

CELLULAR

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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 wooooonderful 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.

S9me 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--

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?

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.

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
 Sorry to have bothered you.

Click! 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.

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! **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

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.

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.

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!

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.

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.

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.

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)

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

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.

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:
it. Walks quickly toward the building. school for
boys. Ryan
pulls over and hops
out,

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-

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...

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!

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)

-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 INT. RENT-A-COP CAR - RACING DOWN A RESIDENTIAL STREET 39

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.

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:

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:

EXT. RENT-A-COP CAR

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!

RYAN
SHIT!

Ryan SLAMS on his breaks and is forced to crawl along at a gainful 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-SHIFTS 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!

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 a 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

JESSICA (VO)
What?! You 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 INT. 15TH PRECINCT - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

45

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.

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—!

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 mrrmph!

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

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)

WHOOAAAAA!

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–

THE VERIZON WIRELESS STORE - CONTINUOUS

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)

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!*

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
 But-!

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!

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:

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING BAY

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 he 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:

INT. JESSICA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

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:

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:

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 *baseball field!*? Which one 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.

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 kidnappers (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.

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 –

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:

^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--

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:

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.

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!

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.

MOONEY

Mooney.
 (shakes his head)
 No. No, I guess not. Must've been
 a prank. I'm sorry to have
 bothered 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?

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:

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

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'?

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.

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!!

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

THE RENT-A-COP CAR

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!*

INT. CADILLAC XLR

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–

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

88

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 -

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.

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—
(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!

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:

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.

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:

INT. LAX AIRPORT - CONCOURSE - DAY

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!

Ryan pulls Craig into the MENS RESTROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. LAX RESTROOM

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:

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

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:

INT. LAX AIRPORT - CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS

GREER and ELLIS stride toward the bar.

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.

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:

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 kidnapppers 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

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

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?

.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.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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;*

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-

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.

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 --

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!

-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-

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.

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!

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

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC

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

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

INT. KIDNAPPERS' SAFEHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

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:

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

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 ME-

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.

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.

Deason flinches a little bit, like a bee sting, then laughs as he notices the tiny SHARD in her hand-

DEASON
 (sarcastic)
 Oooh.

-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.

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

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

-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

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.

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!

OOOF! 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.

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!

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 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:

EXT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

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:

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 --

VRRRROOOM!! Ryan burns rubber out of there.

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 SHOTS 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!

-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...

V54 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. TELEMARKEET BULL PEN - DAY/EXT. SURFACE STREETS 158

To our surprise, Ryan isn't talking to Greer...but to the same TELEMARKEETER that called him earlier.

TELEMARKEETER
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?

TELEMARKEETER
Mark. At Mastercharge Credit Union-

158

158

*59 RYAN (VO)
A frickin' telemarketer? But I
just hit "Last Incoming Call"- 159

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/
TOMLIN STANDING NEXT TO MOONEY OUTSIDE JESSICA'S HOUSE 160

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.

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 —

-^
 -.. 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 - KRRRAAASHHH!!

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?!

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?

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?

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.

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.

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.

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

The top of the bluffs, overlooking the pier below. Among the 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.

GREER (VO)
I swore I wouldn't do that.

RYAN
Like you swore to protect and serve?

The reference brings Greer up short. There's a moment, then:

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?

Moving closer, we see Ryan's wearing the EARBUD MIKE from the 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.

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—!

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

GREER's pissed. Pacing on the roof, when:

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.

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.

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.

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.

^
 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.

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 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - BRIDGE - NIGHT 202

POLICE CRUISERS race down the pier bridge, desperately trying to avoid the fleeing crowd.

CUT TO:

203 INT. KIDNAPPERS' VAN - NIGHT 203

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.

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:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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)

This is about to be the most enjoyable part of an *extremely* shitty day.

And just as he's about to pull the trigger -

BLAM!! Jessica fires a WARNING SHOT. Greer, startled, spins around to see Jessica pointing Hodges' gun in his face.

JESSICA

Tell me why I shouldn't kill you.

For the first time, Greer actually looks frightened. Recognizing the homicidal look in her eyes, he SPUTTERS, but nothing comes out.

Ryan, weak and pale with blood loss, looks up at his guardian angel.

RYAN

Jess... Jessica? Don't.

Jessica trembles with rage, a tear falls.

JESSICA

I... I have to.

MOONEY (O.S.)
Lower the weapon, Jessica.

Jessica looks behind her and sees Mooney, surrounded by EIGHT POLICE OFFICERS.

MOONEY (CONT'D)
(trying to reason with
her)
Ricky's safe. It's all going to be
okay. Put it down.

Jessica slowly lowers the gun and looks into Ryan's face.

JESSICA
Thank you for keeping your promise.

As the cops move in and drag Greer to his feet, Ryan calls out to him.

RYAN
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 see that Ryan must've copied the DVD with his videophone.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Ain't that a bitch?

And through the tears, Jessica manages a laugh. A small one. But enough to let us know everything's going to be okay. And as we PULL BACK on the scene--

DISSOLVE TO:

207 INT. HOSPITAL DAYROOM - NIGHT

207

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 in the NEWS REPORT that plays in the far corner of the room.

Ryan's shoulder has now been BANDAGED, his arm's in a sling.

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.

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.