

CELLULAR

by
Larry Cohen

Revised by
Chris Morgan

Current Revisions by
J. Mackye Gruber & Eric Bress

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TITLES OVER YELLOW BACKGROUND.

We PULL BACK to reveal we're looking at THE SUN. In the distance lie the gorgeous San Gabriel Mountains and the Downtown Los Angeles skyline.

In ONE LONG TRACKING SHOT, we CRANE PAST some trees to reveal the vast expansive homes scattered in the hills of Brentwood. HOMEOWNERS walk dogs, a PAPERBOY chucks papers from a gleaming mountain bike... It's early in the morning, and the landscapers haven't come with their leaf blowers yet.

CONTINUE BOOMING DOWN to road level to face the resplendent Martin residence. We STEADICAM down the front walk, able to admire the manicured hedges and the black Escalade in the driveway, to the front door decorated with a whimsical placard that reads, "The Martins" -- and we pass THROUGH THE KEYHOLE into the foyer.

INT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - MORNING

We TRACK through the living room, passing framed photos of an athletic eleven year old boy, and we hear a WOMAN'S VOICE as she comes down the stairs with a GOLDEN RETRIEVER at her side.

WOMAN

(into phone)

Yes Donna, I'm out the door.

We TRACK over the Woman's shoulder and follow her into the kitchen, unable to see her face.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Just inform Kayleigh that anesthesia is on the way to prep the epidural and I'll be there as soon as I can.

Still looking over her shoulder, we watch her absently straighten a PHOTOGRAPH of her son on the fridge as she talks.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

And promise her she's about to have a wooonnderful labor.

As the woman pours herself a fresh cup of coffee, her HOUSEKEEPER enters the kitchen with a full laundry basket. They give each other a silent wave.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Right, I'll see you in twenty.

She hangs up her cordless and takes a breath as we COME AROUND to finally REVEAL JESSICA MARTIN; slightly weary, but ready for the day ahead.

JESSICA

Buenas dias, Rosario.

ROSARIO

Good morning Miss Jessica.

Jessica sees her answering machine blinking, hits PLAY. In the background, a cheerful Rosario enters frame and heads for the back door carrying the basket of laundry.

MALE VOICE

(on machine)

Honey? Honey, wake up. Pick up the-

And as she brings the coffee cup to her lips-- SLAMM!! The door EXPLODES open and a squad of FIVE GUNMEN storm in, wearing SKI-MASKS. Everything is a whirlwind of quick cuts, noise and confusion. Jessica's DOG starts to lunge at the men and -- thup! -- is stilled by a silenced pistol before its second bark. Rosario runs for the ALARM SYSTEM --

LEAD GUNMAN

Get away from there! Don't touch
that -- !!
-- but as she reaches out for the PANIC BUTTON -- BLAM!! He
blows her away, too. The Gunman curses, then turns on
Jessica.

LEAD GUNMAN (CONT'D)

(dire)
Where is he?
Jessica cringes.

JESSICA

Where is who?

LEAD GUNMAN

Wrong answer.
The bastard hauls back and -- WHAM I -- punches her in the
face, knocking Jessica cold.
Then he turns to his men.

LEAD GUNMAN (CONT'D)

Search the house.
And as the answering machine fills the silence:

CRAIG VO

(on machine)
-I'll call back later.
The LEAD GUNMAN spins around, and we PUSH INTO the blackness
of his masked face.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE - DAY

The BLACKNESS of a BLACK VAN and ESCALADE passing below us.
We quickly CRANE DOWN to see the vehicles traveling through:
An IRON GATE at the edge of an abandoned property. They
bounce down a long lonely driveway lined with barren trees--
ANGLE ON: THE KIDNAPPERS' VAN as it arrives at its
destination; an isolated HOUSE in the Hills. The grass is
dead. The trees are dead. It's the kind of place you could
scream for a week and no one would hear a thing.
As the van stops--

WE PUSH INTO ITS DOORS:

INT. DARKENED ATTIC - KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE

A door CRASHES open. Light slices through the dark revealing
the dusty, skeletal interior. Jessica is hurled into the
room and falls to the floor. With bound hands, she
frantically pulls her blindfold off to see--

THE LEAD SKI-MASKED KIDNAPPER

Standing in front of her. Sturdier than the rest. Solid.
Imposing.

JESSICA

Wh... what do you want?
Unsettlingly, the Kidnapper says nothing, staring at her.
Jessica tries to remain calm under his angry gaze...
Then suddenly, the Kidnapper turns and exits the room.
Jessica breathes a sigh of relief...but it catches in her
throat as he returns ten seconds later -- with a BASEBALL BAT.
Grim as death, he stalks toward her --

JESSICA (CONT'D)

No, wait..
And reaching.her, he hauls back and SWINGS --

JESSICA (CONT'D)

NO! PLEASE--//
SMASH! The bat connects with a wooden beam an inch above
Jessica's head, OBLITERATING the ROTARY DIAL TELEPHONE that
hung there.
As phone guts shower down on her, the Lead Kidnapper turns
and stomps away, slamming the attic door shut and locking
Jessica in the darkness.
Only now that they're gone does Jessica allow her fear to
show through. Trembling, tears running down her face,
Jessica finally breaks down, pleading to the empty attic--

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Wha... what the hell is happening?!
The attic's suffocating silence is the only answer she gets.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE OCEAN

Skimming along the water.
And we TILT UP to reveal the majestic beaches of Southern
California, and at the center of it all, the SANTA MONICA

PIER.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

It would be a typical day, except for that some PEOPLE are
preparing for a "HEAL THE BAY" rally at the end of the pier.
VENDORS set up, preparing for the daily grind ahead.
BIKERS gather around a bad-ass HELLCAT G2 CONFEDERATE
MOTORCYCLE and admire its cutting-edge design.

HOT CHICKS in bikinis try on sunglasses at a stand.
FISHERMEN crack beers while awaiting the next bite.

INT. SANTA MONICA PIER - ARCADE - MORNING

ANGLE ON - ARCADE GAME SCREEN.

The screen displays a car-race arcade game. A computer generated hot-rod passes other racers at breakneck speed. Playing the sit-down game, DAYTONA USA, is: RYAN ACKERMAN, early twenties, looks like he grew up on the beach without so much as a pot to piss in. His lethal reflexes and bold recklessness, however, have made him a Jedi Master of the game. Ryan's score approaches the HIGH SCORE at the top of the screen.

RYAN

You recording this?

CHAD (OS)

Yeah, sure...

CHAD, his best bud, aims a BLUE TOOTH VIDEOSTREAMING CELLPHONE at some CUTE GIRLS instead. We can see their faces on the tiny SCREEN of the cellphone. Ryan's car gets caught behind a blue speedster, then passes on the shoulder.

RYAN

Move, bitch.

He gets an EXTENDED PLAY and the screen flashes "NEW RECORD." Nearby, a KID watching the game nods.

KID

Nice.

The HIGH SCORE starts rising to match Ryan's score.

RYAN

Get that?

Ryan turns around to see Chad has shoved the cellphone down the front of his tattered shorts. And he's freeballing it.

CHAD

Check it; Attack of the Bubblegum
Monster in Hi-Def videostream-

RYAN

C'mon Chad, I gotta put my mouth on
that.

Holding a cup of soda between his teeth, Chad pulls the cellphone out of his pants and hits "SEND".

CHAD

(through cup-holding
teeth)

Sweet. It's going to my email
right now.

Some soda inadvertently SPILLS onto the cellphone and Chad
wipes it dry on his pants.

RYAN

Watch it dude, I gotta return that
thing in seven days.

CHAD

They aren't giving you shit yet?

RYAN

Nah, whenever I return it, I just
list off why the phone sucks and
they give me a new model. Figure
by the tenth time I'll have to go
somewhere else.

Ryan's car finally CRASHES in a wall of flames. Game Over.

CUT TO:

THE OCEAN

As seen looking over the rail of the pier. The tide is in,
but it's still a forty foot drop.

RYAN stares over the railing like a death row inmate
contemplating his last meal.

CHAD

Go already. No one's looking.
His left hand holds his WALLET.

CHAD (CONT'D)

(re: wallet)

Need me to hold that?

Ryan sticks it in the pocket of his surfer shorts -- he zips
a zipper, tucks a Velcro flap. Pats his pocket proudly.

RYAN

Waterproof.

But as soon as Ryan covertly CLIMBS ONTO THE RAIL, his left
leg starts trembling like crazy.

RYAN (CONT'D)

This is stupid. I could get
killed. Pick another dare.

Chad lowers the phone, irritated.

CHAD

My ass. Not after you made me
march in the Gay Pride Parade
wearing a thong.

RYAN

Screw it then. In one... Two...
Two and a half--

CHAD

Whole numbers only, Rabbitfoot.
Ryan stares at the waves crashing below. His leg starts
snaking like crazy... And he chickens out, hopping back to
the deck.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Just so you know, I'm emailing this
to every chick you ever met.
But suddenly Ryan's oblivious to the dare. His eyes are
glued to something else--

CHAD (CONT'D)

(speaking like HAL 900)
Transmitting pussy file now.
CHLOE, early 20s, a head turner, confident, funny; she can
pull you in like a tractor beam. She and some CUTE FRIENDS
carry heavy cardboard boxes toward a table set up for the
"Heal The Bay" rally.
Ryan walks over like he owns the place.

RYAN

Got any more? I'm here to help.

CHLOE

Thanks, but no, we got 'em all.

RYAN

What's in 'em?
Chloe opens the box. Hands him a "Heal The Bay" pamphlet.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Cool, you're handing these out
during the concert?

CHLOE

Yeah, wanna help?
Ryan tries to ignore his thundering heart.

RYAN

Hell yeah. I'm all about "Heal the Bay. "

His eyes ricochet off the pamphlet in his hand.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Me an Chad do the monthly cleanup thing, of course...

An awesome wing-man, Chad appears over Chloe's shoulder, pretending to read a pamphlet, but really holding it up so Ryan can see it. Piece of cake, now.

RYAN (CONT'D)

We've collected water samples with the Stream Team, raised money on the Promenade... I'm surprised I haven't seen you.

He offers his hand.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ryan.

She takes it.

CHLOE

Chloe.

The handshake lingers a second longer than necessary, and they both smile at each other. Chad splits.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I can't tell if you're full of it.

Ryan stops posturing, gets real.

RYAN

You ever go up to Santa Barbara? My dad used to take me there all

RYAN (CONT'D)

the time. Their pier is amazing, clear water, huge crabs everywhere, oysters right there on the rocks, starfish... Hard to believe it's the same ocean sometimes.

He's managed to win her back.

CHLOE

Maybe you and I can take a break later when Pat Benatar goes on.

RYAN

Sounds like a plan.

There's a moment... Then --

CHLOE

Oh no -- I forgot. I still have to pick up a box of T-shirts at the Kinkos on Venice.

RYAN

I'll do it for you... if you want.

CHLOE

Seriously, you would?

RYAN

Sure. How much is the bill?

CHLOE

Nothing. It's been paid up front.

RYAN

Do you promise not to go anywhere?

CHLOE

Done.

Ryan makes a graceful exit. Turns back.

RYAN

Okay, I won't be long.

CHLOE

(laughing)

Bye.

Ryan grabs Chad, and as they walk out of earshot:

RYAN

Dude, does Santa Barbara have a harbor or a pier?

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE - DAY

A short time later, Ryan cruises through a Venice neighborhood.

Ryan drives an early 70's Ford Bronco; clothes are strewn across the backseat, and a box of "Heal the Bay" T-SHIRTS now sits on the shotgun seat.

Ryan reaches into the glove box and pulls out a toothbrush. He sips warm soda from a bottle and begins brushing. Checking himself out in the mirror, he sniffs his pits, whoa, and grabs the cellphone.

RYAN

(into phone)

Dex, wassup? You won't believe the hotties I just met at the pier. Smoking. You wanna meet them? Yeah? Well don't get too excited 'cause I need my money.

Ryan stops at a red light.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Bullshit, you're not going anywhere,

(quickly adding)

I'm pulling up right now.

Some AMBULANCES SPEED BY, SIRENS BLARING. It's deafening. Ryan lays on the horn. When the light changes, Ryan peels away angrily.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(covering his ear)

What? Yeah, you better be. And I need your shower, I'm talkin' code red stankage-

The CELLPHONE begins to CRACKLE with STATIC just as Ryan drives under an OVERPASS.

Suddenly --

The car ahead of him STOPS in the middle of the street. Ryan notices too late and has to jam on the brakes. The car skids, he SCREAMS... and comes to a stop an inch before hitting the other car's bumper.

He lifts the phone receiver to his ear but the call is WASHED

WITH STATIC.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Dex? You still there...?

And as has happened to all of us, he loses the call.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Damn.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - MOMENTS LATER

10

As traffic resumes and Ryan clears the overpass--

ID

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SFX: THE CELLPHONE RINGS.

Ryan picks up the phone.

RYAN

Sorry, got cut off. Hey -- what's
my Caller ID say?

But there's no voice on the other end, only shuffling sounds.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Yo Dex...?

MATCH CUT TO:

11 INT. KIDNAPPERS' ATTIC

11

ECU - A TANGLE OF PHONE WIRES

12 Their insulation picked off and spliced together. PAN ALONG 12
the attic floor, past the rubble of the shattered phone,
following the crudely repaired wires to JESSICA'S HANDS,
tapping the dialer wires together. She's trying so hard to
simulate a NUMERIC PULSE that she almost doesn't hear:

RYAN (VO)

Hello...?

Jessica's hands go suddenly still, then -- WHOOM! -- her head
slams down INTO FRAME on top of the crushed earpiece, a
desperate hope filling her eyes.

CUT BACK TO:

13 INT. FORD BRONCO - CONTINUOUS

13

With still no answer, Ryan pulls the phone from his ear --

RYAN

Whatever. Signing off-
-- and is just about to hit END CALL when he hears a tiny
female voice on the other end.

JESSICA (VO)

Wait! Don't hang up!
Ryan puts the phone back to his ear.

RYAN

Hello?

JESSICA (VO)

There's not much time! I need you
to go to the police. My name is

Jessica Martin; I've been kidnapped!

RYAN

(not buying)

Oh really? Kidnapped, huh?

13

j.j

JESSICA (VO)

Please. I know what you're thinking, but it's real! I'm in an attic somewhere. I think they're going to kill me! You need to-

RYAN

Awfully polite kidnappers to give you a phone...

Jessica's voice TREMBLES uncontrollably. Desperate, fearful and frustrated.

JESSICA (VO)

No! You don't understand!

Suddenly, the cellphone BLIPS twice in Ryan's ear. He pulls it away and looks at its faceplate.

14 INSERT SHOT - THE CELLPHONE

14

The LCD reads: CALL WAITING. ACCEPT?

15 EXT. SURFACE STREETS - DAY

15

RYAN

If you were really in trouble, you would've called the cops, not me. Now I've got a real call on the other line--

MATCH CUT TO:

16 INT. ATTIC

16

A WIDER SHOT so we see Jessica's bound hands. Her bruised face. Whispering frantically into the DEMOLISHED TELEPHONE

she's JERI-RIGGING back together as she talks.

JESSICA (VO)

Goddamn it, listen to me! The phone I'm on...it's shattered! There's no dialer! I've been clicking wires together for hours trying to get someone, anyone, and you 're the only connection I was able to make!

(important beat)

If you hang up, I may not get anyone else.

17 INTERCUT CALL - RYAN IN FORD BRONCO/JESSICA BOUND IN ATTIC

17

SFX: Ryan's call waiting BLIPS again. He considers everything Jessica has said, then:

RYAN

Hmm. Sucks to be you. Try crank yanking someone else. Late.

17

JESSICA

Wait! Don't hang up! DON'T HANG UP!!
But -- CLICK! Ryan flashes over to the next call.

RYAN

Dex?

MATCH CUT TO:

18 INT. TELEMARKET BULLPEN - DAY

18

A TELEMARKETER checks Ryan's name on a list, then glances at the script.

TELEMARKETER

Hello, Mr. Ackerman. My name is Mark and I'd like to discuss with you the benefits of Mastercharge Credit Union's-

RYAN (VO)

Awesome, I can totally use a credit card. Tell me more.

TELEMARKETER

Absolutely. We've lowered our APR-

RYAN

-Shucks, now's really not a good time, but why don't I get your number and get back to you later.

TELEMARKETER

Sure, it's 818...

RYAN

That's the office number?

TELEMARKETER

Yes.

RYAN

Why don't you give me your number instead. That way I can call you when you're having dinner with your family.

A beat.

TELEMARKETER

Click! Sorry to have bothered you.
The Telemarketer hangs up.

RYAN

Damn skippy.
And that's when he notices the message flashing on the phone's faceplate: CALL ON HOLD. Ryan clicks the FLASH button to pick it up...and Jessica is still there.

INTERCUT CALL - RYAN IN CAR/JESSICA IN ATTIC

19

JESSICA (VO)

--an you hear me?!

RYAN

You still there? You're getting kinda creepy, lady. See ya.

JESSICA

No! Don't! They're going to kill me!
me! They're going to kill me!!
A silent beat. A calculated look in her eyes...

RYAN pulls the phone from his ear and is about to hang up...when he hears the one sound that stops all men cold. On the other end, Jessica begins to CRY.

RYAN

Oh, it's like that, huh? Nice with
the fake tears, lady...

JESSICA

Please... I just need help.
But Ryan won't be manipulated.

RYAN

You need acting lessons. Now go take
your meds and bug someone else.

JESSICA

These men!!!--
Jessica stops herself short, quieting the rising hysteria in her voice before it gives her away. She glances anxiously at the attic door, then continues, more in control.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

These men killed my housekeeper.
My dog. You have to help me.
Ryan bristles at being saddled with anything, much less this.

RYAN

No, actually(I don't. Not with a
hot chick waiting for me at the
pier.

JESSICA

Please...you're my only hope.
(beat)
What's your name?
That catches Ryan off-guard. He stalls, not wanting to make
this personal.

RYAN

Why, you writing a book--?

JESSICA

--Please, just tell me your name!
Ryan glances around the street, his eyes falling on a stone

fountain outside a French Restaurant.

RYAN

Uh...Johnny. Johnny Fountain.

JESSICA

Johnny... What if it was your mother who was calling for help? How would you feel?

RYAN

Well, I'd be damn impressed, considering she's dead.

JESSICA

Goddamn it, how difficult is it to hand this phone off to the police?! I'll pay you!

RYAN

How much?

JESSICA

Five thousand dollars.

RYAN

Sure you will. I'm hanging up now.

JESSICA

No, wait! WAIT!! Even if there's a eighty percent chance I'm lying, you have a one in five chance to make five grand for a lousy twenty minutes of your life.

(panics as Ryan is silent)

Haven't you ever bet on a horse or bought a Lottery ticket? I'm talking one-in-five odds, twenty minutes.

Ryan slaps the radio off.

RYAN

What do you want me to do?

CUT TO:

20 INT. 15TH PRECINCT - STATION DESK - DAY

20

SOMEONE'S POV.

In EXTREME SLOW-MOTION, chaos unfolds around us like a nightmare --

OFFICERS manhandle a drunk toward the back, a HOOKER screams

at us with unholy rage, in the far corner, a JUNKIE spits on

20
^

an OFFICER'S FACE and there's a lethal race for disinfectant through invisible soup.

Sounds are distant, eerily muffled. A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE lets us know we're in hell.

CLOSE UP: BOB MOONEY'S EYES. Concerned, but not panicked. MOONEY'S POV. Still surreal, SLOW-MOTION, as an Officer with a CREWCUT responds by spinning the Junkie's face into a wall, legal but hard.

SFX: A HEARTBEAT. OURS. FAST... And possibly IRREGULAR? CLOSE UP - SLOW MOTION - The RIGHT THUMB presses into the

LEFT WRIST.

MOONEY'S EYES. Watching. Counting... Suddenly -- WHAM!! Back to reality when a YOUNG GANGBANGER is slammed into the station desk by a ROOKIE.

ROOKIE OFFICER

Problem, Mooney. If I put this one in with the others, there's gonna be a bloodbath.

GANGBANGER

Put me in there! I'll waste all them pussies!

REVEAL SERGEANT BOB MOONEY -- a tough, fifty-something beat cop who's fighting growing old every step of the way. He rolls his eyes at the situation and takes a bite of PIZZA.

MOONEY

Come on Powell, put the Sharks with the Sharks, the Jets with the Jets and make room.

Rookie Powell suppresses his irritation and roughly yanks the Gangbanger back over to the holding cells.

Mooney puts down the pizza, no appetite, and stares at the news story playing on the TV mounted in the corner.

21 **ON THE TELEVISION**

21

a NEWS REPORTER is in the middle of a segment. Over him, FOOTAGE rolls of six guilty-looking cops testifying in court; being led away in handcuffs.

NEWS REPORTER

...was somber when the indictments came down this afternoon in the 23rd Precinct corruption scandal. Though the names of six police officers were read aloud, the District Attorney stated that this was merely the "tip of the iceberg" and that unfortunately many other arrests are likely to be coming as the investigations proceed.

'2 **BACK TO POLICE STATION**

22

As DETECTIVE JACK TOMLIN passes Mooney, he nods toward the TV.

DETECTIVE TOMLIN

Sucks for the fellas at the Two-Three right now, huh?

MOONEY

Dirty pricks deserve what they get. Public hates us enough without this shit.

DETECTIVE TOMLIN

(leaving)

There's good men over there.

A FEMALE OFFICER passes Mooney and reaches for his box of pizza.

FEMALE OFFICER

Mooney? What are you doing? You can't be eating this crap.

Mooney plants his own firm grip on the box.

MOONEY

Keep walking, Shelly. Nothing to see here.

A friendly tug of war.

FEMALE OFFICER

You sure you wanna do that? What would your wife say?

That's it. Mooney snatches his lunch back and turns to lecture this little girl.

MOONEY

She'd say nothing, 'cause she's not gonna know about it! Christ, Shel, my old man had eleven heart attacks. Eleven! I have one

little infarction and you guys
start treating me like an invalid!
I'm a grown man! Leave me alone,
will you?!

FEMALE OFFICER

(abashed)

I was merely referring to your
cottage-cheese ass.

Mooney sighs and lifts his pizza to his mouth when --
WHAMM! The station doors burst open and two dozen GANG
MEMBERS are bum-rushed into the room by a squad of COPS in
riot gear. The screaming is deafening.

17.

22
22

MOONEY

I hate this place.

CUT TO:

23 **EXT. 15TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS**
23

The Ford Bronco roars up; snags the handicapped spot. Ryan
hops out and limps theatrically the first few steps until
he's far enough away from the car to start running.

RYAN

(into phone)

I'm here.

24 **INT. 15TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS**
24

Cops try to wrangle the dozens of shouting GANG MEMBERS who
cram the Station Desk, waiting to be booked.
Ryan takes a deep breath and shoves his way through the
mayhem to the extremely shorthanded Station Desk where:

MOONEY

is busy doing ten things at once. Signing release papers.
Booking a DRUNK whose wife-beater Tee is drenched in blood,
Etc.

RYAN

Excuse me, officer --
But Mooney ignores him in favor of the three cops that suddenly need arrest sheets signed.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Hey, I've got an emergency here --
Just then, CREWCUT OFFICER shoulders his way through with a cuffed CRACKHEAD TRANNIE in tow. The Trannie's wrists ache.

CRACKHEAD TRANNIE

Loosen these, man, please?! Jus'
gimme a chance--

CREWCUT OFFICER

Hey, Moon! Where do you want me to
put Whitney Houston?

MOONEY

Christ, I've only got two hands here!
Stick him in the can, will ya?
Crewcut nods and moves off towards the bathroom.

RYAN

(shoving forward)
Come on, man! I've got some lady
on the phone here who says she's
been kidnapped!

18.

24

24

Ryan holds up the phone. Mooney looks around.

MOONEY

Nice try, kid, but I got no time
for pranks.

RYAN

Seriously, a lady was murdered!

MOONEY

Which is it, a kidnapping or a
murder?

RYAN

Take the phone and find out moron!
A COP snickers somewhere.

MATCH CUT TO:

25 INT. KIDNAPPERS' ATTIC

25

Jessica holds her breath. She stares apprehensively at the attic door, praying for Mooney to just take the damn phone.

JESSICA

Please. . .

6 BACK TO POLICE STATION

26

Ryan looks sincere. Mooney deliberates, then sighs.

MOONEY

Okay. Give it here.
Ryan thrusts the phone at him, happy to get rid of it.

JESSICA (VO)

(barely audible whisper)
Oh thank God! You've got to help me. My name's Jessica Martin and I've been kidnapped. This morning five men broke into my home in Brentwood and kidnapped--

Mooney strains to hear. His eyes go wide and he quickly jots notes on a pad.

Mooney's eyes shift as three TWEAKERS, wide eyed and sweating profusely, are led inside by their ARRESTING OFFICERS.

MOONEY

Ah shit.
Mooney holds out the phone.

MOONEY (CONT'D)

Hurry kid, take this upstairs to Robbery/Homicide and ask for Detective Tomlin.

19.

26

26

Ryan reluctantly takes the phone back as more people converge

on the Station Desk.

27 INT. KIDNAPPERS' ATTIC

27

Jessica hears the phone being shuffled around.

RYAN (VO)

Where?

JESSICA

Hello? Officer? Hello?!

28 BACK TO POLICE STATION

28

Mooney, recognizing an emergency when he hears one, ignores the incoming CROWD him long enough to assist Ryan.

MOONEY

Up the stairs, Tomlin!

Ryan turns away, and as he returns the cellphone to his ear, he's startled to hear--

JESSICA (VO)

(terrified)

Oh my God...

RYAN

What? What is it?

CUT TO:

29 INT. KIDNAPPERS' ATTIC

29

Jessica hears:

SFX: FOOTSTEPS. RIGHT OUTSIDE HER DOOR.

RYAN (VO)

Lady, what's going on?!

Jessica drops the phone. Has just enough time to shove it behind her before -- SLAM! -- the attic door swings open and two of the masked kidnappers stride in. When they reach her, they stand silently, trying to unnerve her.

LEAD KIDNAPPER

Where's your husband?

JESSICA

What? I don't-

The masked leader SLAPS HER SHARPLY across the face! Jessica wants to collapse to the ground, but remains sitting TO KEEP THE PHONE HIDDEN behind her.

The Leader bends down and yells right in her face.

20.

29

29

LEAD KIDNAPPER

Where is he!?

JESSICA

At work! Why, what do you want--?
SLAP!!! This one's even nastier than the first.

LEAD KIDNAPPER

NEGATIVE! WHERE WOULD HE RUN?!

MATCH CUT TO:

30 **RYAN - IN THE POLICE STATION STAIRWELL**

30

Phone to his ear. Wide-eyed. Hearing it all. For the
first time, starting to believe Jessica's story.

RYAN

Oh shit...
Panicking, Ryan turns and walks, then jogs, then all-out runs
for the station stairwell.

CUT BACK TO:

31 **INT. KIDNAPPERS' ATTIC**

31

-v

The Lead Kidnapper stands ominously over the trembling
Jessica -- Oh God! Does he see the phone cord?

JESSICA

Please, he should be at work!
That's all I know.
The Leader nods, then turns away. Jessica exhales with
relief that he didn't spot the phone. But her victory is
short-lived as:

LEAD KIDNAPPER

You have a little boy, right? Ricky?
The Wyman School in Westwood?
Jessica gasps like a sledgehammer just hit her in the chest.

JESSICA

NO! NO--.'.' STAY AWAY FROM MY SON!

LEAVE HIM ALONE!!

But -- the men silently head out the door -- SLAM! The
door locks. Jessica scrambles back to the phone.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Johnny!!

32 **INTERCUT CALL - RYAN RUNNING UP STAIRWELL/JESSICA IN ATTIC**
32

RYAN

I know. I'm trying to get help.

21.

32
32

JESSICA

My son --
Suddenly, as Ryan reaches the first landing -- STATIC starts
breaking up the call.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(worried)
Oh my God! What's happening?!

RYAN

It's just static. I'm running
upstairs to the detectives. Hold
on, I might lose you for a sec--

JESSICA (VO)

(realizing)
No, don't! Stop. You can't lose
me--

RYAN

(still running)
Wait, we're almost there.

JESSICA

(panics, losing her cool)
Stop! Johnny, goddamn it, stop!

STOP! IF YOU LOSE ME, I'M DEAD!!

Hearing her fearful tone, Ryan stops reluctantly.

RYAN

Well, what the hell am I supposed
to do?!

Ryan looks at himself, standing on the stairs like an idiot.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Jesus! I'm almost there!

Ryan checks the SIGNAL STRENGTH INDICATOR on the phone.
There's only one bar left. Defiantly, Ryan takes a step
UP...and the bar DISAPPEARS. He quickly hops BACK DOWN.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Crap!
(shouts up stairs)

HELLO? DETECTIVE TOMLIN! WILL

SOMEONE GET TOMLIN FOR ME, PLEASE?!

There's no response. Ryan can't believe this.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You're shitting me.

JESSICA

Johnny, what time is it?! Johnny!

RYAN

(checking his watch)
Who? Oh -- one-twenty.

(MORE)

32
32

RYAN (CONT'D)

(yells upstairs)

IS ANYONE UP THERE?!

Jessica calms herself, resolving to save her child's life.

JESSICA

Johnny, listen to me. My son's
school lets out at 1:45.

RYAN

Good, then if I get a cop--
Ryan exits the stairwell to find Mooney -- but Mooney's not
there anymore! There's some NEW GUY -- and he's SWAMPED!

JESSICA

No. There's not enough time. You
have to pick him up before they--

RYAN

Pick him up? Hell no, lady! I
ain't goin' nowhere else--
Ryan tries to get the NEW GUY's attention, in a dream.

JESSICA

Please please stop standing there!
He 's just a little boy!

RYAN

But I'm in a police station!

JESSICA

Go!
Ryan grunts in frustration.

SMASH CUT TO:

33 EXT. 15TH PRECINCT - MOMENTS LATER

33

ECU - THE FORD BRONCO'S TIRES -- Burning rubber...

CUT TO:

34 INT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - LIVING ROOM

34

The furniture in this abandoned house is all covered with
sheets giving the entire place a creepy, haunted feel.
FOLLOW the LEAD KIDNAPPER as he descends a nearby stairwell
and pulls off his mask--

REVEAL GREER

Forties, salt and pepper hair. He looks to his crew:

THE KIDNAPPERS

23.

34
34

They're all trim. Athletic. In good shape. They're UNMASKED, watching the TV with interest. The news on the corruption scandal. Greer snaps the TV off. Checks his watch and nods grimly.

GREEK

Go get the kid.

Instantly, a hulk of a man (DEASON) and an arrogant, red-headed prick (ELLIS) stand and exit the house. As Greer stalks away(BOOM DOWN the bar to REVEAL a telephone sitting there, unnoticed by the men -- and on its face, the LINE-IN-USE INDICATOR LIGHT is lit. PUSH IN on the flashing orange light that threatens to give Ryan and Jessica's call away. Closer and closer, until we ENTER the phone and TRAVEL THROUGH THE WIRES to --

35 **A MATCHING LIGHT ON RYAN'S CELLPHONE**
35

As we PULL BACK we see that we're in the Ford Bronco, racing through:

36 **EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY**
36

Ryan guns the engine as Jessica panics on the other end of the phone. We can hear her hyperventilating.

\

JESSICA (VO)

Where are you now?!

RYAN

I just got off the 405.

JESSICA (VO)

You've got to go faster, Johnny!

RYAN

You've gotta chill! You're
stressing the crap out of me!

(looking around)

Where the hell is a cop hiding in a
speed trap when you need one?

Ryan takes a hard right, tires squealing. Pushing it against
his better judgment.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What do these guys want, anyway?

JESSICA (VO)

How should I know?!

RYAN

What do you do?

JESSICA

I'm an obstetrician. They don't
want anything from me.

24.

36

36

Ryan slaloms around other cars like a racecar driver.

RYAN

So your husband's like, uber-rich?

JESSICA (VO)

What--? No. He's an accountant.
I make more money than he does.

RYAN

Could they've mistaken you for
someone else?

JESSICA

No! I don't know. None of this
makes any sense.

Jessica starts losing it completely, upsetting Ryan so much
that he takes the next corner too fast and -- SKKRRASH! --

37 **EXT. ROAD CONSTRUCTION - CONTINUOUS**
37

The BRONCO EXPLODES through an orange-and-white "ROAD CLOSED"

CONSTRUCTION BARRIER!

And dead ahead is a CONSTRUCTION CREW resurfacing the road!

RYAN

Oh...SHIT!!

Ryan SLAMS on the brakes and SWERVES to avoid hitting a group of workers -- and OBLITERATES THE BRONCO'S PASSENGER SIDE MIRROR against another BARRIER --

Ryan cringes with every muscle!

And the mirror ricochets off the ground -- and smashes through the windshield of a recently waxed Acura Legend!

RYAN (CONT'D)

(smirking)

...Ain't that a bitch.

As the heavily-muscled workers start running to beat the shit out of him, Ryan floors the gas, sending a shower of wet asphalt all over the cursing workers as he peels away, CRASHING through a FINAL BARRIER.

More cautiously, Ryan rounds the next corner and --

RYAN (CONT'D)

There's the school.

Ryan's right. Just ahead, we see:

38 **EXT. THE WYMAN SCHOOL - DAY**
38

private prep school for boys. Ryan pull: A private prep
it. Walks quickly toward the building. school for
boys. Ryan

pulls over and hops
out,

25.

38
38

RYAN

Okay, I'm here.

JESSICA (VO)

How much time do we have?
Ryan checks his watch. It reads: "1:40 PM". He enters.

RYAN

Five minutes. What's your kid's name?

JESSICA (VO)

Ricky.

RYAN

Ricky what?

JESSICA

Martin.

RYAN

Ricky Martin? You named your kid
Ricky Martin?! Why didn't you
tattoo "kick me" on his ass while
you were at it?

JESSICA

He was named before the singer ever-

RYAN

Forget it. What does he look like?

JESSICA (VO)

He's eight years old. Blonde hair.
Green eyes. Small for his age.
He's wearing a light blue shirt and
dark blue pants--

RYAN

They're all wearing blue shirts and
pants!

Ryan turns down a hallway and we see that he's right. It's
filled with IDENTICALLY-UNIFORMED LITTLE BOYS.
As a TIMID BLONDE BOY passes in front of him, Ryan grabs him
and wheels him around.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ricky Martin?
The Boy's eyes get huge. He tries to pull away.

TIMID BOY

Don't touch me!

RYAN

No, kid, it's okay! I didn't mean
to--

26.

38
38

TIMID BOY

Help! Don't touch me! Don't touch!!
Ryan quickly moves on... aware that other ADULTS are now
beginning to take notice of him.

RYAN (INTO PHONE)

Does he have anything else? A
jacket? A backpack? What's his
lunch box look like?

JESSICA (VO)

I don't remember.

RYAN

You don't remember your own kid's
lunch box?!

JESSICA

I don't pack it! Rosario, our
housekeeper does! Sometimes Craig,
but...

Jessica begins to sob, which causes Ryan to panic further.

RYAN

Ricky Martin, where are you!?
None of the Stepford kids respond.

JESSICA (VO)

(through tears)
I wish I could give you more.
Now Ryan's running. He yells into a BATHROOM.

RYAN

Ricky Martin?

MALE VOICE (OS)

Can I help you, sir?

Ryan turns to see a MUSCULAR GYM TEACHER looming there. Clearly, the guy thinks Ryan's peeping into the boys' room.

RYAN

I'm looking for a little blond boy--
(off his shocked look)
--No, no! Not like that!

GYM TEACHER

Sir, come with me, please!
Ryan isn't going anywhere. And that's when the BELL RINGS. Like a nightmare, HUNDREDS OF UNIFORMED LITTLE BOYS come racing out of their classes.

RYAN

Oh shit...

27.

38

38

As the boys stampede by, Ryan yanks the WHISTLE from around the Gym Teacher's thick neck and starts blowing it like crazy.

GYM TEACHER

HEY--11

RYAN

**RICKY MARTIN! DOES ANYONE KNOW
WHERE RICKY MARTIN IS? I can't
believe I'm yelling this at an all-
boys school.**

All hell is breaking loose. The kids ignore him. The huge Gym Teacher races after him. Jessica yells in his ear.

JESSICA (VO)

Was that the bell? Was that the
bell?!

RYAN

Yes. RICKY! RICKY MARTIN!!
Ryan wades through the sea of uniforms.

JESSICA (VO)

He'll go to the parents' pick-up

spot. Oh God, they're going to get
him!

"\

Ryan turns around and starts bulling through. The Gym
Teacher violently grabs his arm and yanks--

GYM TEACHER

Where do you think you're going?
--causing the phone to fly out of Ryan's hand and --crack!--
hit the pavement.

RYAN

No--!
Ryan tugs his arm free and races to the phone. The LCD
display GLASS is cracked into a SPIDERWEB.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(desperate into phone)
Jessica? You still there?!

JESSICA (VO)

Yes?
Relieved, Ryan turns and races for the front of the school.

RYAN

No one's gonna get your kid! He's
not slow, is he?

JESSICA (VO)

What--? No!

28.

38
38

RYAN

Then he won't go anywhere with
strangers.

JESSICA (VO)

Unless they have our Escalade. Ricky'll
think it's Rosario and hop right in!
She's got a point. Ryan picks up the pace and arrives at the
pick-up spot. Scans the lot.

RYAN

What color?

JESSICA

Black!

RYAN

(looks)

Of course it is.

PAN AROUND to see what Ryan sees -- three black Cadillac Escalades.

RYAN (CONT'D)

There's three of them. What's your plate?

JESSICA (VO)

4..7..wait, no...3 -- Oh my God, I don't remember!

RYAN

Like you don't remember the lunch box? Or anything else about your kid--

(stops, realizing)

Oh, man. This is a prank, isn't it?

JESSICA (VO)

No!

RYAN

Bullshit! Oh, you're good lady. Your friends too. Getting me to scream out 'Ricky Martin' at a boys school. Damn, you really nailed me.

JESSICA (VO)

No--

This is great, the police think I'm a whack job. The school thinks I'm some kind of perv child molester. I'll probably get the Herpes from the gym teacher's whistle --

JESSICA (VO)

No, Johnny, you have to listen to me-- /.'

But Ryan's had enough. He turns to leave --

RYAN

I'm done being your entertainment for the day. I'm going back to the pier while I still have a chance --

-- and passes right by a blonde-haired, green-eyed, EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BOY carrying a Lord of the Rings lunchbox. Ryan hesitates and is about to stop the kid...but then decides "screw it", and keeps on hoofing.

Ryan rounds a corner to leave -- and is confronted by the Gym Teacher and a RENT-A-COP SECURITY GUARD.

GYM TEACHER

Here he is! He's the one that's been stalking the students.

RYAN

Stalking?! No, I can explain--

The Rent-a-Cop mumbles into his walkie.

RENT-A-COP #1

Okay, we got him. We're at the front of the school.

(then, to Ryan)

Sir, come with us.

RYAN

(as they grab him)

Hey, HEY RENT-A-DUDE--!! Hang on a sec! This is a huuuge misunderstanding--

A little RENT-A-COP CAR (think geeky, wanna-be cop car) pulls up in the driveway below. The Security Guard starts forcibly leading Ryan toward it, but as he gets close--

JESSICA (VO)

(interrupting)

Lord of the Rings! I forgot his father bought him a Lord of the Rings lunchbox last week!

Ryan's heart stops in his chest. He turns to see the Boy with the Lord of the Rings lunchbox racing down the school steps and up to one of the waiting Escalades.

RYAN

(struggling)

RICKY MARTIN!!

The Boy opens the car door...but turns as he hears his name called. For the briefest moment, Ricky and Ryan lock eyes--

[CONTINUED]

30.

38

38

--and that's when a HAND reaches out, snags his backpack and YANKS Ricky into the dark of the car! Instantly, the door slams shut and the Escalade begins to take off. WHIP PAN to Ryan's shocked reaction. He's the only one who's seen it. He tries to struggle free of the Guard.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit! You just see that?!

Losing control of Ryan, the Rent-a-Cop calls to his partner in the car.

RENT-A-COP #1

Roy, some help over here!

Below, the Escalade is leaving the driveway.

RYAN

(struggling harder)

Goddamn it, that little kid was just kidnapped!! Do something!!

RENT-A-COP #1

Roy--! !

The second Rent-a-Cop, hops out of his car and runs over, but as he gets near -- Ryan breaks free!

^

RENT-A-COPS

HEY--! !

They chase after him, but Ryan hops over the hood of the idling RENT-A-COP CAR and throws himself into its driver's seat.

Rent-a-Cop #1 reaches through the open window and grabs Ryan's collar -- and is dragged twenty feet as Ryan throws the little car in gear and burns away.

39
39

INT. RENT-A-COP CAR - RACING DOWN A RESIDENTIAL STREET

Trying to catch the Escalade, a quarter-mile ahead. Ryan feels completely conspicuous in the security car as he slaloms through the streets of East Hollywood.

JESSICA (VO)

What's happening, Ryan?!

RYAN

Don't worry, I can fix this.

JESSICA (VO)

Oh my God.

There are three cars between Ryan and the Escalade.

RYAN

It's okay, I can see them ahead.

31.

39
39

JESSICA (VO)

Don't lose them! If you follow them back here, you can tell the police where they're holding us!

RYAN

Okay.

CUT TO:

40
40

INT. THE KIDNAPPERS' ESCALADE

The mountainous Deason drives as Ellis sits shotgun. In the back sits Jessica's son, RICKY; who eyes the two men suspiciously. CCR plays on the RADIO.

Ellis, turns down the radio. Faking sincerity, he turns to face Ricky.

ELLIS

(gesturing to the radio)

Do you want me to change the station to something else?

Ricky refuses to answer. Ellis turns around, his fake smile quickly vanishing.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

Yeah. I like Creedence too.
He's about to turn the radio volume up when --

RICKY

Where's Rosario?

ELLIS

I told you, kid, she had a doctor's appointment, so your mother asked us to pick you up. Don't worry, you'll see your mommy in a few minutes.

Ricky nods... but we can tell by the look on his face that he's not buying their story one bit.

CUT BACK TO:

41 EXT. RENT-A-COP CAR

41

Cautiously, so as not to give himself away, Ryan PASSES one commuter car. Then the next. Narrowing the gap between the rent-a-cop car and the Escalade to one last auto.

It takes Ryan literally standing on the gas pedal to get up enough speed to get around the final car. Now the Escalade is dead ahead. Ryan begins gently closing the distance between them, and is just starting to relax, when--

A CITY BUS

merges into traffic from a Bus Stop right ahead of him!

32.

41

41

RYAN

SHIT!

Ryan SLAMS on his breaks and is forced to crawl along at a painful 25 m.p.h.. Worse, he has his view of the Escalade glocked by the bus' titanic silver ass.

JESSICA (VO)

Johnny!

RYAN

Damn! There's this stupid bus--
Ryan jags left and right, catching glimpses around the bus of the Escalade still ahead.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(taps his horn)

Come on!

But the bus doesn't pull over. Ryan tries flashing the security car's CLEAR BUBBLE LIGHTS on the roof, but who the hell would pull over for that? The bus sure doesn't.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Jesus.'

JESSICA (VO)

Can't you go around it?

There's an ungodly amount of opposing traffic--
But suddenly there's a break in the flow! Seizing the moment, Ryan SLAM-SH IFTS the rent-a -cop car's uni-cylinder engine into gear and starts to tear around the bus -- but

has

to SWERVE BACK as a SPEEDING TRASH TRUCK rounds a bend and almost creams him!

RYAN

Goddamn it!

JESSICA (VO)

What?! Did you lose him? !

RYAN

No, I just almost got killed, is all.

JESSICA

Oh thank God!

RYAN

Thank God?
(irritated)
That's nice.

Just then, the bus signals that it's pulling over.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Hey, here we go!

33.

41

41

As the bus pulls aside, Ryan floors the wanna-be cop car around it...but directly in front of him is a HOMELESS MAN, dressed like a sheik, dragging his caravan of TWO COVERED

SHOPPING CARTS.

RYAN (CONT'D)

SON- OF- A-- II

Ryan SLAMS on the brakes, SWERVES HARD to avoid a collision -- and loses control of the car! The rent-a-cop car goes POWER SLIDING across oncoming traffic, HORNS BLARING AT HIM and heads straight for the FLOOR TO CEILING WINDOW of a CAR

DEALERSHIP.

42 **INT. CAR DEALERSHIP**

42

SMASH!!! The car goes through the window and RACES down the center aisle. CAR SALESMEN and PATRONS are forced to dive out of the way as the rent-a-cop car MOWS DOWN DISPLAYS and everything else in its path.

CUT TO:

43 **INT. THE KIDNAPPERS' ESCALADE**

43

The mountainous Deason drives. In back, Ellis sits with Jessica's son, RICKY, who eyes the two men suspiciously. CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL plays on the RADIO.

ELLIS

(to Deason)

Anyone following us?

Deason checks:

THE REARVIEW MIRROR

We see the bus about five car lengths behind, but the rent-a-cop car is nowhere to be seen.

Deason flashes an evil grin.

DEASON

Nan.

CUT BACK TO:

44 EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP

44

The rent-a-cop car exits the dealership, SMASHING through another GLASS WINDOW!

Ryan quickly regains control of the car and steers it back on the street. Only to find that the Escalade has disappeared!

JESSICA (VO)

What's happening?! Are you okay?!

RYAN

SHIT I

34.

44

44

JESSICA (VO)

What?! Yo u lost--

RYAN

No, No! just give me a second--

As Jessica goes off, Ryan tosses the phone down and focuses on finding the Escalade. He floors the rent-a-cop car, engine CLATTERING, to the intersection.

Ryan frantically searches in every direction, but the Escalade is nowhere to be seen. He floors it.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Jesus! Where the hell did they go?

Dreading talking to Jessica, Ryan slowly picks up the receiver.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Jessica, I--

JESSICA (VO)

You let them get away.
Ryan wants to snap at her, but guilt crushes it right out of him. He knows she's right.

DISSOLVE TO:

j
45 INT. 15TH PRECINCT - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Mooney changes out of his blues, his ears glued to THREE COPS in the corner, boasting about an arrest.

COP ONE

-- so of course everyone's playing
dumb to what kind of drugs he's on.
The cops start to snicker; they've all heard that one before.

COP ONE (CONT'D)

So I start searching the place.
I'm about to open a closet door
when a kid with a Mac 10 jumps out
of the bathroom. He shoots.
Misses me and hits one of the
E.M.T's. Fires again, but the gun
jams and BAM! Blows half his face
off. Had enough black tar heroin
in the closet to resurface the 405.
Mooney tries to join in on the conversation.

MOONEY

It must've been around '84, when...
The Cops turn around, while grabbing their stuff.

35.

45
45

COP TWO

Sorry Moon, we're late for a
briefing.
Mooney waves them on, but looks disappointed for not being
able to join in.

DEEP MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'll bet in your day you had some
stories.
Mooney whips his head around to see DETECTIVE JACK TOMLIN.

MOONEY

Hey Tomlin.

DETECTIVE TOMLIN

Taking off?

MOONEY

(hardly thrilled)

My anniversary. You know, duty calls; pricey dinner and then some crap-ass play.

(beat)

Hey, I sent some college kid down to see you this morning. Had some rap about a kidnapping --

DETECTIVE TOMLIN

I haven't seen anyone, but I'll ask around. Kidnapping, huh?

MOONEY

I thought it was a prank at first, but the kid was so worked up--

DETECTIVE TOMLIN

Well, don't you get worked up.

(slaps Mooney's chest)

If the kid comes back, page me, and I'll be sure to see him.

MOONEY

(swallowing his pride)

Yeah. Okay, Jack. Thanks.

And as Tomlin walks off --

CUT TO:

46 INT. RENT-A-COP CAR - CHUGGING THROUGH WEST L.A.

46

Ryan lead-foots the gas. The speedometer climbs. Forty. Fifty. Sixty miles an hour.

JESSICA (VO)

Look, Johnny, you've got to go back to the cops--

RYAN

Are you high?! I just jacked a car!

JESSICA (VO)

Goddamn it, stop thinking about
just yourself! You can explain
everything to them later!

SUDDENLY -- SFX: RYAN'S PHONE BEGINS BEEPING.

RYAN

What now?

Ryan pulls the phone away from his ear and checks it out.

INSERT SHOT - CELLPHONE FACE PLATE

The BATTERY INDICATOR is flashing: LOW BATT. LOW BATT.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Great! Now the battery's dying.

JESSICA

Don't you have a charger?

RYAN

It's in my car! Hold on.

SFX: BEEP-BEEP! The battery indicator has lost another bar.
Ryan fumbles around in the armrest. Finds nothing. Opens
the glovebox and -- a snub-nosed .38 SPECIAL tumbles out.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Jesus -- !

JESSICA

What's going on? Did you find one?

RYAN

(staring at the gun)

Not exactly...

SFX: BEEP-BEEP!! Jessica starts growing afraid.

JESSICA

Johnny, don't lose me!

RYAN

Well what the hell do you expect me
to do?!

Just then, Ryan rounds a corner -- and sees traffic GRIDLOCKED
to a halt ahead. He tries to maneuver around it, but is
almost immediately boxed in.

SFX: BEEP-BEEP-BEEP!

JESSICA

Johnny--!

37.

46

46

RYAN

I know, Jessica!

The phone starts a STEADY BEEPING now, dying imminent. And
traffic isn't going anywhere. Ryan looks around desperately.
Nothing. No emergency lane. No shoulder. Just a long drop
down a HILL to a strip mall below--
STRIP MALL?! Ryan scans it and does a double-take on one of
the store's signs: "VERIZON WIRELESS".
Traffic inches forward. Now he sees an OFF-RAMP a quarter-
mile ahead -- but at this rate, it'll take forever to make it
there.

SFX: BEEP-BEEP-BEEP...'.'

Ryan's got to do something. Now.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You know that money you promised me?

JESSICA (VO)

Yes.

RYAN

I'm giving myself a raise.

47 **EXT. VERIZON MALL HILL - CONTINUOUS**

47

And with that, Ryan CRANKS the steering wheel hard right and
HITS THE GAS! Despite other drivers' protests, the little
Rent-a-Cop vehicle blasts across the gridlock, TEARS through
the rusty GUARD RAIL and -- VROOOOM! -- flies off the side of
the hill!

Ryan lets out a frightened yell as he SAILS through the clear blue sky.

RYAN

HOOOOLLYYY SHIIII--

THUMP! The Rent-a-Cop car touches down on a steep downslope. Ryan struggles to control the bucking automobile, miraculously avoiding the minefield of ROCKS and TREE STUMPS. He needs both hands for the job and holds the phone by its antenna in his teeth. There's so much noise, the only thing Jessica could possibly hear is a CACOPHONY OF NOISE and Ryan HYPERVENTILATING.

JESSICA (VO)

What's going on?!

RYAN

(with phone in teeth)

mmrrmph mrm mrmph!

Ryan is bounced around like a corn kernel in a popper until the car hits a jutting rock and -- WHOOOOM! -- goes up on two wheels. It looks like it's going to roll but gravity brings

38.

47

47

it back down -- SLAMM! -- so hard that the phone goes flying across the car!

RYAN (CONT'D)

Shit!

Ryan scrabbles for the phone -- but gives it up when he bounces over a rise and sees A BILLBOARD DEAD AHEAD!

RYAN (CONT'D)

WHOAAAAAA!

Ryan whips the wheel and navigates the little car between the billboard's concrete posts, but -- WHAM! -- obliterates the rent-a-cop's BUBBLE LIGHTS on the billboard's lower edge. Somehow, Ryan muscles the bucking econocar safely down the rest of the hill and into the strip mall parking lot, where it SKIDS OUT.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(grabbing phone)

Jessica?! Can you hear me?!

JESSICA (VO)

I'm here!
Ryan hops out and races inside--

48 THE VERIZON WIRELESS STORE - CONTINUOUS
48

And of course, they're having a sale and the place is packed.
Every SALESPERSON is beyond busy in the feeding frenzy.

SFX: BEEP-BEEP-BEEP!!

Panicking, Ryan pushes his way to the front of the counter --

IRATE CUSTOMERS

Hey, what do you think you're
doing? There's a line!
-- to the OVERLY-PERKY SALESMAN helping someone else.

OVERLY-PERKY SALESMAN

..and if you get the new Nokia
9200, you can switch out faceplates
to match your mood! And we have a
special today on tiger stripes...
Are you feeling fierce?
The salesman makes a playful paw swipe with his hand.

EASILY-EXCITABLE CUSTOMER

Oh, how fun!

RYAN

Excuse me--

OVERLY-PERKY SALESMAN

I'm sorry, sir, I'm with a customer
now.

(MORE)

39.

48

48

OVERLY-PERKY SALESMAN (CONT'D)

(indicates a number
dispenser)

But if you take a number, someone
will be with you shortly.

Ryan glances at the dispenser. A BIG YELLOW SMILEY FACE with
tickets ejected from the mouth. The next ticket it offers is

"#97"...and the Now-Serving Display on the wall reads "#71".

SFX: BEEP-BEEP-BEEP! I

Just then, a BUSY SALESWOMAN walks by. Ryan grabs her.

RYAN

Hey! Hey! I've got an emergency
here --

BUSY SALESWOMAN

Sorry, I'm on break--

RYAN

Damn it, will you listen to me?!
I've got a life and death call on
this phone and my battery's dying!
Do you have a charger?

BUSY SALESMAN

Sure.

(walks away)

Take a number and one of the sales
associates will grab you one when
your turn comes up.

_ / -

RYAN

Bu t-- !

SFX: BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP!!!

Ryan breaks out in a cold sweat. Can't catch his breath. As
a SALESWOMAN rushes by, Ryan reaches for her.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Help, I --

SALESWOMAN

Take a number.

The room starts spinning around him. It's clear no one's
going to help him. Like the clap of doom, the NOW-SERVING
DISPLAY on the wall flips happily to "#72"

SFX: BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP!!!

Frantic, Ryan glances at the phone. And just as the last
BATTERY BAR on the power indicator FLICKERS and DISAPPEARS --

RYAN

Aw, screw this...
-- Ryan pulls the rent-a-cop's big .38 SPECIAL from his pocket and BLOWS THE SMILEY FACE DISPENSER TO DUST!

40.

48
48

Instantly, people hit the dirt.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh look! Now serving thirty eight special!
(beat)

NOW WHO'S GONNA GET ME THAT GODDAMN

CHARGER?

CUT TO:

49 **EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING BAY**
49

Mooney exits the mayhem of the station and walks to a SQUAD CAR. Gets in. As he pulls his seatbelt on, something CRINKLES in his breast pocket. He pulls it out -- the SCRAP OF PAPER where the scribbled the words "JESSICA MARTIN" and "BRENTWOOD" when Ryan handed him the phone. Mooney crumples the paper and is about to throw it away...but stops himself. He stares at the words, then unable to let it go, punches keys on the MOBILE DATA TERMINAL. A name and address appear on the screen:

JESSICA KATE MARTIN. 327 ELMWOOD ESTATES, BRENTWOOD.

Mooney stares at the name. Then, after a moment, he sighs and pulls a LA LAKERS cellphone from his coat. Dials.

MOONEY

Hi, honey. Yeah, I'm gonna be a few minutes late...

And as Mooney closes the door and starts up the engine--

CUT TO:

50 **INT. JESSICA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**
50

We PAN PAST PHOTOGRAPHS of Jessica's family over to-
AN ANSWERING MACHINE RINGS... ANSWERS. We hear Jessica's
outgoing message, then a BEEP and-

MALE VOICE

(over machine)

Jessica? Damn, where are you?

(beat)

I called earlier and... Jess, I'm
in serious trouble. I can't explain
right now, but we're all in danger.
Please, just grab Ricky and meet me
in left field.

PAN UP to an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN listening to the machine.

CUT TO:

41.

51 **INT. RENT-A-COP CAR - RACING OFF THROUGH THE CITY**
51

Just as the phone literally dies -- Ryan rips a new CHARGER
from its packaging, slaps it into the phone and voila, it
begins CHARGING.

RYAN

Whew! That was so no bueno!

JESSICA (VO)

You found a charger?

RYAN

Among other things...

Ryan glances at piles of phone gear he's appropriated from
Verizon. EARBUD MIKES. MANUALS. RECEPTION BOOSTERS.

52 **INTERCUT CALL - RYAN IN CAR/JESSICA IN ATTIC**
52

Ryan fiddles with the now war-torn phone.

JESSICA

Thank you for doing all this,
Johnny.

RYAN

Yeah, look, about that...
(awkward beat)
My-name isn't really Johnny
Fountain.

JESSICA

Good, it sounded like a porn star
name.
(then softly)
It's okay. I know. You don't have
to tell me --

RYAN

It's Ryan. Ryan Ackerman. I'm a
bar-back. I'm twenty-two, and just
a little freaked out right now.
Jessica is moved with emotion by his honesty.

JESSICA

Thank you, Ryan.
But before they can say any more, suddenly--

SFX: FEET ON THE STAIRS - COMING TOWARD THE ATTIC!

Jessica JUMPS with a start. Tries to push the PHONE GUTS
behind a beam with her foot as Greer enters -- but fails.
The receiver sits in front of the beam, EXPOSED!
Greer crosses the room and sits on a box next to Jessica. He
stares at her for long, uncomfortable moments. Then:

42.

52

52

GREEK

Do you want to die here?
Jessica drains white -- Does he see the phone?!

CUT BACK TO:

53 RYAN - IN THE RENT-A-COP CAR

53

Slams on the brakes and skids up to the curb. Covers the
mouthpiece.

RYAN

Oh shit!

54 BACK TO ATTIC

54

Greer's question still hangs in the air.

JESSICA

N-no...

Jessica scoots away, trying to draw Greer's eyes in another
direction from the phone that lies OUT IN THE OPEN.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

...but I am going to, aren't I?

GREER

Up to you. Your husband left a
message asking you to meet him in
left field. Where's that?

JESSICA

What? I don't understand--?

Greer winds up and BAM! Hits Jessica in the stomach, knocking
the wind out of her and causing her to fall to the ground.

GREER

--A base ball field !? Wh ich o ne
does he mean?!

JESSICA

(choking out the words)

I... I don't know what you want me
to say. I swear--

GREER

Shut up!!! Which field?! He
wouldn't leave a message that
didn't make sense to you!

Greer tightens his fist and is about to hit Jessica again--

JESSICA

Wait! The bleachers behind left
field at Dodger Stadium! That's

where we first met.

43.

54
54

Greer stares at Jessica for a long uncomfortable moment, searching her soul. She's lying.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Please! Believe me. That has to be where he means. I swear to God. Then he stands, looking away for just a moment -- but long enough for Jessica to NUDGE the phone back behind the beam!

GREER

Working in my profession as long as I have, you begin to recognize the truth when you hear it. Jessica, trembling, hangs on Greer's every word.

GREER (CONT'D)

(turning back)
Go to the window, Jessica. There's something I want you to see. Relieved at hiding the phone, Jessica gets up and moves to the attic window -- and GASPS.

55 **JESSICA'S POV - THE YARD BELOW**
55

Down in the yard below, Jessica's eleven-year-old son Ricky stands uncomfortably in the middle of a basketball half-court as one of the kidnapers (a severe-looking ex-con named HODGES) stands nearby, watching.

56 **INT. ATTIC**
56

Jessica's knees nearly buckle.

JESSICA

Ricky!

57 **EXT. THE YARD BELOW**
57

Hodges looks up and sees Jessica's face in the window. Then turns and tosses a basketball to Ricky.

HODGES

Shoot hoops.

RICKY

I.. I don't feel like it.

HODGES

(threatening)

Shoot.

Nervously, Ricky begins to bounce the ball.

58 INT. ATTIC

58

Jessica sees her son start shooting the ball -- completely oblivious to Hodges, who flicks open his coat, revealing SILENCED PISTOL tucked into his waistband.

44.

58

58

GREEK

You have three seconds to tell me where he really is or you're going to a funeral.

CUT TO:

59 INT. THE RENT-A-COP CAR

59

Ryan's listening. Helpless. There's nothing he can do.

RYAN

Oh Jesus! Oh Jesus!!

60 INT. ATTIC / EXT. SAFEHOUSE

60

Jessica drains ghost-white. On the verge of passing out. Down below, Ricky shoots baskets, unaware of Hodges closing his hand around his gun.

GREER

One.. .

JESSICA

Please! Please, believe me!
Ricky plays innocently -- while Hodges now COCKS his pistol.

GREER

Two.
Frantic, Jessica locks eyes with Hodges, silently pleading for him not to do this. Hodges stares back with glacial ice.

JESSICA

(sobbing uncontrollably)
Please, he's just a child!

CUT TO:

61 INT. RENT-A-COP CAR

61

Ryan is more frenzied than Jessica.

RYAN

(to himself)
Goddamn it, listen to her! She
doesn't know!!

62 INT. ATTIC / EXT. SAFEHOUSE

62

Ricky backs up to retrieve a high rebound. Jessica watches in horror as Hodges begins to slowly DRAW HIS GUN.

JESSICA

No...no.' I swear that's all I
know!
Greer gives a sigh of disbelief --

45

.

62

62

GREEK

Thre--

JESSICA

OKAY! ... okay...
(breaking down)
LAX Airport! There's a bar called

Left Field. That's where we met.
We were in college on our way to
Mardi-gras.

CUT TO:

63 **INT. RENT-A-COP CAR**
63

Ryan's completely floored by Jessica's admission. She knew
all along?

64 **INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS**
64

JESSICA

Please God, I swear that's the
truth. Don't kill my son!

GREER

(looking impressed)
Most people don't get past two.
Greer signals, and:

.- ·> **EXT. SAFEHOUSE - DAY**
65

Hodges tucks his gun away...just as Ricky turns around. The
kid startles that Hodges was so close.

HODGES

Okay, kid. Let's go.

66 **INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS**
66

Jessica watches as her son is led away to the GUEST HOUSE
across the yard. Once he's inside and out of view, Jessica
collapses in a heap on the floor.
Greer is about to exit the attic -- when Jessica speaks.

JESSICA

You won't get away with this.
When I didn't show up at the
hospital, someone must have called
the police--

GREER

The police are the last people on
earth I'm worried about...
Greer pulls a Police Scanner out of his jacket and shows it
to Jessica.

MATCH CUT TO:

46.

^7 RYAN - SITTING IN THE RENT-A-COP CAR

67

listening to the call with every fiber of his being.

GREER (VO)

We get one hit on the scanner about
you, we'll be picking out family
plots, comprende?

Suddenly, a HUMMER, with the BASS THUMPING at ear-shattering
decibels, pulls alongside Ryan's car. DMX.

RAP TUNE

"SOME NIGGAS THAT YOU DON'T WANNA

TRY, (MY NIGGAS) SOME NIGGAS JUST

ABOUT DO OR DIE (MY NIGGAS) ..."

CUT TO:

68 THE ATTIC

68

Jessica hears it first. The pumping cacophony coming from
the phone behind the beam. It's subtle at first, but grows
increasingly louder. She closes her eyes, praying Greer
won't hear it--

But Greer does hear it. On the verge of leaving the room,
Greer stops. Cocks an ear. Instantly, Jessica tries to
cover it with her own voice.

JESSICA

Do you honestly expect me to
believe we're going to walk away
from this alive?

But Greer isn't listening to her. He strides back into the
room, listening to the noise under her voice.

GREER

(to Jessica)

Shut up.

69 **RYAN - IN THE RENT-A-COP CAR**
69

Oblivious of Jessica desperately trying to clue him in.

JESSICA (VO)

How can I SHUT UP? You threaten to
kill my child and you expect me to
act like a MUTE?! If this --
Suddenly, it hits Ryan like a punch to the face. And he
scrambles, trying to cover the phone.

RYAN

Oh shit! Where's mute?!

~*0 **INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS**
70

JESSICA

...your child, then--

47 .

70
70

BLAMM!! -- Greer shoots a hole in the wall next to Jessica's
head. Afraid, she shuts her mouth... and prays.

BUT AT EXACTLY THE SAME MOMENT --

71 **INT. RENT A COP CAR - CONTINUOUS**
71

Ryan finds the MUTE BUTTON. Presses it and--

72 **INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS**
72

Greer listens intently... and HEARS NOTHING but silence in
the still attic. Soon, he turns to leave. Only when he's
gone does Jessica's heart start beating again.

CUT TO:

73 **INT. RENT A COP CAR**
73

The HUMMER finally pulls away.

RAP TUNE

"(MY NIGGAS) IF THEY COULD (MY
NIGGAS) they would (my niggas)...
As the thumping bass subsides, Ryan sighs with relief.

CUT TO:

x - '>

1 INT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE ATTIC
74

Deason and Ellis wait for Greer, who enters, pulling off his mask.

ELLIS

Well?

GREER

The Left Field sports bar at LAX.

ELLIS

Are you positive?
Greer ignores him. Then turns to Deason.

GREER

Tell Hodges we move in ten.
Deason nods and moves off.

CUT BACK TO:

75 INT. ATTIC
75

Jessica lies on the floor, sobbing into her knees.
Soft as an insect's buzz, we can hear Ryan calling to her on the broken phone.

48.

75
75

RYAN (VO)

Jessica...? Answer me, goddamn it I

Soon, his voice pierces the suffocating gloom around her and she crawls desperately over to it.

MATCH CUT TO:

76 INT. RENT-A-COP CAR - IDLING AT THE CURB

76

Ryan's freaking out.

JESSICA (VO)

I'm here.

RYAN

You all right?! I thought they--

JESSICA (VO)

I'm okay.

RYAN

What are you doing? Why'd you lie to them?

77 INTERCUT PHONE CALL - RYAN IN RENT-A-COP CAR/JESSICA IN ATTIC77

JESSICA

(welling up with tears)

Do you think I like gambling with my son's life?

RYAN

I can't tell. You seem pretty good at it --

JESSICA

Don't you see, Ryan? Once they get Craig, we're all gonna die.

RYAN

You can't know that for sure.

JESSICA

Be realistic. Does letting us live benefit them in any way? No! The only chance he's got is if you can get to the airport and find him before they do.

RYAN

Wait, wait--!

JESSICA

Ryan, please! There's no time!

Just get to the airport--

RYAN

It's suicide. They'll kill me!

49.

77

77

J... JESSICA

They won't! You're invisible to them! They don't know who you are. They don't know anything about you. Please! You've got to try!

RYAN

Lady, I've jacked two cars, been accused of being a child molester, obliterated a car dealership, and busted three cops in a Verizon store. -- Don't tell me I'm not trying!

Jessica tries another tack.

JESSICA

Look, I have no right to ask you this Ryan, but you're my family's only chance...and I am asking.

Something in the way she says that last sentence, a mixture of strength and vulnerability, gets through to Ryan. And against his own will, he's swayed.

RYAN

(gives in)

I'll get the phone to your husband, but that's gotta be it, okay?!

»

*

Ryan, heading toward the airport, floors the gas.

CUT TO:

78 **EXT. BRENTWOOD NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**
78

A PATROL CAR prowls down a quaint residential block. Comes to a stop in the driveway of what we know to be Jessica Martin's house. Mooney gets out. Knocks. The door opens, revealing the ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN from before.

MOONEY

Ms. Martin?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Yes?

MOONEY

Jessica Kate Martin?

The Woman nods. Mooney is plainly disillusioned by the woman. Maybe his hunch was wrong...

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Can I help you, Officer...?

She scans Mooney's badge.

50.

78
78

MOONEY

Mooney.

(shakes his head)

No. No, I guess not. Must've been a prank. I m sorry to have b9thered you, Ms. Martin. Have a nice day.

The Woman smiles and nods, and Mooney walks off. When he gets to his car, he CRUMPLES the paper with Jessica's name and address, and shakes his head, chuckling at himself. As Mooney drives off--

THE ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

walks back into the house and flips open her CELLPHONE. When she finishes dialing, a familiar DEEP MALE VOICE answers.

DEEP MALE VOICE (VO)

Hello?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

It's Bayback. Remember the Fusco brothers?

Silence.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (CONT'D)

Well, I've got an itch that needs scatching.

MATCH CUT TO:

79 **INT. A ROOM - DAY**

79

ECU - THE MAN ON THE OTHER END OF THE CALL

Too close to make out who it is just yet--

DEEP MALE VOICE

What's the problem?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (VO)

We're in the middle of a shit storm, and I need you to put a leash put on an officer.

DEEP MALE VOICE

Who?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (VO)

An Officer Mooney from your division. Know him?

Now, we start PULLING BACK, revealing the man's features.

DEEP MALE VOICE

Mooney? He's a desk sergeant. What would you want with him?

51.

79

79

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (VO)

I had to do a B & E and he came snooping around the house looking

for the owner.

DEEP MALE VOICE

And what did you say?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (VO)

That I was her, of course.

Continue PULLING BACK. We can almost recognize him now...

DEEP MALE VOICE

Did he believe you?

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (VO)

I think so. He said he thought someone was pulling a prank on him.

DEEP MALE VOICE

Mooney doing an investigation?

What's are you really up to?

The man swivels around in his chair and we see clearly it's--

DETECTIVE TOMLIN

And no bullshit. Right now you're entire department's hot, so if I'm gonna get in the tub, I've got to know how deep it is.

CUT TO:

80 INT. RENT-A-COP CAR - BURNING DOWN SEPULVEDA BOULEVARD

80

Ryan drives like madman toward the airport, blowing through lights. Jessica is frantic.

JESSICA (VO)

Where are you now?!

RYAN

I'll be at the airport in twenty minu --

JESSICA (VO)

Twenty minutes! Oh my God, Ryan, you've got to drive faster! Please--

RYAN

(snapping)

Jessica, this car has a sewing machine for an engine! I can't go any faster!

JESSICA

Sorry. I just...

SI INTERCUT PHONE CALL - RYAN IN RENT-A-COP CAR/JESSICA IN ATTICS 1

Jessica's voice trails off as she catches a glimpse of herself in an OLD MIRROR standing in the corner. Bruised. Clothes torn. Staring at her own cracked reflection, she breaks down, but silently this time, locked in her own personal hell.

For Ryan, the silence is deafening. Despite his frantic driving, he feels her pain. And hates being unable to help.

RYAN

Jessica... ?

There's an emotional beat, then--

JESSICA

Do you think God will forgive me?

RYAN

What do you mean--?

JESSICA

For what I've done... For giving up Craig...

Ryan is moved by the emotion in her voice.

RYAN

Jessica, they have your kid. You had no choice.

JESSICA

I don't know. I don't know...

RYAN

I know. I heard what they were doing to you over there. You held out for as long as you could.

JESSICA

(grim beat)

My son and I are going to die here, Ryan. They already have us. But maybe I could've saved Craig...

The truth of this has a profound effect on Ryan. And just when Jessica is about to lose herself to despair -- Ryan finds a resolve within himself even he didn't know he had.

RYAN

Jessica, listen to me. I promise you, I'm not going to let that happen. I could care less about your money. I'm risking my life cause I know I'm gonna get you and your family out of this. You hear what I'm sayin'?

53.

81

81

There is a moment between them, two people connecting on a human level... But the moment is suddenly cut short as a STATICKY VOICE start bleeding into their phone call -- some BRITISH ASSHOLE having his own phone call.

BRITISH ASSHOLE (VO)

-- Yeah, the show just bought me a Cadillac XLR convertible. No, you can't ride in it. Not until you do something with that road kill you call hair. And what's with your makeup? Kabuki Theatre is not in style --

RYAN

(interrupting)

Jessica? Are you still there?

BRITISH ASSHOLE (VO)

Hey, hey?! This is a private call!
Jessica's voice starts fading as the CROSSTALK gets worse.

JESSICA (VO)

(washed in static)
I'm..ere, but y...reaking up!

BRITISH ASSHOLE (VO)

Get off my line! Are you there?
Mom? I

RYAN

Listen dude, this woman's in
serious --

BRITISH ASSHOLE (VO)

--That's not my problem, lady.
Lady?! Suddenly, STATIC starts drowning out Ryan's side of
the call.

RYAN

(yelling over the static)
Jessica, don't hang up! You hear
me?! Whatever happens --

BRITISH ASSHOLE (VO)

Look woman, tell your kidnapping
story to someone who gives a shit.
Ryan can't hear Jessica's side of the conversation; only the
British Asshole's, which comes in loud and clear.

RYAN

Jessica?! Jessica?!
As Ryan goes mental, a CAR PASSES HIM on the opposite side of
the road -- a new Cadillac XLR convertible! Inside is an
appropriately asshole-ish looking guy. He could only be the
British Asshole.

54.

81
81

RYAN (CONT'D)

Gotcha.
Ryan pulls a HARROWING 180 DEGREE TURN, barely missing an
oncoming car by inches.
He RACES up to the Cadillac, which has a VANITY PLATE that
reads, "IDOL MKR." Ryan looks through the window at --

CUT TO:

82 INT. CADILLAC XLR CONVERTIBLE

82

The driver, who in a typical LA celebrity sighting, turns out to be none other than SIMON COWELL, host of American Idol. Simon continues his spittle-spraying rant -- at no one. It appears he's using the car's SPEAKERPHONE.

CUT BACK TO:

83 INT./ EXT. RENT-A-COP CAR - BURNING DOWN SEPULVEDA BLVD.

83

Ryan eyes Simon's mouth while hearing:

SIMON COWELL (VO)

(over Ryan's cellphone)

Murdered your housekeeper? Don't
bullshit me; I work in the Industry
that invented it you stupid COW!

Ryan sees Simon Cowell MOUTH THE WORDS "STUPID COW" in synch with the conversation. BINGO!

Ryan floors the Rent-a-cop car ahead of the Cadillac and PULLS A 90 DEGREE turn at an intersection; cutting Cowell off!

SCREEEECH! Cowell, trying to avoid a collision, SLAMS on the brakes, causing the Cadillac to SKID twenty feet.

Ryan jumps out of the rent-a-cop car he's left in the middle of the intersection and runs over to the Cadillac, banging on the window with the .38 Special.

Cowell practically jumps out of his skin at the sight of the gun and the kid with the crazy look in his eyes.

SIMON COWELL (CONT'D)

BLOODY HELL!!

RYAN

Give me that phone... or I shoot
your car!

Cowell is prepared to comply -- but suddenly behind them--

SFX: HONK-HONK!!

55 .

83

83

-- Ryan notices a 10-TON SEMI heading straight for the Rent-a-cop car too late. The DRIVER SLAMS his brakes, but --

KABLLAAAAMMM!

84 THE RENT-A-COP CAR

84

EXPLODES into tiny pieces of junk as the semi PLOUGHS THROUGH IT! Flaming debris rains down around Ryan, and he covers his mouth, unable to believe his shitty luck.

RYAN

Ain't that a bitch!

Ryan turns back to Simon Cowell.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Out of the car! Now!

Cowell all but dives out.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Where's your phone?!

SIMON COWELL

It's on speaker!

Ryan turns to the car. Calls out.

RYAN

Jessica?

JESSICA (VO)

Ryan?! I'm here!

Her voice says she can't believe her ears.

Relieved, Ryan jumps in the Cadillac XLR and tosses his phone on the passenger seat, next to a LAPTOP computer. Guns the engine and STOMPS the gas.

As he passes the ruins of his rent-a-cop car, he slows just enough to open the Cadillac's door and snatch up his bag of Verizon goodies laying on the pavement -- then peels away. Practically frothing at the mouth, Simon Cowell chases after on foot, cursing as his beautiful new Cadillac disappears in the distance --

SIMON COWELL

Your career's over! YOU HEAR ME?!

OVER!

85 INT. CADILLAC XLR

85

As Jessica's voice RESOUNDS around him, he notices the phone's controlled through the radio. He turns it up.

JESSICA (VO)

(still shaken)

I thought they... I thought I was--

56.

85

85

RYAN

You're okay. It's okay now.

DISSOLVE TO:

86 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - ESTABLISHING

86

Along with the million other cars, FIND the Cadillac threading its way up to the main terminal.

87 INT. CADILLAC XLR - AIRPORT

87

Ryan tries to avoid eye contact with the TRAFFIC COP assisting the flow of cars.

RYAN (INTO PHONE)

I'm here... Oh shit!

SCREEEECH! Ryan steps on the brakes, seeing something ahead. WHIP PAN AROUND to see what Ryan's staring at. Just ahead, JESSICA'S ESCALADE is pulling up to the curb.

JESSICA (VO)

What?

RYAN

Your car's here.

Ryan pulls along side the red curb and watches as four tough-looking men exit the vehicle. We recognize them as Greer, Deason, Ellis and Hodges.

JESSICA (VO)

Hurry, Ryan! Just find Craig!

Ryan hops out -- but stops when the car CALLS OUT TO HIM.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Wait, Ryan! What about me--?!

Ryan searches the car and finds the HANDSET in the armrest. As he grabs it and races after Greer into the airport, a Traffic Cop comes up to the car.

TRAFFIC COP

HEY, YOU CAN'T PARK HERE!!

But it's too late. Ryan's already gone.

88 INT. LAX AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Greer and his men stride through the airport like sharks honing in on bleeding prey. Soon, the Kidnappers break up into two groups: Greer and Ellis heading for the DEPARTURE GATES; Deason and Hodges go the other way towards the INFORMATION KIOSK.

^

Ryan heads toward the --

57.

R9 INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - LAX
89

Greer, who waits in the LINE OF PASSENGERS waiting to pass through airport's METAL DETECTORS. This is Ryan's chance. He cuts through the line.

RYAN

Oops. Excuse me. Pardon me. My grandmother needs her walker...

Soon, he makes his way to the front, right behind Greer and BUMPS into him. As he does, NOTICE -- ECU of Ryan slyly slipping the rent-a-cop's tiny .38 Special into Greer's heavy motorcycle jacket. Greer turns, glaring -- But no one's there. Greer looks around, and there's a heart-stopping moment that we're afraid he's going to notice Ryan, who now stands innocently the next line over-- --but Greer's eyes pass right over him as he scans the crowd. Ryan breathes a sigh of relief as Greer finally turns away to walk through the metal detector and...

SFX: BZZZZZZZTTH

...sets off the alarm.

DETECTOR OPERATOR

Excuse me, sir. Would you mind emptying your pockets over here? Confused, Greer does. He lays his wallet on the table, then his keys... Then looks baffled as he pulls out -- the GUN 1

DETECTOR OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Code red! Code red!
The response she gets is stunning. SECURITY GUARDS jump out of the woodwork with guns drawn. ALARMS go off. SECURITY GATES start coming down. Travelers start SCREAMING and

PANICKING!

SECURITY GUARDS

GET DOWN! GET ON THE GROUND!!

ELLIS

(reaching for something)
Wait, this is a mistake--

TENSE GUARD

HANDS/ HANDS!!

As one, the entire security force POUNCES on Greer and Ellis, TACKLING them to the ground and IMMOBILIZING their limbs.

58.

89

89

And while that chaos is going on, Ryan slowly backs through to the metal detector...and starts running for Left Field.

MATCH CUT TO:

90 **INT. LAX AIRPORT - METAL DETECTORS - CONTINUOUS**

90

GREER AND ELLIS are crushed under the dogpile of security. Behind them, a door slams open and a formation of NATIONAL GUARDSMEN race on-scene, showing just how seriously security is taken in the wake of Sept. 11th.

CUT TO:

91 INT. CONCOURSE - LAX

91

Ryan jogs down the concourse when--

PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM

Attention travelers. Due to a security problem, all persons are required to clear the terminal and return immediately to the security checkpoint at the entrance to Concourse B...

At once, everyone begins filing out of the terminal. Ryan looks like a salmon swimming upstream, the only figure moving against the tide of people rushing to get out.

JESSICA (VO)

"Left Field" is in Terminal C.

RYAN

Listen to me! They're clearing the terminal. Before your husband passes me, what does he look like?

JESSICA (VO)

He's thirty-eight. Six feet. Trim build. Thinning hair...

RYAN

(scanning the passengers)
That's not enough! What's he wearing?

JESSICA (VO)

I don't know! We have completely different schedules. I was fast asleep p--

(thinking it through)

-- A suit... He wears glasses, thick rims, like Buddy Holly or--

Bingo! The Buddy Holly glasses is what did it. Ryan sees a man in the distance hurrying in his direction -- CRAIG.

RYAN

Found him!

59.

91

91

And just as Ryan bee-lines it towards Craig--

VOICE (OS)

Excuse me, sir--

Ryan turns and finds a NATIONAL GUARDSMAN right behind him.

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

You can't be here now. You have to
leave the area.

RYAN

But --

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

Now, sir.

And as Ryan is marched away he sees--

CUT TO:

92 GREER AND ELLIS

92

Knees in their necks. Hands covering their faces.

GREER

-- if you'd just listen to me! I
can explain! Someone reach into my
coat pocket! Goddamn it, reach
into my pocket!

***'V**

A YOUNG GUARDSMAN does -- and in a big reveal, we see that he
WITHDRAWS A BADGE. A Los Angeles policeman's badge...
Ryan's jaw drops. He can't believe it -- they're cops?!

YOUNG GUARDSMAN

Hey, this one's on the job.

RYAN

Holy shit, Jessica, these guys are
cops!

JESSICA (VO)

What?!

The Guardsman's SUPERIOR OFFICER examines it. Is it real?

SUPERIOR OFFICER

Run it.
(the Guardsman runs off;
turns back to Greer)
Is that your gun?

GREER

(hesitates)
--yes. Yes. It's my piece.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

Well, you're supposed to declare it.

60.

92

92

GREEK

I know. We just got focused on a
rabbit we're here to nab.
Just then, the Young Guardsman returns.

YOUNG GUARDSMAN

He's clean. Badge matches his I.D.

SUPERIOR OFFICER

(grumbles)
Unhook 'em. Stand down security.

MATCH CUT TO:

93 **INT. LAX AIRPORT - CONCOURSE - DAY**

93

Ryan looks relieved when the airport's alarms SHUT OFF. The
P.A. system cheerily thanks everyone for their cooperation
and, all around, security gates begin to rise.

RYAN

(noticing; to Guard)
Hey, can I go now? Can I go?!
The Guard nods, and Ryan takes off like a shot, racing back
towards the bar.
Ryan spots Craig Martin outside the Left Field sports bar.
Ryan grabs him by the elbow and starts hustling him through
the concourse.

CRAIG

Hey, what the hell?! Get your
hands off m--!!

RYAN

Shut up and keep walking. If they see us they'll kill us both.

CRAIG

What--?

RYAN

Your wife sent me.

CRAIG

She did? But how--?

RYAN

Would you hurry your ass?! You need to hide. They're here, and they're looking for you. They already have your family.
Craig looks at him, growing terrified.

RYAN (CONT'D)

In here!

61.

93
93

Ryan pulls Craig into the MENS RESTROOM.

CUT TO:

94 **INT. LAX RESTROOM**
94

CRAIG

I don't understand--

RYAN

It's okay. She'll explain it to you.
(into phone)
Okay, Jessica, I'm handing you over now.

CUT TO:

95 **INTERCUT CALL - JESSICA IN ATTIC/ RYAN IN LAX MENS ROOM**
95

Relief can be traced on Jessica's face.

JESSICA

(welling up)

Ryan, you've done so much. I don't
know how to repay you...

An awkward, emotional pause falls between them.

RYAN

Forget about the cash. Just get you
and y9ur son home safely and we'll
call it even.

JESSICA

I will. I promise.

RYAN (VO)

I know you will.

RYAN hands the cellphone over to Craig.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna be outside this door.
Don't come out unless I get you.
Got it?

CRAIG

(confused)

Okay.

Ryan walks out the restroom door as Craig puts the phone to
his ear. He sighs with relief -- it's finally over.

CUT TO:

96 INT. LAX AIRPORT - CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS

96

GREER and ELLIS stride toward the bar.

62.

96

96

ELLIS

(sotto voce)

Nice move. What the hell you bring
a gun for?

GREEK

I didn't.

ELLIS

(sounding nervous)
What do you mean?

GREER

Just keep your eyes open!
Something weird is going on.
Greer stares daggers at everyone he passes.
Ellis looks around before glancing down at a PHOTO COPY of a
California driver's license.

CUT BACK TO:

97 INT. LAX AIRPORT - OUTSIDE MEN'S ROOM - DAY
97

Trying to act inconspicuous, Ryan guards the entrance to the
Men's Room. He starts to check out a magazine rack at an
adjacent concession stand when he hears:

CRAIG

HEY, RYAN? RYAN!

Ryan turns. RACK FOCUS past Ryan to Craig standing fifty
feet back, holding the phone out.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

This isn't my wife.

ECU ON RYAN'S FACE

As it sinks in. Disbelief. Anger. Dread.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

My wife's name is Patty. I'm not
Craig. I'm Paul. Paul Boyd.
In utter disbelief, Ryan turns back toward the gate -- and
sees Greer, Ellis, Hodges and Deason, cornering another MAN.
Tall. Lean. Thinning hair.
And wearing Buddy Holly glasses. The real CRAIG MARTIN.

RYAN

Shit!

MATCH CUT TO:

8 INT. LAX AIRPORT - CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS
98

Greer seizes Craig by the arm.

98
98

GREEK

Make a scene and you'll never see
your family again. Now who's here
with you?

Craig's eyes swell with fear.

CRAIG

Who, what?... No one! Nobody!

GREER

Answer me!

Greer looks around the crowded airport.

CRAIG

I'll forget I saw anything, just
leave them alone!

Whatever. Greer manhandles Craig toward the exit.

GREER

For your family's sake, you better
not have done anything stupid.

RYAN snatches the phone from the bogus Craig Martin -- and
hauls ass through a sea of travelers, trying to catch up to --

GREER AND ELLIS

"x

who scan the crowd bulling their way through throngs of
people, leading Craig Martin between them.

BUT RYAN

Has more difficulty. Gets STALLED and SWEPT AWAY in the
crowd long enough for the kidnapers to make it outside--

99 INT. ESCALADE - LOADING ZONE - CONTINUOUS

99

To their car. Craig is forced into the ESCALADE between
Greer and Ellis.

CRAIG

You goddamn animals better not have
hurt --

Greer surprises him with a vicious ELBOW to the face.

GREER

Animals?

Ellis whips a burlap hood over Craig's head and they drive off just as--

CUT TO:

64.

65.

102

102

MARILYN

Yes. He said you looked distracted when you left. He wants you to relax, Bob. He said they found that kid you were looking for and that you were right, it was all a prank. Nothing to worry about.

MOONEY

Yeah, I know.
She pulls him back down for another kiss.

MARILYN

What am I gonna do with you?

MOONEY

You're gonna dance with me all night long, until we're too pooped to pop... Well almost.
A giggle. They kiss.

MARILYN

You'll never change.

MOONEY

Yes I will, after I shower.
They both share a laugh.

MARILYN

Lame ass. Come on.
She pushes herself down the hallway and he follows.

CUT TO:

103 INT. JESSICA'S ESCALADE
103

As it pulls off the road onto the driveway of the kidnappers safe house and parks. Craig still wears the hood as Greer exits the car.

GREER

Get out!

As Craig reaches blindly for a door handle, Ellis opens the door and shoves him out onto the driveway. Greer yanks him up by his collar.

GREER (CONT'D)

GET UP! WALK!

With guns at his back, Craig is dragged inside the house.

104 INT. ATTIC
104

pulls The darkness is oppressive. Craig is pushed inside and
the hood off.

66.

104
104

CRAIG

Goddamn it, what the hell are you people going to--

JESSICA (OS)

Craig?

Craig stops dead, hearing the voice. Scans the cobweb-filled room, seeing nothing -- then from the depths of the shadows, Jessica materializes looking haunted and lifeless as a ghost.

CRAIG

Jessica?

Jessica races for the safety of Craig's arms, but just as she's about to be embraced, Greer steps forward and YANKS

Jessica back by her hair. She squeals in pain.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

HEY --/ /

Craig moves to object, but -- OOF! -- Deason sends him gasping to the floor with a sledgehammer fist to the gut.

JESSICA

No, don't hurt him!

Jessica struggles and, with an annoyed shove, Greer sends her spilling into Craig. She hugs tightly against him. When Craig gets his wind back, he comes to his knees and manages to croak out--

CRAIG

Ricky...?

Jessica nods gravely. He's here, too. Craig looks at his wife's face, bruised and hurt, and tears rise in his eyes.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Oh, God, Jess... What have they done to you?

But Jessica won't let this moment be about pity.

JESSICA

Who are they, Craig?

Craig doesn't know what to say.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Tell them, Craig. Tell them they have the wrong family. Tell them they've made a mistake--

But something in his eyes disagrees.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What?! What is it?

67.

104

104

.u CRAIG

This isn't a mistake, Jess.

And that's all it takes for Jessica's world to shatter.

GREEK emerges from the shadows, startling them, and backhands Craig's jaw with the butt of his gun.

GREEK

Where is the disc now?
Blood trickles from the corner of Craig's mouth.

CRAIG

You have to promise. If I give it
to you... you'll let my family go.

GREER

I'll tell you what, you tell me
where it is--
(turns his gun on Jessica)
--and I won't blow her brains all
over you right now.
Greer traces the barrel of the gun down Jessica's cheek.
Craig looks utterly helpless.

GREEK (CONT'D)

Your call Craig. It's an eighty-five
'cent bullet to me.

."

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Greer lowers the gun to her neckline(pulls her shirt
lower... She pleads "no" at Craig with her eyes, but he
finally breaks.

CRAIG

Okay. Enough, you win. But if
anything-

GREER

(training gun on Craig)
Just shut up and talk.

MATCH CUT TO:

105 **EXT. SURFACE STREETS - DAY**

105

Ryan rides back into the city in a cab.
He listens some more, then covers the phone's mouthpiece and
taps the CABBIE on the shoulder.

CRAIG (V.O.)

I dropped it down the mail chute at
work. It's gotta be in the
mailroom.

JESSICA (VO)

(for Ryan's benefit,
weakly)
You hid it downtown?

68 .

105

105

RYAN

Change of plans. I need to get to
downtown fast.

MATCH BACK TO:

106 **INT. ATTIC**

106

Greer pulls Craig to his feet.

GREEK

Get up. We're going.

CRAIG

How will I know she's okay?

HODGES

(shoving him)

Move!

When he gets near the door, Jessica is overcome with emotion
and races to her husband.

JESSICA

Wait! WAIT!!

She brushes past Hodges and hugs on tight to her husband,
tears flowing from her eyes.

v

Hodges goes to pull them apart, but Greer stops him. He
knows this is going to be their last time together.

CRAIG

I love you.

Craig squeezes the good years of their marriage into a
strong, loving embrace. Jessica hugs him closer. Leans into
his ear to seemingly whisper her love in return -- but what

she actually whispers takes Craig by surprise.

JESSICA

(quickly; sotto voce)

Pretend I'm telling you that I love you. There's an open phone line in here. You'll have help at the office, but if you give these men what they want, we're dead.

Jessica kisses her husband on the lips and withdraws, leaving Craig with an utterly confused expression on his face. But before his look can betray him--

GREER

Let's go.

--Greer and Hodges move forward, ushering Craig out of the room. When the door locks behind them, Jessica once again rushes to the phone.

69.

106

106

JESSICA

Ryan?! They're going to Fegan Securities, 4th and Figueroa.

MATCH CUT TO:

107 **EXT. 10 FREEWAY - DAY**

107

Ryan, in the cab, weaves through cars.

RYAN (INTO PHONE)

I'm already on my--

Suddenly, the cab rounds a bend -- and grinds to a halt from backed up traffic!

RYAN (CONT'D)

You've gotta be kidding me!

(to cabbie)

Can't you back it up?

The cabbie tries, but is hopelessly locked in by cars pulling up behind him. Shrugs.

About a hundred yards up the road, Ryan sees the 4th Street/Figueroa Exit. He's so close...

RYAN (CONT'D)

Aw, screw this!

Ryan throws some bills at the driver, hops out the passenger side and starts RUNNING.

108 EXT. SURFACE STREETS - DAY

108

A short time later, Ryan(drenched in sweat, sees Craig's office building in the distance --

109 EXT. FEGAN SECURITIES, INC. BUILDING - ESTABLISHING

109

With an all cement exterior (and few windows), it's a cellphone user's nightmare.

110 EXT. SURFACE STREETS - DAY

110

As Ryan huffs and puffs toward the building, he sees a BIKE MESSENGER bullshitting with a HOT DOG VENDOR. Ryan stops and stares at the PACKAGE POUCH on the seat and a flashy red BIKE HELMET hanging on the handlebars.

The helmet is futuristic, like something The Flash might wear. Ryan eyes the Messenger, grabs the bike, hops on and peddles for dear life toward Craig's building with the Messenger hot on his heels.

111 EXT. FEGAN SECURITIES, INC. BUILDING

111

As Ryan arrives at the building, the Escalade pulls up in front of him and Greer, Hodges and Ellis file into the building.

70.

111

111

Ryan skids to a stop. Eyes the carrying pouch...

***12 INT. FEGAN SECURITIES, INC. - LOBBY - DAY**

112

Ryan, carrying the carrying pouch and bike helmet, enters the lobby. Greer and the others disappear into an ELEVATOR. N9W inside, STATIC starts playing hell with their connection. Fine in some areas, terrible in others.

JESSICA (V.O.)

Wait, we --(bzzt!)--ve to think!

What --(bzzt!)--re we going to do?

RYAN

I have an idea...
Ryan fights his way through the tourists to the elevator bay. Quickly scans the DIRECTORY. Among the long list of CPAs, there's a MAILROOM on the 3rd floor.

CUT TO:

113 INT. MOONEY'S BEDROOM - DAY
113

Mooney (looking damn awkward in a suit and tie), lies on the bed, watching the news.
In the background, Marilyn can be seen in the master bathroom, sitting before the vanity mirror in her wheelchair. She puts on makeup.

MARILYN

In five minutes, I'll need you to give me a hand.

MOONEY

Whenever you're ready, hon.
Still wearing his holster, he shifts uncomfortably on the bed as he watches the news.

NEWS ANCHOR

...and authorities are now asking your help in identifying this man--
Mooney jolts upright as they display A FUZZY PHOTO OF RYAN from the Verizon surveillance cameras.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

-- believed to be responsible for today's bizarre string of crimes, most notably the theft of an \$80,000 Cadillac at gunpoint.

MOONEY

What..?
Mooney watches as they continue to detail Ryan's "wild crime spree", but gets the bigger picture, realizing that every event --the Verizon store; searching for the Martin kid;

71.

113
113

stealing the Cadillac -- centers around the cellphone call Ryan tried to tell him about this morning. Detective gears turning, Mooney reaches for the phone on the

bedside table. Dials 411.

OPERATOR

Thank you for using Pacbell. This is Claire, how may I help you?

MOONEY

I need the phone number for a residence. Jessica Martin in Brentwood.

OPERATOR

That number is (310) 555-8364. For an extra seventy five cents-
Mooney hangs up, dials the number. The phone rings and rings. Eventually, an answering machine picks up.

JESSICA'S VOICE (VO)

Hi, you've reached the home of Craig and Jessica Martin. We can't get to the phone right now, but if you leave your name and a message--
Mooney listens intently -- and is troubled.

MOONEY

(to an oblivious Marilyn)
The woman at the house didn't have an accent.
Marilyn smiles, realizing he's really talking to himself. Mooney hangs up, thoughts racing. He reaches behind him, and without looking he grabs his wallet and keys. He then walks over to Marilyn and kisses the top of her head. She knows him, and knows something's up.

MOONEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry honey(but I have to check on something real quick.

MARILYN

You've got to be kidding-

MOONEY

Delay the reservation if you have to; I'll be back in twenty minutes.
And Mooney's gone...

MARILYN

Twenty minutes my foot.

CUT TO:

U4 **INT. ELEVATOR - DAY**
114

A few SECRETARIES get out on the second floor.
Alone with the others, Greer eyes the mysterious .38 Special.

GREER

(re: .38 Special)
Keep your eyes open.

CUT TO:

115 **INT. FEGAN SECURITIES, INC. - THIRD FLOOR - DAY**
115

Dripping with sweat, Ryan shambles out of the stairwell, the bike helmet now strapped to his head and the pouch over his shoulder -- just as the ELEVATOR ARRIVES behind him!
As Greer, Hodges and Craig get out, Ryan turns and searches for the mailroom that's supposed to be here! Where the hell is-- Ah I He finds it and hustles into --

116 **INT. MAILROOM - CONTINUOUS**
116

A wide COUNTER separates Ryan and a few BUSINESS MEN and WOMEN from the MAIL CLERKS that busily work the other side. Ryan leans against the wall, pretending to be an ordinary bike messenger waiting for a package as Craig and the dirty cops enter, brushing right past him.
Craig scans the faces of the other patrons as they enter, desperately trying to figure out who is his secret ally. He ignores Ryan completely, whose face is mostly hidden by the tinted plastic VISOR attached to the helmet.
Craig notices an AGING SECURITY GUARD stationed in the area, but knows better than to make any waves.

MAILROOM SUPERVISOR

(recognizing Craig)
Anything I can help you with Mr.
Martin?

CRAIG

Hey, Benny. This might sound
ridiculous, but I dropped a DVD
mailer into the chute this morning

and I forgot to put down an address.

MAILROOM SUPERVISOR

Happens all the time. Let me see what's back there. Gimme a sec'.

The Supervisor disappears into the back room. Greer and Hodges take a seat only a few feet away from Ryan. The moment is uncomfortable...and gets infinitely worse as--

73.

116

116

MAIL CLERK ,

Excuse me, sir? Sir? Sir?

Ryan turns, realizing with horror that another MAIL CLERK is speaking to him.

RYAN

Me?

MAIL CLERK

You waiting for a package?

Now everyone's looking at Ryan. Including Greer.

RYAN

(facing away)

Sure, uh... I'm supposed to pick something up for Mr. Fountain over at the Bonaventure.

MAIL CLERK

From what department?

RYAN

I'm not sure... They said it was a contract, though, I know that, so what would that be, Legal?

MAIL CLERK

What's the tracking number?

RYAN

(patting himself down)

Uh... Right. Tracking number.

It's looking grim. Thankfully, the Supervisor reappears.

MAILROOM SUPERVISOR

Mr. Martin? I found a number of things that could be what you're looking for. Mind coming back to take a look?

Hodges shoots Craig a look, "go".

CRAIG

Sure.

The Supervisor leads Hodges and Craig away to the back room. Unfortunately, Greer stays behind.

RYAN

(patting himself)

I might... Maybe it's on the clipboard on my bike?

Ryan watches Greer out of the corner of his eye as Hodges and Craig disappear inside the vault.

74.

116

116

RYAN (CONT'D)

I, uh, may need to call somebody.

CUT TO:

117 **INT. MAILROOM - BACK ROOM**

117

There's an entire shelf that serves as a dead letter office. One plastic bin is filled with reusable interoffice envelopes, another bin is overflowing with small mailers, computer disks, unlabeled video tapes, Etc...

MAILROOM SUPERVISOR

Help yourself.

HODGES cautiously watches Craig shuffle through the mailers, opening two or three before finding -- he turns one upside down -- and a DVD case slides out!

A quick glance at the label, "ADT Digital Surveillance".
5/19/05 06:00 - 07:00" confirms it's the disc.

CRAIG

This is it.
Hodges seems uncomfortable with the Supervisor hovering over his shoulder.

HODGES

Let's go.

BACK TO:

118 INT. MAILROOM - CONTINUOUS

118

Ryan now sits by the window, cellphone pressed to his ear. Feigning frustration.

RYAN

You believe this? Everyone's got their head up their ass over there. The Mail Clerk ignores him almost as much as Greer wants to. Greer opens his cellphone to make a call, but when the signal is no good, he wanders outside the mailroom toward the window at the end of the hall.

MAIL CLERK

(impatiently)

Sir? You think you could just go outside and get your clipboard?
Just then, Hodges and Craig come marching out of the vault.

MAIL CLERK (CONT'D)

Sir?
Ryan glances at Greer, momentarily distracted on the phone. At Hodges, almost out of the bank. As he and Craig near the door --

75.

118

118

A moment where Craig finally locks eyes with Ryan -- and suddenly realizes: This is the guy!
It's now or never. Ryan has to do something.

MAIL CLERK (CONT'D)

Sir!?

RYAN

(to Clerk)
Screw the package.
Ryan stands and, unable to find anything better, snatches a metal HAND TRUCK sitting by the door, and as Hodges walks by--

MAIL CLERK

WHAT ARE YOU DOING--?!

-- swings it full-force into Hodges' face -- WHAMM!! Hodges drops like a slaughterhouse cow. Instantly, employees hit the ground; scream; run for their lives. Craig dives for the DVD case. The Security Guard has come to life; drawing down on them.

SECURITY GUARD

FREEZE!

Craig does. But Ryan grabs him and moves, racing out of the bank.

' -

· /

"

RYAN

COME ON, LET'S GO!

119 **INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE MAILROOM - CONTINUOUS**
119

At the end of the hall, GREER sees Craig and Ryan running out of the mailroom. Drops his phone, draws his gun --

SECURITY GUARD (OS)

FREEZE!!

-- just as the Guard comes running out. His gun was fixed on Ryan, but now that he sees Greer with a piece, he trains his gun on him instead.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

DROP YOUR WEAPON!

Ryan and Craig are struck in the middle of the crossfire.

GREER

(flashing his badge)

L.A.P.D.! I'M A COP!

SECURITY GUARD

DROP IT NOW!!

The instant Ryan and Craig try to escape into a nearby stairwell -- Greer turns his gun on the SECURITY GUARD --

BANG! BANG!

76.

119

119

-The Security Guard drops and Greer aims his weapon at Craig again!

BANG! -- Greer fires.

Craig, SHOT IN THE BACK, slams against Ryan with the impact. They fall half-in/half-out of the stairwell. Craig weakly shoves the DVD into Ryan's hands.

CRAIG

..run...

But Ryan is overwhelmed. His legs feel like a thousand pounds of jelly.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

..ruuuUUUUNNNNNN!!

As Craig slumps to the ground, Ryan stares in shock -- but when Greer starts sending a hail of bullets toward them, he DIVES into:

120 **INT. STAIRWELL - DAY**

120

He starts flying down the stairs...but when he sees four BUILDING SECURITY GUARDS racing up from below--

RYAN

Damn!

--he turns around and starts RUNNING UP instead.

121 **INT. MAILROOM - DAY**

121

Hodges gets to his feet. Stumbles out, holding his gushing, broken nose. Yells at Greer, who's racing into the stairwell.

HODGES

The kid!!

GREER

No shit.

122 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY
122

With the Guards and Greer only a floor behind, Ryan thinks fast and CHUCKS HIS BIKE HELMET down the corridor, ELBOWS the In-Case-Of-Emergency Glass, setting off the FIRE ALARM -- and starts running UP.
Seconds later, when they reach that level, one of the Guards sees Ryan's helmet and the broken glass leading away.

GUARD

(racing down the hall)

This way!

The other Guards follow...but Greer isn't convinced. On a hunch, he turns and continues running UP also.
Peeking over the edge from the floor above--

77 .

122
122

RYAN

Sees Greer and Hodges coming. Big-ass guns out and ready. Shit.'
THE ALARM BELLS SCREAM. PEOPLE start filling the stairwell on every floor.
Forcing his body to its very limits, Ryan bolts up the stairs until he sees the ROOF EXIT on the next floor up. He shoves open the nearest door and continues running up to the roof. He slips out and silently closes the door behind him just as--

123 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY
123

GREER and HODGES reach the floor beneath. See the door swinging shut -- but neither fall for the bait. They runs up toward the-

124 EXT. ROOF - DAY
124

Ryan's eyes SCAN the rooftop. Construction is in progress up here; tarpapering. Huge ROLLS OF TARPAPER lie about, PALATTES holding supplies covered with TARPS, an industrial

AIR CONDITIONER...

Ryan quickly shoves a 2"x4" under the doorknob to jam it.

Heart pounding, he races to the building's edge and looks down. Nothing but a straight drop 60 feet down. Footsteps are approaching! POUNDING on the door! Ryan darts behind a tarp-covered mass of supplies just as --

125 **EXT. ROOF - DAY**

125

GREER shakes the 2"x4" loose. He and Hodges explode out onto the roof, looking for Ryan. Greer encircles the huge air-conditioner while Hodges hunts behind a large SATELLITE DISH. No Ryan.

GREER

(to Hodges)

Here.

Cop-instincts crackling, Greer stands on one side of the tarp-covered stockpile and waits for Hodges to secure the other. This is it; they signal go at each other and spring around -- But Ryan's nowhere to be found!

GREER (CONT'D)

Dammit!

No, wait! Greer turns and sees a LARGE ALUMINUM CHUTE that leads from the roof and elbows down toward a DUMPSTER on ground level.

78.

125

125

Greer peers down the chute for long seconds...but nothing can be seen from this angle. It all falls to blackness.

THE ALARM STOPS.

Greer cocks his head in the sudden eerie silence. The only sounds are INCOHERENT SCREAMS coming from the stairwell. He eyes where the chute empties into the dumpster, thinks...

REVEAL --

126 **INT. METAL CHUTE - CONTINUOUS**

126

RYAN, wedging himself against the sides of the chute, tries to be as still as possible. Every slight movement makes the

ALUMINUM BUCKLE AND GROAN.

From his shirt pocket, Jessica's tiny desperate voice pleads.

JESSICA (VO)

Ryan... ? Ryan, please answer me I
But Ryan just sits there. Afraid to move. Terrified to
discuss Craig.

127 EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

127

Greer picks up a large roll of tarpaper and starts lugging it
toward the open mouth of the chute...

.28 INT. METAL CHUTE - CONTINUOUS

128

Ryan holds his breath. Trembling. His leg threatening to
rabbit-foot again.
Straining to hear Greer, it's impossible not to hear:

JESSICA

You have to talk to me! Ryan,
please you have to talk to me--.'

The sweat from his hands causes the tiniest SLIP -- and as he
catches himself, there is a soft metallic BOOOONG from the
stressed metal.

Unable to ignore her pleas any longer, Ryan carefully pulls
the cellphone from his pocket and presses it to his ear.
Desperate to console her, Ryan --
BANG!! The TARPAPER ROLL flies down the chute. Ryan looks
up to see it angrily launching itself right at him!
He has to let go of the walls to avoid being hit. He
presses
himself to one side but --
WHAM!! The bloodthirsty roll bashes his wrist -- and he DROPS

SIMON COWELL'S CELLPHONE!

79.

128

128

Ryan reaches out, but the phone goes sliding down the chute!

CUT TO:

129 INT. ATTIC
129

Jessica hears a loud SCRAAAAPE, CRASH and a wash of STATIC.

JESSICA

Ryan?! OH MY GOD, RYAN?! RYAN--?!

130 INT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME
130

The hulking Deason hears Jessica's PANICKED VOICE and stands with a start. As he moves toward the attic, he notices a small RED LIGHT FLASHING behind the bar. As he passes, he checks it out and--

DEASON

WHAT THE--?!

WHIP PAN DOWN to what Deason sees: The red light is on one of the house phones. The LINE-IN-USE INDICATOR. And it's lit. Shaking like a bear pissing pineapples, Deason rages away toward the attic...

CUT TO:

131 INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS
131

Jessica is curling herself into a tiny sobbing ball on the floor when -- WHAMM! -- the attic door crashes open. Jessica jumps. Deason looms there. Sees the phone.

DEASON

YOU STUPID BITCH!

Jessica hurls the phone receiver away.

DEASON (CONT'D)

WHO HAVE YOU TOLD?! WHO HAVE YOU

TOLD?!

JESSICA

NO, DON 'T HURT M E--

Deason roars up and grabs Jessica's neck with one hand. HURLS her across the attic and into the OLD MIRROR, shattering it in a million pieces around her. Desperate for anything, Jessica PALMS a TINY SHARD as she struggles to her feet. A two-inch chip.

DEASON

YOU AND YOUR KID ARE DEAD!

She lowers her arm, defeated, out of breath...

You win.

80.

131

131

JESSICA

Don't hurt me, and I'll do
anything... Anything.. .

There is a promise in what Jessica offers that Deason
responds to. His fist FLASHES toward her throat, making

her

flinch. But rather than hitting her, he wraps his meaty
fingers around her throat, almost daring her to stop him.
Jessica trembles, but that is all, and just as Deason

begins

to enjoy his work, Jessica JABS at his face, but he

predicted

as much and easily moves to deflect it -- SNICKK! -- she
flicks her wrist up and SLICES the underside of his upper
arm.

laughs

Deason flinches a little bit, like a bee sting, then

as he notices the tiny SHARD in her hand--

DEASON

(sarcastic)

Ooh.

--but that's when he HEARS it. A DRIPPING SOUND. Deason
looks down at his arm and is confused to see his entire

shirt

sleeve SOAKED IN BLOOD. It literally pours from his arm

onto

the floor like a river.

Deason drains white; dizzy. He looks at Jessica,

confused.

JESSICA

Brachial artery. Pumps up to 30
liters of blood per minute...and
there's only five liters in the
human body.

the Three seconds later, Deason crumbles...and Jessica leaves
attic.

BACK TO:

132 INT. TRASH CHUTE - DAY
132

RYAN'S still trapped. Sounds of approaching SIRENS in the
distance. Ryan listens for Greer; is he still there?
BANG!! BANG!! Two more heavy TARPAPER ROLLS come

right at

him!

HIM The first one he gets lucky with, but the second NAILS

before bouncing furiously away and Ryan loses his grip
completely and slides out of control.

133 EXT. ROOF - DAY
133

GREER watches amazed when Ryan actually tumbles out of
the ass-end of the metal chute into the dumpster. He drops
the next roll of tarpaper ready to go and reaches for his gun
--
--.
-,

CUT TO:

81.

-434 EXT. INSIDE DJUMPSTER - CONTINUOUS
134

RYAN is in serious pain. He frantically fishes through the
refuse to find:

SIMON COWELL'S CELLPHONE

Or rather, what's left of it: A million shattered pieces
scattered everywhere.

Ryan sifts through the plastic debris as if he had secretly

hoped he could still use it. Yeah, right... He's barely able to sit up when --

BLAM!! BLAM!! BLAM!!

He ducks back down as bullets ricochet off the steel dumpster.

As SIRENS get louder, closer, Ryan's got to make his move -- he jumps out of the dumpster, landing on his ass on the opposite side of Greer.

BLAMM-BLAMM-BLAMM!!

Bullets ricochet off the steel dumpster and Ryan summons his courage -- and takes off limping!

135 EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

135

BLAMM-BLAMM-BLAMM!! Greer's pistol is ill equipped for long-range shooting. The kid's too far away by now. He grabs his walkie --

GREER

(into walkie)

The kid's outside, headed toward the front of the building--

HODGES

-Gotta go, boss. The Guard's dead. Hodges waits by the rooftop door, looking concerned as COPS spill out around him onto the roof.

COPS

Who the hell's shooting up here? Greer points to Ryan bolting around the corner.

GREER

Sonofabitch shot the poor bastard right in front of us!

CUT TO:

136 INT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE - DAY

136

Jessica races across the dead brown lawn toward the guest house/prison that holds her son. Getting her first good look

136
136

at the secluded premises she's on confirms that screaming would do no good. She's on her own.
When she reaches the guest house, she's shocked to find a HUGE LOCK on the front door. Frantic, she makes her way around the structure to a BIG BAY WINDOW. Though it's protected by SECURITY BARS, she can see Ricky through the glass.
Jessica pounds on the glass, and Ricky turns. When her son sees her, he races to the bars.

RICKY

Mom!

JESSICA

Baby! Are you okay?!

RICKY

I can't get out!
Jessica looks around for something to bend the bars with. There's nothing.

137 **EXT. THE MARTIN HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**
137

A gold FORD TAURUS pulls up in front. The driver door opens and Mooney gets out. Walks to the front door and KNOCKS. But this time, there's no answer.
Mooney rings the bell. Still nothing. Suspicious, he checks around the side...and sees the back door SWAYING in the wind.

138 **INT. MARTIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**
138

Mooney's cop senses scream as he walks inside. A POLICE SCANNER chatters in the background. The place is a shambles. Someone's been looking for something. He then sees- BLOOD STREAKS the floor. It leads from over by the telephone to underneath the pantry door.

MOONEY

(calling into house)
Hello? L.A.P.D. Anybody home?
No answer. Drawing his gun, Mooney stalks carefully into--

139 **INT. MARTIN HOUSE - THE ENTRYWAY - DAY**
139

A SMALL STAIRCASE leads up to the second floor. As Mooney

starts up the steps, BOOM UP to the top to REVEAL:

THE IMPOSTER JESSICA MARTIN (BAYBACK)

Hiding in ambush at the top of the stairs, gun in hand. She listens to Mooney's footsteps and when she thinks he's neared the top -- she springs out, blasting away down the staircase! But Mooney's not there.

83.

139

139

MOONEY

Drop your gun, now. I got you.
Now we see him. Still down in the entryway, behind some cover, gun aimed and steady.

MOONEY (CONT'D)

I said drop it.'
Bayback relaxes -- then WHIRLS around, disappearing down the hall! Mooney curses and quietly jogs up the stairs, following her into--

140 INT. SHADOWY CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

140

A narrow hallway with multiple OPEN DOORWAYS on each side. The Imposter Jessica could be hiding in any one of them... Taking care not to give himself away, Mooney inches down the hallway. And just when he's thinking that he may have successfully created an element of surprise for himself-- SFX: SQUEEEEEAK -- the floorboards of the old house groan softly -- GIVING HIS POSITION AWAY!
Instantly Bayback swings out from a doorway right next to Mooney, taps her gun to his chest pulls the tang-- But Mooney DIVES OUT OF THE WAY! BLAMM-BLAMM-BLAMM!! Two miss, but the third shot NAILS HIS SHOULDER!
OOF! Mooney lands hard. Blood spreading out under his white dress shirt. He cocks his head... listening for the sound of-- BAYBACK EJECTS A MAGAZINE and is about to reload-- Mooney JUMPS UP, RETURNS FIRE -- slamming Bayback against the wall with two .38 caliber slugs. She collapses to the floor.

MOONEY

Damn it! DAMN IT!!
Angry, the adrenaline drowning out the pain, Mooney turns to the kidnapper laying in the hall, bleeding out. Kicks her gun away and kneels.

But for the first time, Bayback isn't tough. Just scared.

BAYBACK

..a-ambulance...

MOONEY

Tell me where Jessica Martin is or
you bleed to death right here.

BAYBACK

..p-please..call.. I.. I'm a--
Fuck this, Mooney kicks her ribs.

84.

140
140

MOONEY

WHERE IS SHE?!

Bayback struggles for air, reaching for him--

BAYBACK

...I'm a cop...

Bayback squeezes her eyes shut against a wave of pain -- and
DIES. Mooney stares at her. What did she say? Starts
patting her down.

And that's when he finds her BADGE. L.A.P.D. 23rd
Precinct.

She is a cop.

MOONEY

Oh shit...

Mooney grits his teeth against a fresh wave of pain and picks
up the phone, dials 911.

MOONEY (CONT'D)

Request emergency back up and medical
units! Officers down at-

CUT TO:

141 **EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY**
141

'>>

-
Ryan wanders the streets. Checks his wallet -- a measly four bucks. Despair overtakes him and he almost gets CRUSHED as a TOW TRUCK speeds by -- An old Hyundai mounts it like a hippo! A lightbulb clicks on for Ryan.

RYAN

Ho - shit!

Ryan bolts to the nearest BUS STOP just as a BLUE LINE BUS pulls up.

CUT TO:

142 EXT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE - DAY

142

Jessica SMASHES A REAR WINDOW with a long thick branch and uses it to try to pry the bars apart. The limited leverage won't enable her to bend them enough for Ricky to squeeze through.

RICKY

Faster Mom!

And just then--

SFX: GRAVEL CRUNCHING IN THE DRIVEWAY

Jessica leans her head around the back corner of the guesthouse -- and sees the Escalade pulling in!

85.

142

142

JESSICA

(to Ricky)

Get down! Get down!

And Jessica DUCKS OUT OF VIEW just as the--

143 EXT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE / INT. ESCALADE

143

Pulls into the driveway.

Greer and his team are going over surveillance photos taken from the cameras at the Fegan Securities Building. The photos are useless, though, as Ryan's face is obscured by his E helmet and visor.

GREER

These are the best pictures you
could get of him?!

ELLIS

He was wearing a visor.
Greer glares at him -- no shit -- and throws the pictures .

GREER

Useless!
The car parks and Greer storms out, followed by Ellis and
Hodges. They head for the house, and the moment they enter --
Jessica reappears. But now she's STARING at something.
The Escalade.

JESSICA

(to son; through window)
Baby, listen to me. I want you to
get away from this window. I want
you to go to the other side of the
room as far away from the door as
you can --

RICKY

No, don't leave me! Don't leave
me!!
The terror in his voice breaks Jessica's heart.

JESSICA

Honey, I'm getting you out of
there!

RICKY

Where are you going?!

JESSICA

I'm only gonna be gone a second,
and then we're gonna go home, but
you have to do this first. It's
gonna be loud, but don't be scared,
okay? Now go find somewhere safe
like I told you.

Ricky n9ds and runs off into another room of the house. And
as Jessica rushes for the Escalade --

CUT TO:

144 EXT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON
144

PARAMEDICS apply a bandage to Mooney's shoulder. Mooney's
pretty shaken up.

PARAMEDIC #1

You're lucky. Shot went clean
through. A few inches either
way...

Mooney watches other PARAMEDICS carry sheet-covered corpses
into awaiting ambulances. Flashbulbs POP from inside.
A sedan pulls up and Mooney's relieved to see Tomlin get out.

DETECTIVE TOMLIN

What the hell, Moon? It's all over
the radio.

MOONEY

Jack, she didn't identify herself.

DETECTIVE TOMLIN

What are you saying?

MOONEY

I shot a cop!
(lowering his voice)
Dana Bayback. From the 23rd. She
was one of the kidnappers.

Tomlin looks stunned by the revelation.

DETECTIVE TOMLIN

Let me call the tw9~three. See
what the hell's going on.
Tomlin pulls out a cellphone.

MOONEY

I hate to think more cops are
involved, but--

DETECTIVE TOMLIN

Did she say anything about the
Martin woman?

MOONEY

...Never got the chance.
Detective Tomlin frowns.

CUT TO:

87.

145 **EXT. POLICE. IMPOUND YARD - LATE AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING**
145

A GONZOLEZ TOW TRUCK drives up (like the one we saw at the airport), and stops temporarily beside:
Simon Cowell, from the CADILLAC XLR incident, who stands at the window, screaming at the JADED CASHIER.
His car idles just on the other side of an IMPOSING FENCE.

SIMON COWELL

Just give me my goddamned car!

JADED CASHIER

Don't take that tone of voice with me, sir. I've already told you, we do not release vehicles until all impound fees are paid.

In the E.G., NOTICE Ryan skulking closer, behind the GONZALEZ

AUTO TOW TRUCK.

SIMON COWELL

But I didn't cause it to get impounded! Can't you understand that?! It was stolen from me!

JADED CASHIER

Sir, do you want the car back or not?

Noticing Cowell standing at the window, Ryan presses further into the shadows, not wanting to be noticed.

SIMON COWELL

Yes! But I'm not paying for it!
The Cashier signals a GRUNGY YARD WORKER on the other side of the fence.

JADED CASHIER

Nevermind, Howie. Take 'er back.
Howie nods, and just as he's about to drive the Cadillac back
into the yard --

SIMON COWELL

Wait, wait! All right you bloody
fascist, I'll pay. But if there's
even the slightest scratch on it...
Howie smiles, thought so, gets out and splits. As Cowell
angrily starts making out a check, the Cashier flicks the
switch to open the gate, and as it opens--
Ryan slips in. He sneaks behind the wheel of the idling
Cadillac. And the moment Cowell hands over his check --
VRRRRROOM!! Ryan burns rubber out of there.

88.

145
145

SIMON COWELL (CONT'D)

Hey, that's my car!
Cowell chases it -- and watches in horror as Ryan takes a
speed bump too fast and TEARS THE REAR BUMPER OFF THE

CADILLAC XLR CONVERTIBLE IN AN EXPLOSION OF SPARKS!

SIMON COWELL (CONT'D)

NOoooooooo...!!

146 **EXT. SURFACE STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON**
146

As he zooms away, Ryan searches the passenger seat with his
free hand. He hunts through the car and finds -- HIS BLUE

TOOTH VIDEO CELL PHONE!

RYAN

Thank you!
As he flips it open, his eyes spot THE LAPTOP on the floor of
the passenger seat.
Ryan thinks, pulls out his SECURITY DVD and pops it in.
At first, the SCREEN is a mere wash of digital gobbledygook--
And as Ryan grunts with frustration --
--a Hi-Res QUICKTIME MOVIE suddenly fills the screen:

47 **ANGLE ON LAPTOP MONITOR - FOUR WAY SPLIT SCREEN**
147

The Fagen Securities Building parking lot. A police pursuit in progress. Three Police Cars skillfully box in a BMW with TWO HISPANIC YOUTHS, forcing it to come to a dead stop. GREER and HODGES explode from their cars, guns drawn. BAYBACK and ELLIS come from the back. DEASON appears, and he and HODGES yank the teens out of the car, who struggle frantically to avoid vicious baton blows. When one decks Hodges and tries to run, ELLIS SHOOTS HIM in the back!

WE QUICKLY PAN TO ANOTHER ANGLE:

Inside the building, CRAIG gets up from his chair, hurries into-

WE PAN DOWN TO ANOTHER ANGLE

As Craig enters frame inside the Security Office. And watches live-

ANOTHER ANGLE:

GREER wastes no time in SHOOTING the second man execution style!

89.

-148 IN THE CADILLAC XLR CONVERTIBLE
148

RYAN watches in horror. He PULLS OVER, too riveted to drive and watch simultaneously. Finally understanding the magnitude of this disc.

149 ANOTHER ANGLE:
149

And as BAYBACK drags a DEAD HISPANIC YOUTH out of the frame, legs disappear off-screen in short bursts.

PAN DIAGONALLY TO ANOTHER ANGLE:

And more terrifying, GREER stops picking up shell casings, turning his head ominously toward the CAMERA! Noticing us! Greer motions to several others; DEASON and BAYBACK, who rush OUT OF FRAME toward the front entrance.

ANGLE ONE: At the SIDE DOOR, ELLIS and HODGES start kicking in the door with full force.

ANGLE TWO: GREER, outside, unholstering his GUN at the

DELIVERY ENTRANCE.

BACK TO:

150 **EXT. SURFACE STREETS - AFTERNOON**
150

RYAN glances at the cellphone in his hand -- gets an idea!

CUT TO:

151 ANGLE ONE: Ellis and Hodges finally kick open the door and 151
rush inside--

ANGLE THREE: The COPS rush inside the building, consult the
Directory...

ANGLE FOUR: Craig, panicked, reaches over to the DVD
Recorder --

152 **EXT. SURFACE STREETS - AFTERNOON**
152

THE LAPTOP MONITOR -- ALL STATIC. The recording has stopped.

RYAN

I'm so screwed.

As Ryan speeds away from the curb, he fingers his cellphone.

SERIES OF INTENSE SHOTS:

153 **INT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE - DAY**
153

-- GREER walking up the safehouse stairs, step by step
nearing the attic that Jessica's supposed to still be in...

90.

V

54 **EXT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE - DAY**
154

-- JESSICA quietly opening the door of the Escalade(
trying not to give herself away. She climbs in behind the
wheel, and says a silent prayer of thanks when she sees that
the keys are still dangling in the ignition.

155 **EXT. SURFACE STREETS - DAY**
155

-- RYAN, in the speeding Cadillac XLR, selects LAST INCOMING
CALL on the cellphone. Holds his breath.

156 **INT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE - STAIRWELL LEADING TO ATTIC**
156

As Greer reaches the first landing, the HOUSE PHONE starts RINGING. Ignoring it, Greer continues on and is about to turn the corner to the attic when --

HODGES (OS)

Boss, you better take this.
Greer stops, a footstep away from seeing the open attic door. From the bottom of the steps, Hodges tosses him a CORDLESS PHONE. Greer puts it to his ear.

GREER

What?

MATCH CUT TO:

.57 EXT. SURFACE STREETS - DAY
157

Ryan, inside the Cadillac XLR, growls into the cellphone.

RYAN

Shut up and listen to me, asswipe.
I got what you want.

MALE VOICE (VO)

Who is this?

RYAN

You know who this is, shithead!

CUT TO:

158 INT. TELEMARKET BULL PEN - DAY/EXT. SURFACE STREETS
158

To our surprise, Ryan isn't talking to Greer...but to the same TELEMARKETER that called him earlier.

TELEMARKETER

Look, sir, we can take your name off our list if you want, but you don't have to get nasty--

RYAN (VO)

What--? Who is this?

TELEMARKETER

Mark. At Mastercharge Credit Union-

158
158

RYAN (VO)

*59 A frickin' telemarketer? But I
159

just hit "Last Incoming Call"--
Ryan suddenly puts it together.

RYAN (VO) (CONT'D)

You bastard.
The Telemarketer quickly hangs up before it gets ugly.

CUT BACK TO:

159 **INT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE - JUST OUTSIDE ATTIC**
159

Greer listens intently to a call. So who is on his end of
the phone? Tomlin.

TOMLIN (VO)

Look, Captain, we've got to do
everything we can to protect this
guy. I mean, shit, with all his
years in he's owed a little.

160 **INTERCUT CALL - GREER JUST OUTSIDE ATTIC/**
160

TOMLIN STANDING NEXT TO MOONEY OUTSIDE JESSICA'S HOUSE

GREER VO

He's with you? How'd he find out?

TOMLIN

Said something about a kid who came
into the station earlier--
Greer grimaces, putting it together.

GREER

Early twenties? Stumbled out of
Brian Wilson's hamper?

TOMLIN

Yeah. Something like that.

GREER

Tomlin. Take care of him. No

witnesses.
That's more than Tomlin bargained for.

TOMLIN

Are you sure that's necessary, sir?

GREER

You know once the shitstorm starts,
there's nothing I can do to save
you.

TOMLIN

Sure. That's what I thought. I'll
tell him.

92.

160
160

Tomlin hangs up with a calm FLICK. The Paramedic finishes up
Mooney's bandage.

PARAMEDIC #1

Keep pressure on it until you get
it stitched.

MOONEY

What's the word?

TOMLIN

Not good. I.A.'s not throwing out
any lifelines with all that's going
on.. .

(re: Mooney's shoulder)

Come on. You can write a statement
while I take you to the hospital.

CUT TO:

161 **INT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE - STAIRWELL LEADING TO THE ATTIC**
161

Greer slips the cordless into his jacket pocket, continuing
up the stairs. Hodges follows, staring expectantly.

HODGES

Well? What'd he say?

GREER

You know a desk jockey named
Mooney?

HODGES

-- HOLY SHIT!

Greer sees Hodges gaping up the stairwell. Following his
look, Greer turns...and sees the attic door WIDE OPEN!
Further in, he can make out Deason's bloody body and the
rigged-together phone...
In fact, the only thing Greer doesn't see is Jessica.

GREER

NO!

Greer turns and pounds down the stairs.

BACK TO:

162 **EXT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE - DAY**
162

JESSICA - IN THE ESCALADE

She TWISTS the key and STOMPS the gas, sending the monster
SUV on a collision course with -- SMASHHH -- the guest house
window! The bay window SHATTERS and the security bar SNAP
LIKE TWIGS as the Escalade BULLDOZES through!

--

*,

Unable to open the door because of all the debris, Jessica
rolls down the window and yells to her son --

93.

162
162

--^

--.. **JESSICA**

Ricky! Come on!

-- but he's frozen in fear at all the noise and dust. He
shakes his head. No.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Baby, please! It's okay now.

We're gonna go home!

(glances back nervously)

Ricky, please!

Somehow, the kid digs deep and finds the courage to run to the Escalade, where his mother scoops him up into the cab just as--

The kitchen door bursts open and Greer's team spills out into the yard. They spot her instantly.

ELLIS

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

As they rush at her--

163 EXT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE/INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

163

Jessica throws the big car in reverse and tries to back out -- but the Escalade's stuck! Caught by the debris, the wheels just spin.

JESSICA

Come on! COME ON!!

Jessica rocks the car forward, and back. Forward, and back.

And just as it finally comes loose -- KRRRAASHHH!!

The window next to Jessica's head EXPLODES in a shower of tempered glass, shocking us. Two arms snake in and wrap around Jessica's neck. Greer.

But Jessica STOMPS ON THE GAS, hoping the big car will pull her free.

It doesn't. As the Escalade surges away across the lawn, Greer's vice-like grip holds, PULLING JESSICA OUT the broken window and -- THUMP! -- to the guest house debris below.

As Jessica watches in horror:

THE DRIVERLESS ESCALADE

Careens down the driveway and crashes into a pillar. Hodges races over and yanks Ricky out.

GREER

Balls his fist in Jessica's hair and yanks her around hard.

GREER

WHO DID YOU TELL?!

163
163

JESSICA

Nobody!

GREEK

LYING BITCH! ! WHO WAS THAT KID IN

THE MAIL ROOM?!

Jessica screams as he yanks her to her knees.

RICKY

Stop it! Don't hurt her!!

Seething mad, Greer rips his gun from its holster and is literally about to blow Jessica's brains out when--

SFX: THE CORDLESS PHONE IN GREER'S POCKET STARTS RINGING!

The entire world stops. There's an awkward moment: Jessica cowering, Greer recovering, the phone just ringing and ringing... The telephone is the only sound in the world, getting louder and louder with each ring until-- Greer answers it.

GREER

Bad timing, Tomlin.

But it isn't Tomlin on the phone this time. It's--

RYAN (VO)

Feel like a trade?

INTERCUT PHONE CALL:

164 **EXT. RYAN IN CADILLAC / EXT. GREER OUTSIDE SAFEHOUSE**

164

Greer snaps his fingers at Hodges, indicating it's Ryan.

GREER

The mysterious bike messenger. How did you get this number?

In the Cadillac, PUSH IN on Ryan to show the CELLPHONE MANUAL he picked up at the Verizon store in his hand.

RYAN

Gotta love modern technology... My new phone knows the numbers of the last fifty incoming calls.

GREER

What do you want?

RYAN

Just the woman and her kid.

GREER

Who are you? What's your name?

95.

164

164

RYAN

My name is F you. I've got your
shit, pal, it doesn't work that
way.

GREEK

Really?

(turns to Ellis)

Go cut the kid's throat.

Though Ryan's eyes widen in panic, his voice remains cool.

RYAN

Fine. Your loss. Nice talking to
you.

And Ryan hangs up. He waits nervously, sweating, staring at
the phone for the longest seconds of his life--

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ring. C'mon, damn it, ring! RING!

Then it does. Ryan waits a couple rings, slowing his
speeding heart, then nonchalantly picks up.

GREER

So, how do you want to do this?

RYAN

Put on a big ass Ronald McDonald smile,
apologize to the kid and the woman and
bring 'em to the Santa Monica pier.

GREER (VO)

No. Somewhere quieter.

RYAN

Dude, you're lucky I'm still talkin' to your sorry ass. You do as I say, exactly as I say, or I hang up now and slap this bitch on Nightline, you know what I'm sayin'?

There's a long beat.

GREER (VO)

Fine. But you come alone.

RYAN

Done.

GREER (VO)

How will I recognize you?

RYAN

You let me worry about that. What's your cell number?

GREER (VO)

(310) 555-8342. An hour then?

96.

164

164

RYAN

I can hardly wait.

Ryan hangs up. A scared, but satisfied smile...

CUT TO:

165 **EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY**

165

MOONEY - In the sedan's shotgun seat, is trying to write his statement. But with his bad shoulder, it's useless. He winces in pain when the sedan jerks at a four-way stop.

MOONEY

(to Tomlin)

Shouldn't we be on Pico?
To the right, some PEOPLE wait for a bus. Tomlin turns
left.

TOMLIN

County will have a six hour wait.
Ten if they know you're a cop.
Mooney grunts his gratitude as Tomlin heads toward a
wasteland of warehouses. And just as any potential witnesses
vanish from sight --
Tomlin's cellphone RINGS! He lowers the gun and answers the
call.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)

Yeah?

GREER (OS)

Is it taken care of?

TOMLIN

Not yet.

GREER (OS)

Good. We're making a trade with the
kid at the Santa Monica Pier. Your
boy can ID the kid for us. Bring him
down.

TOMLIN

(relieved)
I'm on it.

Tomlin flips his phone closed and turns the car around.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)

We caught a break with the kid. He's
been spotted on the pier. Think you
can hang on a little longer? Just
enough to ID the kid before we patch
you up?
Mooney clearly doesn't want to say "no." But it hurts.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)

Whaddaya say? Up to you.

Beat.

MOONEY

Let's solve the goddamn thing.

CUT TO:

166 THE OCEAN - SUNSET

166

An AERIAL SHOT at magic hour, tracking up the coast to the --

167 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - SUNSET

167

Boats clog the water, and thousands of SPECTATORS line the shores of the Pacific, watching the HEAL THE BAY concert on the pier.

With all the CHEERING, DANCING and DRINKING going on, it's like Times Square on New Years Eve.

168 EXT. THE BLUFF - CONTINUOUS

168

Ryan drives up in the Cadillac XLR and parks. A group of COLLEGE FRIENDS stare enviously at the car as Ryan gets out.

ENVIOUS COLLEGE KID

Lucky bastard...

RYAN

You like it?

(tosses him the keys)

Happy Birthday.

THUD. The Friends' jaws hit the ground. And as they run to the Cadillac XLR, Ryan disappears into the crowd...

169 THE KIDNAPPERS' BLACK VAN - SANTA MONICA PIER

169

Creeps down the wooden bridge and stops at the bottom; the base of the pier.

Inside, Hodges sits behind the wheel; Jessica and Ricky lay bound and gagged in back.

Hodges lifts his Nextel and thumbs the button.

HODGES

I'm in position.

CUT TO:

170 EXT. CAROUSEL ROOF

170

Greer and Ellis are on top of the CAROUSEL BUILDING. Ellis

lays on his belly with a POLICE SNIPER RIFLE and some fuzzy PHOTOS of Ryan from the mailroom.

98.

170
170

GREEK

Copy.

171 **POV - THROUGH ELLIS' SNIPER SCOPE**
171

Excellent magnification. We skim the faces of the crowd, hunting for Ryan and locates HODGES.

CUT TO:

172 **EXT. CAROUSEL ROOFTOP - OVERLOOKING THE PIER**
172

Greer is talking to Ellis, who's scanning the crowd ROCKING to the concert --

GREER

Only take the kid out if it's clean. No guess work. The last thing we need's a stampede.

Greer paces anxiously -- when suddenly his Nextel RINGS. He answers it, though it's hard to hear over the music.

GREER (CONT'D)

You here?

RYAN (VO)

Yeah.

--

Greer nods to Ellis -- It's him. Find him.

GREER

How do you want to do this?

RYAN (VO)

First show me that Jessica and the

kid are okay.

GREER

Do you have the disc?

RYAN (VO)

Yes. Where are they?

GREER

See the black van at the bottom of the bridge? Passenger side window.

RYAN (VO)

Hang on.

(beat)

Okay, got it.

Greer muffles the phone against his leg. Whispers to Ellis:

GREER

He's within visual of the car.

Greer takes his police walkie and toggles it.

* '

*

99.

172
172

GREEK (INTO WALKIE) (CONT'D)

Hodges, show the woman. Lower the passenger side window only.

CUT TO:

173 **EXT. KIDNAPPERS' VAN**
173

The PASSENGER-SIDE TINTED WINDOW rolls down. Hodges sits Jessica up, then her kid, displaying them for a few seconds before powering the window back up.

CUT TO:

174 EXT. CAROUSEL ROOFTOP
174

GREER (INTO PHONE)

Did you see that?

RYAN (VO)

Yes.

Greer muffles the phone again. Whispers to Ellis.

GREER

He's around the passenger side.
Have you found him yet?

ELLIS (VO)

No.

(throws his photos)

I don't know what the hell he looks
like!

GREER

He's the one on the cellphone, you
idiot 1

175 POV - ELLIS - THROUGH HIS SNIPER SCOPE
175

Everyone in the crowd is on a cellphone.

ELLIS (VO)

Everyone's on a cellphone! I've
got like fifty possible targets
here!

Ellis' cross hairs flit from one person on a cell, to
another, to another...

CUT TO:

176 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER
176

TOMLIN AND MOONEY move along the crowd, scanning the sea of
spectators for Ryan. Mooney moves more slowly behind Tomlin,
skin looking pale, sheened in sweat and laboring for breath
as they hike up the bridge.

100.

77 **EXT. CAROUSEL ROOFTOP**
177

GREER

Your turn. Now you show me
something.

RYAN (VO)

No. Put them on the Ferris wheel.
I want to see them safe first.

GREER

That wasn't part of the deal.

RYAN (VO)

Deal's changed.

MATCH CUT TO:

178 **EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - BLUFF - NIGHT**
178

Among the The top of the bluffs, overlooking the pier below.
crowd, some SKATE RATS scare the ELDERLY.

RYAN (VO)

I've been thinking. Does me no
good to hand over the DVD and then
you and the funky bunch take us
out.

-x

GREER (VO)

I swore I wouldn't do that.

RYAN

Like you swore to protect and
serve?

then: The reference brings Greer up short. There's a moment,

GREER

You know a lot...

RYAN

And I'll forget a lot, too. But
not until they're both out of
danger.

Now PAN AROUND TO REVEAL Ryan among the crowd, wearing a
SURFING WINDBREAKER; HOODED with WATERPROOF POCKETS -- but
where's his cellphone?

the Moving closer, we see Ryan's wearing the EARBUD MIKE from
Verizon store. With the earbud concealed under the loose
hood, Ryan looks like anyone else just watching the show.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Your choice, man. The Martins or
the DVD. Either way, I'm not
hanging around any longer. You got
five seconds, then I disconnect
your ass.

101.

178
178

GREEK

You sure you know what you're
doing?

RYAN

One... Two...
On the other end of the phone:

179 **EXT. CAROUSEL ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS**
179

GREER wrestles with his better judgment--

RYAN

Three... Four...
--but Ryan's got him by the balls. Angrily, Greer lifts his
walkie.

GREER

Okay! Okay.
(into walkie)
Hodges, put 'em on the Ferris
wheel.

HODGES (VO)

What? I

GREER

Shut up and do it!

RYAN

Not bad. Most people never get

past two.
Greer flinches as his own taunts are used against him.

GREER

(to Ellis)

Keep an eye on them. As soon as we
make the trade, take the woman and
her kid out.

CUT TO:

180 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - BLUFF - NIGHT

180

RYAN watches from a distance as Hodges exits the van.

GREER (VO)

Don't screw me kid, y9u won't live
long enough to enjoy it.

RYAN

Oooh, I think I just pissed myself.
Ryan looks optimistic when Hodges gets out and opens the back
door. And just as he's on the brink of success--

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

HEY--!

102.

180

180

A woman's HAND grabs the hood of Ryan's windbreaker and rips
it away from his face. Wheels him around. It's:

CHLOE

There you are! Where the hell were
you! ?

RYAN

Chloe! Get away from here!

CHLOE

Know how many hours I waited for
you to bring back those stupid
shirts?! What'd you do? Sell them
on the Promenade yourself--?

But Ryan's got no time for this.

RYAN

GO! NOW!!

181 **EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT**
181

A sickly-looking MOONEY glances at the commotion -- and sees the hoodless Ryan.

MOONEY

(motioning to Tomlin)
That's him! There he is!

12 **EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - BLUFF - NIGHT**
182

Ryan desperately tries to shoo Chloe away.

RYAN

It isn't safe to talk, get it? I --
People are after me!

CHLOE

(shrugs free)
What -- are you high?
Suddenly, Mooney steps up beside Ryan and grabs him.

MOONEY

(winded)
I've been..looking for..you, kid--
But Ryan struggles, thinking Mooney is with the bad guys.
Mooney grabs him as he tries to make a break for it.

RYAN

Let go of me! Sonofabitch, let go!

MATCH CUT TO:

183 **EXT. CAROUSEL ROOF - NIGHT**
183
-s

GREER's pissed. Pacing on the roof, when:

103.

183
183

t_ ELLIS
I've got him!
Instantly, Greer jams the walkie to his face, and we--

CUT TO:

184 INT. THE KIDNAPPERS' VAN - NIGHT
184

HODGES is about to let Jessica out of the van, when he hears--

GREER (OVER WALKIE)

Hodges, do not let them go! Do you
hear me? Do not let them go!

BACK TO:

185 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT
185

RYAN struggles with Mooney. The crowd completely ignores them in favor of the raucous concert. In the heat of battle, Ryan's cellphone clatters by Chloe's feet.

MOONEY

(sweating profusely)
Jesus, kid, calm down!!
Trying to break Mooney's stronghold, Ryan SHOVES him backwards, SLAMMING his injured shoulder into the PIER

RAILING.

Mooney SCREAMS out in pain and grabs his shoulder, releasing-- Ryan, who BREAKS AWAY and turns to see Mooney COLLAPSE to the ground, holding his blood-soaked shoulder. Ryan looks over to Chloe, whose face is a combination of shock and confusion.

CHLOE

Oh my God--
(checking Mooney)
Someone call 911!
A CROWD starts to gather when --
Ryan feels the barrel of a gun nudging his back. Tomlin's gun.

TOMLIN

It's over kid.
Fuck! Ryan's got no choice but to slowly walk toward the end of the pier.
MOONEY - From his prone position, he catches a glimpse of Tomlin backing Ryan quietly into the crowd. Not trying to help. Not calling for an ambulance. In that instant, Mooney

knows he's been betrayed. Tomlin's in on this.

104.

185
185

TOMLIN (CONT'D)

For all the trouble you've caused,
you'd better have that goddamned
disc. Where is it?

Just then, Greer appears through the crowd ahead of him.
Like a nightmare, he closes in.
Ryan slowly slips his phone into a waterproof pocket in his
windbreaker and zips it up.

RYAN

Aw shit...
Ryan's world is spinning -- the NOISE, the CROWDS, the

TENSION...

He KICKS BACK hard into Tomlin's SHIN. It is enough for
Tomlin to release his grip and Ryan bolts.
Tomlin recovers and raises his GUN to get a bead on Ryan, but
it causes the crowd around him to PANIC.

CROWD GOER (OS)

Dude's gotta gun!
Ryan navigates through the fleeing crowd and turns to see
Greer and Tomlin quickly gaining ground.
He has to make a choice, either go over the railing, or deal
with Greer and Tomlin. Ryan decides on the ocean. He runs
to a MAN FISHING WITH HIS SON and uses their ice chest as a
step. Just as he JUMPS THE RAIL -- Tomlin gets off a SHOT!
SLIIIIIIICEE!!! The bullet tears through Ryan's shoulder as
he spins headlong into the Pacific!
TOMLIN AND GREER run to the railing and see Ryan HIT the
CHOPPY WATER below.

GREER

Under the pier. Go! Go!

186 **UNDERWATER POV**
186

Ryan flails, panicking, exhaling all his air and sucking in
the dark water of the ocean --

187 **UNDERWATER**
187

Ryan is struggling. Bleeding. Sinking. Dying. His lungs convulse, trying to breathe, burning like a thousand red-hot needles are pushing their way through his chest. The WAVES POUND against the thick pylons below the pier. Just as Ryan comes up for air he's SLAMMED into a wooden pylon! Ryan fights for his life as the surge churns him underwater, BASHING him repeatedly against the pillars. It's not pretty.

105.

187
187

As he struggles toward the shore, he's constantly thrown back and forth underwater like a rag doll.

CUT TO:

188 **EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT**
188

TOMLIN races down the pier towards the beach --
GREEK aims his weapon at the ocean, daring Ryan to surface.

CUT TO:

189 **EXT. UNDER THE SANTA MONICA PIER - BEACH - NIGHT**
189

Ryan finally makes it to shore; coughing, retching. He crawls up the sand, out of breath, blood trailing behind him. He unzips the waterproof pocket of his shorts, pulling out the cellphone, which thank God is actually dry. Ryan forces himself into action; stumbling, exhausted into a --

190 **INT. STORAGE DORY - UNDER THE PIER - NIGHT**
190

The place is dark. Empty. An array of rowing shells covered in ghostly, flapping tarps make the place look vaguely haunted. This place is also filled with storage equipment, such as buoys and safety netting used by the beach patrol.

CUT TO:

191 **EXT. UNDER THE SANTA MONICA PIER - BEACH - NIGHT**
191

TOMLIN - racing through the sand under the pier. He spots Ryan's bloody footprints and follows them toward the --

192 INT. DORY - NIGHT
192

RYAN - sees Tomlin coming. Ryan's trapped like a rat -- and dripping blood everywhere. He looks for anything that'll save him, but finds only useless boating tools (sanders, saws, box cutters, etc.)

RYAN
(to himself)
Think! Think!

193 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT
193

Chloe hands Mooney a cup of water and frantically looks around for the paramedics. Mooney starts rising to his feet.

CHLOE
You better lie still. The paramedics should be here shortly. But Mooney's obstinate. He rises despite her best efforts.

106.

193
193

MOONEY
Just keep that ambulance close by. And as he stumbles off--

194 INT. THE DORY ENTRANCE - NIGHT
194

TOMLIN - By the time his eyes adjust to the dark, Ryan is nowhere to be seen. TARPS undulate over jumbles of boxes and equipment everywhere -- a hundred places to hide. Alone, Tomlin stalks among the equipment. Gun out. Hunting Ryan like a snake on the scent or prey.

TOMLIN
You're wounded kid, just give me what I came for, and I'll let you all go.

Police sirens in the distance grow louder.
Tomlin's offer goes unanswered. That's when he notices the
BLOOD on the ground. Tomlin smiles, following Ryan's trail
to a PILE OF BLOOD-SMEARED TARPS -- where the trail ends!
It's obvious Ryan used these to staunch his wound. Shit!
He's gonna have to search this whole place--
Then, suddenly, Tomlin gets an idea. He pulls out his phone,
making sure it's concealed from view, and writes a TEXT
MESSAGE to--

x95 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT
195

Greer pulls out his ringing cell phone. On the text screen
it says, "CALL HIM". Greer flashes an wicked grin, and dials
the last number on his call log.

CUT TO:

196 **INT. DORY - CONTINUOUS**
196

Tomlin's ready to pounce.
SFX: Nearby, Ryan's cellphone starts to RING, betraying him!
Instantly, Tomlin hones in on the noise -- coming from under
a bulky tarp along the far wall -- and EMPTIES HIS GUN at it!
The tarp shreds. Nothing could survive the assault.
Tomlin walks calmly across the room to stand before the tarp.

TOMLIN

Shoulda stayed at home this
morning, kid.
And just then, Tomlin throws off the shredded tarp exposing--
Ryan's cellphone. And nothing else.

107 .

196
196

[^]
_ **RYAN (OS)**
Funny. I was about to say the same
to you.

TOMLIN

What the--
And in the instant Tomlin realizes he's been tricked, he
turns and--

WHAM!

RYAN HITS TOMLIN in the face with a 2x4, SMASHING his TEETH and sending him backwards. Before Tomlin has time to recover, Ryan swings again. CRACK! -- And his KNEE CAP is obliterated. Ryan, looking like a psychotic Babe Ruth, gives Tomlin two more vicious WHACKS before grabbing his cellphone and high-tailing it out of there.

CUT TO:

197 INT. KIDNAPPERS' VAN - NIGHT

197

HODGES - has no luck on the walkie.

HODGES

Tomlin? Anyone copy?
Jessica, cuffed from behind, covertly wriggles the handcuffs under her ass toward her feet. Ricky, terrified, screams "no" with his eyes. But she knows she's out of time.

CUT TO:

198 EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - NIGHT

198

RYAN - losing blood, he does his best to move quickly through the sand. He stumbles, but regains his footing as he makes his way towards the STAIRS LEADING UP TO THE PIER.

CUT TO:

199 EXT. CAROUSEL ROOF - NIGHT

199

ELLIS - still on the roof, scans the pier.

200 POV - THROUGH ELLIS' SNIPER SCOPE

200

Hodges locates Ryan emerging from the stairs.

ELLIS

Got him. He's in the parking lot.

CUT TO:

201 INT. KIDNAPPERS' VAN - NIGHT

201

HODGES - listening intently to the walkie.

108.

201
201

ELLIS (OS)

I've got a clean shot.

GREEK (OS)

No! We don't have the DVD. Just
hold his location. Hodges, parking
lot now!

Just as Hodges reaches for the door handle -- Jessica wraps
her cuffs around his throat, throws her legs against the back
of his seat and pulls like her life depended on it.
Hodges chokes, flails, digs, and claws at the cuffs, but his
fingertips are no match for Jessica's muscular legs.

JESSICA

Ricky run! Find help!
Ricky's paralyzed with fear.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

RUN!

Ricky bolts from the car.

CUT TO:

202
202

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - BRIDGE - NIGHT

·**v,

POLICE CRUISERS race down the pier bridge, desperately trying
to avoid the fleeing crowd.

CUT TO:

203
203

INT. KIDNAPPERS' VAN - NIGHT

JESSICA - finishes squeezing the last bit of life out of
Hodges.
She finally exits the van, but not before grabbing the WALKIE
TALKIE and GUN.

BACK TO:

204 **EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**
204

RYAN - sneaking his way through parked cars, heads in the direction of the Police Cruisers on the bridge.

CUT TO:

205 **EXT. CAROUSEL - NIGHT**
205

MOONEY - scanning the pier for Ryan, hears-

ELLIS (OS)

He's heading for the cops. We
should do it now.

Mooney looks to the roof of the carousel and sees Ellis.

10 9.

205
205

MOONEY

 "Freeze! Drop your weapon!
Ellis quickly swings his rifle and--
BAM! Mooney shoots Ellis in the head, causing him to slide
off the carousel roof.

CUT BACK TO:

206 **EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**
206

RYAN - stopping in his tracks, looks in the direction of the gun shot. He turns around only to find --
A PISTOL pointed right at his face -- Greer's pistol.
He PUSHES Ryan behind a SUV so as not to be seen by the cops.

GREEK

No more bullshit! Just give me the
goddamn disc!

Ryan slowly unzips his front jacket pocket and removes the

DVD.

Greer snatches it and SMASHES it to pieces. Fragments fall through the cracks in the pier, to the ocean below.
Ryan, pale as ghost, knows he's seconds from meeting his maker.

GREER (CONT'D)

calls
Thank you for keeping your promise.
As the cops move in and drag Greer to his feet, Ryan
out to him.

RYAN

see
Hey man, your shitty day is about
to get a whole lot shittier.
Ryan flips open his phone and on the SCREEN plays the
SECURITY FOOTAGE of the murder in the parking lot. We
that Ryan must've copied the DVD with his videophone.

RYAN (CONT'D)

one.
And
Ain't that a bitch?
And through the tears, Jessica manages a laugh. A small
But enough to let us know everything's going to be okay.
as we PULL BACK on the scene--

DISSOLVE TO:

207
207

INT. HOSPITAL DAYROOM - NIGHT

in
room.
slung.
The ECU OF A TELEVISION SCREEN
showing an aerial shot of the Santa Monica Pier.
PULL OUT to reveal-
CHLOE AND RYAN, sitting in a hospital dayroom, engrossed
the NEWS REPORT that plays in the far corner of the
Ryan's shoulder has now been BANDAGED, his arm's in a

NEWS ANCHOR

...The Santa Monica Pier was the
latest setting in the ongoing 23rd
Precinct corruption scandal. Ryan
Ackerman, a local resident, risked
his life to save a family kidnapped
by officers to cover up...
Chloe strokes Ryan's scalp with her fingers.

111.

207
207

CHLOE

""How does it feel to be a hero?

RYAN

(re: his wounds)

It hurts... But you're making it way better. I'm just glad it's over.

CHLOE

(smiling)

Modesty can be sexy.

RYAN

And to think this was our first date.

CHLOE

Next time, skip the shower.

In the background, Jessica and Ricky exit a hospital room and join the two lovebirds.

JESSICA

Craig's very weak, but the doctors say it looks promising. He's probably going to have to walk with a cane, but that's the worst of it... I'm just thankful.

Chloe senses that Jessica and Ryan might need a moment alone.

CHLOE

Come on Ricky, let's get a hot chocolate.

A small smile forms on Ricky's exhausted face. Chloe leads Ricky down the hall.

JESSICA

I can't believe I almost lost everything that means... I don't know how I can ever thank you.

RYAN

I do.

(weak smile)

Don't ever call me again.

A shared laugh, then as they turn to the television--

ECU OF SECURITY FOOTAGE OF THE PARKING LOT MURDER

A CELL PHONE RINGS on a nearby table. They turn to look at it, neither one apparently having any idea to whom it might belong...

But this time, as we PULL BACK on the scene, we realize no one's going to answer it.

CUT TO BLACK.