step into her cubicle. She stands and holds out her hand.

SHANIQUA

Mr. Ryan my name is Shaniqua Johnson.
I believe we spoke last night.

RYAN

Yeah, well I should probably apologize
for that crack.

SHANIQUA

That'd be a start.

RYAN

I haven't been sleeping a lot. My
father is in a lot of pain.

SHANIQUA

(like a stone)

I'm sorry to hear that.

RYAN

This doctor he's been going to tells
him he has this urinary tract
infection, and he's been taking this
medicine for a month now, and he's
just getting worse.

SHANIQUA

(reading file)

And he's been back to see Dr.
Robinson?

RYAN

Yeah, and between me and you the man
is an idiot.

SHANIQUA

Really?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

RYAN

No offense, but the guy sees a hundred patients an hour. I think his nurses do most of the work.

SHANIQUA

(reading file)

Your father's been to see three different doctors in the network for the same complaint--

RYAN

Robinson and two others at emergency. They looked at him for two minutes and referred it back to Robinson.

SHANIQUA

If you're unhappy, you're father is welcome to see a doctor outside the network.

RYAN

And if this new doctor says it isn't an infection, says it's his prostate and it needs to be operated on, is that covered?

SHANIQUA

No. Not unless Dr. Robinson--

RYAN

So, what good would that do? We don't have the money to pay for an operation.

SHANIQUA

(with finality)

I'm sorry but there is nothing else I can do.

RYAN

(beat)

Do you know what I can't do? I can't look at you without thinking of the five or six better qualified white men who didn't get your job.

SHANIQUA

Time for you to be going.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

RYAN

I'm saying this because I'm really hoping I'm wrong about you. I'm hoping that someone like yourself, who may have been given a helping hand, might have a little compassion for someone in a similar situation.

Shaniqua picks up her phone and speaks into the intercom:

SHANIQUA

Carol, I need security in my office.

RYAN

You don't like me? Fine, I'm a prick. But my father doesn't deserve to suffer like this. He's a good man. He was a janitor, struggled his whole life, saved enough to start his own company. Twenty-three employees, all black. Paid them equal wages, when no one else was doing that. Forty years he worked side by side with those men, sweeping, carrying garbage.

The burly security guard appears at her door. She motions for him to not to interrupt.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Then the city council decides to give minority-owned companies preference in city contracts. And overnight, my father loses everything. They give the contract to a black man that charged twice as much and paid his men half as well. And do you know what my father said? Nothing. He lost his business, his home, his wife, and not once did he blame you people.

(beat)

I'm not asking you to help me. I'm asking that you do this small thing for a man who lost everything so that people like you could reap the benefits. And do you know what it's gonna cost you? Nothing. Just the flick of your pen.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

SHANIQUA

You're father sounds like a good man. And if he'd come in here today I probably would have approved this request. But he didn't come in, you did. And for his sake, that's a real shame.

(to security guard)

Get him out of here.

Ryan strides out of the room, the guard following.

52 INT. KAISER PERMANENTE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- CONTINUOUS 52

Ryan's face hardens with anger, until he bangs through the double glass doors.

53 INT. LOCK & KEY COMPANY - DISPATCH OFFICE -- DAY 53

A delivery man enters with lunch, bringing us to the OFFICE MANAGER, a large white woman, who is less than sympathetic.

OFFICE MANAGER

(into phone)

Sir, I spoke to our employee. He told you that you needed to replace or repair the door.

54 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- AT THAT MOMENT 54

Dorri steps through the door, unprepared for the extent of the damage.

FARHAD (O.S.)

I call you to fix lock!

There's almost nothing on the shelves, the floor's a river of glass and liquids. Her mother scrubs the walls, trying to remove the spray-painted ethnic slurs. "Die Towelheads." "9-11! 9-11!" "Go home Arab Scum."

DORRI

You all right?

SHEELAN

(in Farsi)

Thank God your father can't read it. They think we are Arabs. When did Persians become Arabs?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

FARHAD (O.S.)

He says he fix lock! You come here,
you see how fix it is!

SHEELAN

(to Dorri)

You should be at work.

DORRI

I switched shifts. Let me help you.

SHEELAN

Help your father.

Dorri crosses to the counter, where she finds her father
screaming into the phone.

FARHAD (V.O.)

I want his name, you give me name.

OFFICE MANAGER

(phone filter)

Sir, I can't give you his name.

FARHAD

This bastard no fix my lock! You
give me name!

OFFICE MANAGER (V.O.)

I'm going to hang up now, sir.

FARHAD

You hang up on--

Click.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

Son-of-a-bitch!

He slams down the phone. Dorri tries to put her arms around
him.

DORRI

It's okay; it's okay, Dad.

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

Okay? This is okay? It's okay that
we are ruined?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2)

54

DORRI

Did you call the insurance company?

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

Of course I called the insurance company, am I an idiot?

He moves off toward his wife.

DORRI

Dad?

FARHAD

(to his wife/in Farsi)

Sheelan, don't wash that off! We need to show them.

DORRI

(more insistent)

Dad?

FARHAD

What?!

DORRI

Did they take the gun?

ANGLE ON THE CASH REGISTER

Farhad snaps open the hidden compartment, pulls out the drawer. The gun's still there.

DORRI (CONT'D)

Thank God.

55 INT. RUTH'S APARTMENT - COMPTON -- DAY

55

Graham sweeps a bent rusty spoon and other drug paraphernalia off the kitchen counter into a drawer and closes it. The apartment door lies open behind him. Without removing his coat, Graham steps deeper into the apartment. He sees RUTH sitting on the balcony, a woman in her fifties, on the nod. He steps out onto the balcony and squats beside her.

GRAHAM

Ma?...It's cold.

Her eyes flutter open but don't find him before they close again. Graham picks her up in his arms, carries her into....

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

HER BEDROOM

and lays her on the bed and pulls a blanket over her. She opens her eyes.

RUTH

Did you find your bother?

GRAHAM

No, Ma.

RUTH

I was doing good, baby. 'Till he didn't come home. I was doing real good.

GRAHAM

I know, Ma.

RUTH

(forgot she asked)

Did you find your brother?

GRAHAM

Not yet, Ma.

RUTH

Tell him to come home. Tell him I'm not mad, okay?

GRAHAM

Okay.

And she closes her eyes again. Graham kisses her forehead. He looks to a photo on the bureau. It's a birthday party for Graham, age sixteen. Ruth holds Graham's infant brother in her arms. She looks young and healthy. Better times.

ANGLE ON RUTH'S REFRIGERATOR

Graham opens it, checks out the meager contents, opens the carton of milk and smells it: rancid. He drops it in the trash.

56 INT. RIA'S SEDAN -- MOMENTS LATER

56

Graham approaches. Ria pops open the door locks and Graham jumps in.

RIA

You apologize to your mother?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

GRAHAM
Couldn't. She wasn't there.

RIA
S.I.D. called. They found a little
surprise in the Mercedes.

Graham gives her a look as a garbage truck wipes frame...

57 INT. STAGE 24 -- DAY

57

The grips fly a wall revealing...

FIRST A.D.
That's lunch, one hour! We're back
at three o'clock.

The crew breaks. Cameron heads for the stage door. The grips push it open and he sees Christine standing outside, waiting for him.

58 EXT. STUDIO LOT -- DAY

58

She meets him and they walk together.

CHRISTINE
I tried to call, it sounded like you
were having a hard day.

CAMERON
Yeah.

CHRISTINE
I got scared, Cam. I mean, it's not
like I haven't been pulled over
before. But never with you, and
this is going to sound dumb, but --
I think of you as this big, brave
man. And I was a little drunk and I
shouldn't have been mouthing off --
but when that man put his hands on
me...I just couldn't believe you'd
let him do that. I know what you
did was the right thing, I know that,
but...I was humiliated for you. I
don't care what he did to me...I
couldn't stand to see that man take
away your dignity.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

CAMERON

(coldly)

Yeah. That's what happened.

CHRISTINE

Don't do this.

CAMERON

You're right. Leave it at that.
I've got to go.

And he walks away.

CHRISTINE

Do not walk away from me! You
bastard, don't walk away from me!...
Cam!!He keeps going, she fights back tears and rage. Turns on
her heel and...

59 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- DAY

59

Farhad exits with another trash can full of broken glass.
Dorri waits for KEN HO, the Korean insurance adjuster, to
get off his cell phone.

KEN HO

Yeah, I understand. Thanks.

Ken hangs up.

DORRI

So, what's the deductible?

Farhad puts down the can, approaches with a look to Dorri.

KEN HO

Has your father read his policy?

DORRI

He doesn't read English.

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

What is he saying?

KEN HO

So, here's the thing. You were told
to fix the door...

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

FARHAD

I tell him fix door!

KEN HO

Mr. Gourki, you told me you called
the locksmith.(Dorri translates
simultaneously)Which would have made it their
responsibility. But they said their
man told you that you needed to
replace the door, and you didn't do
so.

DORRI

So you're saying it's *his* fault?

KEN HO

(Dorri translates)

The insurance company is calling it
negligence. They're not covering
any of this.

FARHAD

Nothing. No money.

He looks at Dorri, turns away, picks up the waste-paper basket full of glass and carries it out to the parking lot. Ken turns to Dorri.

KEN HO

Why did he have to tell me about the locksmith? I would never have found out. It would have been... My family owned a liquor store, I know what it means to be uninsured. You shouldn't have told me. I am so sorry.

60 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- DAY

60

Farhad sits on the curb. Ho passes on his way to the car. Dorri steps out of the door, sits beside him, puts her arm around him.

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

I can't tell your mother.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

DORRI
 (in Farsi)
 I'll drive you home, we'll tell her
 together.

FARHAD
 (in Farsi)
 No, you have to get to work.

DORRI
 I'll call and--

FARHAD
 (in Farsi)
 You aren't going to lose your job,
 too. You go. We'll tell your mother
 tomorrow. Let her sleep tonight.

DORRI
 Okay, dad.

FARHAD
 You go now.

DORRI
 Okay.

Dorri hugs him hard before walking away. Farhad picks up the waste-paper basket, empties it and heads back inside, dropping it behind the counter before moving on.

We stay on the empty basket until Farhad comes back. He reaches in and peels a wet piece of blue paper off the bottom. He flattens the paper onto the counter. It's the locksmith's bill. Farhad finds the phone book and flips through it as we push in to the bill, until we see the legible signature at the bottom: *Daniel Lorca*.

61 EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - THE VALLEY -- AFTERNOON 61

The back door opens; officers come out in pairs and head to their assigned squad cars. Hansen walks alone toward his. He sees Ryan leaning up against it, waiting. Hansen is confused and apprehensive. Ryan nods to him as he approaches.

RYAN
 Hey.

HANSEN
 Hey.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

HANSEN (CONT'D)

(an awkward beat)

Maybe they didn't tell you? I've
been reassigned.

RYAN

Yeah, they told me. I just wanted
to say good luck and good riding
with you.

Ryan offers his hand. Hansen takes it, shakes. Ryan doesn't
let go.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Wait 'till you've been on the job a
few more years.

HANSEN

Yeah.

RYAN

Look at me. Wait 'till you've been
doing it a few more years. You think
you know who you are? You have no
idea.

Ryan releases his hand, pats him on the shoulder and walks
off toward his new partner, GOMEZ, who waits by his car.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Yo, Jose. We rolling?

OFFICER GOMEZ

I am.

They get in the car and pull out. Hansen gets in his and
starts the engine. Over his radio he hears:

OFFICER'S VOICE

Yeah, Base, I'm having some

(fart sound)

--trouble with the radio.

(fart sound)

--some sort of strange interference.

(fart sound)

Anybody else?

ANOTHER OFFICER'S VOICE

Yeah--

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

ANOTHER OFFICER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(fart sound)

--I have

(fart)

--it on mine,

(fart)

--too. Anybody else?

Hansen clenches his jaw and drives out.

62 INT. POLICE IMPOUND GARAGE - NORTH HOLLYWOOD - AFTERNOON

62

A squad car passes to reveal an S.I.D. officer popping the trunk of the Mercedes. Ria and Graham step up. He throws back the floormat to reveal the wheel well -- in place of the spare tire lies stacks of bills, bound by rubber bands. Lots of stacks.

GRAHAM

(angry)

Shit.

He slams the trunk.

63 EXT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW - WESTCHESTER -- LATE AFTERNOON

63

A battered white Honda pulls to the curb. On the seat is an open phone book. Behind the wheel sits Farhad. He looks to the house across the street. A yellow school bus pulls up, blocking his view. It honks its horn and drives away, and we see a couple kids disperse onto the sidewalk. One of them waves to the others; Lara, Daniel's daughter. Lara's mother meets her and walks her inside. There's no truck in the driveway.

Farhad pulls the gun out from under the phone book, opens the cylinder and sees that it is loaded. He snaps it closed and shoves it back. And waits.

64 EXT. LAUREL CANYON BLVD - STUDIO CITY -- DAY

64

Ryan and Gomez step out of their squad car to find out why traffic ahead is at a standstill.

THEIR POV

Over the tops of the cars they see a tractor trailer with a mangled grill, an engine fire raging, and a black BMW sitting wheels up in the middle of the road.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

BACK TO SCENE

RYAN

Call it in!

Ryan takes off at a run. He covers the distance in a few seconds.

65 EXT. LAUREL CANYON BLVD - CRASH SITE -- CONTINUOUS

65

A couple of motorists stand near the inverted BMW, unsure what to do. The roof on the driver's side has been crushed; the car lies tilted forward with its hood on the ground and trunk in the air. Gasoline streams down from the ruptured tank.

Ryan gets to the car and drops to the pavement on the passenger side of the car. The window open. He sees the driver, scrunched upside down, still belted into her seat.

RYAN

Ma'am? Ma'am can you hear me?

No response. Ryan puts his head through the window. Sees the gasoline dripping down into the car. Hears the soft voice of a woman crying.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ma'am? We're gonna get you out of there.

Gomez runs up, looks in.

OFFICER GOMEZ

EMS is rolling, they'll be here in two minutes.

(sees gas)

Mother of God.

RYAN

Get an extinguisher, get that fire out.

Gomez runs back to the patrol car.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ma'am, are you hurt? Can you move?
Ma'am?

Just quiet painful sobs. Ryan looks at the pooling gas running out from the car, in the direction of the truck.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

He realizes she may not have two minutes, makes his decision.

RYAN (CONT'D)

It's okay. I'm gonna get you out.

He snakes his torso into the passenger seat, leaving his feet dangling out the window.

66 INT. UPSIDE DOWN BMW -- CONTINUOUS

66

Ryan feels around for the seat buckle.

RYAN

It's okay. It's okay.

Drifting out of shock, the woman turns to see Ryan's face right in front of hers and SCREAMS. It's Christine.

CHRISTINE

Stay away from me! Get away from me!

She flails at him.

RYAN

Lady, I'm not gonna hurt you.

CHRISTINE

(still swinging)

Don't touch me! Don't touch me!
Get away from me!

RYAN

LADY! I'm trying to help you!

Anger is taking over from shock:

CHRISTINE

Fuck you! Not you! Not you!
Somebody else!

Ryan ignores her, reaches across her lap to find where the belt is snagged. She flails at him again, striking his back.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

NO! Keep your filthy fucking hands
off me!

RYAN

Stop moving! I've almost got it!

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

CHRISTINE

Noooo!

Ryan screams in her face:

RYAN

Lady, I am not going to fucking hurt
you!!

And she starts to sob uncontrollably.

CHRISTINE

Please. Please. Don't touch me.

And Ryan looks into her face and sees her pain and
humiliation, and knows he was the cause of it. Finally:

RYAN

(quietly, kindly:)

Ma'am? Ma'am, there's no one else
here yet, and that's gasoline there,
so we have to get you out right away.

She looks, noticing the dripping gasoline for the first time.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Your seat belt is caught on something,
it's jamming the buckle. Can you
feel where it's caught?

She tries.

CHRISTINE

No.

RYAN

I need to reach across your lap.
Can I do that, please?

She nods, fear starting to play on her face.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

He reaches across her lap, tugging her skirt down a little
to cover her bare leg. He can't get it loose.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I need you to move a little, can you
do that?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

She nods, tries to move. He jams his hand in again and works the buckle.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Are you hurt, anything broken?

CHRISTINE

I don't think so.

RYAN

That's good.

CHRISTINE

Are you going to get me out?

RYAN

Yeah, I'm gonna get you out.

CHRISTINE

Okay.

RYAN

(his hands slips into
something sharp)

Fuck!

Ryan reaches into his pocket and pulls out a jackknife. He works away at the seat belt.

67 EXT. LAUREL CANYON BLVD - CRASH SITE -- CONTINUOUS

67

A fire truck pulls up as Gomez gets to the flaming cab with the extinguisher. Gomez turns, sees that

THE FLAMES

have caught on the leaking gasoline.

GOMEZ

runs to try and beat the flames to the BMW.

OFFICER GOMEZ

Ryan! Get out of there!

68 INSIDE THE BMW

68

Ryan works to cut the belt. Suddenly they both notice the rush of approaching fire. Christine shrieks, Ryan keeps cutting, just an inch to go when...

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

THE FLAMES

burst into the car, enveloping them. Ryan cuts the belt loose and suddenly he is yanked out by the feet! He makes a grab for Christine.

CHRISTINE

grabs for him, misses.

69 RYAN

69

is pulled from the flaming car by his partner and a fireman. Ryan kicks at them and crawls right back in.

70 CHRISTINE

70

sees him coming for her, reaches out.

RYAN

grabs her wrists and

71 GOMEZ AND TWO FIREMEN

71

Pull and

RYAN

drags Christine out with him.

GOMEZ AND THE FIREMEN

pull Ryan and Christine away from the car and toss a blanket over them, smothering the flames that have caught on their clothes. In the background, the other firemen attack the flames.

RYAN

sits on the pavement, cradling Christine tightly in his arms as she sobs. Christine looks up at him, sobbing, confused, angry, grateful -- she searches his eyes for answers, some way to make sense of what just happened.

RYAN

Shhhh. Shhhhhh.

The PARAMEDICS gently lift Christine out of Ryan's arms.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

PARAMEDIC

It's okay, we just have to check
you. It's okay. Can you walk?

(she nods)

Let's just take you over the
ambulance.

Ryan lets her go and they walk her toward the waiting
ambulance, continuing to QUESTION HER.

CHRISTINE

throws one look back over her shoulder -- hate filled with
fear and gratitude.

RYAN

watches her, equally confused, overwhelmed and embarrassed
by his feelings.

72 INT. COLUMBIA STUDIOS - STAGE 24 -- DAY

72

CAMERON

And cut.

Cameron sits slumped in his director's chair. He says
nothing. The A.D. looks to him with the implied question:
are we printing or doing another? Then, tentative:

FIRST A.D.

...So, what do you want to do?

Cameron doesn't move, doesn't say anything. People start to
notice and grow silent. And still Cameron just sits. And
the A.D. and all the crew and actors just wait.

73 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - CORRIDOR -- DAY

73

Graham and Ria wait with Bruce, the D.A.'s second aide.
Graham glances down the hall, sees the open door to the press
room, members of the press waiting impatiently. Graham turns
as he hears Rick and Karen and two other members of the D.A.'s
staff hurrying up the marble steps.

BRUCE

(to Rick)

They're all in the press room.

RICK

I need two minutes.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

Bruce heads for the Briefing Room. Rick turns to Graham.

RICK (CONT'D)

IA says this Dryer has two suspicious shootings on his record -- both black men, both times he was cleared but only just. You been able to determine who shot first?

GRAHAM

No, sir.

RICK

Plays either way. Dryer gets cut off by a black man, pulls a gun, starts waving it around. Officer Lewis believes his life is in danger, pulls his own gun, fires, misses. Dryer kills him. You know any reason why we shouldn't go with that?

RIA

It looks a little complicated, sir.

RICK

Who are you?

GRAHAM

This is Sgt. Banya, my partner.

RIA

You know my mother, Marita Banya.

RICK

(no idea who she is)
Please say hello to her for me.

That was a test; he just failed.

RIA

I will.

RICK

Can you give us a moment, Sgt.?
Thanks.

Ria tosses a look to Graham as Rick walks him a few steps away.

(CONTINUED)

RICK (CONT'D)

(to Graham)

What the fuck is she talking about?

GRAHAM

It appears Officer Lewis may have been involved in some kind of illegal activity.

RICK

Oh, Christ.

GRAHAM

We found over three hundred thousand dollars in the trunk of the car he was driving.

RICK

Shit.

KAREN

That was the Mercedes? I thought that wasn't his car.

GRAHAM

It's registered to a Cindy Bradley, we haven't been able to speak to her yet; apparently she left town this morning.

RICK

So, it's not his car? So, the money may not be his. He may not have known anything about it.

KAREN

Or it may have been money seized in a bust and Officer Lewis was on his way to turn it in.

GRAHAM

He was off duty.

KAREN

But either of these things are possibilities. There could be a half a dozen other legitimate reasons.

GRAHAM

We'll keep exploring all possibilities.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (3)

73

RICK

Latasha Harlins, Rodney King, these names ring a bell, Detective?

GRAHAM

Yes, sir.

RICK

I have attorneys for this dead officer's family camping out in my office. I have his friends and neighbors and a half-dozen men of the cloth who swear that Lewis was one of the twelve apostles of Christ. And I have two black city councilmen, a state senator and the congresswoman from the 33rd District who call me every hour on the hour demanding to know what I intend to do here. You want me to walk into that press room and tell them all that the situation is "complicated"? Do you have any idea what could happen to the city if I do that?

(to Karen)

I gotta take a piss.

Rick disappears into the Men's Room. Graham shares a look with Ria, who remains a safe distance away. Karen turns back to Graham.

KAREN

Walk with me.

Karen walks Graham off down the corridor.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Who knows about the money?

GRAHAM

Myself, Sgt. Banya and Ferguson in S.I.D.

KAREN

John Ferguson?

GRAHAM

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

(nods/a beat)

Can I rely on your partner?

GRAHAM

I've always been able to. Of course, we've never been asked to destroy evidence.

KAREN

The money is S.I.D.'s problem. And since we aren't going to prosecute a dead man, there is no case to investigate, so it isn't evidence of anything.

GRAHAM

Coroner's report comes in tomorrow, my bet is it says Lewis was coked out of his head.

KAREN

Again, that would be my problem. You coach ball down in Compton, right?

GRAHAM

Yeah.

KAREN

So, then you're the man to ask. Those kids, what do you think they need in the way of a role model, another rapper, basketball player?

GRAHAM

I don't know.

KAREN

Sure you do, it's why you're down there working with them. To give them someone to look up to, right?

GRAHAM

You don't know anything about me.

KAREN

Oh, you'd be surprised. Rick Fields is going to be mayor, and I believe he will be the best friend the African-American community has ever had in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KAREN (CONT'D)

this town. One of the reasons is because he isn't afraid to surround himself with strong, intelligent black men and women. How do you think he knows your name and not your partner's?

(beat)

So, what do you think those kids need, you know, to inspire them, to make them believe they can accomplish their dreams? To make them believe they can even dream in the first place? Do you think they need another drug-dealing cop, or do you think they need a fallen black hero?

GRAHAM

You want me to help you crucify Detective Dryer.

KAREN

This makes three black men dead by his gun. You think you know what's in his heart?

(beat)

For me, this is a no-brainer. I took a trip last summer to an old southern plantation, where my great-grandparents were slaves. What used to be a swamp is now a beautiful canal lined with elms and magnolias. It's a big tourist attraction run by the descendants of the plantation owners, with paintings and statues of their daddies and grand-daddies everywhere. Oddly, nowhere could I find a mention of my grandfather, or the one hundred and sixty-eight other slaves who died or lost limbs dredging that swamp and digging that beautiful canal. Only two photographs included black people, whose smiling faces testified to the fact that this family only owned happy, two-legged Negroes. We have lived with injustice for over three hundred years. Now, I don't know if this Dryer is a nigger-hating cop, and I don't know if Officer Lewis is the saint his mother

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (6)

73

KAREN (CONT'D)
makes him out to be. But I do know
we've given enough martyrs to the
cause. What's so wrong with one
from their side?

And they've circled right back to the hall by the press room.
Rick steps out of the Men's Room, approaches Karen and Graham

RICK
So, Graham, do I have something to
tell these people or not?

After a moment.

GRAHAM
Given Officer Dryer's history...
I'd say it's pretty clear what
happened last night.

RICK
(already moving/to
Karen)
Then let's do this.

Graham watches Rick and Karen walk down the hall into the
press room. Ria steps to up to him.

RIA
Did we solve our case?

They walk off....

GRAHAM
Did you want to eat?

RIA
Do I want to eat?

GRAHAM
I'll pick you up after. I gotta do
something.

They move off. In the background Rick steps to the podium
and addresses the press.

74 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S PRESS ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

74

Members of the press yell questions at him about the car
jacking.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

RICK

Before I get to the reason I called you here, I know you've heard that my wife and I had our car jacked last night.

(the crowd murmurs)

The car hasn't been recovered, but we're both okay, and that's all that matters. However, I now believe I know exactly what drove these men to do such a desperate thing. You see, I think these men had been to that video store at least half a dozen times, trying to rent that video, and it was always out. And when they saw us walking away with it, it was just too much. So they snatched it, and took the car to make a getaway.

Some members of the press laugh, others shout out questions, but Rick doesn't acknowledge them and presses on.

RICK (CONT'D)

Now. Just after nine p.m. last night, a shooting occurred at a parking lot on Ventura Blvd. in Studio City. Officer William Lewis, a six-year veteran of the force and an active member of his community was gun-downed by a fellow officer.

75 INT. RUTH'S APARTMENT -- EARLY EVENING

75

The thick drapes are pulled tight, it looks like a cave in here. Graham stands in the kitchen, looking at his mother, passed out cold on the sofa. The image breaks his heart. He pushes it out of his mind, turns and places the two Whole Foods bags down on the counter. He opens Ruth's refrigerator and fills it with groceries.

76 EXT. ENCINO SIDE STREET -- EARLY EVENING

76

Cameron's black Navigator glides to a stop at a quiet intersection. It's just a stop sign and there's no cross traffic, so there's no reason for the truck to just sit there. It should move on. It doesn't.

77 INT. THE NAVIGATOR

77

Cameron sits, oblivious to the fact that he should be driving forward. He's lost and in pain, and not sure exactly where he is going. And his impulse is to turn around, go home. And that's when the driver's door is jerked open and a gun is shoved through it --

ANTHONY (O.S.)

Gimme the keys!

The passenger door jerks open as another gun comes in--

PETER

Get outta the car!
Get outta the car!

ANTHONY

Gimme the keys! Gimme the--

Anthony freezes when he sees Cameron's black face staring back at him with dead eyes.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

--what in the fuck?!

PETER

Get outta the car! You deaf? Get
out of the car!

Cameron ignores Peter, ignores the gun Anthony has pointed in his face -- just stares.

ANTHONY

Don't you hear the man? Get out of
the muth--

Cameron jabs Anthony in the chest with the palm of his hand. Anthony is knocked back as Cameron steps out.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing? Don't
touch me, nigger!

The Navigator starts to roll. Peter scrambles over the seat to keep the car from driving up onto the lawn, as...

CAMERON

bangs Anthony again. Both hands to the chest. Anthony falls back, trips on the curb--

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

Stunned by what he sees, Peter jumps out to help.

PETER

Hey!

ANTHONY

lands awkwardly on his ass--

ANTHONY

You stupid mutherfucker!

--aims his gun. Cameron kicks him in the gut.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

OHHHHH!

Anthony buckles in two. Cameron stomps on his gun hand, pins it to the ground, and with his other foot kicks Anthony in the gut, sending him rolling into the street.

Cameron ignores the gun on the ground, just stalks Anthony.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

Peter now has his gun aimed at Cameron's back.

PETER

I'll shoot you! Back off or I'll shoot you!

Cameron kicks Anthony again.

ANTHONY

AHHH!

PETER

Stop kicking him! I'll shoot you dead!

ANTHONY

Stop talking and shoot this muther--

Cameron kicks him again. This time Anthony rolls and grabs Cameron's legs, pushing him back, knocking him down...and the two men roll in the street, swinging on each other. Peter inches closer, gun pointed at Cameron, trying to figure out what to do.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Shoot him! Shoot the prick!

The sound of a car passing in the distance makes Anthony look up. A block away he sees...

A SQUAD CAR

passes through an intersection. It brakes just before it disappears completely.

PETER

reacts.

PETER

Shit! Cops!

AT THE INTERSECTION

The squad car backs up and shines its spot toward them.

PETER

Grabs Cameron and throws him off Anthony.

PETER (CONT'D)

Cops!

Peter takes off. Anthony scrambles after him -- but Cameron grabs his ankle and twists him back to the ground. Anthony tries to kick him away. Sees the gun on the street. Reaches for it as THE SIREN bursts and...

CAMERON

jerks his head around to see:

THE SQUAD CAR

turn from the intersection and head their way, cherry-top flashing.

CAMERON

panics. It makes no sense, but he lets go of Anthony's leg and runs for his car as....

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (3)

77

PETER

jumps a fence. His coat catches, tears. He drops into a garden and disappears behind the house.

ANTHONY

sees the squad car screaming toward them. Sees

CAMERON

climbing into the driver's seat.

ANTHONY

jumps in through the open passenger door, aims the gun at Cameron's head.

ANTHONY

Get out of the car!

The squad car lights hit them from behind.

OFFICER AMES

(over loudspeaker)

Step out of the car!

Cameron stomps on the accelerator--

78 EXT. ENCINO SIDE STREET -- CONTINUOUS

78

THE NAVIGATOR climbs over the lawn and through two hedges before finding the street again.

OFFICER AMES

grabs for the radio as his partner, OFFICER BARR, stomps on the accelerator.

79 INT. NAVIGATOR

79

swerving through the side streets.

ANTHONY

Get the fuck out of the car!

CAMERON

You get out of the car!

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

ANTHONY
I'll blow you away! Get outta the
car!

CAMERON
You get out of the car!

ANTHONY
Get the fuck out of the car!

Cameron swerves around a corner.

80 EXT. SIDE STREETS -- NIGHT

80

A second squad car joins in the pursuit, pulls in right behind
the Navigator.

81 INT. SECOND SQUAD CAR -- NIGHT

81

It's Hansen, reading the plate number into his radio--

HANSEN
One Baker Apple--
(realizes)
I know this guy.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
Say again?

82 INT. NAVIGATOR -- CONTINUOUS

82

They're still screaming at the top of their lungs:

ANTHONY
Get out of the fucking car!!

CAMERON
You get out of the car!!

ANTHONY
Get out of the fucking car!!

CAMERON
It's my fucking car!

ANTHONY
It's my fucking gun!

Cameron snatches it away from him in one swift stroke.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

CAMERON
It's my fucking gun now!

ANTHONY
Give me my fucking gun!

CAMERON
Get out of my car!

Suddenly Cameron slams on the brakes. And

83 EXT. CUL-DE-SAC -- NIGHT

83

The NAVIGATOR skids to a stop just inches from the concrete embankment.

ANTHONY
Cul-de-sacs! You need another fucking reason why black people have no business living in Encino?!

HANSEN'S SQUAD CAR

brakes at the entrance to the cul-de-sac. The other squad goes right past, pulling in behind the Navigator. Officers Ames and Barr spring out, shotguns drawn and aimed.

OFFICER AMES
Hands in plain sight! Step out of the vehicle!

IN THE NAVIGATOR

Anthony sees no escape route; slides down in his seat.

CAMERON
Get out of my car!

ANTHONY
You so brave, you get outta the car!

HANSEN

Pulls his sidearm and assumes a backup position.

IN THE NAVIGATOR

Cameron turns to Anthony, who is hunching down in his seat.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

OFFIER AMES

Hands in plain sight, step out the
of vehicle!

Cameron pulls up his sweater and jams the handgun into the
belt in the small of his back. He flings open the door and
steps out into..

THE CUL-DE-SAC

CAMERON

This what you want? You want me,
pig fucks?

OFFICER AMES

cocks his riot gun.

ANTHONY

sinks down deeper in the seat.

HANSEN

takes aim.

OFFICER AMES

Lie face down on the ground, spread
your arms and legs.

CAMERON

No, you lie on the ground, you spread
your arms and legs!

OFFICER AMES

Sir, I need you to lie on the ground.

CAMERON

And I need you on the ground!

ANTHONY

is crouching so low he's almost on the floor.

OUTSIDE

Cameron moves forward until the barrel of Officer Barr's
riot gun is just inches from his face.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

83

OFFICER BARR

Don't come any closer. Down on your knees.

Cameron swivels and redirects his wrath to Officer Ames.

CAMERON

Fuck you! You get on your knees!

OFFICER AMES

On your knees, now.

CAMERON

You get on your knees and suck my dick while you're down there!

HANSEN

watches, sweating, as Cameron is pinched between two cops and their shotguns.

CAMERON

keeps moving in on Officer Barr.

OFFICER BARR

Do I look like I am fucking joking with you?

CAMERON

Yeah, you look like a fucking joke!
You look like a bad fucking joke!

OFFICER BARR

This man is making threatening gestures.

HANSEN

sees exactly how this is gonna end.

CAMERON

This isn't threatening gestures.
You want to see threatening gestures?!

Hansen holsters his weapon and strides right up between Cameron and the two cops.

HANSEN

I know this man!

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (3)

83

OFFICER AMES

Get back!

HANSEN

I know this man!

OFFICER AMES

Get out of the way!

HANSEN

Give me some fucking room, will you?!
I know this man!

CAMERON

(to Hansen)

Who the fuck are you?!

OFFICER BARR

(to Hansen)

Step away!

HANSEN

(to officer Ames)

Fuck off and give me some room!

OFFICER AMES

Are you fucking nuts? Get out of
the way!

CAMERON

(to Officer Barr)

Fuck you!

Hansen spins on Cameron.

HANSEN

You see what's happening here? You
want to die here?! Is that what you
want?? 'cause these guys really
want to shoot you, and the way you
are acting they will be completely
fucking justified.

CAMERON

Fuck you.

OFFICER AMES

Step away from him!

(CONTINUED)

HANSEN

(to Cameron)

Fuck me? I'm not the one who is fucked here! You're the one who is fucked, 'cause you're the one who is gonna have his head blown across the street and onto that man's patio!

OFFICER BARR

Officer Hansen, step away now!

HANSEN

(turns on them)

He's a friend of mine, ok?! He's a fucking friend of mine! He is not armed and he is not gonna shoot me or anybody else! So give me two fucking seconds here!

Barr and Ames share a look. They don't back off, but they stop shouting. Hansen turns back to Cameron and speaks softly.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

Are you starting to understand the situation here?

The shock is wearing off and Cameron is starting to grasp the insanity of the situation.

CAMERON

...What the fuck you want?

HANSEN

Unless you think your wife is gonna be better off with a husband who has a bloody stump for a head, I want you to step back into your vehicle, put your hands on the steering wheel and do nothing until I speak to these officers. You think you can do that?

CAMERON

....Yeah.

HANSEN

(to other cops)

I've told this man to step back into his vehicle and keep his hands in plain sight.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (5)

83

OFFICER BARR

What?

HANSEN

(to Cameron)

Do it.

Cameron turns, walks back to the Navigator, opens the door and climbs in.

ANTHONY

stares at him as if he is a patient from an insane asylum. Cameron pulls shut his door.

HANSEN

steps over to Officer #1. #2 joins them.

OFFICER AMES

This man better be related to you by blood, because this is fuckin' nuts.

HANSEN

--I need this favor. You can run his name and license -- there's no priors, no warrants. I need to let him go with a warning.

OFFICER AMES

...What kind of fucking warning?

HANSEN

A harsh warning.

Reads the stunned silence as agreement.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Hansen walks back toward the Navigator.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

(angrily)

You've been warned, you understand?
Do you understand me?

Cameron stares back defiantly.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (6)

83

CAMERON

You want to do something to me? I'm
right here.

HANSEN

I am trying to fucking help you.

CAMERON

Did I ask for your help?

HANSEN

(beat)
Go home.

CAMERON

That I can do.

Cameron starts the engine as Hansen turns and walks back to
the other cops.

HANSEN

(to cops)
Thanks guys.

OFFICER AMES

You're writing this up.

The cops get back into their cars as the Navigator pulls out
past them and cruises off.

84 INT. THE NAVIGATOR

84

Anthony stares up from the floor in disbelief, tries to figure
out what in the hell just happened.

85 EXT. CUL-DE-SAC

85

The Navigator disappears and the cops back out, passing
Hansen. Officer Ames leans out the window.

OFFICER AMES

(to Hansen)
No wonder no one will fucking work
with you.

And they're gone, leaving Hansen alone in the cul-de-sac.

86 INT. NAVIGATOR

86

Cameron drives down Ventura Blvd. Anthony slowly pulls himself up into his seat, still trying to figure out what Cameron's angle is here. Cameron pulls over to the curb.

CAMERON

Look at me.

Cameron hands him back his gun.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

You embarrass me. You embarrass yourself.

For the first time in his life, Anthony's got nothing to say. He shoves his gun into his pocket and gets out, and the Navigator pulls away. He walks off down the sidewalk.

87 EXT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW - WESTCHESTER -- NIGHT

87

Farhad watches in his rearview mirror as Daniel's truck glides down the street and pulls into his driveway, giving a little toot of his horn.

88 INT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS

88

Lara runs to the window, sees that...

LARA

Daddy's home!

89 EXT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS

89

Farhad opens the door of his Honda and starts across the street, toward the truck in the driveway, toward Daniel, walking down the sidewalk. Daniel looks up, momentarily confused, recognizing Farhad but not remembering from where...

DANIEL

How's it going?

The front door opens and LARA starts out just as...

FARHAD raises the pistol and steps right up to Daniel...

FARHAD

You give my money.

DANIEL

What money?

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

LARA
Daddy?

DANIEL
(calling)
ELIZABETH! Come get Lara!

LARA
Daddy?

FARHAD
You pay my store! I take truck! I
take house! You pay my store!

ELIZABETH, Daniel's wife comes bursting out to see what's
going on--

ELIZABETH
Oh, dear Lord!

LARA
Daddy!

Elizabeth grabs Lara and yanks her back toward the open door.

DANIEL
You go inside, honey.

FARHAD
I want money! You give me house!

DANIEL
It's not my house!

FARHAD
I want truck!

DANIEL
It's not mine either!

LARA
Daddy!

DANIEL
Elizabeth, take her in the house!!

Elizabeth tries to do that but Lara fights her.

LARA
Daddy!!

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

DANIEL
 (digging for his wallet)
 Here, take it. I got about fifty
 dollars in--

Farhad grabs the wallet and flings it away, money flying.

FARHAD
 Fifty dollars?? I lose everything!
 You cheat! I lose everything! You
 give everything!

Farhad's whole arm shakes from fear and anger.

CLOSE ON LARA AND ELIZABETH

As Lara suddenly has a horrible realization...

LARA
 Oh, no. Oh, no.

ELIZABETH
 (yanking on her)
 Daddy'll be okay.
 Come in the house.

LARA
 He hasn't got it! I
 have it! He hasn't
 got his invincible
 cloak!

DANIEL
 I don't know what you're
 talking about, but I don't
 have that kind of money.

FARHAD
 You lie! This your house!
 This your truck!

DANIEL
 I'm not lying man. Take
 the truck!

And Lara squirms out of her mother's grip and runs toward
 her father.

ELIZABETH
 Lara!!

FARHAD
 You lie! You cheat me!
 You son-of-a-

LARA
 Daddy!

Daniel doesn't see her coming until she's almost upon him,
 leaping into his arms. Just as Farhad's finger jerks on the
 trigger....BANG!

The bullet hits Lara straight in the back...

FARHAD (CONT'D)
 (in horror)
 AHHHHH.

ELIZABETH
 (running)
 Lara!!!!!!

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (3)

89

Daniel knows she is dead without even looking. The horror registers on his face -- and on Farhad's.

But then, Daniel forgot something. Lara's wearing her impenetrable cloak. Which is why she's able to lift her head and look into his eyes.

LARA

It's okay, Daddy. I got you.

DANIEL

What?

Daniel feels her back, no sign of a wound, no sign of a hole, this is impossible. Elizabeth is right there, throwing her arms around her daughter and husband. Farhad looks at his smoking gun.

ELIZABETH

Baby!

LARA

It's okay, daddy's okay.

Farhad opens his mouth to apologize but can't say anything. He drops the gun to his side.

LARA (CONT'D)

(to her dad)

Take me inside.

Daniel just stares at Farhad. Lara wraps her invisible cloak around her father's shoulders. Whispers in his ear.

LARA (CONT'D)

It's a really good cloak.

And Daniel turns and walks his family into his house. Closing the door behind them. Leaving...

FARHAD

standing on the street, his mind reeling. Catching glances from neighbors who are sneaking out to look at the crazy man with the gun in his hand.

90 INT. POLICE STATION - LOCKER ROOM -- NIGHT

90

Hansen sits on the bench, changing his clothes with the rest of the cops who are coming off shift. He looks around. The last cops exit, leaving him to dress alone.

91 EXT. VENTURA BLVD. -- NIGHT

91

Anthony stands hitching at a corner of the busy street. No one is ever gonna pick him up and he knows it. Which is when he sees:

A BUS

heading in his direction. And...

ANTHONY

looks away, sees that he's standing at a bus stop. Shit. As the bus stops and the doors open, Anthony has to make a decision.

92 INT. HANSEN'S 1993 CROWN VICTORIA -- NIGHT

92

Hansen drives home along Sepulveda, barely listening to the country and western song that plays softly on the radio, his mind on the night's events.

He passes a hitch-hiker but thinks nothing of it, just another black kid. Then something strikes him. He stops, considers, smiles to himself. The hitchhiker runs up to his window. He opens the door and climbs in we see that it's Peter.

PETER

Really appreciate this.

HANSEN

No problem.

Being a cop, Hansen can't help checking Peter out.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

Don't usually stop.

PETER

Don't usually hitch.

HANSEN

How long you been out there?

PETER

Hour maybe.

HANSEN

That's a big surprise.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

PETER

(smiles)

Yeah, this ain't exactly pick up a brother territory.

HANSEN

(smiles)

True.

(beat)

So, where you heading?

PETER

Anywhere the other side of the hill.

HANSEN

I'm going to El Segundo.

PETER

El Segundo's cool.

Hansen laughs as if he doesn't believe that for a second. They drive for a moment.

PETER (CONT'D)

Good music.

Hansen gives him a look. He doesn't believe that either.

PETER (CONT'D)

No, really. I'm starting to understand it. Wrote a country song myself just yesterday.

HANSEN

I'll bet you did.

PETER

My hand to God.

We notice Hansen is tapping his left leg double time to the music, a little too fast. The adrenaline is still pumping through him, and he's fighting it.

PETER (CONT'D)

That's some rhythm you got working.

Hansen gives him a sideways glance; pays a little more attention to his clothing now, particularly the small tear in his baggy coat.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

HANSEN

So, what was happening in the Valley tonight?

PETER

Ice skating.

HANSEN

Ice skating?

Hansen notices the mud coating Peter's sneakers.

PETER

I'm thinking of becoming a goalie.

Hansen forces a chuckle.

PETER (CONT'D)

You think that's funny?

HANSEN

I think you're having a good time.

Peter lets it go, looks around -- notices there's a little plastic statue of St. Christopher on the dash. And he starts to laugh.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

Something else funny?

PETER

(still laughing)

Oh yeah.

HANSEN

So, what's that?

PETER

Just people, man.

HANSEN

People like me?

PETER

No, man, I'm not laughing at you.

HANSEN

Yeah, I can see that. How about you laugh outside?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (3)

92

PETER

Why you getting all bent outta shape?

HANSEN

I'm not getting bent, just pulling over.

And he does.

PETER

Come on, man, keep driving, I said I'm not laughing at you.

HANSEN

And I'm not telling you to get out of my car.

PETER

You want me to show you? I'll show you.

Peter thrusts his hand deep into his jacket pocket. Hansen reacts instinctively:

HANSEN

Take your hand out of your pocket!

PETER.

--Fuck you.

HANSEN

--Put your hands where I can see them!

PETER

--Who the fuck do you think--

HANSEN

Hands in plain sight!

PETER

You want to see what's in my fucking hand?!

Peter jerks his hand up out of his pocket and Hansen swings his revolver out with his left hand and fires.... hitting Peter dead in the chest. Peter looks down at the hole in his chest, looks at his right hand, opens it to reveal the plastic statuette.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (4)

92

HANSEN

Oh God. Oh God.

And it's obvious to both of them that Peter is going to die. And Hansen reaches over for him, and supports his neck as Peter gurgles blood...and looks back at Hansen, dumfounded. And while they look in each other's eyes, Peter dies.

And Hansen panics.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

Oh God. Oh no. Oh God.

93 EXT. SEPULVEDA BLVD -- CONTINUOUS

93

He steps out of the car, looks up and down the dark road, his mind racing. A car approaches. He thinks about waving it down. Doesn't. He gets back in the car, forces himself to look at the body. And then... he reaches for the door handle, yanks it... and Peter's body falls backward, out onto the street. And rolls into the weeds. As the Crown Victoria pulls away.

94 INT. HANSEN'S 1993 CROWN VICTORIA -- CONTINUOUS

94

Hansen stares straight ahead, his mind gone numb.

95 EXT. SEPULVEDA BLVD -- CONTINUOUS

95

The sedan disappears into the distance we:

FADE TO BLACK

96 OVER BLACK

96

CRASH! Metal crunching, tires skidding, horns blaring. Then a long silence. Finally:

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

You okay?

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Freezing.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Weather's gone nuts.

We FADE UP to find:

97 EXT. SEPULVEDA BLVD -- NIGHT

97

Graham and Detective Grace at the crime scene.

GRAHAM
What happened here?

DETECTIVE GRACE
(nods toward ditch)
Dead kid. You want it?

Graham calls down into the ditch:

GRAHAM
Hey, Sammy, any reason I want this?

Sammy, the Coroner Tech, shrugs.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
(to Detective Grace)
No, you keep it, you're doing good.

Graham walks down into the gully. He spots a sneaker in the tall grass, marked by a red evidence flag. And a feeling starts to creep over him. Not a good feeling. He turns to look at the body, steps toward it, sees...

PETER'S FACE

Lifeless. Dead eyes stare back at him. Until they're zipped into a body bag.

GRAHAM'S FACE

turns to ash.

EXTREME HIGH ANGLE

A city bus is waved through.

98 INT. RTD BUS - A BARREN PART OF TOWN -- NIGHT

98

Anthony glances out the window at the shuttered stores and factories. He looks at the other occupants of the bus, an old black couple and three Hispanic housekeepers, laughing, in the midst of an animated story. And he thinks "this is my fucking life." And looks back out the window. And sees something he recognizes. He yanks at the bell and stands.

99 EXT. CLOSE ON A SET OF CAR KEYS -- NIGHT 99

They hang in the lock of the van door, exactly as we last saw them. Anthony's hand reaches in and turns them.

ANGLE TO REVEAL ANTHONY AND "THE CHINAMAN'S" PANEL VAN

Anthony climbs in, turns the engine over and drives off down the deserted street. Smiles.

100 INT. KAISER PERMANENTE HOSPITAL -- NIGHT 100

Kim Lee, the Korean Woman who rear-ended Ria, frantically searches the rooms on either side of the hospital corridor--

KIM LEE

Choi Jin Gui! Choi Jin Gui!

A nurse steps out, grabs her arms.

NURSE

Can I help you?

KIM LEE

Choi Jin Gui! Choi Jin Gui!

NURSE

I don't know what you're saying, do you speak English?

KIM LEE

I am speaking English, you stupid cow! My husband, Choi Jin Gui!

NURSE

You're telling me that's his name?

KIM LEE

Yes!! Choi Jin Gui! Choi Jin Gui!!

101 INT. HOSPITAL WARD -- NIGHT 101

The Nurse opens the door and the Korean woman bursts in.

NURSE

You need to be quiet, ma'am.

KIM LEE

Jin Gui! Oh my God, Jin Gui!

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

So much for quiet. The woman runs to the bed near the window and throws her arms around her husband, "the Chinaman", who "wakes" from a drug-induced sleep, heavily bandaged.

CHOI

...Kim Lee?

KIM LEE

(in Korean)

My God, I didn't know where you were!
I couldn't sleep, I thought you were
dead -- I called every hospital.

CHOI

(in Korean)

I was trying to tell them -- they
didn't understand.

KIM LEE

(in Korean)

Look at you.

CHOI

It's okay, I'm okay.

She kisses him repeatedly, as if barely believing he is alive.

KIM LEE

(in Korean)

They told me it might be you. I
went crazy, speeding. I drove into
a car, smashed up our beautiful car.

CHOI

Oh, My God, are you all right?

KIM LEE

(nods, then...)

I got in a big fight with some poor
woman. I called her names.

He laughs through the pain.

KIM LEE (CONT'D)

Oh, fine, laugh at me. Your wife
almost dies of worry, laugh at her.

He laughs harder.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

KIM LEE (CONT'D)

(half-teasing)

You're a horrible man, you don't
deserve a wife who would die for
you.

He takes her by the face and kisses her tenderly on the lips.

CHOI

Thank you for finding me.

She smiles through tears that finally burst free of her
eyelids.

KIM LEE

I love you.

CHOI

Will you do something for me?

KIM LEE

Anything.

CHOI

Go to the locker.

She walks to the four lockers that line the entrance to the
ward.

CHOI (CONT'D)

The second one.

She finds it, opens it.

CHOI (CONT'D)

In my shirt pocket.

She reaches in, pulls out a check -- the company check that
the other Korean man gave him in the deli.

CHOI (CONT'D)

Bring it here.

She does. He motions her to lean close. He folds it into
her hand and whispers into her ear.

CHOI (CONT'D)

Cash it right away.

102 INT. CITY MORGUE -- NIGHT

102

Tears welling in his eyes, Graham stands with his mother, Ruth, in front of a covered stretcher. A female Coroner Tech reaches in and takes the sheet off the body. Ruth sees Peter's face, she lets out a moan and her legs buckle under her. Graham catches her.

Ria stands by the door. She's done this scene a hundred times, but it's never easy to watch - especially when it's someone you love. She opens the door as Graham helps his mother out.

We see the Coroner Tech's face for the first time. It's Dorri, working the late shift. Dorri covers the body and looks up as she hears a co-worker rapping on a glass divider, holding up a phone.

103 INT. MORGUE WAITING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

103

Graham and Ria lower Ruth onto the bench.

RUTH

My baby, my baby.

Ria goes to the corner to get her a drink from the machine. Graham, his face tear stained, kneels there beside his mother.

GRAHAM

Shh. It's ok. Shhhh.

(beat)

I promise you. I promise you I'll find out who did this to him.

RUTH

(looks at him)

I already know.

Graham looks back, confused.

RUTH (CONT'D)

You did.

His mind reels as he tries to grasp her meaning.

RUTH (CONT'D)

We weren't much use to you anymore anyway, were we?

As her meaning stabs him in the heart...

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

RUTH (CONT'D)

(reassuringly)

It's okay, you got things to do.
You got business. You go ahead,
I'll sign the papers.

GRAHAM

...Ma?

RUTH

He came home. You know that? My
little boy. When I was sleeping.
He brought me groceries. Last thing
he did.

(beat)

It's okay, son. You go on now. I
just want to wait with my baby, okay?

And Graham gets to his feet somehow finds the strength to
walk down the hall.

RIA

watches, her heart breaking for both of them.

104 INT. CHOP SHOP - EL SEGUNDO -- NIGHT

104

Anthony pulls the ten year-old panel van into the garage.

LUCIEN

Do I look like the Salvation Army?
Are you here to make a donation,
because I'm sure as hell not gonna
take that piece of shit van.

ANTHONY

Just give me whatever.

Georgie circles the panel van, looking it up and down.

LUCIEN

I ask you for a black Lincoln
Navigator. I got someone waiting
for a black Lincoln Navigator. I
might even take a white one and paint
it black.

Georgie opens the back doors and holds his hand over his
nose.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

You think if I paint this it's gonna
look like a black Lincoln Navigator?

GEORGIE

You should see this.

Lucien and Anthony step to the rear of the panel van, look
in to see:

A DOZEN OR SO ILLEGAL ALIENS

All Korean; incredibly thin, scared, their clothes filthy
and urine drenched, chained together, men, women and children,
the chain locked to the van with a padlock.

Lucien and Anthony are speechless. Until...

LUCIEN

Okay, I'll take the van.

ANTHONY

They're chained to the van.

LUCIEN

So, I'll take them, too.

ANTHONY

You want to buy these Chinamen?

LUCIEN

Don't be ignorant. They're not
Chinamen, they're Korean; entirely
different kinda chink. How much you
want for them? Georgie, count 'em
up.

As Georgie counts:

ANTHONY

What the hell you gonna do with them?

LUCIEN

Sell 'em. In Koreatown. I'll give
you five hundred a piece. Or we go
partners and split it fifty-fifty.
And you can keep the van.

Anthony looks at the Koreans and...

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

MARIA (V.O.)
Mister Rick?

105 INT. GOVT. BUILDING - PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT

105

Rick drops his briefcase into his car as he strains to hear his cell phone.

RICK
What's wrong?

106 INT. RICK & JEAN'S HOME -- AT THAT MOMENT

106

Maria, their housekeeper, speaks on the bedroom phone.

MARIA
Missus Jean needs to talk to you.

She hands the phone to Jean, who sits in bed, her ankle taped and propped on a pillow.

JEAN
Rick?

RICK
What's wrong?

JEAN
I fell on the stairs.

RICK
My God, are you okay?

JEAN
When I couldn't reach you I called Helen and Marge and Susan...I couldn't get through to anyone.

RICK
Did you get to the doctor?

JEAN
Yeah, Maria drove me, it's just a sprain. I just couldn't get through to anyone. Mary Ellen was the only one home. You know what she told me? She had a yoga class. She's been my friend twenty years.

RICK
The bitch.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

JEAN

Not one of my friends was there when
I needed them.

RICK

But you're okay?

JEAN

Yeah, I'm okay.

RICK

I'm on my way.

JEAN

Thanks.

Jean puts the phone back on the cradle as Maria returns with
a cup of tea.

MARIA

You want to sit up?

JEAN

Sure.

Maria puts the cup down. She wraps her arms around Jean's
shoulders and pulls her up so that Jean's leaning against
the headboard. Maria goes to move away, but Jean holds on.
Her eyes are tearing up.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(sniffling)

You want to hear something funny?

MARIA

Okay.

JEAN

You're my best friend.

Jean kisses her on the forehead before letting her go.

107 INT. THE CHINAMAN'S PANEL VAN -- NIGHT

107

Anthony drives alone in the night, through a desolate part
of town. He notices something odd, through the windshield.

It's starting to snow.

Anthony looks up at the sky: what the hell is going on here?
He shakes it off and keeps driving.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

A slim hand reaches through the chain-link divider behind the seat, the fingers touch his head. Anthony jerks his head away. Another tiny hand reaches out and touches his ear. Anthony swats it away. A third hand reaches to touch his head, then a fourth, a sixth. Anthony tries to ignore them now, just keeps his eyes on the road and drives into the night. Suddenly his face is lit by a distant fireball reaching into the sky. Anthony turns and looks across the distant the dirt field.

108 EXT. DIRT FIELD -- NIGHT

108

As the fireball settles, the flames consume a 1993 shit-brown Crown Victoria. Hansen walks away silhouetted by the flames. He tosses a gas can into the field, then peels off his work gloves and stuffs them in his pocket before cutting across the field. When we finally see his face clearly we can tell he is a man destroyed, lost, no idea how he got here, oblivious to the snow falling around him.

109 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- NIGHT

109

Dark, save for the moonlight filtering through the windows. The glass door opens, Dorri enters.

The headlights of a passing car reveal Farhad sitting alone in the empty store, the gun in his hand, his face ashen and strained.

Dorri crosses to her father, squats before him. He looks into her eyes, tries to find the words, can't. She stares down at the gun, fearing the worst.

DORRI

What did you do?

(no answer)

Dad, what did you do?

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

I shot a little girl.

Dorri gasps.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

(in Farsi)

She's fine. She isn't hurt. I was this far from her, I shot her in the back.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

DORRI

Oh my god.

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

She was the lamb of redemption.

DORRI

What are you talking about?

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

You don't know your faith... she was
the lamb of redemption. She saved
me. She saved us all.

He hands her the gun.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

Take it. Please.

She does.

ANGLE ON THE REGISTER

Dorri opens the hidden compartment, looks in to see the red
box of ammo she placed there. For the first time we're close
enough to read the label: .32 SMITH & WESSON BLANK Black
Powder BLANKS. As she reaches in.

110 INT. CAMERON'S NAVIGATOR -- NIGHT

110

Cameron flicks his windshield wipers on, they clear away the
light snow, so that we can see the dark and desolate street
ahead. Something just ahead catches his attention.

HIS POV - A CAR

on fire, a half a dozen black kids who should be in bed are
dancing around it, enjoying the snow and the flames, having
a heck of a time. One of them throws a tire into the flames
as...

111 EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

111

Cameron stops at the far curb, steps out and walks across
the street into the dirt field. He stands with a couple of
the twelve year-olds, who are smoking. A beat.

CAMERON

You got a smoke?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

One kid forks over a cigarette, never taking his eyes off the flames. Cameron stands there with them, watching the Crown Victoria burn, and the other kids laugh and chase each other. He smiles to himself. His cell phone rings. He checks the readout: HOME. Answers it.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Hi.

112 EXT. CAMERON AND CHRISTINE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

112

Looking in through the kitchen we see Christine sitting in the dark, wearing her sweats, looking scraped and worse for the wear. She's on the phone, staring out at the snow.

CHRISTINE

Hi.

(beat)

I'm really sorry.

INTERCUT WITH:

113 WITH CAMERON

113

watching the kids and the burning car.

CAMERON

It's okay.

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

It's snowing.

CAMERON

(smiles)

You want me to shovel the walk?

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

(smiles)

Yeah. I really, really do.

CAMERON

On my way.

Cameron hangs up and watches the boys dance.

114 INT. RYAN'S DUPLEX -- NIGHT

114

Looking in from outside we see Ryan, hands bandaged, helping his frail and aging father into the bathroom. After some difficulty he eases him down onto the toilet. Where his father weeps. No apparent reason, just weeps.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114 ✓

And Ryan kisses his forehead and holds him.

115 INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

115

Lara sleeps in her parents bed, nestled between her mom and dad. She stirs, pulls her impenetrable cloak up over her father's shoulder and rests her little hand there, closing her eyes again. Lying with his back to her, Daniel's eyes are yet to close.

HIS POV -- THE WINDOW AND STREET OUTSIDE

the snow falling.

DANIEL

keeps staring...wondering if that bullet is still out there somewhere.

116 INT. RUTH'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM -- NIGHT

116

We watch through the window. Ruth sits on the edge of her bed. She picks up the photo of her and her boys from her beside table, stares at it, touches her baby's face.

117 INT. RICK & JEAN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

117 ✓

Rick opens the front door for his housekeeper.

RICK

Thanks for staying with her.

Rick hands her a roll of money.

MARIA

No, it's my pleasure.

RICK

Take it, please.

MARIA

(exiting without it)
I'll see you tomorrow, Mr. Rick.

RICK

Thank you, Maria.

He buzzes her out the security gate.

118 EXT. RICK & JEAN'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS 118

Maria walks to the waiting car and gets in. Ria sits behind the wheel.

RIA
(in Spanish)
You shouldn't work so late.

MARIA
They needed me.

RIA
They don't even know your name.

She starts the engine.

MARIA
(in Spanish)
So, who is this man you're seeing?

Ria looks at her, considers. Drives off.

119 INT. RICK & JEAN'S HOME -- AT THAT MOMENT 119

Rick stands in his dark kitchen, a single light source illuminating his face -- it's the small security monitor in the corner, cycling through one grainy image after the other: his front walk, side yard, backyard, driveway...front walk, side yard, backyard, driveway. It's the first time we've seen Rick actually alone...and in the darkness of the room, he seems paralyzed by the images; the walls around his property don't seem near high enough.

120 EXT. SEPULVEDA PASS -- NIGHT 120

All that's left is the crime scene tape. Graham stands alone, staring down into the long grass; lost, barely registering that it's snowing. He spots something in the grass, squats, picks it up and stares at it.

121 INT. GRAHAM'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS 121

He closes the driver's door, sits staring down at his lap. Then he reaches up and places Peter's plastic statuette of St. Christopher on his dash, starts his engine and drives off.

122 EXT. KOREATOWN -- NIGHT

122

The streets are busy, but most people just hurry on their way, barely noting the sprinkling of snow. The Chinaman's panel van pulls to a stop, a couple cars back from the light.

Anthony looks around, sees all the Koreans. He puts the van in park, yanks the keys out of the ignition and walks around back.

He flings open the back door of the van, stuffs a key in the padlock and pulls out the chain. The chain slips through the metal cuffs on their ankles. The Illegals stare at him, unmoving.

Anthony yells at them:

ANTHONY

Pull 'em off!

He pries open one of the anklets to show them how. The other kids follow his example.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Come on-come on-come on, this is America, time is money.

One of the kids step out of the van, then another.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Chop-chop, come on.

And from there, two dozen wide-eyed Koreans step out into the street and get their first real look at America. They weave off through traffic, talking to each other, looking up at the lights.

An impatient driver behind the van lays on the horn. Anthony flips him off. The last illegal climbs out of the van. Anthony stuffs a couple twenties in the man's hand.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

You split that up. Buy everybody chop-suey, you understand?

The man just follows the others, all of them in the same daze. Anthony closes the back door...

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Dopey fucking Chinamen.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

To the guy blowing his horn.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Shut up! They're walkin' here!

And the Illegals walk through the crowds, touching everything...

Touching the hoods of cars...

Running a hand along a bus bench

Stroking a dog, trailing a hand along a brick wall....

ANTHONY

climbs back into the van and drives off, as the snow falls. He turns at the intersection and disappears as our CAMERA GOES UP and we hear the screech of tires and....

A CAR

skids into the intersection, swerving to miss one of the Illegals, who skips to the curb, just before A SECOND CAR piles into the first. A third car skids and rear-ends the second.

The driver of the second car climbs out. It's Shaniqua.

SHANIQUA

What in the hell is wrong with you people?

The Korean driver in the first car puts up an argument, but it is in Korean. The Hispanic driver in the third car gets out and yells in Spanish.

SHANIQUA (CONT'D)

Don't talk to me unless you can talk American. Just let me see your insurance.

Two more angry motorists step out of their cars and start yelling, and by now we barely understand what any of them are saying.

SHANIQUA (CONT'D)

Insurance.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

07-22-03

128.

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

SHANIQUA (CONT'D)

Don't pretend you don't know what
I'm talking about: the word starts
with the letters I-N-S, which is
what I'm gonna call if you don't
hand it over pronto.

And as we rise we see the twisted chaos of the intersection,
the cars and the people and the falling snow and the Illegals
disappearing into the maw of the churning city.

FADE OUT

THE END