

crash

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CRASH

OVER BLACK we hear the sound of a violent rear-end COLLISION, brakes locking, metal crunching, tires skidding as a car spins, horns blaring, gravel spitting. Then silence. We start to glimpse faint, unfocused images of flashing lights. Superimpose: **Tomorrow.**

GRAHAM (V.O.)

It's the sense of touch.

RIA (V.O.)

...What?

GRAHAM (V.O.)

Any real city, you walk, you're
bumped, brush past people. In LA,
no one touches you....

FADE UP to find:

1 INT. GRAHAM & RIA'S SEDAN - CLOSE ON GRAHAM -- NIGHT

1

GRAHAM sits in the passenger seat of a sedan that lies skewed on the gravel shoulder, red lights playing on the passenger side window. He's black, thirties, staring off, either dazed or grappling with a very deep thought.

GRAHAM (continuing)

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

He looks to the driver, RIA, American-born Hispanic, thirties, heart racing, breathing hard, but watching Graham with real concern. A MOTORCYCLE COP appears at her open window.

MOTORCYCLE COP

You two all right?

RIA

I think he mighta hit his head.

GRAHAM

You don't think that's true?

MOTORCYCLE COP

Stay in your car.

The officer moves off.

(CONTINUED)

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2.

1 CONTINUED:

1

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

She climbs out. Graham looks off through his side window.
The reflections from emergency lights and flares play on his
face; too many lights for a simple traffic accident.

2 EXT. FAIRFAX AVE. - CONTINUOUS

2

Ria walks toward the Volvo that just rear-ended them. Its
driver, KIM LEE, an agitated Korean woman, screams at the
motorcycle cop in Korean. Burning flares squeeze traffic
down to one lane, a cop herds the cars into line.

MOTORCYCLE COP
Calm down, ma'am!

KIM LEE
I am calm!

MOTORCYCLE COP
I need to see your registration and
insurance.

KIM LEE
Why? Not my fault! Her fault!
She do this!

RIA
(approaching)
I do this?

MOTORCYCLE COP
Ma'am, wait in your vehicle.

KIM LEE
Stop in middle of street! Mexicans!
No know how to drive! She blake
too fast!

RIA
I "blake" too fast?? Oh, sorry,
you no see my "blake lights?"

MOTORCYCLE COP
Ma-am--

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

RIA

(to Kim Lee)

I brake when I see long line cars
stop in front of me. You see over
steering wheel, maybe you brake,
too.

MOTORCYCLE COP

(to Ria)

Ma'am--

KIM LEE

Crazy Mexican! I call immigration
on you! Look you do my car!

RIA

(to cop)

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

MOTORCYCLE COP

Ma'am--

RIA

(flashing badge)

It's not Ma'am, it's Detective.

MOTORCYCLE COP

Oh, Christ.

CLOSE ON GRAHAM

He pops the flashing red light onto the dash and steps out
the car.

CRANE SHOT

Graham folds his collar against the cold and crosses the
dark street that cuts through this patch of oil fields in
the center of Inglewood. The argument rages in the
background:

KIM LEE

No care you cop, wanna see insurance!
Stupid wetback brake my car!
(etc.)

Graham steps toward a swarm of activity that has nothing to
do with the collision that just occurred -- three police
cars, a coroner's vehicle and crime scene tape tells us

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

something nasty happened down in the long grass of the irrigation ditch. He dips under the crime scene tape.

ANGLE ON DETECTIVE CARR

a bored-looking man lighting a cigarette and staring at the ditch. Graham steps up and watches with him.

DETECTIVE CARR

You okay?

GRAHAM

Freezing.

DETECTIVE CARR

Heard it might snow.

GRAHAM

Get outta here.

DETECTIVE CARR

That's what I heard.

GRAHAM

You got a smoke?

DETECTIVE CARR

(blowing out smoke)

Quit.

GRAHAM

Me, too.

Carr hands Graham a cigarette. He can't help glancing at Ria's escalating battle. He looks to Graham, the question implied. Graham gives him a shrug: "don't go there." Carr understands completely.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

What have you got?

A tech passes, heading into the crime scene.

DETECTIVE CARR

Dead kid.

Graham notices something odd and walks down into the gully.

DETECTIVE CARR (CONT'D)

You touch anything and it's yours.

He kneels to inspect a piece of evidence hidden in the tall weeds. A feeling starts to creep over him.

(CONTINUED)

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5.

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

Not a good feeling. As he looks up we FADE TO BLACK. Super:
TODAY.

FADE UP:

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

3

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

DIRK (O.S.)

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

Widen to see we're --

4 INT. R & J GUNS -- DAY

4

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

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

What did he say "ammunition"?

DORRI

(in Farsi)

He asked what kind of bullets you
want.

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

The kind that fit in the gun!

DORRI

(in Farsi)

There's more than one type.

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

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

DORRI

(in Farsi)

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

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

You don't use that tone of voice
with me.

DIRK

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

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

What is he saying about Jihad?
(to Dirk, in English:)
Are you making insults at me?

DIRK

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

FARHAD

I am American citizen--!

DIRK

(here it comes)

--Oh, God.

FARHAD

--I have rights like you! I have
right to buy gun!

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

DIRK

Not from my store, you don't.

Dirk nods toward the Security Guard, who heads this way.
Dorri sees him coming.

DORRI

Go wait in the car, Dad.

FARHAD

(to Dirk)

You are ignorant man!

DIRK

Yeah, I'm ignorant; you're liberating
my country and I'm flying 747s into
your mud huts and incinerating your
friends. Get the fuck out of my
store.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

SEC. GUARD
(taking his arm)
Let's go.

FARHAD
You don't touch! This man
cheats me!

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

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

DORRI (CONT'D)
You can give me the gun or give me
the money back, and I'm really hoping
for the money.

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

DIRK
And what kind of ammunition do you
want?

DORRI
Whatever fits.

DIRK
Oh, we got a lot of things that
fit. We got long colts, short colts,
ball heads, flat-nose, hollow points,
wad cutters and a dozen more that
all fit in the same size hole, just
depends how big a "bang" you can
handle.

DORRI
(pointing)
I'll take the ones in the red box.

DIRK
(looks; looks back)
...Do you know what those are?

DORRI
Can I have them?

He takes the box with a snort and places it on the counter
with the gun. Dorri snatches them up and exits.

5 EXT. WESTWOOD -- NIGHT 5

A couple opens the door and enters a moderately priced Italian restaurant; call the guy ALLAN, call his date angry.

ALLAN

No, please tell me: what "sin" did
I commit this time?

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

ANTHONY

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

PETER

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

ANTHONY

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

PETER

We didn't get any coffee that you didn't want and I didn't order, and this is evidence of racial discrimination? Did you happen to notice our waitress was black?

ANTHONY

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

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

PETER

So how much you leave her?

The angry girl runs past them.

ANTHONY

You expect me to pay for that kinda service??

Peter laughs; Anthony doesn't. Allan runs by chasing his date.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

...What? What?

ALLAN

Hey, come on! I'm sorry.

PETER

Nothing, nothing.

The camera whips around with Allan. We lose him as he cuts across the street, and find RICK & JEAN CABOT, white, early 40s, step out of the Blockbuster and head for their car. Jean pulls her jacket closed as they walk.

RICK

You're seriously jealous of Karen??

JEAN

Hardly. I'd just like to see you get through a meal without calling her, or someone else at your office.

RICK

(re: cell phone)

See this? Off. No more calls tonight.

Jean notices Anthony and Peter and takes Rick's arm.

JEAN

Ten bucks says she calls on the car phone.

BACK WITH ANTHONY AND PETER

ANTHONY

You see what that woman just did?

PETER

She's cold, man.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

ANTHONY

She got colder soon as she saw us.

PETER

--Here it comes.

ANTHONY

Look around! You couldn't find a whiter, safer or better lit part of this city. But this white woman sees two black guys, who look like UCLA students, strolling down the sidewalk and her reaction is blind fear. I mean, look at us! Are we dressed like gangbangers? Do we look threatening? No. Fact, if anybody should be scared, it's us: the only two black faces surrounded by a sea of over-caffeinated white people, patrolled by the trigger-happy LAPD. So, why aren't we scared?

PETER

Because we have guns?

ANTHONY

You could be right.

Both men reach into their clothing and come out with Saturday-night specials. They rush toward Rick's black Navigator.

PETER

Away from the car!
Away from the car!

JEAN

Oh my God! Oh my God!
Rick!

ANTHONY

Gimme the keys! Gimme
the keys! Shut up and
give me the keys!

RICK

Don't shoot, just don't
shoot.

PETER

Walk away! Walk away! Turn around
and walk!

6 INT. BLACK NAVIGATOR

6

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

ANTHONY

Get in! Get in!

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

PETER
Unlock the door!

Anthony does. Peter hops in as Anthony sparks the ignition. To Peter's surprise Anthony hops back out...

7 EXT. WESTWOOD BLVD. -- CONTINUOUS

7

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

ANTHONY
Stop!!

They freeze. Anthony runs up, grabs the DVD.

8 INT. BLACK NAVIGATOR -- CONTINUOUS

8

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

PETER
(reading label)
Haven't seen it.

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

ANTHONY
No! No! Take that voodoo-ass thing off there right now! Look at the marks it makes!

PETER
You're calling St. Christopher voodoo? Man's the patron saint of travelers.

ANTHONY
God talk to you, did he? What did he say? "Go forth my son and leave big, slobbery suction rings on every dashboard you find??" Why the hell do you do that?

PETER
Look at the way you drive, then ask me again!

9 EXT. 2ND STREET TUNNEL -- NIGHT 9

A squad car wipes, revealing a sea of flashing red lights. A Mercedes sits in middle of it all, doors open, body on the ground beside it. Uniformed cops stand around pretending they are actually doing something. One of them leads us to:

GRAHAM AND RIA

who walk from their unmarked sedan, accompanied by a uniformed cop, OFFICER JOHNSON.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Ford pickup and Mercedes driving North on Hill. The pickup cuts in front. Driver of the Mercedes gets pissed, pulls a gun -- he doesn't realize the guy in the pickup is a cop coming off shift.

GRAHAM

That the cop?

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

OFFICER JOHNSON

Yeah. Name is Conklin. He's a Narc out of Wilshire. You want to talk to him?

GRAHAM

Not yet.

OFFICER JOHNSON

Mercedes takes a shot at him. Detective Conklin returns fire, one shot. Mercedes hits the wall, driver opens the door and falls out dead.

RIA

I got the Mercedes.

Ria splits off toward the Mercedes.

GRAHAM

(re: Conklin)

Looks pretty relaxed for having shot a man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Coming up on Conklin's Ford pickup:

OFFICER JOHNSON

He says he kept trying to drive away but the Mercedes kept pulling up next to him, screaming, waving the gun. Shot back in self-defense.

Graham stoops to see a bullet hole in the driver's door.

GRAHAM

Anyone see who shot first?

OFFICER JOHNSON

They just heard two bangs.

GRAHAM

Find me a witness.

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

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Nice gun.

RIA

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

(hands him a wallet)

It was under the front seat.

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

RIA (CONT'D)

(looking at dead cop's business card)

Hollywood Division.

Graham lets out a low whistle, then throws a look to Conklin.

GRAHAM

Looks like Detective Conklin shot himself the wrong nigga.

As Graham stands we cut to:

10 INT. CARNEY'S - STUDIO CITY -- NIGHT 10

Crowded with patrons who order hot drinks. We SLIDE PAST two Korean businessmen. CHOI JIN GUIH, late 40's, dressed well, sits across the table from the younger looking PARK. Park rips a check out of his checkbook, hands it to Choi.

PARK

How soon can I have them?

Choi folds the check and stuffs it in his wallet.

CHOI

Tonight. I'm picking them up right now. Good doing business with you.

Choi shakes Park's hand and heads out the back door.

RYAN (O.S.)

I keep telling you he's in pain.
He can't sleep.

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

SHANIQUA (O.S.)

(over phone)

And I told you the clinic is only open after hours for emergencies--

RYAN

--This is an emergency--

11 INT. HMO ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT 11

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

SHANIQUA

--Mr. Ryan, your father has been to the clinic three times in the last month. He's being treated for a urinary tract infection that is by no means an emergency. If you have any more questions about your HMO plan, you can make an appointment to come in from ten to four, Monday through Friday.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

RYAN

What does my father do about sleeping tonight?

SHANIQUA

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

12 BACK TO RYAN AT CARNEY'S:

12

RYAN

I want to speak to your supervisor.

SHANIQUA

I am my supervisor.

RYAN

What's your name?

SHANIQUA

Shaniqua Johnson.

RYAN

Big fucking surprise that is.

Ryan hears the click and hangs up, exits...

13 EXT. CARNEY'S -- NIGHT

13

...approaches his partner TOM HANSEN, who stirs his coffee.

RYAN

Call any big company with a problem; why is the person you have to deal with guaranteed to be black and stupid? Why? Because corporations are smart. They actually seek out the stupidest fucking black people they can find. They want us to get so frustrated that we'll go away and they won't have to spend their fucking money.

(walking off)

Genius.

Hansen stirs some more. As RYAN exits to the parking lot a white panel van stops at the sidewalk, CHOI driving.

14 INT. SQUAD CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

14

As Ryan and Hansen climb in they hear:

(CONTINUED)

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16.

14 CONTINUED:

14

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
Black late model Navigator,
California plate: 4PCI315.

15 THEIR POV

15

A black Navigator passes, a 40ish black man at the wheel.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
Suspects are two black males,
approximately 20 years of age, armed
and dangerous.

16 RYAN

16

Pulls out to follow.

HANSEN
It's not it.
(no response)
It's not the vehicle. The plates
don't match, the driver's in his
forties, and nobody jacks a car and
takes it to Studio City.

Ryan hits the flashers.

17 THEIR POV - NAVIGATOR ON RESIDENTIAL STREET AHEAD:

17

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

18 RYAN

18

Sees her face and bumps the siren.

RYAN
They were doing something.

19 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - STUDIO CITY -- NIGHT

19

The Navigator pulls to a stop under a street lamp, the squad
car pulls up behind. Ryan steps out. Hansen clearly doesn't
like this; nonetheless, he steps out and assumes the backup
position. Ryan approaches the window, unsnapping his holster.

RYAN
Keep your hands in plain sight.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

RYAN (CONT'D)

I need to see your license and registration.

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

CAMERON

No problem.

Ryan looks to the passenger reapplying her lipstick: CHRISTINE THAYER, strikingly beautiful, light-skinned black woman in a cocktail dress. She may have had a bit too much to drink.

RYAN

Evening.

CHRISTINE

(suppressing a smile)

How are you tonight, officer?

CAMERON

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

RYAN

Do it slowly, please.

Ryan lays his hand on his Glock as Cameron reaches over to get his papers. Ryan's flashlight beam glides from the glove compartment to Christine's breasts, then up to her face.

CAMERON

Here you go.

He slowly hands the documents to Ryan.

RYAN

Stay in the vehicle, please.

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

Step onto the sidewalk, please, sir.

CAMERON

I haven't been drinking.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

RYAN

Then we shouldn't have a problem.

CHRISTINE

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

CAMERON

It's okay, Christine.

BACK IN THE SQUAD CAR - HANSEN

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

RYAN

(to Cameron)

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

As Cameron does...

CHRISTINE

steps out of the car.

CHRISTINE

I told you he doesn't drink.

RYAN

Ma'am, I'm only going to tell you
one time to wait in the vehicle.

CHRISTINE

"Ma'am??"

CAMERON

Get in the car, Christine.

CHRISTINE

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

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

RYAN

Both of you, turn around, hands on
your head, interlock your fingers.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

CAMERON

Officer, we're a block from home --

RYAN

Don't talk to me, put your hands on
your head and interlock your fingers.

HANSEN

(approaching)
What have we got?

CAMERON

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

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

RYAN

What did I just tell you?

...and kicks his feet out. Cam puts his hands on his head.

CHRISTINE

Get your hands off him!

RYAN

(to Hansen)
Pat him down.
(to Christine)
Put your hands on your head, ma'am.

Hansen reluctantly pats Cameron down.

CAMERON

Do what he says.

CHRISTINE

(to Cameron)
Fuck you!
(to Ryan)
And you keep your filthy fuckin'
hands off me!

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

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Ow! You fucking pig!

CAMERON

Christine, stop talking.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4)

19

RYAN

That's quite a mouth you have.
(to Cameron)
Course, you know that.

CHRISTINE

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

CAMERON

Christine, shut your goddamn mouth!

RYAN

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

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

Do you have any guns or knives on
you, anything I'm going to get stuck
with?

CHRISTINE

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

RYAN

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

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

HANSEN

Clean.

But Ryan is nowhere near finished.

RYAN

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

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

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (5)

19

RYAN (CONT'D)

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

Now his hands start up the inside of her calves.

RYAN (CONT'D)

That's reckless endangerment...

Hansen looks away, knowing this is bullshit.

RYAN (CONT'D)

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

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

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

Ryan removes his hands.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What do you think we should do?

CAMERON

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

RYAN

(to Hansen)

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

HANSEN

Yeah.

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

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (6)

19

RYAN

Fine. You can go.

CAMERON

...Thank you.

RYAN

No problem.

(walking away)

You folks drive safe now.

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

IN THE NAVIGATOR

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

HANSEN

watches them go. A decision made, he drops into his seat and closes the car door.

20 INT. CORNER MARKET -- NIGHT

20

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

SHEREEN

It won't close.

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

FARHAD

Pull it hard.

She keeps trying as....

FARHAD (CONT'D)

(to Dorri)

I can do that!

She snaps the cylinder in place.

DORRI

You couldn't even get it open.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

You have no respect for your father anymore? Give me the gun.

DORRI

There. Now you can shoot anybody you want.

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

FARHAD

That man could have killed your mother. You think I should let crazy people do what they want to us?

Shereen comes out from the back room.

SHEREEN

Farhad, it won't close.

Farhad disappears into the back room.

SHEREEN (CONT'D)

(to Dorri)

You should be at work.

Dorri turns and exits.

21 EXT. DARK STREET CORNER -- NIGHT

21

The stolen black Navigator screams around the corner into a barren strip of Los Angeles, hip-hop blaring from its speakers.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

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

22 IN THE NAVIGATOR

22

PETER

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

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

ANTHONY

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

Peter punches the radio, a country western singer wails.

PETER

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

ANTHONY

And you think there's a difference?

PETER

(singing)
"Gonna buy me a rope, and lynch me
a niggaaaaaaa..."

ANTHONY

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

ANTHONY'S POV -- THE ROAD AHEAD

Almost deserted; they fly past small factories and businesses
closed for the night. Only one vehicle in sight, a panel
van parked way up ahead on this side of the street.

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

Back in the sixties we
had smart, articulate
black men. Huey Newton,
Bobby Seale, Eldridge
Cleaver, Fred Hampton;
these brothers were
speaking out and people
were listening.

PETER (O.S.)

(wailing and twanging)
"I'd shoot him dead first,
but I done broke my
triggaaaaaaa.....
Gonna get out my sheet,
put my hood on my heaaaad..."

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

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

BACK IN THE NAVIGATOR

ANTHONY
 The FBI said: "Oh, we
 can't have that."
 "I know! Let's give
 the niggers this music
 by a bunch of mumbling
 idiots--"

PETER
 "Gonna string him up good,
 and then he'll be deaaaad."

Anthony takes his eyes off the road.

ANTHONY
 --and they'll all copy
 it and sooner or later
 no one will be able to
 understand a fuckin'
 word they say! End of
 problem!"

PETER
 (chorus:)
 "In the home of the brave
 and the land of the freeeee.
 Gonna have black boys
 swinging, from each old
 oak treeeeeeee."

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

23 EXTREMELY CLOSE ON THE DOOR OF THE PANEL VAN

23

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

24 BACK IN THE SPEEDING NAVIGATOR

24

Anthony looks to Peter.

ANTHONY
 What the fuck was that?

As Anthony stomps on the brakes...

25 EXT. EMPTY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

25

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

PETER
 Holy shit, we run over a Chinaman!

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

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

PETER

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

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

ANTHONY

Where the hell did he come from?!

PETER

Fuckin' China! What do you mean where'd he come from?!

ANTHONY

He was standing in the street?

PETER

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

ANTHONY

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

PETER

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

ANTHONY

This is so completely fucked.

CHOI (O.S.)

Help me.

ANTHONY

Shut up! I'm trying to think!

(paces)

Fuck-fuck-fuck! Okay, come on, get back in the truck.

PETER

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

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

ANTHONY

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

PETER

He's not gonna let go! He's stuck under the fucking truck! If he coulda let go, he probably would have considered that option half a block back! Just grab his arm, we'll pull him outta there.

ANTHONY

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

PETER

We leave him there, the man dies, and we're up on murder charges, Einstein. Now grab his goddamn arm!

Anthony relents. They reach under and as Choi screams...

26 INT. CAMERON AND CHRISTINE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

26

Christine drops her purse and snatches up the phone.

CAMERON

Who are you calling?

CHRISTINE

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

CAMERON

And you actually think they're going to take you seriously?

CHRISTINE

(slams phone down)

Do you have any idea what that was like to have that pig's hands all over me? And you watch him do it and then you apologize to him?? What the fuck was that about?

CAMERON

What did you want me to do, get us both shot?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

CHRISTINE

--They were gonna shoot us on Ventura Blvd??

CAMERON

So, you would have been satisfied with just being arrested.

CHRISTINE

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

CAMERON

Yeah, that's what I was worried about.

CHRISTINE

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

CAMERON

You need to calm down here.

CHRISTINE

No, what I need is a husband who won't just stand there while I'm being molested!

CAMERON

They were cops! They had guns! Where do you think you're living, with mommy and daddy in Greenwich?

CHRISTINE

--Go to hell.

CAMERON

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

CHRISTINE

Fuck you, like you know. Closest you ever came to being black was watching the Cosby Show.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

CAMERON

At least I wasn't watching it with
the rest of the equestrian team.

CHRISTINE

You know, you're right, Cam, I got
a lot to learn. 'Cause I haven't
quite learned how to shuck and jive.
Let me hear it again: "Thank you,
Mr. Poh-liceman. You sure is kind
to us po' black folk. You be sure
to let me know next time you wanna
finger-fuck my wife."

CAMERON

You know what? Fuck you.

CHRISTINE

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

He slams out of the room.

27 INT. RICK & JEAN'S HOME (BRENTWOOD) -- NIGHT

27

Jean's feet descend the stairs to the expansive kitchen,
where DANIEL, the Hispanic locksmith, re-keys the door.
He's twentyish, close-cropped hair, baggy pants, tattoos.

JEAN

How much longer are you going to
be?

DANIEL

This is the last door.

JEAN

Thanks.

She exits, walking through the butler's pantry into the dining
room, where several staff members work. She turns into the
living room, where Rick and two aides work up strategy.

KAREN (O.S.)

Nothing from Parker Center.

JEAN

(interrupting)
I need to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

She exits without waiting for a response. Rick turns to KAREN, his top aide (young, black, brilliant), who is on her Trio, laptop in front of her.

RICK
Just find Flanagan.

Karen dials as Rick exits to the...

THE HALL OFF THE KITCHEN

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

JEAN
I want the locks changed again in the morning.

RICK
Honey, why don't you go bed. Did you check on James?

JEAN
Of course I checked on James, I've checked him every five minutes since we've been home, don't patronize me! I want the locks changed again in the morning!

RICK
Shhh, it's okay. You just need to lie down.

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

MARIA
Sorry, Mrs. Jean...

It's MARIA, their Salvadoran housekeeper and babysitter, sweater and bag in her arm.

RICK
Yes, Maria?

Jean turns away, livid.

MARIA
Is okay I leave now?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

RICK

Yeah, sure, thanks for staying.

MARIA

No problem. Good-night, Mrs. Jean.

JEAN

Good-night.

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

JEAN (CONT'D)

I want the locks changed again in the morning.

RICK

Jean--

JEAN

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

RICK

(lowering his voice)

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

JEAN

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

RICK

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

JEAN

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

RICK

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

JEAN

--wait for them to break in?

(now in a rage)

I just had a gun pointed in my face!

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

RICK
(sotto)
Lower your voice!

JEAN
--And it's my fault, because I knew
it was going to happen! But if a
white person sees two black men
walking toward them and turns and
walks the other way, she's a racist,
right? Well, I got scared and I
didn't say anything and ten seconds
later I had a gun in my face! Now
I'm telling you that your amigo in
there is going to sell our house
key to one of his homies! And this
time it'd be really fucking nice if
you acted like you actually cared!!

Jean turns and storms into the kitchen. Rick stares at her
as she makes a show of wiping down the counter.

JEAN

throws a look over her shoulder toward the backdoor, sees...

DANIEL

packing up his tools, looking right back at her.

JEAN

looks away and busies herself with the dishes.

RICK

turns and walks back to the...

28 THE LIVING ROOM

28

BRUCE, his second aide, works on a way to spin this. Karen
snaps her cell phone closed and turns to Rick.

KAREN
Flanagan doesn't think anyone has
the story yet.

RICK
Flanagan's an idiot. We're talking
minutes.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

BRUCE

I've called a friend at KCBS--

RICK

--Bruce, you can call God himself: I'm the fucking District Attorney! I get my car jacked, it's gonna make the news. Christ, why did they have to be black?! No matter how we spin this I'm gonna either lose the black vote or the fucking law and order vote. I got West Side Jews up the ass; aren't there any Hasidic kids going bad?

BRUCE

Do you have to say they were black?

RICK

You're right, Bruce, I should have told my own cops that I couldn't quite make out the color of two men standing less than a foot from me. Give yourself a raise.

KAREN

I think you're worrying too much. You have a lot support in the black community.

RICK

So did Gil Garcetti. Remember him? Former DA, tall guy, had that little run-in with OJ?

KAREN

They stole your car at gunpoint in the middle of Westwood!

RICK

Check the LA Weekly tomorrow, I'll be the one with the gun in my hand. If we can't duck this thing we have to neutralize it. You know what I need? I need a black man I can pin a medal on. I need a picture of me pinning a medal on a fucking black man. What about that fire fighter who saved those campers in--

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

BRUCE

He's Iraqi.

RICK

He's Iraqi? He looked black.

BRUCE

Iraqi. Saddam Khahum.

RICK

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

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

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

29

Daniel the locksmith drops his toolbox onto his seat, starts
his truck and drives off, passing...

MARIA

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

30 EXT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW -- NIGHT

30

It's almost pitch black, until headlights appear on the street
and sweep up the drive. The headlamp pulls right up to the
camera and burns out the screen. The lamp switches off, the
filament glows dimly until the scene once again dissolves to
black.

31 INT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW - HALL -- NIGHT

31

The hall lies dark until Daniel opens the front door. He
places his locksmith box onto the floor and slips out of his
shoes. He notices light spilling out from under a door down
the hall.

32 INT. HIS DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

32

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

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

UNDER THE BED

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

DANIEL

How ya doing?

LARA

Okay.

DANIEL

(beat)

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

LARA

There's no such thing as monsters.

DANIEL

That's a good thing, then.

LARA

I heard a bang.

DANIEL

Like a truck bang?

LARA

Like a gun.

DANIEL

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

LARA

....How far can bullets go?

DANIEL

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

LARA

...What if they don't?

DANIEL

You thinking about that one that came through your window?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

Lara nods.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Yeah, we never did find it, did we?

Lara shakes her head.

LARA

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

DANIEL

And you think it was that same bullet you heard tonight?

Lara shrugs, she thinks it is but doesn't want to say it. Daniel settles in, as if only now realizing the enormity of this situation. He lies there thinking this problem through.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Huh. You think maybe we should move again?

LARA

I like it here.

DANIEL

Yeah. Me, too. But if that bullet found out where we live...

(realizes something)

Hold on.

LARA

What?

DANIEL

I am so stupid. How could I forget this?

LARA

What?

DANIEL

Never mind, you're not gonna believe me.

LARA

Tell me.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3)

32

DANIEL

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

LARA

(skeptical)

Uh-huh.

DANIEL

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

LARA

No, tell me.

DANIEL

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

LARA

She was flying?

DANIEL

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

(Lara shakes her head)

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

LARA

Can I touch it?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (4)

32

DANIEL
Sure, go ahead.

She touches his arm.

LARA
I can't feel it.

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

LARA
...Don't you need it?

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

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

ANGLE ON LARA'S BED

Daniel places her on the bed.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Okay.

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

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Hold your chin up.

She does. He ties it around her neck.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
That too tight?

She shakes her head.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
You feel anything at all?

She shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (5)

32

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Good. Then it's just right.

He kisses her on the forehead. He pulls out her pillow and places it on the bed. She lies down and he covers her. He turns off her light.

LARA

Do I take it off when I have a bath?

DANIEL

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

LARA

Okay.

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

33 INT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW - HALL -- CONTINUOUS

33

Daniel eases his daughter's door closed. His beeper goes off. He silences it quickly, checks the read-out, exhales.

34 EXT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

34

Anthony and Peter drop Choi on the sidewalk beneath the emergency sign and run back to the Navigator. As they hop in:

ANTHONY

What year was that van he was
driving?

PETER

You want to steal the man's van?
You already took his wallet--

As they speed off:

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

--what do you wanna do next: find
his house and shoot his dog?

They disappear around the corner....

35 INT. CORNER MARKET - STORAGE AREA - NIGHT 35

There's a shiny new lock. Daniel yanks open the metal door, sees that it's bowed, slams it closed and turns the bolt; it only moves a quarter turn.

36 INT. FRONT OF CORNER MARKET 36

Daniel steps in from the storage room to find Farhad locking the front door.

DANIEL

Excuse me?

FARHAD

I want go home, how long?

DANIEL

I replaced the lock but you got a real problem with that door.

FARHAD

You fix the lock.

DANIEL

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

FARHAD

Fix the lock!

DANIEL

Listen to me, you need a new door.

FARHAD

I need door? How much?

DANIEL

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

FARHAD

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

DANIEL

I don't have a friend who fixes doors.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

FARHAD

You fix the fucking lock, you
cheater!

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

DANIEL

Listen, just pay for the lock, I
won't charge you for my time.

FARHAD

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

DANIEL

I'd really appreciate it if you'd
stop calling me names.

FARHAD

You no fix the fucking lock!

DANIEL

I replaced the lock! You gotta fix
the door!

FARHAD

Fucking cheat! You fucking cheat!

DANIEL

(crumples the bill)

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

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

FARHAD

You fix fucking lock! You fix
fucking lock!

37 INT. CHOP SHOP -- NIGHT

37

A Porsche screams into the garage, the garage door slams
right behind it. As it disappears into the cavernous room,
we see a couple dozen guys chopping up high-ticket cars.
The Porsche parks beside the Navigator, which sits with its
cargo door open. LUCIEN GREEN tosses away a rag and steps
back to Peter and Anthony.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

LUCIEN

No, I understand. You run over a Chinaman, stuff him in the back and then bring the truck here so I can share in the experience.

ANTHONY

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

LUCIEN

(calls off)

Georgie, burn this thing.

Lucien walks off as Georgie, a mountain of a man, closes the rear door. Anthony and Peter follow Lucien.

ANTHONY

Come on, man, it's a brand new Navigator. All you need is a little piece of carpet.

LUCIEN

You watch the Discovery Channel?

ANTHONY

Not a lot.

PETER

That's some good shit.

LUCIEN

Every night there's a show with somebody shining a little blue light and finding tiny specs of blood spattered on carpets and walls and ceiling fans, bathroom fixtures, and special edition plastic Burger King drink cups. Then the next thing they show is some stupid redneck in handcuffs, who looks absolutely stunned that this is happening to him. Sometimes, the redneck is actually *watching* the Discovery Channel when they break in to arrest him. And he *still* can't figure out how on earth they could have caught him. Do I look like I wanna be on the Discovery Channel?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

ANTHONY

No.

LUCIEN

Then get the fuck out of my shop!

ANGLE ON THE NAVIGATOR

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

ANTHONY

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

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

38

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

RIA

Oh God! Oh God yes! Yes!

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

GRAHAM

Jesus!

It rings again. He reaches for it.

RIA

Don't you dare!

GRAHAM

It could be S.I.D.

RIA

Don't you--!

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

GRAHAM

(into phone)
-- Graham Waters.

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

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I'm sorry, this is Graham. Hello?

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

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(into phone)

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

RIA

(suddenly ashamed)

Oh, God, it's your mother?

GRAHAM

(into phone)

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

(finally)

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

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

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Ma, I'll call you tomorrow. Bye.

He hangs up.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Sorry. Where were we?

RIA

(pulling on her pants)

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

GRAHAM

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

RIA

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

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

GRAHAM

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

As she yanks on her clothes....

RIA

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

GRAHAM

Ria--

RIA

Because I am *so* looking forward to hearing the "we can't mix career and personal life" speech. Like it's such a big mystery which one you'd choose. You don't pick a pair of socks without thinking what they're going to do for your career.

GRAHAM

You're pissed because I answered the phone.

RIA

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

GRAHAM

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

RIA

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

GRAHAM

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

RIA

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

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

GRAHAM

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

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

39 INT. RYAN'S BURBANK DUPLEX - HALLWAY -- NIGHT

39

Ryan wakes with a start, thinking he heard something. Bleary-eyed, in T-shirt and boxers, he steps out of his bedroom and walks toward the sound of someone groaning. He stops at the bathroom door, which sits slightly ajar.

RYAN

How you doing, Pop?

POP RYAN (O.S.)

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

(keeps himself from crying out)

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

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

POP RYAN (CONT'D)

Wait a goddamn minute.

(reaching for his pajamas)

Okay.

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

RYAN

You're okay. You're okay.

As they head out:

POP RYAN

Stop, stop. I gotta go back.

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

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

POP RYAN (CONT'D)

You gonna stand there and stare at
me?

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

ANGLE ON RYAN

leaning against the hallway wall, staring off at the window, the first rays of dawn breaking on his face.

40 INT. CORNER MARKET -- EARLY MORNING

40

Darkness until the door opens -- we're close on the lock, which has been pried out of the door. Farhad steps in cautiously, hoping not to see what he knows lies ahead. He walks through the storage room and into the store where he stops dead; the place has been ransacked; what hasn't been stolen has been smashed, racial slurs spray-painted on the walls. The front door lies open.

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

SHANIQUA

Do you have American Spirit Lights?

Farhad goes behind the counter. There's almost nothing left. He finds one pack.

FARHAD

Five seventy-five.

Shaniqua hands him six.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

I don't have change.

SHANIQUA

That's okay.

She turns and exits.

41 INT. RICK & JEAN'S HOME - KITCHEN -- MORNING

41

Maria enters through the French doors carrying a car seat and a cool, large mechanical monster toy.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

MARIA

Sorry to use your car, Mrs. Jean.
I turn my key this morning, nothing.
(placing toy on counter)
James want to take it to school,
but I no want kids to fight over
it.

Jean opens their custom-cabinet dishwasher and stares in.

JEAN

Are these dishes clean or dirty?

MARIA

All clean.

JEAN

You know Maria, just once I'd like
to wake up and find the dishes in
the cupboard.

Jean strides off past Maria, who immediately begins unloading
the dishwasher. As Jean climbs the stairs, Maria grabs a
handful of forks and reaches for the cutlery drawer.

42 INT. POLICE STATION - CAPT. DIXON'S OFFICE -- MORNING

42

LT. JOE DIXON, African-American, stuffs some paperwork into
a folder, opens his desk drawer and places the folder inside.
Officer Hansen stands opposite, dressed in his civilian
clothes.

HANSEN

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

DIXON

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

Dixon pulls open another drawer, grabs his wallet, searches
for his car keys.

HANSEN

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

DIXON

Seventeen years.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

HANSEN

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

DIXON

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

Hansen sees he's being boxed in. Dixon finds his keys, slams
the drawer shut.

HANSEN

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

Dixon crosses, puts on his coat, buttons it.

DIXON

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

Hansen gets it loud and clear. Dixon reaches below his desk,
grabs a wrapped X-mas gift, puts it under his arm.

HANSEN

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

DIXON

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

HANSEN

Yes, sir.

DIXON

That's not a good enough reason.

HANSEN

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

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

DIXON

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

HANSEN

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

Dixon exits. Hansen follows.

43 INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

43

Hansen scurries to catch up.

DIXON

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

HANSEN

You want me to say he has flatulence?

DIXON

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

HANSEN

I'm not comfortable with that, Lieutenant.

DIXON

I wouldn't be either; which is why I understand your need for privacy. Just like you probably understand how hard a black man has to work to get to, say, where I am, in a racist fucking organization like the LAPD, and how easily that can all be taken away. But that said, it's your decision:

(looks him in the eye)

you can put your career and mine on the line in pursuit of a just cause, or you can admit to having an embarrassing problem of a personal nature.

Hansen stands speechless.

44 INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - CORRIDOR -- MORNING

44

An ADA hands a document to Rick as he and Karen step out of his office and head down the hall. They walk with purpose.

RICK

He just shot the guy? Did they know each other, this some kind of grudge thing?

KAREN

Not as far as we can tell.

RICK

You think it was racially motivated?

KAREN

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

RICK

Who do we have on it?

KAREN

Graham Waters.

RICK

Tell him he talks to no one but me; I want a report by three-thirty, my office.

And they're gone.

45 INT. COLUMBIA STUDIOS - STAGE 24 -- DAY

45

CAMERON

Cut! Print! Moving on.

Cameron rises from his director's chair. The crew broom the set as Cameron and his FIRST A.D. head off for the next set.

FIRST A.D.

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

CAMERON

Oh, Christ.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

FIRST A.D.
 (calling out)
 Okay people, moving to scene forty-six!

46 EXT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- MORNING

46

Anthony and Peter turn onto the sidewalk, heading toward Anthony's old Toyota. They pass a skinny black kid their age.

PETER
 (to kid)
 How's it going, Mo Phat?

They bump fists and keep walking.

ANTHONY
 Man robs purses from old ladies and you're all "How's it going, Mo Phat." Nigga would steal teeth from a cripple.

PETER
 You calling him a thief? And we do what?

They climb in.

ANTHONY
 Man steals from black people. Only reason black people steal from their own:
 (tries ignition)
 'Cause they are terrified of white people. Burbank, Santa Monica, Sherman Oaks: these are scary-ass places for a brother to find himself.
 (tries again)
 Drop "Mo Phat" off at a Starbucks in Toluca Lake, brother would run like a rabbit--
 (tries again)
 --soon as somebody said decaf latte-- what the fuck did you do to my car?

47 EXT. BUSY STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

47

Peter and Anthony turn the corner and head down the sidewalk.

PETER
 No, no, no. I'm starting to understand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

PETER (CONT'D)

By your work you're setting an example to the neighborhood; sorta like a big brother kinda thing.

Peter looks over his shoulder, sees a bus coming, waves it down.

ANTHONY

Laugh. You ever see me steal from a black person? What in the hell do you think you're doing?

PETER

Waving down the bus.

ANTHONY

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

PETER

No, I was really hoping we could push your car into town, because we never do that anymore.

ANTHONY

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

PETER

I did not know that.

ANTHONY

What you don't know could fill the Staples Center.

PETER

Kings are playing tonight.

ANTHONY

You don't like hockey!! The only reason you say you do is to wind me up!!

PETER

Love hockey.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

CAMERON (V.O.)

Cut! Print!

48 INT. STAGE 24 -- MORNING

48

CAMERON

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

The crew start to break the camera and lights down.

FIRST A.D.

Okay, we're in scene twelve.

FRED, the Executive Producer flirting with the script girl,
realizes that they're moving on and calls out:

FRED

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

CAMERON

Yeah, Fred?

The AD shares a "here it comes" look with the camera operator.

FRED

I think we need another take, buddy.

CAMERON

(restraining himself)

I don't know, Fred, that last one
was pretty terrific.

FRED

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

CAMERON

What do you mean?

FRED

Have you noticed--this is weird for
a white guy to say--but have you
noticed that he's talking a lot
less black lately?

CAMERON

I'm afraid I haven't noticed.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

FRED

Really? This last scene, he was supposed to say, "Don't be talkin' 'bout dat." And he changed it to "Don't talk to me about that."

CAMERON

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

FRED

...Is there a problem here, Cam?

CAMERON

No problem.

FRED

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

CAMERON

(decides to eat it)

Okay, Fred.

(calling to crew)

One more, please!

FIRST A.D.

Everybody back, one more please!

FRED

Thanks, buddy.

Cameron heads back to his director's chair, feeling the eyes of the crew as they reassemble the camera and redress the set. Fred settles into the chair just behind him.

49 INT. HMO ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- MORNING

49

Shaniqua Johnson enters, wearing an overcoat, carrying a briefcase and finishing a Starbucks latte. CAROL, her assistant, sits behind her desk.

SHANIQUA

(checking)

Morning.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

CAROL

You have a walk-in; a Mr. Ryan.

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

SHANIQUA

Send him in.

Shaniqua exits to...

50 INT. HMO ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES - CUBICLE -- MORNING

50

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

SHANIQUA

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

RYAN

Yeah, I wanted to apologize for that crack. I haven't been sleeping a lot. My father is in a lot of pain.

SHANIQUA

(like a stone)
I'm sorry to hear that.

RYAN

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

SHANIQUA

(reading file)
And he's been back to see Dr. Robinson?

RYAN

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

SHANIQUA

Really?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

RYAN

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

SHANIQUA

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

RYAN

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

SHANIQUA

No. Not unless Dr. Robinson--

RYAN

So, what good would that do?

SHANIQUA

(with finality)

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

RYAN

(beat)

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

SHANIQUA

Time for you to be going.

RYAN

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

Shaniqua picks up her phone and speaks into the intercom:

SHANIQUA

Carol, I need security in my office.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2).

50

RYAN

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

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

Then the city council decides to give minority-owned companies preference in city contracts. And overnight, my father loses everything. His business, his home, his wife, everything; and not once did he blame you people.

(beat)

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

Silence.

SHANIQUA

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

(to security guard)

Get him out of here.

Ryan strides out of the room, past the line of cubicles, the guard following. Ryan's face hardens with anger as he bangs through the double glass doors.

51 INT LOCK & KEY COMPANY - DISPATCH OFFICE -- DAY 51

A delivery man enters, bringing us to the OFFICE MANAGER, a less than sympathetic woman.

OFFICE MANAGER

(into phone)

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

52 INT. CORNER MARKET -- AT THAT MOMENT 52

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

FARHAD (O.S.)

He say he fix lock! You come here, see how fix it is!...

Dorri drifts in, mouth agape, passing her father at the counter yelling into the phone. Sees her mother washing the walls, trying to remove the spray-painted ethnic slurs. "Fuck the Towelheads." "9-11! 9-11!" "Arab Scum."

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

I'm not yelling, I am angry!
(calls out)

Shereen! Stop washing! Insurance need to take pictures!

Shereen turns, sees her daughter. They embrace.

DORRI

Are you all right?

SHEREEN

I'm okay, we're okay.

(turning back/in Farsi)

You see what they wrote? They think we're Arabs. When did Persians become Arabs?

Shereen goes back to scrubbing.

DORRI

What can I do?

SHEREEN

Go to work. Do you want to be fired, too?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

DORRI
 I called, I switched shifts.
 (realizes)
 Oh my God.

Dorri darts to the counter.

FARHAD
 I want his name; give me name.

DORRI
 Dad--

OFFICE MANAGER
 (phone filter)
 Sir, I can't give you his name.

FARHAD
 Bastard no fix my lock! Give me
 name!

DORRI
 Dad! OFFICE MANAGER (V.O.)
 I'm hanging up now, sir.

FARHAD
 No hang up! No hang up on--
 (click)
 Son-of-a-bitch!

He slams down the phone.

DORRI
 DAD!

FARHAD
 WHAT?!

DORRI
 Did they take the gun?

Farhad snaps open the hidden compartment as Dorri moves behind
 the counter.

CLOSE ON THE SECRET COMPARTMENT

The gun's still there.

DORRI (CONT'D)
 Thank God.

53 INT. LOUISE'S APARTMENT - COMPTON -- DAY

53

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

GRAHAM

Ma?...It's cold.

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

54 LOUISE'S LIVING ROOM

54

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

LOUISE

Did you find your brother?

GRAHAM

No, Ma.

LOUISE

I was doing good, baby. I was doing real good.

GRAHAM

I know, Ma.

LOUISE

(forgot she asked)

Did you find your brother?

GRAHAM

Not yet, Ma.

LOUISE

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

GRAHAM

Okay.

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

55 ANGLE ON LOUISE'S REFRIGERATOR 55

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

56 INT. RIA'S SEDAN -- MOMENTS LATER 56

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

RIA
You apologize to your mother?

GRAHAM
Couldn't. She wasn't there.

RIA
Internal Affairs called. They found something in the Mercedes.

Graham gives her a look as an SUV wipes frame...

57 INT. STAGE 24 -- DAY 57

The grips fly a wall revealing...

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

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

58 EXT. STUDIO LOT -- DAY 58

She meets him and they walk together.

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

CAMERON
Yeah.

CHRISTINE
I got scared, Cam. I mean, it's not like I haven't been pulled over before. But not like that.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

And I was a little drunk and I shouldn't have been mouthing off, it was stupid. But when that man put his hands on me...I just couldn't believe you'd let him do that. I know what you did was the right thing, I know that, but...I was humiliated...for you. I couldn't watch. I couldn't stand to see that man take away your dignity.

CAMERON

(coldly)

Yeah. That's what happened.

CHRISTINE

Don't do this.

CAMERON

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

And he walks away.

CHRISTINE

Do not walk away from me. You bastard, I apologized! Don't you walk away from me!... Cam!!

He keeps going, she fights back tears and rage. Turns on her heel and...

59 INT. CORNER MARKET -- DAY

59

Farhad collects broken glass in the trash can. Dorri waits for KEN HO, the Korean insurance adjuster, to get off his cell phone.

KEN HO

Yeah, I understand. Thanks.

(hangs up/to Dorri)

Has your father read his policy?

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

DORRI

He doesn't read English.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

FARHAD
(in Farsi)
What is he saying?

KEN HO
Mr. Golzari, you told me you called
the locksmith.

FARHAD
Yes, I tell him fix!

KEN HO
But they said their man told you
(Dorri translates)
--that you needed to replace the
door, and you didn't do so.

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

KEN HO
The insurance company is calling it
negligence.
(Dorri translates)
They're not covering any of this.

Farhad looks at Dorri, turns away, picks up the waste-paper
basket full of glass and exits into the storage room.

KEN HO (CONT'D)
I really am sorry.

He turns and exits, leaving Dorri reeling.

60 INT. STORAGE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

60

Dorri finds her father picking up trashed merchandise. She
tries to comfort him.

DORRI
It'll be okay, Dad, we'll figure it
out.

FARHAD
Go to work.

DORRI
Dad...

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

You want to lose your job, too? Go to work.

Dorri kisses her father's head and reluctantly leaves. Farhad keeps cleaning, trying to lose himself in the work.

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

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

RYAN

Hey.

HANSEN

Hey.

(an awkward beat)

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

RYAN

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

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

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

HANSEN

Yeah.

RYAN

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

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

Yo, Carlos. We rolling?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

OFFICER GOMEZ

I am.

They get in the car and pull out. Hansen gets in, starts the engine and keys the radio.

HANSEN

21L23 clear.

OFFICER #1 (V.O.)

21L23, I'm ha--

(fart sound)

--trouble with the radio.

(fart sound)

--sort of strange interfer--

(fart sound)

OFFICER #2 (V.O.)

Likewise, 21L--

(fart sound)

--do you--

(fart)

--your mike open,

(fart)

--any chance?

Hansen clenches his jaw and drives out.

62 INT. POLICE IMPOUND GARAGE - NORTH HOLLYWOOD - AFTERNOON

62

A squad car passes to reveal a Detective from Internal Affairs popping the trunk of the Mercedes. Ria and Graham step up. He throws back the floormat to reveal the wheel well -- in place of the spare tire lies stacks of bills, bound by rubber bands. Lots of stacks. He slams the trunk.

63 EXT. REAR OF CORNER MARKET -- DAY

63

The dumpster lid bangs closed. Farhad turns and walks back toward his store. And then he just stops; a man destroyed. After what seems like an eternity he looks down at the waste paper basket dangling from his hand...and he remembers. He looks back over his shoulder and then charges the dumpster, pulling out trash until he finds a crumpled blue paper.

64 EXT. VALLEY STREET (CRASH SITE) - STUDIO CITY -- DAY

64

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

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

THEIR POV

Over the tops of the cars they see a Hummer with a mangled fender and a piece of shit Dodge with its engine on fire, driver and passenger doors open. A white Jeep sitting wheels up in the middle of the road.

BACK TO SCENE

RYAN

Call it in!

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

65 EXT. CRASH SITE -- CONTINUOUS

65

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

RYAN

Get that engine fire out!

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

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

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

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

Gomez runs up, looks in.

OFFICER GOMEZ

Paramedics are rolling, they'll be here in two minutes.

(sees gas)

Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

RYAN
Get an extinguisher, get that fire
out.

Gomez runs back to the patrol car.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Ma'am, are you hurt? Can you move?
Ma'am?

Just quiet painful sobs. Ryan looks at:

THE POOLING GAS (THROUGH THE CRACKED WINDSHIELD)

running out under the Jeep, in the direction of the car fire.

RYAN

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

RYAN (CONT'D)
It's okay. I'm gonna get you out.

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

66 INT. UPSIDE DOWN JEEP -- CONTINUOUS

66

Ryan feels around for the seat buckle.

RYAN
It's okay. It's okay.

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

CHRISTINE
No! Stay away from me! Get away
from me!

She flails at him.

RYAN
Lady, I'm not gonna hurt you.

CHRISTINE
(still swinging)
Don't touch me! Don't touch me!
Get away from me!

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

RYAN

LADY! I'm trying to help you!

Anger is taking over from shock:

CHRISTINE

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

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

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

NO! Keep your filthy fucking hands
off me!

RYAN

Stop moving! I've almost got it!

CHRISTINE

NOOO!

Ryan screams in her face:

RYAN

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

And she starts to sob uncontrollably. Ryan throws a look to the window: gas flowing away from the car. Looks back to her.

CHRISTINE

Please. Please. Don't touch me.

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

RYAN

(quietly, kindly:)

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

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

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

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

66

She tries.

CHRISTINE

No.

RYAN

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

She nods, fear starting to play on her face.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

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

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

Are you hurt, anything broken?

CHRISTINE

I don't think so.

RYAN

That's good.

CHRISTINE

Are you going to get me out?

RYAN

Yeah, I'm gonna get you out.

CHRISTINE

Okay.

RYAN

(cuts his hand)
Fuck! Sorry.

CHRISTINE

That's okay.

Ryan reaches into his pocket and pulls out a jackknife. Christine reacts instinctively. He notices.

(CONTINUED)

3/18/04

71.

66 CONTINUED: (3)

66

RYAN

I'm going to cut the belt, okay?

She nods. Ryan saws away at it with the dullish blade.

67 RYAN'S POV: THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

67

Gomez gets to the flaming Dodge with the extinguisher.

68 UNDER THE DODGE -- THE FLAMES

68

Catch on the trail of gasoline.

69 GOMEZ

69

Runs to try and beat the flames to the Jeep as a FIRE TRUCK arrives.

OFFICER GOMEZ

Ryan! Get out of the car!

70 INSIDE THE JEEP

70

Ryan works to cut the belt. Suddenly they both notice:

71 THEIR POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

71

The fire rushes toward them.

72 CHRISTINE

72

shrieks, Ryan keeps cutting, just an inch to go when...

THE FLAMES

burst into the Jeep, enveloping them. Ryan cuts the belt loose. Suddenly, he's yanked out by the feet! He makes a grab for Christine.

CHRISTINE

grabs for him, misses.

73 RYAN

73

is pulled from the flaming car by Gomez and a motorist. Ryan kicks at them and crawls right back in.

74 CHRISTINE

74

sees him coming for her, reaches out.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

RYAN

grabs her wrists. Locked together, they share a desperate look and a heartbeat later...

75 GOMEZ AND TWO MOTORISTS

75

pull and

RYAN

drags Christine out with him.

GOMEZ AND THE MOTORISTS

pull Ryan and Christine away from the Jeep and toss a blanket over them, smothering their smoldering clothing. In the background, the firemen arrive and attack the flames.

RYAN

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

RYAN

Shhhh. Shhhhhh.

The PARAMEDICS (one of whom is Allan, the guy chasing his date in Westwood) try to lift Christine from Ryan's arms. Ryan bats him away.

ALLAN

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

(she nods, they lift her to her feet)

Let's take you over to the ambulance.

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

CHRISTINE

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

(CONTINUED)

3/18/04

73.

75 CONTINUED:

75

RYAN

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

76 INT. COLUMBIA STUDIOS - STAGE 24 -- DAY

76

CAMERON

And cut.

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

FIRST A.D.

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

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

77 EXT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW - WESTCHESTER -- AFTERNOON

77

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

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

78 INT. D.A.'S CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

78

Karen shows Graham into a conference room the size of a bowling alley. Inside we find Bruce, answering his cell phone, and JAKE FLANAGAN, kingmaker and "Head of Media Relations."

KAREN

The D.A. asked me to apologize, he wanted to be here himself.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

FLANAGAN

(offers hand with a
smile)

No, he didn't. If he did his own
dirty work, none of us would have
jobs. Jake Flanagan, Media Relations.

Bruce snaps shut his cell phone, to Flanagan:

BRUCE

He's just pulling into the garage.

FLANAGAN

The press conference is in ten
minutes, so we'll make this short.

(flips open file)

Internal Affairs says this Conklin
has two suspicious shootings on his
record -- both black men, both times
he was cleared but only just.
Detective Lewis makes black man number
three. You know any reason why we
shouldn't hang Conklin for this?

GRAHAM

It looks a little more complicated
than we thought. We found over three
hundred thousand dollars in the trunk
of the car Lewis was driving.

FLANAGAN

Shit.

(to Bruce)

Get down to the garage, tell him to
stay there until he hears from me.

Bruce bolts for the door.

KAREN

You found the money in the Mercedes?
I thought that wasn't his car.

GRAHAM

It's registered to a Cyndee Bradley,
we haven't been able to speak to
her, as she "left town" this morning.

FLANAGAN

So, it wasn't Lewis' car. He may
not have even known the money was in
it.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

GRAHAM

If you say so.

KAREN

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

GRAHAM

Yeah.

FLANAGAN

We have attorneys for this slain police officer camping in our offices. We have his mother and a half-dozen men of the cloth who swear that Lewis was one of the twelve apostles of Christ. We have two black city councilmen and a congresswoman who call every hour on the hour demanding to know what the District Attorney intends to do about this and you want him to walk into that press room and tell them all that the situation is "complicated"??

A moment of silence, then a decision.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

(to Karen)

Give us a minute.

Karen stands, exits.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

Who knows about the money?

GRAHAM

You're kidding me, right?

FLANAGAN

There are only two people in this room.

GRAHAM

(beat)

Myself, my partner and Ferguson in Internal Affairs.

FLANAGAN

Jim Ferguson?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (3)

78

GRAHAM

Yes.

FLANAGAN

(beat)

Okay. I guess I don't see a problem here. As it wasn't Lewis' car, the money isn't clear evidence of any wrong-doing. Even if it was, we aren't going to prosecute a dead man. Which means the money that Internal Affairs is holding can't even be considered evidence.

GRAHAM

Well, you can do this dance, but when the Coroner's report comes in tomorrow, my bet is it says Detective Lewis was coked out of his head.

FLANAGAN

Fucking black people, huh?

GRAHAM

...I'm sorry?

FLANAGAN

I mean, I know all the sociological reasons why eighty percent of the men in prison in this state are black... schools are a disgrace, lack of opportunity, bias in the judicial system, all that stuff... but still it's gotta get to you, I mean on a gut level, as a black man. They just can't keep their hands out of the cookie jar.

Graham laughs at this asshole.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

Course you and I know that's not the truth, but that's the way it always plays, doesn't it. And assholes like Lewis just keep feeding the flames. It's got to get to you.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

You coach ball down in Compton, am I right?

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

Don't try and pretend you know anything about me.

FLANAGAN

(opening a file)

Oh, I know more than you think.

(beat)

What do you think those kids need? To make them believe; to give them hope? You think they need another greedy black asshole? Another drugdealing cop? Or do you think they need a fallen black hero?

GRAHAM

If you're finished being the black man's best friend, you want to just tell me what I'm being offered here?

FLANAGAN

Oddly, the DA's squad is losing its lead investigator next month. Rick is quite adamant that his replacement be a person of color. It's a high profile position, and he wants to send the right message to the community.

GRAHAM

And that message is what, look at the Black Boy I bought? Thanks for thinking of me.

FLANAGAN

Actually we were thinking of you until we saw this.

Flanagan slides a piece of paper out of the file and across the table toward Graham.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

It's a warrant for your brother's arrest. Twenty-something years old and already his third felony. Three Strikes Law, kid's going away for life for stealing a car. Christ that's an unfair law. But still, he had every opportunity you had. Fucking black people, huh?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (5)

78

GRAHAM

(beat)

So, to make this disappear, all I have to do is frame an innocent man.

FLANAGAN

What are you, the fucking Defender of All Things White?! We're talking about a white man who shot three black men and you're arguing that maybe we're not being "fair" to him?!

(beat)

You know what, maybe you're right: maybe Lewis did provoke this. Maybe he got what was coming to him. Or maybe, stoned or not, just being a black man in the Valley was enough to get him killed. No one was there to see who shot first, so there is no way to know. Which means we could get this wrong.

(re: warrant)

Maybe that's what happened with your brother. Maybe we got it wrong. Maybe Lewis isn't the only one who deserves the benefit of the doubt.

(beat)

You're the one closest to all this. You need to tell us. What does your gut tell you?

Graham looks to Flanagan and struggles with the decision.

79 INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - CORRIDOR -- DAY

79

Flanagan has disappeared. Reporters hover in the press room at the far end of the hall. Down at this end Graham and Karen wait uncomfortably. The stairwell door opens and Rick approaches.

RICK

So, Graham. What do I tell them? You tell me, and I'll tell them.

GRAHAM

...Given Detective Conklin's history...I'd say it's clear what happened last night.

RICK

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

Rick nods and heads for the press room at the end of the hall. Karen hesitates, almost disappointed, then follows. Graham watches as Rick shakes hands with a couple of waiting reporters and then disappears into the cavernous room. We hold on the open doors and push in.

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

Before I get to why we're here, I know you may have heard that we had our car stolen last night. As you can imagine, my wife is pretty shaken up, but we're both okay. And Jean and I appreciate the calls and your concern.

(beat/fends off questions)

Now. Just after nine p.m. last night, Detective William Lewis, an eight-year veteran of the force and an active member of the black community was gun-downed by a fellow officer.

Bruce closes the doors.

80 INT. LOUISE'S APARTMENT -- AFTERNOON

80

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

81 EXT. SHERMAN OAKS SIDE STREET -- AFTERNOON

81

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

82 INT. THE NAVIGATOR

82

Cameron sits, oblivious to the fact that he should be driving forward. He's lost and in pain, and not sure exactly where he is going. And his impulse is to turn around, go home. Suddenly his passenger door jerks open and Peter levels his weapon.

PETER

Get outta the car!

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

Anthony shoves his gun in the driver's side window.

ANTHONY
Gimme the keys! Gimme the--

Anthony freezes when he sees Cameron's black face.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
--what in the fuck?!

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

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

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

Cameron flings open his door, sending Anthony flying. As Cameron steps out:

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing? You
want to get killed, nigga?!

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

CAMERON

slams the butt of his palm into Anthony's chest, knocking him back into the glare of the headlights.

CAMERON
Say that again.

IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

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

PETER
Hey!

ANTHONY

trips and lands awkwardly on his ass--

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

ANTHONY

You stupid mutherfucker!

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

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

OHHHHH!

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

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

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

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

PETER

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

Cameron kicks Anthony again.

ANTHONY

AHHH!

PETER

Stop kicking him! I'll shoot you dead!

ANTHONY

Stop talking and shoot this muther--

Cameron kicks him again. This time Anthony rolls and grabs Cameron's legs, knocking him down...and the two men roll in the street, swinging on each other.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Shoot him! Shoot the prick!

The sound of a car passing in the distance makes Peter turn. A block away he sees...

A SQUAD CAR

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

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (3)

82

PETER

PETER

Cops!

AT THE INTERSECTION

The squad car backs up and stops.

PETER

grabs Cameron and throws him off Anthony.

PETER (CONT'D)

Cops!

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

CAMERON

jerks his head around to see:

THE SQUAD CAR

turn from the intersection and head their way, red lights flashing.

ANTHONY

makes a break for his gun. Cameron sees what he's doing and runs for the driver's side.

PETER

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

83 INT. NAVIGATOR

83

Anthony leaps into the passenger seat and scrambles for the wheel. Cameron barely makes it into the driver's seat first and slams him back to the other side.

ANTHONY

What the fuck you doing?! Get outta the car!

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

CAMERON

Fuck you!

The squad screams up behind them. Over loudspeaker:

OFFICER STONE

Step out of the car!

Cameron stomps on the accelerator--

84 EXT. SHERMAN OAKS SIDE STREET -- CONTINUOUS

84

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

85 INT. SQUAD CAR -- OFFICER STONE

85

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

86 INT. NAVIGATOR

86

swerving through the side streets.

ANTHONY

You fucking idiot, get out of the car!

CAMERON

You get out of the car!

ANTHONY

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

CAMERON

You get out of the car!

ANTHONY

Get the fuck out of the car!

Cameron swerves around a corner.

87 EXT. SIDE STREETS -- AFTERNOON

87

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

88 INT. SECOND SQUAD CAR -- AFTERNOON

88

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

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

HANSEN

4PCI --
(realizes)
I know this guy.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Say again?

89 INT. NAVIGATOR -- CONTINUOUS

89

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

ANTHONY

Get out of the fucking car!!

CAMERON

You get out of the fucking car!!

ANTHONY

Get out of the fucking car!!

CAMERON

It's my fucking car!

ANTHONY

It's my fucking gun!

Cameron snatches it away from him in one swift stroke.

CAMERON

It's my fucking gun now!

ANTHONY

Give me my fucking gun!

CAMERON

Get out of my car!

Suddenly Cameron slams on the brakes. And

90 EXT. CUL-DE-SAC -- CONTINUOUS

90

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

ANTHONY

Cul-de-sacs! Another fucking reason
black people have no business living
in Sherman Oaks!

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

HANSEN'S SQUAD CAR

brakes at the entrance to the cul-de-sac. The other squad goes right past, pulling in behind the Navigator. Stone grabs the shotgun and he and Hill spring out, guns drawn and aimed.

OFFICER HILL

Hands in plain sight! Step out of the vehicle!

IN THE NAVIGATOR

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

CAMERON

Get out of my car!

ANTHONY

You so brave, you get outta the car!

HANSEN

pulls his sidearm and assumes a backup position.

IN THE NAVIGATOR

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

OFFICER HILL (O.S.)

Hands in plain sight, step out of the vehicle!

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

THE CUL-DE-SAC

CAMERON

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

OFFICER STONE

pumps his shotgun, standing guard as Hill approaches Cameron.

ANTHONY

sinks down deeper in the seat.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

HANSEN

takes aim.

OFFICER HILL

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

CAMERON

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

OFFICER HILL

Sir, I need you to lie on the ground.

CAMERON

And I need you on the ground!

ANTHONY

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

OUTSIDE

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

OFFICER HILL

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

CAMERON

Fuck you! You get on your knees!

OFFICER STONE

On your knees, now!

Cameron swivels and redirects his wrath to Officer Stone.

CAMERON

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

HANSEN

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

CAMERON

keeps moving in on Officer Hill.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (3)

90

OFFICER HILL

Do I look like I am fucking joking
with you?

CAMERON

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

OFFICER HILL

This man is making threatening
gestures.

HANSEN

sees exactly how this is gonna end.

CAMERON

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

Hansen holsters his weapon and strides right up between
Cameron and Hill.

HANSEN

I know this man!

OFFICER STONE

Get back!

HANSEN

I know this man!

OFFICER HILL

Get out of the way!

HANSEN

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

CAMERON

(to Hansen)
Who the fuck are you?!

OFFICER STONE

(to Hansen)
Step away!

HANSEN

(to Officer Stone)
Fuck off and give me some room!

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (4)

90

OFFICER HILL

Are you fucking nuts? Get out of
the way!

CAMERON

(to Officer Hill)

Fuck you!

Hansen spins on Cameron.

HANSEN

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

CAMERON

Fuck you.

OFFICER HILL

Step away from him!

HANSEN

(to Cameron)

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

OFFICER HILL

Officer Hansen, step away now!

HANSEN

(turns on them)

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

Stone and Hill share a look. Hill lowers his weapon and
steps away, really pissed. Stone keeps the shotgun trained.
Hansen steps back to Cameron and speaks softly.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

Are you starting to understand the
situation here?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (5)

90

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

CAMERON

...What the fuck you want?

HANSEN

Unless you think your wife is gonna be better off with a husband who has a bloody stump for a head, I want you to sit on that curb, put your hands on your head and do nothing until I speak to these officers.

CAMERON

I'm not putting my hands on my head or sitting on any fucking curb!

HANSEN

Then stand where you are and keep your hands in plain sight! Can you do that?

CAMERON

....Yeah.

HANSEN

(to other cops)

I've told this man to stay where he is and keep his hands in plain sight.

Hansen approaches Hill. Stone moves to join in the conversation.

OFFICER HILL

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

HANSEN

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

OFFICER HILL

...What kind of fucking warning?

HANSEN

A harsh warning.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (6)

90

Reads the stunned silence as agreement.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Hansen walks back to Cameron.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

(angrily)

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

Cameron stares back defiantly.

CAMERON

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

HANSEN

I am trying to fucking help you.

CAMERON

Did I ask for your help?

HANSEN

(beat)
Go home.

CAMERON

That I can do.

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

ANTHONY

stares at him as if he is a patient from an insane asylum. Cameron pulls shut his door. Cameron starts the engine as Hansen turns and walks back to the other cops.

OFFICER HILL

You're writing this up.

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

91 INT. THE NAVIGATOR

91

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

92 EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - HIGH ANGLE 92

The Navigator disappears and the cops back out. As they pass Hansen, Stone shakes his head. Then they're gone, leaving Hansen standing alone in the cul-de-sac.

93 INT. NAVIGATOR - LATE AFTERNOON 93

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

CAMERON

Look at me.

Cameron hands him back his gun.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

You embarrass me. You embarrass yourself.

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

94 EXT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW - WESTCHESTER -- LATE AFTERNOON 94

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

95 INT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS 95

Lara runs to the window, sees that...

LARA

Daddy's home!

96 EXT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS 96

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

LARA opens the front door as...

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

FARHAD

You give my money.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

DANIEL
What? What money?

LARA
Daddy?

DANIEL
(calling)
ELIZABETH! Come get Lara!

LARA
Daddy?

FARHAD
You pay my store! Give my money!
You pay my store!

LARA
Daddy?

DANIEL
You go inside, honey. Elizabeth!!

LARA
Mommy?!

97 INT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS

97

The CAMERA SWOOPS in from the living room to find Elizabeth washing dishes, unable to hear because of the running water.

98 EXT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS

98

FARHAD
I want money! You give me truck!

DANIEL
It's not my truck!

LARA
Daddy!

DANIEL
Elizabeth!!

99 INT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS

99

Elizabeth shuts off the running water, thinking she's heard something.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

ELIZABETH

What?!

She wipes her hands and heads for the front door, annoyed.

100 EXT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS

100

DANIEL

(digging for his wallet)

Here, I got about fifty dollars--

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

FARHAD

Fifty dollars?? I lose everything!

You give me truck! You give me

home! You give me everything!

Farhad's whole arm shakes from fear and anger.

101 INT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS

101

As Lara suddenly has a horrible realization...

LARA

(turns to Mom)

He hasn't got it!

ELIZABETH

(approaching)

Hasn't got what?

LARA

I have it! He hasn't
got his 'penetrable
cloak!

DANIEL

I don't know what you're
talking about, it's not my
house, I don't have that
kind of money!

FARHAD

You lie! Give me
everything!

DANIEL

You want the truck? It's
not mine! Take it!

Lara bolts out the door. Elizabeth chases after her.

ELIZABETH

Lara? LARA!

102 EXT. DANIEL'S BUNGALOW -- CONTINUOUS

102

Lara almost flies down the walk and across the grass.

LARA

Daddy!

FARHAD

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

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

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

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

ELIZABETH
(running)
Lara!!!!

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

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

LARA
It's okay, Daddy. I'll protect you.

DANIEL
What?

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

ELIZABETH
Baby!

Farhad opens his mouth to apologize but can't say anything.

Daniel just stares at Farhad, then walks his family toward his house.

LARA
(whispers in his ear)
It's a really good cloak.

He closes the door behind them. Leaving...

FARHAD

standing on the street, his mind reeling, neighbors staring.

103 INT. POLICE STATION - LOCKER ROOM -- EARLY EVENING

103

Hansen sits on the bench, changing his clothes with the rest of the cops who are coming off shift. He nods to a passing black officer.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

HANSEN

How's it going?

The black officer just gives him a look and walks off out the door. Hansen looks around, sees the last few officers exit in their civvies, completely ignoring him.

Now alone, Hansen leans back against the wall and watches the last drop of daylight disappear from the room. And suddenly he slams his locker closed.

104 INT. RICK AND JEAN'S HOME -- EARLY EVENING

104

Jean pads up the back stairs. She's wearing her workout clothes and a pair of sweat socks, the cordless phone to her ear. She heads down the hall carrying a book and a stuffed animal. She drops off the animal in her son's room and keeps walking under the following:

JEAN

I sent her for groceries, that was two hours ago.... Carol, you should talk, you go through six housekeepers a year.... I'm not snapping at you, I'm just angry; I'm sorry....

(with growing agitation)

Yes, at them! And the police and Rick and Maria and the dry cleaner who ruined another blouse and the gardener who keeps over-watering the lawn and....

(stops, grapples with an explanation)

I just woke up this morning and I thought I'd feel better. You know? But I was still mad...and I realized ... it wasn't about having my car stolen. That's how I wake up every morning....I'm angry all the time.

(at the point of tears)

And I don't know why. Carol, I don't know why.

(beat/listens)

Yeah, call me back.

She hangs up the phone and heads for the front stairs. Her foot slips on the top step and she falls.

105 EXT. FAIRFAX AVE. -- NIGHT

105

Peter shuffles across the intersection, sticking his thumb out to try and catch a passing car. It cruises on past. He turns up his collar and heads up the dark street.

106 INT. RYAN'S ANCIENT AMERICAN SEDAN -- NIGHT

106

Back in his civilian clothes, Ryan cruises up to a stop light in a dark part of town. The traffic light turns green, but Ryan doesn't notice, lost in his thoughts. The car behind him lays on the horn and he takes notice and pulls out.

107 EXT. FAIRFAX AVE. - HIGH ANGLE - FURTHER UP THE ROAD

107

A dark patch in the road that twists through the oil fields, not a car in sight. Peter shoves his hands in his jacket pocket, feels something, comes out with the gun. He snaps the revolver open -- no bullets. He pitches the cylinder over the fence, far into the scrub brush, then tosses the rest of the gun in the other direction and walks on.

108 EXT. VENTURA BLVD. -- NIGHT

108

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

A BUS

heading in his direction. And...

ANTHONY

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

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

109

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

He passes a hitch-hiker but thinks nothing of it, just another black kid. Something makes him reconsider. He pulls over and Peter runs up to the car, opens the door and climbs in.

PETER

Really appreciate this.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

HANSEN

No problem.

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

HANSEN (CONT'D)

Don't usually stop.

PETER

Don't usually hitch.

HANSEN

How long you been out there?

PETER

Hour maybe.

HANSEN

That's a big surprise.

PETER

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

HANSEN

(smiles)

True. So, where you heading?

PETER

Anywhere the other side of the hill.

HANSEN

I'm going to El Segundo.

PETER

El Segundo's cool.

HANSEN

You been there?

PETER

Fuck no.

(a moment)

Good music.

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

PETER (CONT'D)

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

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

HANSEN

I'll bet you did.

PETER

My hand to God.

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

PETER (CONT'D)

That's some rhythm you got working.

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

HANSEN

So, what was happening in the Valley tonight?

Hansen notices the mud coating Peter's sneakers.

PETER

Ice skating.

HANSEN

Ice skating?

PETER

Love to skate. Always wanted to be a goalie.

Hansen forces a chuckle.

PETER (CONT'D)

You think that's funny?

HANSEN

I think you're having fun.

PETER

Whatever.

Peter lets it go, but it still digs at him. Then he notices the plastic statue of St. Christopher on the dash. And he starts to laugh.

HANSEN

Something else funny?

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (3)

109

PETER
(still laughing)
Oh yeah.

HANSEN
So, what's that?

PETER
Just people, man.

HANSEN
People like me?

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

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

PETER
Why you getting all bent outta shape?

HANSEN
I'm not getting bent, just pulling
over.

And he does.

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

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

PETER
Why you being a jerk? Drive the
car.

HANSEN
I gotta better idea, why don't you
get out right now.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (4)

109

HANSEN

Take your hand out of your pocket!

PETER

Fuck you.

HANSEN

Put your hands where I can see them!

PETER

Who the fuck do you think you are?

HANSEN

Hands in plain sight!

PETER

You wanna see what's in my hand?!
I'll show you what's in my fucking
hand!

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

HANSEN

Oh God. Oh God.

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

HANSEN (CONT'D)

Oh God. Oh no. Oh God.

His mind racing, Hansen reaches over and opens the passenger door...and Peter falls out.

103 EXT. FAIRFAX AVE. - HIGH ANGLE -- CONTINUOUS

103

The Crown Vic disappears into the distance, we tilt up to see the twinkling city lights below and FADE TO BLACK.

102 INT. HANSEN'S CROWN VIC -- CONTINUOUS

102

Hansen stares straight ahead, his mind gone numb.

104 OVER BLACK

104

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

DETECTIVE CARR (V.O.)
Heard it might snow.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Get outta here.

DETECTIVE CARR (V.O.)
That's what I heard.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
...What have you got?

DETECTIVE CARR (V.O.)
Dead kid.

We FADE UP to find:

105 EXT. FAIRFAX AVE. - EXTREME HIGH ANGLE SHOT -- NIGHT

105

Graham and Detective Carr at the crime scene. Graham walks
down into the gully.

DETECTIVE CARR
You touch anything and it's yours.

Then Graham spots a SNEAKER in the grass, marked by an
evidence flag. He looks up and sees something that makes
his face turn to ash.

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

106

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

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

107

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

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

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

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

108 INT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

108

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

KIM LEE

Choi Jin Gui! Choi Jin Gui!

A NURSE steps out into her path, stops her.

NURSE HODGES

Can I help you?

KIM LEE

Choi Jin Gui! Choi Jin Gui!

NURSE HODGES

Do you speak English?

KIM LEE

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

109 INT. HOSPITAL WARD -- NIGHT

109

The nurse opens the door and Kim Lee bursts in, hysterical....

KIM LEE

Jin Gui! Oh God, Jin Gui!

NURSE HODGES

Ma'am--

The nurse gives up and exits and Kim Lee runs to her husband's bed and throws her arms around him. Choi, "The Chinaman," his body bandaged and cast, sees her through drug-heavy eyes.

CHOI

...Kim Lee?

KIM LEE

(in Korean)

I thought you were dead -- I called every hospital.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

CHOI

It's okay, I'm okay.

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

KIM LEE

I went crazy, speeding. I drove
into a car.

CHOI

Oh my God, are you all right?

KIM LEE

(nods, then...)
Got in big fight with poor woman.
Call her names.

He laughs through the pain.

KIM LEE (CONT'D)

Oh fine, I die from worry, you laugh.

CHOI

(squeezes her hand)
Thank you...for finding me.

She smiles through tears.

CHOI (CONT'D)

Will you do something for me?

KIM LEE

Anything.

CHOI

Go to the locker.

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

CHOI (CONT'D)

The next one.

She finds it, opens it.

CHOI (CONT'D)

In my shirt pocket.

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

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2)

109

CHOI (CONT'D)

Bring it here.

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

CHOI (CONT'D)

(in Korean)

Cash it right away.

110 INT. CITY MORGUE - BASEMENT CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

110

RIA walks slowly along the corridor. Covered bodies on gurneys line the wall, overflow from the crowded morgue. She braces herself, then turns and looks back down the corridor, to see....

GRAHAM AND LOUISE standing further down the hall in front of one particular gurney. The female coroner tech flips back the sheet enough for them to see. Louise's legs buckle. Her face contorts, her mouth opens, no sound able to escape.

RIA turns away, unable to watch as...

THE PATHOLOGIST covers the body, offers a sympathetic look and exits. As she gets closer we realize that she is Dorri, Farhad's daughter. She approaches the wall phone in the hall, it's hold light flashing. She answers it quietly.

DORRI

Hello?

111 INT. CITY MORGUE - ADJACENT CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

111

Graham and Ria lower Louise onto a bench.

LOUISE

My baby, my poor baby.

Ria walks to the nearby dispenser to get Louise some water. Graham, his face tear-stained, kneels beside his mother.

GRAHAM

Shh. It's ok. Shhhh. I promise you. I promise you I'll find out who did this to him.

LOUISE

I already know.

Graham looks back, confused.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

LOUISE (CONT'D)

You did.

His mind reels as he tries to grasp her meaning.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

I asked you to find your brother.
But you were busy. We weren't much
good to you anymore, were we?

As her meaning stabs him in the heart...

LOUISE (CONT'D)

You got things to do. You go ahead,
I'll sign the papers.

GRAHAM

...Ma?

LOUISE

I just want to wait with my baby.

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

LOUISE (CONT'D)

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

Graham nods, turns and walks past Ria, barely looking at her. Ria watches him go, her heart breaking for them.

112 INT. CHOP SHOP -- NIGHT

112

Anthony talks to Lucien. We see the van parked in b.g.

LUCIEN

No, I get it; when I said "get me a
black Lincoln Navigator", you thought
I said "get me a white piece of
shit panel van."

ANTHONY

Just give me whatever.

Georgie opens the back doors.

GEORGIE

Lucien? You should see this.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

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

A DOZEN OR SO ILLEGAL ALIENS

All Asian; incredibly thin, scared, their clothes filthy and urine drenched, chained together, men, women and children, the chain locked to the van with a padlock. Lucien and Anthony are speechless. Until...

LUCIEN

I'll take the van.

ANTHONY

They're chained to the van.

LUCIEN

So, I'll take them, too.

ANTHONY

You want to buy these Chinamen?

LUCIEN

Don't be ignorant. They're Thai or something; entirely different kinda chinks. How much you want for them? Georgie, count 'em up.

As Georgie counts:

ANTHONY

What the hell you gonna do with them?

LUCIEN

Sell 'em, what the hell you think? I'll give you five hundred a piece and you can keep the van.

Anthony looks at the Illegals and...

MARIA (V.O.)

Mister Rick?

113 INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - ROTUNDA -- NIGHT

113

Rick shuffles the papers under his arm as as he strains to hear his cell phone.

RICK

Maria? What's wrong?

114 INT. RICK & JEAN'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM -- AT THAT MOMENT 114

MARIA

Mrs. Jean needs to talk to you.

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

JEAN

Rick?

RICK

What's wrong?

JEAN

I fell on the stairs.

He pushes the elevator button.

RICK

Are you okay?

JEAN

When I couldn't reach you I called everyone; Julie and Marg and Suz....

RICK

(checks his watch/shit)
I'm leaving right now.

JEAN

It's okay, Maria drove me; it's just a bad sprain. I couldn't get through to anyone. Carol was the only one home. She said she couldn't come, she was having a massage. She's been my friend ten years.

RICK

The bitch. You okay?

JEAN

Yeah, I'm okay.

115 INT. ROTUNDA - CONTINUOUS 115

Karen steps up beside him at the elevators.

RICK

I'm on my way.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

JEAN (O.S.)

Okay.

A brief look passes from Rick to Karen: it's not going to happen tonight. She understands. The elevator doors open.

116 INT. RICK & JEAN'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

116

Jean puts the phone back on the cradle as Maria returns with a cup of tea.

MARIA

You want to sit up?

Jean nods. Maria puts the cup down. She wraps her arms around Jean's shoulders and pulls her up so that Jean's leaning against the headboard. Maria goes to move away, but Jean holds on. Her eyes are tearing up.

JEAN

You want to hear something funny?...
You're the best friend I have.

Maria rubs her back as Jean holds on tight.

117 INT. THE CHINAMAN'S PANEL VAN -- NIGHT

117

Anthony drives alone in the night, through a desolate part of town. A slim hand reaches through the chain-link divider behind the seat, the fingers touch his head. Anthony jerks his head away. Another tiny hand reaches out and touches his ear. Anthony swats it away. A third hand reaches to touch his head, then a fourth, a fifth. Anthony tries to ignore them now, just keeps his eyes on the road and drives into the night. Suddenly his face is lit by a distant fireball reaching into the sky. Anthony turns and looks across the distant dirt field.

118 EXT. DIRT FIELD -- NIGHT

118

As the fireball settles, the flames consume a 1993 shit-brown Crown Victoria. Hansen tosses a gas can into the field and walks away, silhouetted by the flames. He peels off his work gloves and stuffs them in his pocket. When we finally see his face clearly we can tell he is a man destroyed, lost, no idea how he got here.

119 INT. CORNER MARKET -- NIGHT

119

Dark, save for the moonlight filtering through the windows. The glass door opens, Dorri enters.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

The headlights of a passing car reveal Farhad sitting alone in the empty market, the gun in his hand, his face ashen and strained.

Dorri crosses to her father, squats before him. He looks into her eyes, tries to find the words, can't. She stares down at the gun, fearing the worst.

DORRI

What did you do?

(no answer)

Dad, what did you do?

FARHAD

I shot a little girl.

Dorri gasps.

FARHAD (CONT'D)

She's fine. She isn't hurt. I was this far from her, I shot her in the back.

DORRI

Oh my god.

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

She was my firishta.

DORRI

What are you talking about?

FARHAD

My firishta. You don't know your faith. She was my angel. She saved me. She saved us all.

(offers her the gun)

Take it. Please.

Dorri takes it.

ANGLE ON THE REGISTER

Dorri opens the hidden compartment, looks in to see the red box of ammo she placed there. For the first time we're close enough to read the label: .32 SMITH & WESSON BLANK Black Powder BLANKS. She slips the box into her purse, checking to see if her father noticed.

120 INT. CAMERON'S NAVIGATOR - DARK STREET -- NIGHT 120

Cameron drives, staring ahead. Suddenly he notices something through the windshield.

HIS POV

Snow falls all around the car. A fire burns in the vacant lot on the corner just ahead.

CAMERON

doesn't know what the hell he's looking at. He stops the car.

121 EXT. STREET -- NIGHT 121

Cameron gets out, marvelling at the "snow" falling all around him. He touches a flake on his white shirt -- it smears black. Ash. He crosses the street, to where a half a dozen black kids who should be in bed all dance and play around the car fire, throwing junk in - cardboard boxes, an old table, having a heck of a time, as ash rains down all around them.

Cameron joins them, watching the Crown Victoria burn, watching the kids laugh and chase each other. He smiles to himself. His cell phone rings. He checks the readout: HOME.

122 EXT. CAMERON AND CHRISTINE'S BEDROOM-- NIGHT 122

Looking in through their window we see Christine sitting on the bed in the dark, wearing her sweats, hair wet, looking scraped and worse for the wear, phone to her ear.

123 WITH CAMERON 123

Staring at the readout. He finally makes the decision and presses TALK.

CAMERON

(tenderly)

Hi.

124 CHRISTINE 124

Almost cries.

CHRISTINE

(tenderly)

...Hi.

- 125 CAMERON 125
 Watches the boys play. One of them tosses a broken chair in the fire. Cameron smiles.
- 126 CHRISTINE 126
 brushes away the tears that fall.
- 127 EXT./INT. RYAN'S DUPLEX -- NIGHT 127
 Looking in from outside we see Ryan, hands bandaged, helping his frail and aging father into the bathroom. After some difficulty he eases him down onto the toilet. Where his father weeps. No apparent reason, just weeps. And Ryan kisses his forehead and holds him.
- 128 EXT./INT. DANIEL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 128
 Lara sleeps in her parents' bed, nestled close to her mother. Daniel stands at the window, looking out into the night... wondering if that bullet is still out there somewhere.
- 129 EXT./INT. RICK & JEAN'S HOME - KITCHEN -- NIGHT 129
 Rick locks the kitchen door, the lock we saw Daniel replacing. Something makes him unlock it and lock it again. And then he slowly looks up, at the darkness of the yard beyond. And he stands there, unable to move, now finally alone, all his fears washing over him.
- 130 EXT. FAIRFAX AVE. -- NIGHT 130
 All that's left is the crime scene tape. Graham stands alone, in the headlights of his own car. He fingers the cracked St. Christopher statuette in his hand, then stares out into the long grass; lost.
- 131 EXT. CHINATOWN -- NIGHT 131
 The streets are busy, but most people just hurry on their way. The Chinaman's panel van pulls to a stop, a couple cars back from the light.
 Anthony looks around, sees all the Chinese. He puts the van in park, yanks the keys out of the ignition and walks around back.
 He flings open the back door of the van, stuffs a key in the padlock and pulls out the chain. The chain slips through the metal cuffs on their ankles.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

The Illegals stare at him, unmoving.

Anthony yells at them:

ANTHONY

Pull 'em off!

He pries open one of the anklets to show them how. The other kids follow his example.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Come on-come on-come on, this is
America, time is money.

One of the kids steps out of the van, then another.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Chop-chop, let's go.

And from there, two dozen wide-eyed Illegals step out into the street and get their first real look at America. They weave off through traffic, and down the crowded sidewalk.

ONE stops at a fruit and vegetable stand, marvelling at the variety of produce -- pokes something strange.

ANOTHER TWO step out of the van and find the fish market -- they laugh and finger the fish on ice.

The MARKET OWNER rushes out of his store YELLING in CHINESE and shooing them away.

ANOTHER COUPLE stop at the store displaying bins of CD's - and push a stack back and forth like dominoes.

A FRIGHTENED man squats on the sidewalk, his back to a shop wall, watches the passing faces, nodding hellos to strangers who ignore him.

A WOMAN walks, stunned and awed by the signs above her, being jostled and bumped by stern-faced pedestrians.

BACK AT THE VAN

An impatient driver behind the van lays on the horn. The last few Illegal climbs out of the van. Anthony stuffs a couple twenties in one man's hand.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

You split that up. Buy everybody
chop-suey, you understand?

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

131

The man walks off into the street.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Dopey fucking Chinamen.

Anthony closes the back door, climbs back into the van and drives off. As he disappears around the corner

A CAR

brakes hard in the extreme foreground and is immediately REAR ENDED.

THE DRIVER

of the first car climbs out. It's Shaniqua.

SHANIQUA
What in the hell is wrong with you people?

The two HISPANIC OCCUPANTS of the second car step out and argue with her in Spanish.

SHANIQUA (CONT'D)
Don't talk to me unless you can speak American.

A CHINESE STORE OWNER decides to set her straight.

SHANIQUA (CONT'D)
(to store owner)
You mind your own business and --
(to Hispanic Driver)
You show me your insurance.
(more argument)
Don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about: the word starts with the letters I-N-S, which is who I'm gonna call if you don't hand it over pronto.

And as we rise we see the twisted chaos of the intersection, the cars and the people and the Illegals disappearing into the maw of the churning city. And it starts to snow.

FADE OUT

THE END

