

AMBULANCE

based on the film "Ambulancen"

by

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February 7, 2014

FADE IN ON:

A WALL. Cream-colored paint, chipped in places. Wooden frames hold MEDALS -- a SILVER STAR and TWO PURPLE HEARTS. They still shine. There are also PICTURES of a HANDSOME YOUNG MAN (late 20s) wearing desert fatigues and leaning against an armored Humvee. A sergeant "in theater," his expression tough yet confident. This is WILL SHARP.

We PAN DOWN the wall to an AC BOX pounding out air to --

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - DAY

**SUPER: Tuesday. 11:08 AM. Sylmar.**

We move PAST a card table covered with bills and Veterans Affairs FORM LETTERS. A HAND reaches down and takes one. We hear Will's voice:

WILL (O.S.)  
Hold on, I've got the number. T-D-Z-  
F-7-3-4. Last name: Sharp, first  
name: William.

We find Will on the phone, pacing around his tight one bedroom apartment. He's frustrated but keeping the volume down.

WILL (CONT'D)  
*Wait, I don't understand, I've  
submitted everything you asked for.  
How can it be six more months?*  
(listening, his voice  
getting louder)  
That doesn't make sense. I've got  
all the bills here. We need these  
covered. My wife hasn't seen her  
doctor in --

A SMALL VOICE starts to cry from the bedroom.

WILL (CONT'D)  
(hearing it)  
*Fuck.*  
(into the phone)  
No, I'm not... that wasn't at you.  
Please, I've been on hold for an  
hour, I was on hold for three  
yesterday. I just --

He stops, looks at the phone. **HOLD MUSIC.** His hand tenses around the plastic. He could crush the damn thing, crumple it like paper. The baby cries louder. Will's sweating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No way the AC can cool this place down. He takes a breath. Another one. The veins in his neck relax, he puts the phone down.

CUT TO:

A BABY BOY. KIP SHARP. Six months old. Will picks him up, shushing him. He has a gentle touch with his son.

WILL (CONT'D)

Did I wake you? Sorry, buddy. Your dad's a real asshole.

AMY (O.S.)

Oooh.

AMY SHARP (late 20s), Will's wife, stands in the door, a nightgown over her gaunt frame. Amy's very sick, yet she still manages a smile.

AMY (CONT'D)

I love when you curse to our child.

WILL

(sheepish)

I try not to say fuck or shit.

AMY

You're sweet.

He hands over Kip, who nestles into his mother's arms.

WILL

Think you can handle him for a few hours?

AMY

Yeah. Got an interview?

WILL

Warehouse job. Forklift driver.

AMY

That's great. You can drive anything.

Will checks himself in a mirror. Throws on a pre-made tie. Grabs his jacket. He looks uncomfortable.

AMY (CONT'D)

Hey. Relax.

She hands him an OLD FLIP PHONE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMY (CONT'D)  
Call me when you're done.

He kisses her and heads out.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Will...

She hesitates. Will looks back.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Someone called. A blocked number.  
(should she ask this?)  
You're not talking to Danny, are  
you?

WILL  
(a beat)  
Must've been a wrong number.

AMY  
'course.  
(relieved)  
Drive safe.

EXT. SYLMAR APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The young veteran walks out. The San Fernando heat hits him.  
He glances up at his window. There's Amy. She waves Kip's  
little hand, Will smiles, waves back, then his wife  
disappears to the kitchen. His smile fades as the phone in  
his pocket rings. Will checks it: **BLOCKED**.

He stares at it -- *should he answer?* We don't know why yet  
but it's a big decision. Over this, WE HEAR A SIREN. Distant,  
but growing louder. We PUSH IN ON WILL. Answering is a  
mistake. He knows that. The siren is getting closer. More  
intense. Will makes up his mind and --

WILL  
(into the phone)  
I'm on my way.

Now the siren is BLARING, it drowns out everything else.  
**BWARARARARAR!!!**

CUT TO:

A SHOT EYE-LEVEL WITH THE STREET - DAY

We're flying down it way too fast. Cars get out of the way.  
Pedestrians run for the sidewalk. Red lights? Stop signs?  
Nothing slows us down.

TURN TO REVEAL:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE AMBULANCE. A blue and white TYPE II MODEL, which means it's a souped up van. Its V10 engine howls as the driver floors it. The siren is now officially deafening.

EXT. RAMPART BLVD. - DAY

**SUPER: 11:21 AM. Echo Park.**

The ambulance races up a hill, alarming hipsters and gangbangers.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

EMT SCOTT DAWKINS (25), handsome in a disheveled kind of way, drives. It's his second week on the job.

SCOTT  
(into his radio)  
*Unit Six, en route. Three minutes out.*  
(over his shoulder)  
MVA at Sunset and Alvarado. Fire says it's gnarly. You ready, Cam?

CUT TO:

QUICK SHOTS of HANDS snapping on NITRILE GLOVES, opening a MED KIT, adding BANDAGES, grabbing a BVM, then they tie a BLONDE PONYTAIL and WE PULL OUT TO SEE --

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

-- CAMILLE "CAM" THOMPSON (26) getting ready. Her boots tapping like crazy. Cam's a coil of energy. Pretty, with almost delicate features. You'd think she didn't belong here if it weren't for that hyper-intense stare.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
Cam? Did you --

CAM  
Yeah, I heard you. *Floor it!*

INT. HONDA CR-V - MOMENTS LATER

A little girl, LINDSEY, age 9, sits in the back seat. She's got curly black hair and dimples. A good kid. Right now, she's scared.

LINDSEY  
Is it still there?

We PULL BACK -- a FIREMAN sits next to her. His face hard, unflinching. He doesn't answer. His gloved hand is pressed against her chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
I don't want to look at it.

We find CAM sitting in the front seat. Facing the little girl. She smiles reassuringly.

CAM  
You don't have to. Look at me --  
Okay?

LINDSEY  
Okay.

Cam reaches out to Lindsey. Takes the little girl's hand. Now we see more -- the CR-V CRASHED into a WROUGHT IRON FENCE topped with FLEURS-DE-LIS. It's terrifying, black metal rods crisscross through the cabin. We PULL BACK and it gets worse.

CAM  
You're gonna be fine.

ONE SPIKE CUTS THROUGH LINDSEY'S BELLY. Impaling her, pinning her to the backseat.

LINDSEY  
Where's my mom?

CAM  
She's outside. My name's Cam. I'm  
going to help you.

Cam checks Scott standing nearby with a stretcher and immobilizer. He's ready.

CAM (CONT'D)  
(back to Lindsey)  
Now, I need you to be brave. Can  
you do that?

Lindsey nods. Gulping down her fear.

CAM (CONT'D)  
I knew it.

She signals to a FIREMAN in the trunk holding a CIRCULAR SAW. He triggers the blade -- VRRRRRREEEEEEEE!!! It cuts into the metal rod, sparks jump, and Lindsey screams.

Cam never lets go of her hand.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

We're moving fast. Scott's driving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lindsey, the little girl, lies on the stretcher, immobilized. The metal spike still sticking out of her. Cam runs an IV to her arm. Checks her airway, then the wound. LINDSEY'S MOM sits in the jumpseat, in shock.

SCOTT (FROM THE CAB)  
Thirty seconds to Children's.

CAM  
Copy that. Have trauma ready!

Scott belts out instructions into the radio. The mom looks up at Cam, not sure what to do.

LINDSEY'S MOM  
The light was green... I didn't --

CAM  
Ma'am, I need you to do something.  
(the mother stares dumbly)  
Hold her hand.

The mom takes her daughter's hand. The ambulance slows.

CAM (CONT'D)  
In three seconds, the doors are  
going to open and we take her in.  
Don't let go of her. Okay?

LINDSEY'S MOM  
Okay.

Bam! The doors open. Orderlies quickly lift Lindsey's stretcher out. Her mother stays right next to her. Cam jumps out last.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

Everyone moves in unison around the girl. The ATTENDING DOCTOR races out, Cam hits her with --

CAM  
MVA. Nine year old girl, protrudent  
object pierced the sternum and  
superior lobe of the right lung,  
supraventricular tachycardia en  
route but I got it down.

ATTENDING  
Alright, we have her.

CAM  
Her name's Lindsey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATTEDNING

Got it.

The whole caravan disappears into the OR, leaving Cam behind. We stay with the EMT. A part of her wants to follow them. But that's not her job. She takes a breath, the calm after the storm. Then --

-- Scott appears.

SCOTT

What happened? You okay?

CAM

(suddenly cold)

I'm starving. Let's get lunch.

INT. WAREHOUSE BREAK ROOM

**Super: 1:02 PM. North Hollywood.**

Work rules on the walls. A few folding chairs and a coffee-maker. Will waits with a cup of Folgers. Anxious.

VOICE

This has to be the Ritz compared to the shitholes you've seen.

WILL

(smiling)

Hello, Danny.

DANNY SHARP (early 30s) enters. He's handsome, rugged, with piercing eyes. They betray intelligence and cunning. They also miss nothing.

DANNY

Should have called sooner.

WILL

Didn't want to bother you.

DANNY

You're my brother, asshole. You're supposed to annoy the shit out of me.

They hug. Happy to see each other.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Let me guess -- Amy?

Will doesn't have to say yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Smart girl. How is she?

WILL  
Okay, good.

DANNY  
(knowing his brother)  
It came back, didn't it?

WILL  
(a beat)  
Yeah.

DANNY  
I'm sorry.

WILL  
Listen, we haven't spoken in a long  
time so you can definitely tell me  
to go fuck off but, uh...  
(he doesn't want to ask  
for this but --)  
I could use some help.

Danny regards his younger brother. We have no idea what he's  
thinking. The radio on his belt chirps. He checks it --

VOICE (OVER THE RADIO)  
It's here.

DANNY  
(to Will)  
C'mon. Wanna show you something.  
Leave the coffee.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Danny leads Will through RiveTier shelves. In the distance,  
WORKERS roll up a steel door. A BLUE DELIVERY TRUCK with  
"EXPRESS COURIER" labeled on its side (think: FedEx) pulls  
into the warehouse. Danny grins.

DANNY  
Look at that!

Will's confused. Look at what? The truck stops. ROBERTO  
GUTIERREZ (30s) gets out. He's dressed in an expensive suit,  
but the prison tats on his neck tell Will he's in the  
presence of a professional criminal.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Roberto! I'm impressed.

Roberto smiles at the truck, his handiwork.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERTO

Built from the ground up. Used an old UPS body, swapped out the engine for a six cylinder Cummins. Should do nicely. You wanna deliver some packages while you're out, don't think anyone'll stop you.

DANNY

Tell Papi I said thank you.

ROBERTO

He knows, man. Be safe.

Roberto walks back outside and gets into a waiting Challenger. It peels out and the door comes back down. Danny glances at the nearby WORKERS -- TRENT (30s) and EDDIE (40s).

DANNY

We ready?

They nod. Will notes that these men aren't regular workers. Trent loads rifles (HK416s) into the truck. Eddie fills tactical vests with ammo magazines. MP-5s, a few Glocks, and stolen LAPD RADIOS ("Rovers") rest on a table.

WILL

(to Danny, quiet)

What are you doing? You told me you were done.

DANNY

Kinda done.

WILL

Look, I just need a loan, some cash.

DANNY

I don't have it. Everything I got is tied up in this score. That's why I called. First National, Downtown branch. Just like the old days. Crowd control and scanners. You can do it in your sleep.

Will glances back at the office door. He should go.

WILL

Sorry, I don't do this anymore.

And he does. He leaves. He gets all the way to --

DANNY

It's 32 million.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILL

What?

DANNY

The take.

WILL

That's crazy, no bank holds that.

DANNY

It's a one-off, a fuck-up 'cause the feds are vacuuming up paper. They're moving it out tonight, after hours. We go in now... it's ours.

WILL

Now? Jesus, Danny!

DANNY

(to his men)

Let's go.

Trent and Eddie load gear into the truck. CARTER (mid 20s), the driver, exits from the office in an Express Courier uniform. He buttons the jacket as he gets in the cab.

Will feels the pressure. Danny focuses in on him.

DANNY (CONT'D)

The plan is solid. Two hours of work and you have all the money you need.

WILL

I'm not dad. I can't shoot up a bank, take a shower, and be okay with it.

DANNY

Forget the old man's psycho shit. This is *my* job. We're not cowboys, nobody's gonna shoot up anything.

Will should still go. But he hesitates -- he's torn. Danny sees that. He puts his hand on his brother's shoulder.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You spent the last eight years putting your life on the line for strangers. Time to do something for yourself. For your family.

(a beat)

What do you say, little brother?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The engine rumbles to life and WE GO OFF WILL -- what is he about to do?

INT. CHANNEL FOUR NEWS STUDIO

**Super: 1:10 PM. Hollywood.**

HIGH-HEELS clack along the floor a mile a minute. We PAN UP the long legs and attractive figure of KATHY KING (35). She holds a stack of papers in her hand as she enters a television soundstage. The papers nervously tremble.

A TV NEWS PRODUCER walks up. This is STAN, a forty year old producer who could easily pass for sixty.

STAN  
Alright, Kathy. You ready?

KATHY  
Yeah.

STAN  
The board is to your right, the cues come from the left.

KATHY  
Got it. How do I look? Hot?  
(a beat)  
Hot's the right answer.

STAN  
You look great, kid.

Kathy takes a breath. Getting her game face on.

STAN (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. Relax.

KATHY  
Please, you don't get many breaks like this at 35.

STAN  
(grim)  
Yeah.

KATHY  
What? What is it?

STAN  
I...

KATHY  
Tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAN

Martin already signed someone. He didn't have the heart to cancel your audition.

KATHY

(cold water)

Stan, I've been in the news chopper for *six* years.

STAN

I know. But this girl's got a degree. And she's a blonde. You know how Martin loves blondes.

The CAMERAMAN spins his camera around, aiming at Kathy, who's still in shock. The DIRECTOR'S VOICE comes over a speaker.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE

Okay, we're ready.

STAN

Sorry.

He tries on a smile that doesn't work and goes. Kathy turns and we see the green screen behind her. She sucks in her disappointment. A light clicks on and...

DIRECTOR'S VOICE

Three, two, one, and...

... she's awesome.

KATHY

Thanks for that, Pam. And good morning, Los Angeles! Looks like we have another day of blistering heat in the Southland.

We PUSH IN on Kathy's big smile, warm eyes. You would never guess she's dying on the inside.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES, CORNER OF GRAND AND 4TH

We're looking north down Grand Avenue. Toward the skyscrapers. It's clear and hot. Business people exit air-conditioned lobbies and immediately regret it.

**Super: 1:38 PM. Downtown Los Angeles.**

The EXPRESS COURIER delivery truck heads to the FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING, a forty story monolith towering over Bunker Hill.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK

Carter drives with his hat pulled low.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING

He turns the truck into the building's garage --

INT. FIRST NATIONAL PARKING GARAGE

-- goes down a few levels and takes a spot close to the lobby entrance.

INT. BACK OF THE DELIVERY TRUCK

Will sits against the wall with Danny, Trent, and Eddie. He's sweating. Edgy. Each man wears a THICK FLANNEL JACKET.

DANNY

We're here.

Trent eyes Will, judging him.

TRENT

You okay, soldier-boy?

WILL

(defensive)

I got it.

Trent isn't sold. Danny steps in --

DANNY

Ease up. He's seen more action than all of us. Get ready.

They all put on identical DARK BALL CAPS. SUNGLASSES and BANDANAS mask their faces. Then they check their GUNS -- HK416s. Designed for Delta Force. Also good for robbing banks.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL MARKET

A hundred stalls selling every cuisine imaginable. Scott moves through the crowd of hungry Downtowners.

SCOTT

'scuse me, coming through.

They notice his EMT jacket. He's in some of their futures. Hopefully not today. Scott sits down and hands a cup of coffee to Cam, who's buried in her phone playing Sudoku.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Heard from Dispatch, the little  
girl's gonna make it.

She doesn't look up, focused on her phone.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
The girl... Lindsey. Thought you'd  
want to know.  
(a beat)  
Don't you?

CAM  
Nope.

SCOTT  
What?

CAM  
No, Scott. I don't want to know.

SCOTT  
(incredulous)  
I saw the way you talked to her,  
the mom. You were amazing.

Cam puts her phone down and stares at her partner.

CAM  
Listen, you're new, so some advice.  
Don't make it about you. It's just  
a job. Keep 'em alive, get 'em to  
the hospital. **Then forget 'em.**

SCOTT  
Forget 'em?

CAM  
The moment they're gone. Remember --  
the worst moment of their life is  
your Tuesday afternoon.

SCOTT  
So what they say about you is true?

CAM  
Dunno. What do they say?

SCOTT  
You're the best EMT in the city,  
you can keep anyone alive for  
twenty minutes. But nobody -- and I  
mean nobody -- wants to be your  
partner. I checked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAM

Well... I'm an EMT. Obviously  
there's something wrong with me.

SCOTT

(playfully offended)  
Hey, some of us are very normal.

CAM

You haven't stopped talking since  
we clocked in. It's probably an  
anxiety disorder.

SCOTT

(now actually offended)  
Okay, fine. I give up. We'll just  
drink our coffees here in silence.

Cam takes a sip of coffee, plays her game. Totally  
comfortable with silence. Scott isn't.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

How 'bout that?  
(a beat)  
Silence?

And... she ignores him. Scott shakes his head, trapped at  
lunch with Cam.

We RACK FOCUS to the STREET OUTSIDE as an LAPD CRUISER whips  
down Broadway, gleaming in the afternoon sun. We CUT INSIDE  
to meet --

INT. LAPD CRUISER

-- TWO COPS. Corporal MARK RANSHAW (mid 30s) and Officer ZACH  
PARKER (late 20s). Mark looks like he was cut from the  
classic cop mold -- short hair, played football in high  
school, coaches little league on weekends.

MARK

*Hold on, you don't know her name?*

Zach is another breed. Handsome, a little too hip to be a  
cop. Mark acts like his surrogate older brother.

ZACH

I know it. It's Kim.

MARK

Kim what?  
(Zach has no idea)  
Why don't you know her last name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACH

It's not on the sign by her station.

MARK

We've gone to the same bank three times this week so you can meet this girl. What are you doing?

ZACH

I keep getting the wrong teller.

MARK

Christ, Zach! You like the girl. Just ask her out!

ZACH

No, it has to happen naturally. Like... fate.

MARK

How did you become a cop? Alright, I'm going to make a point here. This is important, you listening? You're a romantic.

ZACH

What's wrong with that?

MARK

*Romantics, my young partner, don't get the girl. You understand? They. Don't. Get. The. Girl.*

ZACH

Forget it, please. I don't even know why I told you.

*Wham! Mark spins the wheel, tires screech, other cars slam on brakes. Zach holds on as his partner guns the engine.*

ZACH (CONT'D)

*What are you doing?*

MARK

We're going back.  
(as they accelerate)  
You're asking that girl out!

INT. FIRST NATIONAL PARKING GARAGE

Super: 1:44 PM. Downtown.

The delivery truck waits.

INT. BACK OF THE DELIVERY TRUCK

Danny cracks open the doors. *All clear.*

INT. FIRST NATIONAL PARKING GARAGE

The FOUR BANK ROBBERS jump out and move toward the lobby. Hunched over, guns aimed, ready for anything.

**Full stop.**

An OLD KOREAN WOMAN nudges the lobby door, trying to exit. We're talking late 80s here, giant eyeglasses, probably legally blind. The bank robbers wait. She struggles with the door. She'll never get it --

Will steps forward and opens it. The old woman gives him a half-hearted wave as she brushes past.

OLD KOREAN WOMAN  
Komawo-komawo.

The bank robbers shake it off and move inside. Will right behind them.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING

~~We're near the bank's street-level entrance. An LAPD CRUISER pulls into frame.~~

INT. LAPD CRUISER

Mark snaps the keys out of the ignition.

MARK  
Get in there, ask her out.

ZACH  
I'm not doing it.

MARK  
Fine, it's an order -- **ask her out.**

There's no use arguing. Zach yanks the rearview mirror over to check his hair.

ZACH  
You're a dick, you know that?

MARK  
You're welcome.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL MARKET

Scott and Cam walk down the busy street in silence. He clicks his radio to talk:

SCOTT  
Dispatch, this is Unit Six. We're  
off lunch. Vehicle is ready.

DISPATCH (OVER THE RADIO)  
Copy that, Six.

SCOTT  
(to Cam, sarcastic)  
You know, this was great. I feel  
like we're really connecting.

Cam rolls her eyes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Okay, I got it. You don't like me,  
it's fine. I'll put in for a  
transfer.

CAM  
(stopping)  
Alright.

SCOTT  
Alright what?

CAM  
You can ask a question. One. Per  
day. After that, we talk about the  
job.

SCOTT  
Anything I want?

CAM  
Fine, yes. Whatever you --

SCOTT  
Boyfriend. Do you have one?

Cam just stares at him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
You said anything and, well,  
inquiring minds want to know.

She doesn't like to talk about this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Please. Every EMT I know asks about you. You realize you're beautiful?

Cam blushes. Looks away.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Are you blushing? Wow, she's human after all!

(a pedestrian walks past)

Are you seeing this? Human emotions!

CAM

(smiling)

Yes. I have a boyfriend. He's a resident at Cedars.

SCOTT

A doctor?

CAM

Yeah.

SCOTT

Well, that's depressing... for all those guys who ask. So how does an EMT wind up with a doctor?

CAM

We met at school and --

(she stops)

One question. No follow-ups.

SCOTT

Okay, what are you going to ask me?

Cam starts walking.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Really? You're not interested at all? Know what? I'll just tell you. I was born in Thousand Oaks but I grew up in Tarzana --

She keeps walking and he keeps talking.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING, LOBBY

It's empty. Zach enters, checks the mirrored wall behind the guard desk. He looks good. Confident. He's ready. He grabs the double-doors to the bank and --

They're locked. He peers inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THREE TELLERS stand behind the counter. The middle one is attractive, mid-twenties. This is KIM (last name unknown). Zach looks back outside.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING

Mark leans against the cruiser. He snaps his fingers and points at the bank -- *get in there!*

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING, LOBBY

Zach shrugs and goes back to the door. He knocks, gives a wave to the tellers. Nobody moves. *What the hell?* His radio chirps. Mark's calling from outside.

MARK (OVER THE RADIO)  
Don't be a pussy, get in there.

ZACH  
(into his radio)  
It's locked. I'm trying to get  
someone to come over.

MARK (OVER THE RADIO)  
Why's it locked?

*Click!* The bank doors swing open. A MAN IN A GRAY SUIT appears. His name tag says "HENRY GATTIS, BANK MANAGER." But **we know this is DANNY SHARP.**

ZACH  
(into his radio)  
Hold on, manager's here.

DANNY  
Can I help you, Officer?

ZACH  
Why are you closed?

DANNY  
We're not. We're doing a transfer  
in the back. It's procedure.

ZACH  
Got it.

Danny starts to close the doors. Zach glances at Kim standing at her station. There's no line.

ZACH (CONT'D)  
Hey, I was thinking about setting  
up a savings account.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY  
We'll be open in twenty minutes.

Zach holds the door. Kim's just waiting!

ZACH  
C'mon. I promise not to rob the  
place.

Danny regards Zach, then Mark outside.

DANNY  
Oh-kay.

Zach gives Mark a thumbs up. The older cop grins.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Danny and Zach walk across the mostly empty bank.

DANNY  
A savings account?

ZACH  
I saw your commercials, thought I'd  
give you a try.

DANNY  
(he nods to a teller)  
Great. I'm sure Denise can help you  
with that.

Zach hesitates, stopping to check his wallet.

ZACH  
Yeah. Would it be possible for the  
woman in the middle station to help  
me? Kim, I think.

Danny sees Kim. The pretty one. He gets it.

DANNY  
Of course.

ZACH  
And could you tell me her last  
name?

DANNY  
Maguire.

OFF ZACH -- this is going well. He doesn't see --

BEHIND A NEARBY PILLAR

-- the MASKED MAN aiming an HK at his head. The slightest pressure on its hair trigger and Zach's dead. We PUSH IN and recognize Will's eyes. Sweat drips into them. He's nervous. *Can he do this? Shoot a cop?* He has no idea.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING

Mark watches Zach through the front windows, missing the bank robbers.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK, KIM'S STATION

Kim types into her computer. Head down. Working quickly. Zach's eyes are on her as she checks his license.

ZACH

(a bit nervous)

Listen, um, this is going to sound a little crazy.

KIM

(tense)

What is it?

ZACH

I've been in here a few times and I told myself if I ever got the chance I'd... uh... ask you out.

KIM

(she can't believe it)

Excuse me?

Zach picks up on her edgy vibe.

ZACH

Maybe it's not a good time.

Her eyes say yes. So he looks away, glancing around at her station. Where he notices --

-- a LITTLE PLAQUE next to her computer: "2013 Premier Service Award -- Kim **Daniels**."

In that instant, Zach turns back into a cop.

ZACH (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Are you okay?

Kim shakes her head. **No, she isn't.**

The muscles in his neck tense. He reaches for --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (O.S.)  
Got the name wrong, didn't I?

Danny stands behind Zach. Staring at the cop with a singular intensity. Zach's hand is very close to his gun.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Don't... don't be a dumb cop. Think it through, there are things you don't know. Like, there are two guns. One's aimed at Kim.

Kim glances down. TRENT crouches behind her counter, pointing his HK at her stomach. He's been there all along. *Click!* He snaps the gun to auto.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
And one's aimed at you.

Danny nods to a nearby pillar where WILL and his HK wait.

ZACH  
There's no way --

DANNY  
Of course there's a way. We have you, the tellers, nine employees in back, and your partner outside. But nothing's going to happen to them because you're going to do exactly what I say.

Zach's eyes go to Mark waiting by the cruiser.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Do you understand? I need you to nod.

The cop nods. Danny glances at Will -- *I've got this.* His brother heads to the back, keeping clear of the windows.

INT. HALLWAY

Will runs past BANK STAFF lined up on the floor, faces down, arms flexi-cuffed behind their backs.

INT. BANK VAULT

The METAL DOORS ARE OPEN. Will sees GIANT TOWERS OF MONEY made up of cash vacuum sealed into PLASTIC BLOCKS. Eddie loads the blocks into FOUR BLACK BACKPACKS. Will helps. They move fast, amped up by the money in their hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE  
Million per block. You ever see  
anything like this in Iraq?

WILL  
Nobody cared about Dinars.

They seal up the bags and go.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING

Mark glimpses Zach talking to Danny. *What the hell is taking so long?*

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Will and Eddie exit from the back, holding the four packs.  
Danny spots them. Then, to Zach --

DANNY  
Alright, time to go.

He signals to Will, who whispers into his radio:

WILL  
Carter. We're ready.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING

The Express Courier truck pulls up near Mark and his cruiser.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK

Carter watches the big cop. He checks the MP-5 SUB-MACHINE  
GUN hidden behind his seat. Will's in his ear:

CARTER  
Copy that.

He pops the truck into NEUTRAL and HITS THE GAS. The engine  
whines and sputters.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING

Mark hears the struggling truck. He heads over.

MARK  
Won't go?  
(Carter nods)  
Pop the hood.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Danny sees Mark walking toward the delivery truck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

On the floor. Now!

The tellers grab floor. Danny's men pull off their flannel jackets and masks. Underneath they're wearing REGULAR STREET CLOTHES -- sports coats, windbreakers, all California casual.

Each man grabs a BACKPACK holding eight million dollars and weighing roughly eighty pounds. They slip their guns under their coats.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(to the tellers)

We will leave one at a time. **Do not raise your heads, do not get up.**  
You're almost there, folks.

Will walks up behind Zach. Pushes him to the door --

WILL

(into his radio)

Forget the front, meet us in back.

INT. DELIVERY TRUCK

Carter listens to his radio as --

CARTER

I'll be there.

-- Mark looks under the hood outside.

MARK

Try it again.

Carter shifts to park, twists the key, and the engine turns over. Mark drops the hood, smiles:

MARK (CONT'D)

Sometimes you just have to look at it.

CARTER

Thanks!

INT. FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING, LOBBY

Danny and Will exit with Zach between them. They march down the hall, heading to the garage.



EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING

Mark jumps over the hood of his cruiser and takes cover.

MARK

(into his radio)

*1-Adam 25. Officer needs help. Two-eleven in progress, First National Bank. Shots fired, officer hit!*

He spots EDDIE getting to his feet inside the bank. The window is gone, there's nothing between them. Eddie sees Mark, aims his HK -- **BURURURURU!**

The cop ducks, opens the cruiser's door, and grabs the SHOTGUN. He rolls out of the car, lines the barrel up, and -- **BOOM! BOOM!** Eddie flies back, his chest gushing blood.

MARK (CONT'D)

(into his radio)

This is Ranshaw, I'm going inside.

He charges toward the bank, jumps through the blown out window and kicks Eddie's gun away.

EXT. BROADWAY/INT. AMBULANCE

~~Scott leans against the van, checking e-mails. In the distance, he hears POPPING SOUNDS. Lots of them.~~

SCOTT

Hear that?

CAM (O.S.)

What?

The back doors are open. He goes around, finds Cam going through the checklist. A fat clipboard of paperwork held together with some serious clamps.

SCOTT

How do we look?

CAM

Plasma's a little low. Put it on the --

There's the noise again. Pop-pop. Cam hears it this time.

SCOTT

What is --

CAM

Gunshots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On cue, the radio squawks.

DISPATCH (OVER THE RADIO)  
Unit Six?

Cam jumps to the cab.

CAM  
Unit Six, go.

DISPATCH (OVER THE RADIO)  
We have shots fired at First  
National Bank. Proceed to location  
and await police instructions.

CAM  
Copy that, we're moving.

Scott gets in and starts the van.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL PARKING GARAGE

Danny pushes Zach along. The cop's between two desperate men.  
Their escape is falling apart. His life is in more danger.  
Will yells into his radio:

WILL  
Somebody talk to me! *Carter! Eddie!*

DANNY  
Let's go.

WILL  
(not giving up)  
Tell me where you are and we'll --

DANNY  
(turning back)  
Will! Forget 'em!

Zach sees his chance. Bam! He PUNCHES DANNY. The bank robber  
falls on his pack. His HK goes flying.

WILL  
No!

Zach dives for the HK. Grabs it, jumps to his feet and --

TWO CRACKS OF GUNFIRE! Zach flies backward. **HE'S HIT.**

ZACH  
*Arrrrrhhh...*

Across from him, Will stands with his HK still aimed. He did it. He shot a cop. He doesn't move for a second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY  
(getting up)  
C'mon! We're leaving.

He grabs Will, who's still in shock, and they run. Leaving Zach on the ground, bleeding out.

EXT. BURBANK AIRPORT

**Super: 2:10 PM. Burbank.**

A JETRANGER HELICOPTER (SKYFOX 1) rests on the tarmac. PETE BREEZE (mid 50s) does a spot check. He's been flying choppers for thirty years. Started in the military. Now he does the toughest flying around -- Los Angeles drive-time. He stops.

Someone's crying inside his chopper. Pete shakes his head. Opens the side door. He finds Kathy halfway through a box of tissues.

PETE  
You want me to kill him? I'll do it. I'll chop him in half with my helicopter and we'll just call it an accident.

She tries to keep her mascara in check.

KATHY  
You're sweet, Pete.

PETE  
(yeah, he's totally in love with her)  
You know you're good enough.  
*Martin's an idiot.*

Kathy's phone rings. It's the station.

KATHY  
Hey Stan.

PETE  
Tell him to go blow --

She holds up her hand, suddenly serious --

KATHY  
(into the phone)  
We're on it.

She quickly wipes away her tears.

PETE  
What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

Bank robbery. Downtown. Shots  
fired.

Pete runs around the chopper. He jumps in. Throws on  
headphones. Hits some really important buttons. The engines  
come on-line and the rotors start to whirl.

PETE

(into his radio)

Tower, this is SkyFox 1 requesting  
immediate departure.

Pete cracks his window. A frightfully SKINNY KID runs for the  
chopper. This is NORRIS (early 20s). Pete flies the chopper,  
Kathy is the star, Norris runs the cameras and the tech.

PETE (CONT'D)

Norris! I **will** leave you!

Norris jumps in, grabs his seat.

NORRIS

You're a dick.

(to Kathy)

Sorry 'bout the job.

KATHY

Thanks.

She fixes her makeup as Skyfox 1 rises, cocks its nose  
forward, and heads toward the hills.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL PARKING GARAGE

It's a dark concrete labyrinth. Danny and Will sprint toward  
a door and --

INT. STAIRWELL

-- fly up steps. The heavy backpacks knocking into the walls.  
Another door exits to --

THE STREET

Bwarp-bwarp! Police cars everywhere. Cops, too. Will pulls  
the door shut, they hear the cops locking down the area.

WILL

Shit!

(re: the packs)

We gotta lose these.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Not yet. We'll find another way  
out.

They keep moving.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Scott and Cam scan the road up ahead. Cop cars have converged  
around the First National Building. Setting up a perimeter.  
They pull onto a side street.

A MOTORCYCLE COP stops them. Scott leans out:

SCOTT

What is it?

MOTORCYCLE COP

Botched robbery.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL PARKING GARAGE

Mark appears with his shotgun aimed. He cuts angles while he  
moves, clearing each opening. He stops, there's someone on  
the ground.

*Oh fuck! It's ZACH and he's lying in a POOL OF BLOOD.*

---

MARK

(rushing to his partner)  
Zach! Don't move.

ZACH

They ran.... two of 'em.

MARK

(into his radio)  
*1-Adam 25, officer down, parking  
garage level three. I NEED AN  
AMBULANCE RIGHT FUCKING NOW!*

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

The Motorcycle Cop gets the call. Yells to Scott and Cam:

LAPD

Parking garage. L3!

SCOTT

Is it secure?

CAM

*Just go!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scott floors it, taking them into the garage. Cam slides into the back, preps the gear. Her game face on.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL PARKING GARAGE

Mark applies pressure to Zach's wound. He's shaken.

MARK  
I'm right here, man.

ZACH  
(seeing the blood)  
Oh, Christ.

MARK  
You're okay. You hear me? You're okay!

An engine roars. The ambulance shoots down a ramp. Tears up to the cops. Skids to a stop. Scott jumps out. Cam flies out the back, getting to Zach first.

CAM  
Gun shot wound to the leg. Full compression kit!

Scott opens the back, grabs the gear as Cam shines a flashlight into Zach's wound.

CAM (CONT'D)  
No exit, might have hit the femur.

Mark can only watch. Scott arrives with the board. Cam rolls Zach back while Scott pushes the backboard into place.

SCOTT  
One-two-three-go!

They lift him onto the stretcher. Everything moves fast. The EMTs push Zach to the ambulance, lock him into position. Scott runs to the front. Cam jumps in the back. Mark stands there. He isn't the cop who just shot two bank robbers. He's the cop who just lost his partner.

MARK  
(shell-shocked)  
I made him go in.

CAM  
What's his name?

MARK  
Zach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*Bam!* She closes the doors. Mark flinches. The siren roars and they're gone. Leaving the big cop in a daze.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Zach's leg is braced in a compression cuff. Cam takes the jump seat next to him. She locks sensors to his left arm. Above them, the HEAL COMPUTER (Hospital & Emergency Ambulance Link) comes to life. Monitoring his vitals.

CAM

Computer's on-line, sending data to County. Zach! Can you hear me?

The cop's eyes look upward, she flashes the pupils.

CAM (CONT'D)

Don't do that!

(slapping him)

Stay right here, focus on me.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Scott guns the engine. They drive up the circular ramp --

INT. PARKING GARAGE

~~Danny and Will flat-out sprint, breathing hard.~~

WILL

We gotta go!

They jump a divider and land on a ramp. They hear an engine accelerating, heading up from below -- Will looks over the divider, sees the blue ambulance on the level beneath them.

WILL (CONT'D)

Ambulance.

DANNY

Move.

Will jumps behind a pillar. Danny doesn't -- he aims his HK down the ramp as --

-- *THE AMBULANCE* appears. Danny stands his ground. *SCREECH!* Brakes squeal. It stops ten feet from the bank robber. His gun aimed at the windshield.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Get out! Now!

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Scott hesitates. Frozen by the gun. Danny charges his door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY  
Get the fuck out!

He whips the door open.

SCOTT  
Hold on, we've --

Danny doesn't hold on. He PULLS SCOTT OUT and CRACKS his head with the butt of the HK, knocking the EMT unconscious.

DANNY  
(to Will)  
Check the back!

Will runs to the back doors, open them and sees --

-- CAM, afraid. She's in front of Zach, protecting him. Still somehow brave. Will glimpses THE COP he just shot. Cam stares at the gun in his hand.

CAM  
What are you doing?

He doesn't know. Danny appears. Taking off his backpack. Coming up with a plan.

DANNY  
Lose the pack.

Will can still follow orders. He pulls off his pack. Then they throw BOTH BACKPACKS under the stretcher.

CAM  
What are you --

Danny pushes Cam back into her seat as he climbs in.

DANNY  
(to Will)  
Get the EMT's jacket. You're driving.

He shuts the back doors, locking Cam and Zach inside.

Will runs to an unconscious Scott, strips off his EMT WINDBREAKER. Puts it on, gets into --

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

-- and throws it into drive.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT - INTERCUT

Danny moves to the seat next to Zach's head, he's hidden from the window. Cam looks out the back, searching for Scott.

Danny spots her CREDENTIALS on the dash.

DANNY  
Worry about yourself, Camille.  
(re: Zach)  
Do your job.

Cam swallows her anger, her fear. She goes back to Zach.

Up front, Will looks in the CONVEX MIRROR that lets him see the patient compartment. His eyes fall on the dying cop. But he can't dwell. He has to get out of here.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL PARKING GARAGE

Will pilots the ambulance toward the street. He slows down.

*Sirens blare!* An ARMY OF COPS block the exit.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Clocking the cops, Danny turns back to Cam.

---

DANNY  
Camille, you need to --

CAM  
Cam. It's Cam.

DANNY  
Cam. We can shoot our way out of here or you can help us. No one has to get hurt.  
(a beat)  
Will you help us?

She sees all the cops outside. They can stop this.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
I need you to nod.

But they can't save her. Cam nods. She'll help.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
What's your hospital?

CAM  
County.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY  
(to Will)  
County. Go!

EXT. PARKING GARAGE EXIT

The ambulance stops at the exit. Police rush up.

WILL  
Officer down. Going to County.

One COP leans in, sees Cam working on Zach.

COP  
Who is it?

WILL  
(hesitating)  
I, uh --

CAM  
(selling it)  
*Let's go, he's crashing!*

The Cop darts back, waves his arms --

COP  
Move back, make a hole!

The ambulance pulls out. Everyone moves. Still -- there are CRUISERS and EMERGENCY TRUCKS everywhere.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Will scans the dash. From the back --

CAM  
Center console, the blue one.

He hits the button. THE SIREN BLARES.

EXT. STREET

The emergency vehicles clear out. The ambulance swerves around cruisers and motorcycles. Finally, a SEAM appears. There's Spring Street. Two lanes are clear.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Will punches it and they're free to run.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL PARKING GARAGE

Cops swarm through the garage. Radio chatter bounces off the walls. Mark runs up a ramp. He yells to the other officers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK

Lower levels aren't secure. We need  
bodies down there.

COP

Hey! We got a victim.

One of the cops stands over --

A CRUMPLED FIGURE on the ground. It's SCOTT. The EMT's face  
is a sickening mess. Yet still recognizable to Mark. The  
hairs go up on the back of the cop's neck.

MARK

What happened? Where's the --

SCOTT

... they took her. They took 'em  
both.

MARK

(into his radio)  
1-Adam 25 to Control. Suspects have  
hijacked a blue and white  
ambulance. Hostages onboard!

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS

The ambulance darts through traffic. Will takes a quick turn  
onto a smaller street.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

He cuts the siren. Danny yells from the back --

DANNY

Backup car's on Flower.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT - INTERCUT

Danny grabs the backpacks. Cam looks up from Zach.

DANNY

Give me your radio and cell.

Cam snaps the radio off her belt, hands it over. Then the  
cell. Danny takes Zach's HANDCUFFS. Cam jumps back.

CAM

Wait. What are you --

DANNY

The moment we're clear I'll call 9-  
1-1, I'll tell them where you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cam stares at the cuffs.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
I'll make the call. You can trust --

WHAM! Will HITS THE BRAKES HARD.

Danny stumbles into Cam. The butt of his gun smacks against her head. He steadies himself and yells --

DANNY (CONT'D)  
*What are you doing?*

His brother icily stares out the front.

WILL  
Look.

Danny moves to the cab. He follows Will's eyes, seeing --

-- a POLICE HELICOPTER banking over the city.

Will shifts into reverse and pulls them back into --

EXT. ALLEY

No one around. Just the ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam gets up, her head pounding. They've stopped. She gets her bearings. The back door is only inches away. This is her chance to run. She checks Danny and Will.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB - INTERCUT

The bank robbers watch the sky. Waiting...

DANNY  
They see us?

WILL  
Not sure.

In back, Cam reaches for the door. Click, she cracks it. Sees the street. She pushes it open and --

BEEP! She freezes. The COMPUTER ABOVE ZACH comes to life. His heart rate is spiking.

Up front, Danny and Will both hold their breath as --

-- the POLICE HELICOPTER floats into view. It slows, keeping a line-of-sight with the ambulance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL (CONT'D)  
*They've got us.*

DANNY  
Not yet. Go.  
(Will doesn't move)  
Go! Hit it.

WILL  
We're in a hijacked ambulance,  
we're done.

DANNY  
You can do this.

WILL  
*What?*

DANNY  
You drove high value targets in  
Baghdad, in places where everyone  
was trying to kill you.

WILL  
This ain't Baghdad, Danny. This is  
fucking Los Angeles! It's over.

DANNY  
*Nothing's over.*

Behind them, Cam lets go of the door. BEEP-BEEP. Another  
COMPUTER WARNING. Zach's breathing is irregular. She slides  
over to her patient, scans him -- this is bad.

Danny leans down next to Will. His voice a whisper --

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Amy's waiting for you, Will. She  
needs you.

That name focuses Will.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Trust me, I'll get you home.  
(a beat)  
You with me?

Will nods. Police sirens wail in the distance. *They're*  
*coming.*

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Now drive.

WILL  
Hold on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Will guns the engine and they're flying onto --

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET

TWO LAPD CRUISERS rocket at them. Wait -- he's heading at the cops.

DANNY

Shit!

Will hits the gas. They accelerate.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What are you --

WILL

Shut-up.

The cops are still coming! Will doesn't turn, he doesn't veer, he aims the van right at the black & whites. He's full-on-fucking-fearless.

Screech! Both cruisers bail, hitting their brakes.

The ambulance shoots between them. WHOOSH!

WILL (CONT'D)

Hold on to something.

More cops appear behind them. But Will drives with a perfect combination of skill and abandon. He slams the wheel left. They jerk around a corner, cornering at fifty.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS

The cop cars behind them miss the turn. Brakes screech!

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny holds on as Will drives the van like it's a race car.

DANNY

Yeah! Go-go-go!

Another ALARM blares. Not a siren, though. This one comes from --

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam leans over Zach, pounding on his chest with both hands.

DANNY

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAM

One-two-three-four...

(between counts)

He's crashing!

Will makes wild turns and insane accelerations. Cam braces herself with her legs between both walls. Still counting off compressions. Will yells to his brother --

WILL

Help her!

Cam grabs a syringe. Epinephrine. Slides it into Zach's arm. Danny just looks. No idea what to do.

CAM

Get the paddles. There --

She points at a WHITE CASE next to Danny. He grabs it.

CAM (CONT'D)

Open it and hit the red button.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING

EMERGENCY VEHICLES and PATROL CARS set up a base camp. A BLACK SEDAN cuts through the barricades and stops. Doors open and we meet CAPTAIN TYLER MONROE (50s) of METRO DIVISION. He's six and a half feet tall. Two hundred and fifty pounds. Used to play for USC. He's in charge.

MONROE

Where we at?

TWO OF MONROE'S LIEUTENANTS are already at the scene.

LIEUTENANT #1

Building is on lockdown. Coroner's standing by. SID is on the way.

MONROE

What about the ambulance?

LIEUTENANT #2

Air Support spotted it six blocks east of us.

LIEUTENANT #1

Mobile Command is three minutes out.

MONROE

Lock everything down. I don't want that ambulance out of Downtown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIEUTENANT #2  
What about FBI, sir? We have to  
tell Bank Division.

MONROE  
(irritated)  
Call 'em.

INT. CENTURY CITY OFFICE

**Super: 3:21 PM. Century City.**

Pastel walls, a couch with way too many pillows, and a  
THERAPIST in her fifties. She listens to ANSON CLARK (late  
30s). He wears a black suit with a narrow tie, very RFK. He's  
tense, focused, and not thrilled to be here.

ANSON  
I'm an FBI agent. This is what I  
do. It's what I've done for the  
last fifteen years. And I'm good at  
it. I've arrested and convicted  
terrorists, gun traffickers,  
mobsters. Now, finally, I have a  
chance to run my own unit, the job  
I've wanted since Quantico.

THERAPIST  
What position is that?

ANSON  
Special Agent in charge of LA Bank  
Division.

THERAPIST  
People still rob banks?

ANSON  
Last year there were 267 in  
Southern California alone. 34 were  
armed takeovers. We live in the  
bank robbery capital of the United  
States.

THERAPIST  
So this job is important to you?

ANOTHER VOICE  
*Important!?!*

Anson sighs. We PAN RIGHT to find KYLE MARKER (30s), a  
Century City attorney and Anson's partner. He shakes his  
head, dismayed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

It's everything to him! It's all he talks about.

ANSON

I'm a cop, it's who I am.

KYLE

Can't you see, Anson? I'm not a priority. We are not a priority!

ANSON

**You** are my priority. **We** are --

He stops. There's a BUZZING. It's Anson's phone.

THERAPIST

Mr. Clark, please.

Anson reads the text. His face changes. He stands.

KYLE

I can't believe this.

ANSON

I have to go.

~~He heads to the door on autopilot. Stops, goes back.~~

ANSON (CONT'D)

Sorry, babe. Forgive me?

KYLE

Be safe.

Anson kisses Kyle and runs out.

EXT. STREETS OF DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES

*And wham!* We're in the middle of an epic car chase. The AMBULANCE whips through traffic. Flying past warehouses near the FLOWER MARKET. A FLEET OF COP CARS right behind it.

HOMELESS PEOPLE dive out of the way while HIGH-END INTERIOR DESIGNERS cower in their Lexi.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

EEEEEEEEHHHH-WHOOMP! Zach bucks from the electrical current coursing through him. Cam holds TWO DEFIBRILLATOR PADDLES wired into the case Danny's holding. She checks Zach's readings -- still flat.

CAM

Charge it again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a high-pitched whine as the unit resets.

DANNY

Ready!

Cam presses the paddles against Zach's chest and --  
EEEEEEEEHHHHH-WHOOMP! She hits him with current.

Beep-beep-beep. The computer gives her a heartbeat. She checks his pulse then opens his mouth and gives mouth-to-mouth.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Is he alright?

CAM

No... but he's alive.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB - INTERCUT

Will dodges traffic, then checks the mirror.

WILL

Danny! Where are we going?

DANNY

Get to a freeway.

Will checks the sky. There's the LAPD CHOPPER. Behind them --  
-- COP CARS, LOTS OF COP CARS.

EXT. 1,500 FT. OVER DOWNTOWN

The SkyFox helicopter banks through the towers.

INT. SKYFOX 1

Pete levels them off as Kathy and Norris check the First National Bank. There's police activity but no action.

KATHY

We missed it.

PETE

Sorry, Kath.

Norris checks his headset.

NORRIS

Studio still wants a wrap-up for the early edition. Ready?

KATHY

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Norris hits a series of switches and a red light pops up on a CAMERA only a few inches behind Kathy's head. She twists around in her seat, checks herself. Gives the chest some help then snaps on her serious look.

NORRIS

Lookin' good. And -- go!

KATHY

This is Kathy King in SkyFox 1.  
We're reporting from above the  
First National Building in Downtown  
where a daring robbery --

Kathy drifts off. Her laser-focus broken.

NORRIS

What is it?

Kathy stares out a side window. She sees the LAPD HELICOPTER drifting over the city behind them. It's hovering, monitoring something on the ground.

KATHY

Check the police scanner.

Norris hits a button on his deck.

VOICES OVER POLICE SCANNER

(various radio feeds)

*Air-15, I have a blue and white  
ambulance spotted on Spring./Cut  
off intersection at 7th and Fig./  
Additional units to leap frog./All  
units, contain, do not engage.  
Hostages on board.*

KATHY

Car chase. **Car chase!**

PETE

On it!

He guides the controls and they 180 about --

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Will punches the ambulance through more traffic, weaving in and out of streets. Danny was right -- he's amazing.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam jerks around next to Zach. She's trying to run a new bag of plasma into his arm. Danny watches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAM

Can he please stop doing that?

DANNY

No.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING

More EMERGENCY VEHICLES arrive. An EMT is almost done bandaging MARK'S ARM. He stares over at his damaged patrol car. Still in a daze. Another COP monitors the radio.

MARK

What's happening?

COP

They spotted the ambulance near Skid Row.

MARK

They stop it?

COP

Not yet. This guy is some incredible wheelman.

Mark stands -- he's on a mission.

EMT

Wait, I'm not --

MARK

You're done.

He goes to his car, gets in. The cop looks over.

COP

What are you --

MARK

**Make a hole!**

First responders jump out of the way as Mark peels out.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS

The ambulance rockets between streets. The headlights still flashing, the siren still blaring.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Will checks the rearview mirror and Danny.

WILL

110's blocked at 6th.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Go south, head for Staples. Try the  
10.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL BUILDING

Monroe marches with his team. The street begins to shake.

LIEUTENANT #1

Captain, Mobile Command is here.

They all turn toward the rumbling.

The MOBILE COMMAND UNIT appears. This EIGHTEEN-WHEEL BEAST corners like a 3 Series. Painted a high-gloss black, its Peterbilt rig hauls a TRAILER filled with communications tech, four officers, and everything you'd need to run a war.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

It's more impressive on the inside, a miniature NORAD for Los Angeles. Monroe and his lieutenants take their seats.

MONROE

What do you have for me?

A SLIGHT WOMAN with dark hair sits before a bank of computers and monitors, scanning radio feeds. LIEUTENANT DZAGHIG MARDIGIAN (late 20s) is the MCU's top officer. She's the eyes and ears of the crisis.

DZAGHIG

The Ambulance is heading south on Flower. And the guy driving is possibly Mario Andretti.

MONROE

Thank you, Lieutenant --

No, he has no idea how to pronounce her name.

DZAGHIG

Zaga, sir. It's pronounced Zaga.

MONROE

Okay, Dzaghig. It's 3:30 on a Tuesday and you're a bank robber trapped Downtown with half the LAPD after you. What do you do?

DZAGHIG

Pray for an earthquake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONROE

Don't worry. My luck's not that bad.

DZAGHIG

(checking her earpiece)  
Driver's asking, Captain. Where to?

MONROE

Follow the ambulance. This is a moveable feast.

EXT. EAST OF STAPLES CENTER

Mark's CRUISER joins the pack of BLACK & WHITES pursuing the ambulance.

INT. MARK'S CRUISER

Mark spots the ambulance in the distance. He holds his steering wheel with a vice-like grip. His target heads toward Figueroa, slicing through traffic. The other cops hold back. Mark doesn't.

He presses the gas and takes the lead.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Will spots Mark's cruiser getting closer.

WILL

Can't shake this one.

BAM! Mark slams into their back right tire.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Danny steadies himself, then grabs his HK.

DANNY

(to Cam)  
Stay there!  
(to Will)  
How far to the 10?

WILL

Two minutes.

BAM! Mark hits them again.

WILL (CONT'D)

He's gonna flip us!

Danny moves to the back doors. He braces himself and levels his gun at Mark's cruiser.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY  
Get ahead of him!

Will accelerates. Mark's cruiser ducks behind them.

Danny lines up his shot. He's going to shoot through the window. The cop can't see him behind the tinted glass. Cam watches, her body pressed against Zach's.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Keep it steady.

He aims the HK right at Mark's head. The cop is getting closer. Danny has the perfect shot and --

CAM  
NO!

WHAM! Cam FLIES INTO HIM. The HK fires and BLOWS OUT the window.

INT. MARK'S CRUISER

Mark pulls back, seeing Cam and Danny struggling inside.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Danny SLAMS Cam against the floor, knocking the wind out of her. She can barely breathe. Will looks back --

WILL  
What's happening?

Danny puts his knee on her chest. She fights.

DANNY  
Stop. Stop! Don't do that again!  
Don't even think about it.

VERRRROOOM! Danny checks the back window. Mark's cruiser flies at them. KA-BAM! The cruiser hits the ambulance, knocking Danny off Cam. He almost falls onto Zach but catches himself.

He gets up, roughly grabs Cam, and pulls her off the floor.

WILL  
What are you doing?

DANNY  
Slow down!

Will slows them down. Danny reaches for the back doors.

EXT. AMBULANCE/STREETS/CHASE

They fly open. Danny pushes Cam to her knees, displaying her to the cops. Then -- he puts his gun to her head.

DANNY  
PULL BACK! PULL BACK!

INT. MARK'S CRUISER

Mark locks eyes with Danny. *He wants to kill this bank robber.*

High above them, SkyFox 1 appears.

INT. SKYFOX 1

Norris mans the camera from the door. Kathy watches the footage on her monitor.

NORRIS  
Jesus! You see this?

KATHY  
Get closer.

NORRIS  
No way! What if he shoots her?

KATHY  
He won't, he wants them to pull back. Get closer!

Norris zooms in. Kathy's phone rings.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
Yeah?

INT. CHANNEL FOUR NEWS STUDIO - INTERCUT

Stan runs to the CONTROL ROOM.

STAN  
Kathy, we're going live in sixty. You'll handle the intro then toss to Phil at the desk.

KATHY  
Got it.

EXT. AMBULANCE/STREETS/CHASE

Danny yells for the cops to get back. Cam looks terrified.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe watches the LIVE TV COVERAGE on a bank of monitors.

MONROE  
(to Dzaghigh)  
Pull 'em back. Now!

INT. MARK'S CRUISER

Mark's radio squawks:

DZAGHIGH (OVER THE RADIO)  
This is Mobile Command. All pursuit  
vehicles pull back a hundred feet.

MARK  
Damnit.

Mark hits his brakes, slowing with the other black & whites.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

The patrol cars pull back, giving Danny some room. He closes the doors, ignoring Cam on the floor. She's terrified. Her hands won't stop shaking. She tries to wipe the tears away, but they can't do it.

---

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny grabs the radio, clicks it on:

DANNY  
I have a message for the LAPD.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT - INTERCUT

Dzaghigh signals for Monroe to talk, he holds up a radio that disappears in his huge hand.

MONROE  
This is Captain Tyler Monroe of the  
LAPD Metro Division. I need you to  
stop the vehicle so we can attend  
to the wounded hostage.

Will reacts to that word.

DANNY  
(into the radio)  
This is our message: We don't stop.

MONROE  
Sir, I assure you, we will not  
advance on you.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONROE (CONT'D)

We only want to secure the wounded officer. Do you copy?

DANNY

We don't stop.

MONROE

Listen --

DANNY

**We! Don't! Stop!**

He clicks the radio off. Will regards his brother --

WILL

Hostages?

DANNY

They'll get us home.

EXT. WESTBOUND 10 ON-RAMP AT CENTRAL

The ambulance darts up the ramp to the super freeway. One of the nation's busiest and largest. It cuts east-west through the belly of Los Angeles. At the moment, traffic is moving.

INT. MARK'S CRUISER

Mark reports back --

MARK

They're on the 10 west.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe is already calling --

MONROE

Get me CHP. Chief Estevez.

INT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROL DIVISION OFFICE - INTERCUT

**Super: 4:02 PM. Glendale.**

A CHP OFFICER runs a phone up to CHIEF ESTEVEZ (50s) and HIS COMMANDERS. Estevez is calm. Always calm.

ESTEVEZ

Captain, I'm told you want to shut down Interstate 10?

MONROE

I've got an ambulance with two hostages onboard. One's a cop. I could use a little help today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESTEVEZ

Roger that. We are initiating a shutdown of Interstate 10. I'll deploy a skirmish line between Downtown and... what?

MONROE

Give me to the PCH.

ESTEVEZ

(to his men)

Shut it down.

EXT. WESTBOUND 10 FREEWAY/CHASE

The AMBULANCE pulls into the middle lane with a DIAMOND FORMATION OF LAPD CRUISERS BEHIND IT.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam tries to keep her shit together, but she's still trembling, her hands won't stop shaking. She gulps down air, trying to calm down, trying to ignore the bank robbers up front, talking in hushed tones.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

~~Will looks grim. Danny sits next to him.~~

WILL

We're not doing this. We're not hurting her.

DANNY

They just have to think it.

WILL

But I have to know. We are not --

DANNY

*I won't, I'm not dad.*

(a beat)

But you shot a cop, Will. That means they kill us the first chance they get. Forget the girl. It's all about him.

Will glances at the mirror, at Zach lying in back.

DANNY (CONT'D)

He's the reason we're still alive.

EXT. EASTBOUND 10 FREEWAY

THREE BLACK SEDANS with federal plates race down the emergency lane. Red lights flash behind their grills.

INT. FBI SEDAN

Anson Clark sits in the passenger seat, scrolling through SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE from the bank on his LAPTOP.

ANSON

Bank surveillance was corrupted.  
They got into the computer --  
they're good.

His deputy drives. Helicopters shoot overhead.

DEPUTY

Media's on it.

Danny switches over to the LATIMES site. Sees a FREEZE-FRAME of Danny holding Cam out the back door.

ANSON

(recognizing him)  
Holy shit.  
(to his deputy)  
Tell LAPD we want in.

EXT. WESTBOUND 10 FREEWAY

The ambulance glides through the open lanes. Black & whites only seconds behind it.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam is still cowering. Though the adrenalin is starting to fade. She catches her breath, sits up. That's when she sees --

-- the DROP OF BLOOD. Plop. Another one hits the floor. It's falling from the stretcher. BEEP-BEEP. The computer over Zach activates. Cam checks it. Zach's readings are spiking.

CAM

No, no, no --

DANNY

What's wrong?

She scans her patient. His leg has stopped bleeding.

CAM

Don't know. I thought he  
stabilized.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zach groans on the stretcher. The computer begins to beep faster. Cam frantically runs her hands down his sides... she feels wetness -- THERE'S MORE BLOOD.

CAM (CONT'D)

Damnit!

She opens Zach's shirt. The BULLETPROOF VEST is already unzipped, his chest exposed. But BLOOD is coming through the bottom edge of the Kevlar.

WILL

What is it?

CAM

It went under the vest.

Blood oozes onto the stretcher.

CAM (CONT'D)

You shot him twice!

EXT. WESTBOUND 10 FREEWAY/MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

The MCU slows to a stop as a BLACK SEDAN pulls up. Anson gets out, runs over --

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe watches the helicopter footage. Anson enters.

DZAGHIG

(into her headset)

He's on. Let's go.

They start to move. Anson takes in the command unit -- it's impressive, even for a Fed.

ANSON

(awkward)

Permission to come aboard?

MONROE

You from LA, Special Agent Clark?

ANSON

No, Toledo.

MONROE

This city is like a beating heart. Always going. The freeways are the veins and each interchange is --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANSON

Yeah, a heart attack metaphor. I see where you're going, sir.

MONROE

You slowed me down.

ANSON

I can help.

MONROE

This is a hostage situation, not a bank robbery.

ANSON

It's worse than that.

Monroe stops and stares at Anson. *Explain --*

ANSON (CONT'D)

The man who held the EMT out the back of the ambulance is Danny Sharp.

The LAPD Captain recognizes the name.

ANSON (CONT'D)

Number four on our most wanted list. Danny's been robbing banks since he was seventeen. His father, JT, was a legend and bona fide psychotic. He killed six bank managers and two tellers in the '90s.

MONROE

Great. We're after Dillinger.  
(to Dzaghig)  
Tell SWAT to get ready.

ANSON

Hold on. Danny's different. He could have killed your cop at the bank but he didn't. He's looking for a way out.

MONROE

How do you know that?

ANSON

(admitting)  
We used to be friends.

We go OFF MONROE -- *what?*

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam checks Zach's second wound. Danny sits across from her, waiting. He's calm, thinking. He takes a SATELLITE PHONE out of his jacket. Dials a number and waits. No one picks up -- there's a beep.

DANNY  
It's Danny. Call me.  
(hanging up, to Cam)  
Your prognosis?

CAM  
These levels are going to drop off  
a cliff. Five, maybe ten minutes.  
He needs an OR.

From the front --

WILL  
Give him another transfusion.

CAM  
He doesn't need more blood, we need  
to plug the holes. You shot him in  
the abdomen, a doctor has to open  
him up and stop the internal  
bleeding. A doctor!

DANNY  
Okay. Call one.

He checks his pocket, finds her cellphone.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Have them walk you through it.

CAM  
There's no way --

Danny GRABS her arm, squeezes it. Menacing.

DANNY  
Don't say no when it has to be yes.  
Call your ER.

He lets her go. She scrolls through her contacts on the phone. Comes to a name -- Danny checks it.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Who's Colin Waters?

CAM  
A resident at Cedars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny regards Colin's photo. He nods. She hits the name.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI, ER - INTERCUT

Bright. Futuristic. The best hospital filled with the best doctors. COLIN WATERS (25) flies from patient to patient. His pocket vibrates, he doesn't check who's calling.

COLIN

Yeah?

CAM

Colin, it's me.

Colin takes a second, exasperated. *Why did I pick up?*

COLIN

Hey, Cam. It's been --

CAM

Six months.

COLIN

Yeah. Listen. I'm at work, this isn't a good time.

CAM

Wait! Please. I need your help.

COLIN

I'm not doing this now. You let yourself down. Not me.

Danny and Will hear the tension -- these two have a past.

CAM

It's not about... I... I need you to walk me through a procedure. A GSW to the abdomen.

COLIN

You're an EMT, *you can't do that.*

CAM

I have a situation.

COLIN

What situation?

CAM

We're being held hostage.

Colin looks up at a TV over the reception desk. Everyone is watching the ambulance chase. He realizes --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLIN  
You're in the ambulance.

CAM  
Please help me.

COLIN  
Alright, okay --  
(starting to panic)  
-- let me think --

Colin signals for a nurse to come over. Danny senses the pause and takes the cell.

COLIN (CONT'D)  
(covering the phone)  
I need you to call --

DANNY  
Colin.

The young doctor freezes. Danny's voice can do that.

COLIN  
Yes? Who is this?

DANNY  
I'm the man who's going to kill Cam  
if you don't help her right now.

COLIN  
No-no-no. Don't hurt her. I'll  
help.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Dzaghig brings up live footage of the chase.

DZAGHIG  
This is our chopper.

She zooms in on the ambulance, the windshield. Will isn't quite visible.

MONROE  
No ID on the driver?

DZAGHIG  
Not yet, facial recognition can't  
handle that glare.

MONROE  
Keep at it.  
(back to Anson)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONROE (CONT'D)

You went to college with Danny Sharp?

ANSON

I was getting a doctorate in criminology at Maryland.

MONROE

And what -- he taught a class in bank robbery?

ANSON

He was *in* the program.

MONROE

Don't tell me. He was there to study us?

ANSON

His dad's idea. He made it two semesters. Took every class he could. Then one night after sharing "bad father" stories over a bottle of Chardonnay -- he disappeared.

DZAGHIG

Chardonnay?

ANSON

I'm gay.

Everyone in the MCU reacts. It's awkward, then --

DZAGHIG

Oh. Cool.

MONROE

Sure, this is LA. We all love Chardonnay. What happened next?

ANSON

He robbed thirty-seven banks in ten years, made our top ten.

MONROE

(a beat)

That's good.

ANSON

How is that good?

MONROE

(grabbing a radio)

He'll talk to you.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam's phone rests on the stretcher, freeing up her hands to clean the entire area down with alcohol. Danny watches.

COLIN (OVER THE PHONE)  
Hit every surface with alcohol.

WILL (FROM THE CAB)  
Danny.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Will watches Cam in the mirror. Danny moves up to the front.

WILL  
I've done this before. I can help  
her. Switch out with me.

DANNY  
Okay.

Will slides out of the driver's seat. Danny replaces him.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Will --  
(quiet)  
She's the hostage. Don't forget  
that.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Will takes the seat at Zach's head. Cleans his hands. Puts on gloves. Cam takes out two particle masks.

CAM  
You have EMT experience?

WILL  
Combat triage. I can follow orders.

CAM  
(thrown)  
You're a soldier?

He quickly nods.

COLIN (OVER THE PHONE)  
Cam! You still there?

CAM  
I'm here.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI, CONFERENCE ROOM - INTERCUT

**Super: 4:12 PM. West Hollywood.**

Colin enters and finds THREE DOCTORS (FUJIMA, REYNOLDS, BAER) sitting around a table. Baer stands at a whiteboard, running a meeting. Colin takes the pen right out of his hand.

DR. BAER

What the --

COLIN

Excuse me.

FUJIMA

Colin?

Colin writes on the board. **HOSTAGE IN AMBULANCE. COP SHOT.**  
The doctors react. Fujima goes to the room's phone.

COLIN

Okay, Cam. Tell me what you see.

CAM

Patient is male, late twenties,  
entry wound is seven inches under  
the left lateral rib cage. He was  
also hit in the leg but I sealed  
off the bleeding. The abdominal  
wound is the problem. It penetrated  
the vest. I missed it. There's  
internal bleeding, it's everywhere.

COLIN

What supplies do you have?

CAM

Enough to cut him open, fill him  
with gauze, and tape him up.

Colin looks at the older doctors. Baer nods.

BAER

(quietly)

She has to open him up.

COLIN

Cam... get the scalpel.

Cam points to a kit. Will grabs the **SURGICAL BLADE.**

COLIN (CONT'D)

And you need to slow down. You  
can't do this at sixty miles an  
hour.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Will leans back to see Danny.

WILL  
Take us down to forty.

COLIN  
We're going to start cutting two  
inches below the wound.

Cam presses the scalpel to Zach's belly. Will gets ready.

CAM  
Squeamish?

He shakes his head and SHE STARTS CUTTING.

INT. MARK'S CRUISER

Mark watches the ambulance drop down to forty.

MARK  
What the hell?

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny watches the speed. He notices something -- COPS in dark blue fatigues along the edge of the freeway. Watching them with binoculars. They're SWAT. *But what are they doing?*

ANSON (OVER THE RADIO)  
Danny? Danny, are you there?

The voice interrupts Danny's train of thought. He recognizes it and picks up the radio.

DANNY  
Special Agent. Did they finally put  
you in charge of Bank Division?

ANSON (OVER THE RADIO)  
They did.

DANNY  
Congratulations. You deserve it.  
You're probably wondering why we  
slowed down.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT - INTERCUT

Anson holds a headset to his ear. Every other cop including Monroe listens in on their own.

ANSON  
It crossed our minds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Our EMT is working on the cop.

ANSON

Let us have Zach, Danny. He's shot.  
We can save him and you'll still  
have one hostage.

DANNY

I give you the cop and we're dead.  
You know that. Don't worry, she has  
it under control.

Anson waves to Dzaghig. She hands over CAM'S EMPLOYEE FILE.

ANSON

She's not a doctor.  
(reading her name)  
Camille can't do this.

DANNY

It's Cam.

ANSON

What?

DANNY

She prefers Cam. And I wouldn't bet  
against her.  
(wrapping up)  
Nice chatting, Anson. I gotta go.

ANSON

Wait. We have to talk.

DANNY

No, we don't. I'm not telling you  
how I feel or whatever sad shitty  
life story you expect. I'm a bank  
robber, I steal money. You're a  
cop, you try to stop me.

ANSON

Who's the other man? The driver?  
Can you control him?

DANNY

Don't worry about him. **Worry about  
me.**

Danny clicks off the radio. He glances up at the mirror  
again, sees Cam's operation in progress. He winces at the  
sight as we CUT TO --

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

-- **ZACH'S OPEN ABDOMEN.** *Whoa.* We are looking right into the young cop's side! Cam has cut a six inch section, revealing muscle and blood and viscera. Will keeps it open, holding either side of the butterfly cut. Cam shines her flashlight into the wound. Colin's still on the phone:

COLIN (OVER THE PHONE)  
You find it?

CAM  
I've irrigated the cavity and --  
got it -- the bullet is pressed  
into the spleen. That's where the  
blood is coming from.

COLIN (OVER THE PHONE)  
Can you take a picture of it? Use  
the flash.

Cam checks with Will. He nods. She aims her iPhone and takes a photo.

CAM  
I'm texting it now.

She takes a breath. Wipes the sweat from her eyes.

WILL  
You're doing great.

CAM  
Thanks.

For the moment, they're on the same team.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI, CONFERENCE ROOM - INTERCUT

Colin checks his phone. The other doctors look over his shoulder at Cam's photo.

FUJIMA  
(quietly)  
Nice cut. She's got good hands.

CAM (OVER THE PHONE)  
Colin. What do you think? Do I  
remove the bullet, then staunch it  
with gauze?

COLIN  
If you go for it and the spleen  
bursts he's dead in sixty seconds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAM (OVER THE PHONE)  
I have to do something.

The young doctor looks to his bosses. Dr. Baer checks the others then quietly whispers --

BAER  
What other chance does he have?

COLIN  
Cam. Go for the bullet.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe and Anson watch the monitors. Dzaghig gets a call.

DZAGHIG  
(to Monroe)  
Sir, a surgeon at Cedars is on the phone with the EMT, he's walking her through an operation to remove the bullet.

MONROE  
What?

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam grabs a pair of FORCEPS, then to Danny --

CAM  
You have to slow down! Ten miles an hour. There can't be any movement.

DANNY  
That's too slow.

WILL  
(quiet, to Cam)  
How about twenty?

She's good with twenty. Will leans back to see Danny.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Bring it down to twenty.

DANNY  
I'm not --

WILL  
**Do it, Danny!**

Danny shakes his head and slows the ambulance to twenty miles per hour.

INT. CEDARS-SINAI, CONFERENCE ROOM

Colin and the others wait. He hits mute, realizing --

COLIN  
She's going to lose him, isn't she?

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT - INTERCUT

Cam's anxious, she knows the odds are against her.

CAM  
I'm gonna lose him.

Will waits for her to go for the bullet. Her nerves are getting the best of her.

WILL  
Hey. You got this. Save him.

Cam leans in with the forceps and enters the wound. WE FOLLOW these metal prongs in MACRO FOCUS as they move past bloody gray, pink, and brown masses. They reach the BULLET pressed into Zach's SPLEEN. Hesitantly, in frightful detail, they GRIP the metal round.

CAM  
Okay, I'm there. Taking it out.  
Now.

She PULLS THE BULLET OUT. There's a second with no reaction, then --

The SPLEEN RUPTURES. BLOOD GUSHES OUT!

CAM (CONT'D)  
Fuck! It burst.

COLIN (OVER THE PHONE)  
You gotta clamp it.

CAM  
(looking around)  
I don't... I don't have a clamp!

Her hands rip through all her gear. Grabbing anything. Whack! She KNOCKS THE PHONE off the stretcher. It hits the floor, ENDING THE CALL.

Colin and the doctors hear the line go dead.

COLIN  
CAM! CAM!

She's gone.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam searches for the phone.

CAM

Where is it? I can't --

Will grabs her hand. They share a look.

WILL

You can. Breathe, focus --

She closes her eyes for a split second, then --

WILL (CONT'D)

(his voice calm)

-- think it through.

-- she opens them and looks right past Will. She targets the clipboard on the rack behind him and the PLASTIC CLAMP holding all her paperwork together.

CAM

There!

Will grabs the PLASTIC CLAMP. Papers go everywhere. He douses it with alcohol.

WILL

Go!

CAM

This is crazy.

WILL

We're doing crazy today.

She leans in and we ZOOM BACK into the wound as Cam pushes THE CLAMP AROUND THE SPLEEN AND -- SNAP! -- CUTS OFF THE BLEEDING. We wait --

-- it holds, it holds, and it *still holds!*

CAM

It stopped.

WILL

It worked?

CAM

I think it did.

He smiles. She smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL  
Nice work, *Doctor*.

It's a weird moment, why is she smiling at him? She catches herself --

CAM  
Okay, let's tape him up.

Cam reaches for her kit. Will notices her cell on the floor. He picks it up and slips it in his pocket. She doesn't notice.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe, Anson, and all the other cops lean over a speaker.

MONROE  
Doctor Waters, what happened?

INT. CEDARS-SINAI, CONFERENCE ROOM - INTERCUT

An ashen Colin listens to Monroe.

COLIN  
We were cut off as Officer Parker's spleen was rupturing. There was confusion, yelling. Cam tried to stop it but -- um --

MONROE  
Is our man alive?

COLIN  
I -- even the best doctor couldn't save him. Not in that situation. I'm sorry.

Monroe ends the call. Anson leans over, whispers in his ear:

ANSON  
It doesn't change anything. You've still got a hostage in there.

The Captain scans the MCU. His fellow cops stare at the phone. One of their own is dead.

MONROE  
Anson, you couldn't be more wrong.

DZAGHIG  
Sir, executive line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONROE  
(picking up another phone)  
Chief. He's dead.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny takes out his SATELLITE PHONE again. Types in a number. It rings and rings. He grows anxious. A VOICE picks up.

VOICE  
What is it?

DANNY  
It's me.

There are machine noises behind the other man's voice.

INT. WAREHOUSE CHOP SHOP - INTERCUT

This place is huge, a factory-sized chop shop. ROBERTO -- the man who delivered the Express Courier truck to Danny -- walks between carved apart vehicles.

ROBERTO  
It's not a good time, Danny.

Danny lowers his voice. Not wanting Will to hear.

DANNY  
What you're building for the Zetas,  
I want it.

Mentioning the Zetas sends a wave of cortisol through Roberto's veins, making him anxious, edgy --

ROBERTO  
How do you know about *them*?

DANNY  
Our dads did a lot of work  
together. Can I make an offer?

Roberto glances over at giant floor-to-ceiling PLASTIC CURTAINS. MECHANICS work on something BIG behind them. Something you build in secret.

ROBERTO  
What kind of trouble are you in?

DANNY  
Let me talk to Papi.

ROBERTO  
I'll call you back.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Will passes Cam a roll of tape. She reaches under Zach and carefully closes the wound.

WILL

So. Tell me. Why aren't you a doctor?

CAM

Long story.

WILL

What happened?

(she shakes her head)

C'mon, I have a gun. You have to tell me.

Cam kinda smiles at that --

CAM

Made it to my third year of med school. It's your residency year. You see everything -- from obstetrics to oncology. It's also a killer. You're slave labor. Working eighteen hours. Barely sleeping.

WILL

Sounds rough.

CAM

I loved it. Every minute. Best was the ER, going from one crisis to another. I took on extra shifts. Whatever they could give me, I was sleeping three hours a night.

(a beat)

I got addicted to Speed after two months. It was the best time of my life. Till I blew a drug test and they kicked me out.

(darkening)

Now I'm here.

She turns back to Zach. He doesn't know what to say. Finally, he goes with --

WILL

Sorry.

Cam doesn't react. He reaches out, touches her shoulder. Should he say this? Fuck it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL (CONT'D)  
(under his breath)  
I'm gonna get you out of this.

CAM  
(a beat, thrown)  
Don't think you're supposed to say  
that to your hostage.

WILL  
I know. Just... trust me.

EXT. WESTBOUND 10 FREEWAY

They pass Culver City. Century City appears in the distance  
on the north side of the freeway.

INT. SKYFOX 1

Pete's eyes are on the other choppers nearby as Kathy reports  
on the situation below.

KATHY  
That's right, Phil. CHP has cut off  
access to the entire 10 Freeway.

Norris signals to her.

NORRIS  
They're cutting to the hostage  
negotiator. Take a drink.

Kathy swigs a bottle of water. She sees the other choppers.

KATHY  
Getting crowded?

Pete sweats the controls, too busy to talk. A new message  
comes in over Norris's headset.

NORRIS  
Copy that.  
(to Kathy)  
Network is breaking into the  
coverage. We're about to go  
national.

PETE  
(a quick grin)  
Get ready for your close-up.

Kathy smiles nervously.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

**Super: 4:30 PM. (7:30 EST) New York City.**

Through the window is the set for the NBC NIGHTLY NEWS. A PRODUCER runs in, taps the DIRECTOR on the shoulder.

PRODUCER  
We're breaking in. Hostage  
situation in LA.

DIRECTOR  
I need sixty seconds.

Through the glass, BRIAN WILLIAMS (54) walks to his studio desk. His hair perfect, his face chiseled.

BRIAN WILLIAMS  
Why are we covering a local hostage  
situation?

PRODUCER  
They just shut down a whole  
freeway.

BRIAN WILLIAMS  
Which one?

PRODUCER  
Interstate 10.

BRIAN WILLIAMS  
The 10. They put "the" before the  
freeways out there.

PRODUCER  
You ready?

Brian nods, sits at the desk. The lights change.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE  
3, 2, 1 --

BRIAN WILLIAMS  
This is Brian Williams from New  
York. We're coming to you live with  
footage from Los Angeles where a  
police chase has turned into a rush  
hour crisis. We now go to Kathy  
King of our Los Angeles affiliate.  
Kathy, what do you have for us?

INT. SKYFOX 1

Kathy looks sternly at the camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

Brian. We are currently hovering  
1,200 feet over two bank robbers  
who have not only seized  
hostages... but an entire city.

She nails it.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam is done with the tape, Will cuts off the last section.  
The computer chirps approvingly -- Zach's readings are good.

CAM

We bought some time.

DANNY (FROM THE CAB)

Will, get up here.

Will climbs into --

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

-- the passenger seat. Danny points out the SWAT OFFICERS  
alongside the freeway. Aiming BINOCULARS at them.

WILL

How many have you seen?

DANNY

Every half mile.

Will's expression darkens.

WILL

They're spotters.

Danny reacts -- that's bad news.

CAM

What? What does that mean?

WILL

*Snipers.*

EXT. OVERLAND OVERPASS

There's no traffic on the freeway below. CHP vehicles block  
the ramps. A BLACK VAN pulls up with "SWAT" on the side. FOUR  
MEN in fatigues get out. They carry LONG BAGS.

In a QUICK SUCCESSION OF SHOTS: they unzip the bags, removing  
three long sniper rifles (REMINGTON 700Ps) and one large .50  
caliber beast (a BARRETT M82.) In seconds, they're lying on  
the curb with their guns aimed out at the freeway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAD SNIPER  
(into his radio)  
This is Overland. We're set.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Anson can't believe what's happening.

ANSON  
Tell me you're not doing this.

MONROE  
They're both in front. The sniper  
team can take them out at the same  
time.

ANSON  
Wait, let's think this --

MONROE  
You can rob a bank, Anson, steal an  
ambulance, take a hostage, you can  
even shut down an entire freeway.  
But nobody kills a cop.

ANSON  
The EMT's still alive in there.  
It's a *moving* ambulance.

---

Monroe grabs his headset. Into it:

MONROE  
What about the hostage?

EXT. OVERLAND OVERPASS - INTERCUT

LIEUTENANT DYLE (late 40s) of SWAT takes a knee next to his  
snipers.

LIEUTENANT DYLE  
She's in the back, Captain. We hit  
the targets, then stop the  
ambulance with a .50 cal round to  
the engine block. She'll make it.  
I've got three SEALs and a Ranger  
up here. We won't miss.

MONROE  
Give me the odds.

LIEUTENANT DYLE  
Eighty percent.

Anson shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANSON  
We should wait.

MONROE  
How long to Overland?

DZAGHIG  
Four minutes.

MONROE  
They won't talk to me, they won't negotiate. Tell me what else I can do?

INT. SKYFOX 1/INT. NBC STUDIO - INTERCUT

Norris zooms in on the ambulance, then whip pans to the area.

KATHY  
(reporting)  
Brian, the next major set of neighborhoods will be Cheviot Hills and Century City.

BRIAN WILLIAMS  
And the LAPD has jurisdiction over both?

KATHY  
That's correct. Though Santa Monica and Beverly Hills have their own police departments.

BRIAN WILLIAMS  
How do the various departments handle this?

KATHY  
They coordinate with command and control usually given to the LAPD.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe shakes his head, pissed.

MONROE  
What? *Fuck Beverly Hills!*

DZAGHIG  
They don't want to shut down Robertson that far north. And Santa Monica Police are saying they won't let the ambulance exit after Cloverfield.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONROE

Inform both of them it won't get that far. And if they give you any more shit, remind them that their officers can't afford to live in Santa Monica or Beverly Hills. *They live in LA.*

DZAGHIG

Copy that.

MONROE

First -- tell the sniper team we're a go.

(to Anson)

Chief wants this, so does the mayor and he's a Silver Lake liberal. We have to stop them.

Anson pores over ZACH'S FILE.

ANSON

I've got an idea.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny scans the freeway with Will. Where's the ambush?

WILL

They'll set up on an overpass.

(a beat)

Let me drive.

Danny climbs out and they switch places.

DANNY

No way the cops take a shot with one of their own in back.

WILL

Snipers aren't regular cops.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam keeps watch over Zach. His readings are stable.

BUZZZZ. The sound comes from the COP'S POCKET. Cam quickly reaches in and pulls out ZACH'S CELL. She checks the front, they didn't hear it. She answers --

ANSON (OVER THE PHONE)

Cam?

She breathes into the phone --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAM

Yeah.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT - INTERCUT

Anson is on the other end. Monroe next to him.

ANSON

Don't talk. Just listen. My name's  
Clark, I'm with the FBI. You need  
to get down under the stretcher.

EXT. OVERLAND OVERPASS

Lieutenant Dyle scans the freeway. The snipers crack fingers,  
stretch necks. Then they peer through their scopes and slow  
their breathing. Preparing to shoot someone.

LIEUTENANT DYLE

(to his men)

We're a minute out.

LEAD SNIPER

Copy that. Green is for go.

LIEUTENANT DYLE

(into his radio)

Captain Monroe, are we green?

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT - INTERCUT

Monroe checks Anson, who's still on the phone with Cam. The  
Fed gives a thumbs up.

MONROE

Green for go.

ANSON

(into his phone)

Cam, hold on to something.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT - INTERCUT

Cam's pressed up against the stretcher.

ANSON

Our snipers are going to stop the  
ambulance. This could be rough.

She looks at Zach lying prone.

CAM

What about Zach?

Anson reacts. *What did she say?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANSON  
He's alive?

CAM  
Yes.

EXT. WESTBOUND 10 FREEWAY

The ambulance passes the Robertson exit. The freeway bends toward --

EXT. OVERLAND OVERPASS

Dyle spots them. His team waits.

LIEUTENANT DYLE  
We have visual.

LEAD SNIPER  
Safeties are off. Are we still green?

LIEUTENANT DYLE  
You are green.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT - INTERCUT

Anson rushes to Monroe --

ANSON  
He's alive!

MONROE  
(into his headset)  
Dyle, wait! Our man's alive.

LIEUTENANT DYLE  
(looking through his binoculars)  
Sir, both targets are still in front. We won't get another chance!

Monroe hesitates.

ANSON  
Don't do it. He's exposed, lying on a stretcher.

LIEUTENANT DYLE  
We won't hit your man.

LEAD SNIPER  
Sir, are we green?

Dyle nods to his men. They line up their shots.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam still holds the phone, hiding from Danny.

ANSON (OVER THE PHONE)  
Stay down!

CAM  
I can't protect him.

ANSON (OVER THE PHONE)  
It's too late. Don't move.

Cam's eyes go to Zach on the stretcher. A vulnerable, easy target. So are Will and Danny. She can't stand by. Cam bolts forward --

CAM  
*Snipers!*

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Will takes his boot off the gas.

WILL  
Hold on.

He starts to SWERVE.

DANNY  
Where are they?

EXT. WESTBOUND 10 FREEWAY

The ambulance jerks back and forth. Almost to Overland.

EXT. OVERLAND OVERPASS

The snipers struggle to target the ambulance --

LEAD SNIPER  
He knows we're here. I can't fix  
the driver.

LIEUTENANT DYLE  
Take out the engine.

The BIG SNIPER RIFLE FIRES! BLAAAAM! BLAAAAM!

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

CONCRETE EXPLODES IN FRONT OF THEM. The sniper missed. Will grips the wheel. Sees the exit and --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL  
Here we go!

He spins the wheel and they're careening across lanes.

Wham! They hit a cruiser. It veers into another cop car. They collide and spin out as the ambulance escapes.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Everyone sees the ambulance get off.

MONROE  
Shit! Who fired?  
(into his radio)  
Hold your fire!

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam shields Zach with her body.

INT. MARK'S CRUISER

Mark hits his brakes, nearly missing the ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

And Will drives like an absolute maniac/genius.

EXT. OVERLAND EXIT

It's BLOCKED. Cars are backed up, stopped by police.

Will aims for the embankment. He hits the gas and races down the hill, through a fence. They make it to the street and take a hard left.

EXT. OVERLAND

It's packed with GOURMET FOOD TRUCKS that have set up shop, feeding all the stranded drivers. Westsiders stand in shock as Will hits the siren and blows over a sidewalk.

EXT. OVERLAND OVERPASS

Dyle can't believe it -- they missed. The snipers shake their heads as the ambulance escapes.

LEAD SNIPER  
Driver's a veteran. Iraq or  
Afghanistan.

INT. AMBULANCE/EXT. OVERLAND AVENUE

Will ignores an intersection, zooming through red lights.  
Past NEWS TRUCKS. He goes under the overpass.

DANNY

Go east, get back on the 10.

Behind him, POLICE CRUISERS SMASH TOGETHER while WESTSIDERS  
HOLD UP CAMERAS, FILMING EVERYTHING.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Will's almost back to the freeway. He drives for the on-ramp  
going east.

INT. MARK'S CRUISER

He weaves through the sea of black & whites.

MARK

Move! Get out of the way!

He sees the ambulance heading for the eastbound ramp.

MARK (CONT'D)

(into his radio)

He's pulling a U. He's going east.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe yells into his radio.

MONROE

Get off! Turn us around.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB/EXT. EASTBOUND 10 FREEWAY

Will takes them back up onto the 10. He checks his mirror --

-- Mark's cruiser is right behind them. Then ten more cop  
cars. Across the center divider, the Mobile Command Unit  
lurches for the exit.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe and his team stare up at the digital maps.

MONROE

Shit! Where's he going?

Anson peers at the web of Downtown freeways in front of them --  
the 10 meets the 110, 5, and 60 and the 710 beyond it. It's  
a mess of options.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANSON  
Anywhere he wants.

Dzaghig holds up her hand. Hits a speaker button.

DZAGHIG  
*Sir, it's him.*

DANNY'S VOICE  
(over the speaker)  
**Where's Monroe?**

Everyone reacts, the bank robber sounds furious.

MONROE  
(grabbing his headset)  
I'm here.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB/PATIENT COMPARTMENT - INTERCUT

Danny grips the radio. We haven't seen him like this. His cool stripped away. Will looks concerned.

DANNY  
You're supposed to save the hostages, right? You want them to live. Or did I get that wrong?

MONROE  
We want everyone to live.

DANNY  
*Then why are you shooting at us?*

WILL  
Danny. Take a breath, man.

MONROE  
It was a mistake.

DANNY  
A mistake? Bullshit! You don't believe I'll hurt them, do you?  
(a beat)  
Did Anson tell you about my father?

WILL  
What are you doing?

DANNY  
(into the radio)  
Did he tell you what my father would have done?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (CONT'D)  
He would have killed both your cops  
at the bank and the EMTs. He was  
charming like that.

MONROE  
Danny, calm down. I know how  
dangerous you are.

Danny moves toward Cam in the back. Quietly, he says:

DANNY  
Don't move.

She's confused, anxious. Then it gets worse. Danny PUTS A GUN  
TO HER HEAD. He clicks the radio to talk:

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Tell them what I'm doing.

CAM  
He's pressing a gun to my head.

MONROE  
Wait, we can talk about this.

DANNY  
(to Cam)  
Tell them -- will I do it?

Cam's shaking again. Her eyes glisten. She's so afraid she  
can't speak. They've done this before. She can't do it again.  
He clicks the radio to talk.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Tell them.  
(she's too scared)  
Tell. Them.

After a second, we realize this isn't only fear.

CAM  
**No.**

Danny sees it, too. It's anger. Cam's pissed.

CAM (CONT'D)  
I saved you, I saved both of you.

DANNY  
This isn't a bluff -- I'll do it.  
(clicking the radio on)  
Tell them.

CAM  
**You need me.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY

You're just an EMT. You're not important.

CAM

(re: Zach)

But he is. And I'm keeping him alive. No, you're not bluffing.

(into the radio)

*You're full of shit!*

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT - INTERCUT

Everyone stands in silence, listening in on this argument.

MONROE

Is that the hostage berating the hostage-taker?

ANSON

That's the gist of it.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT - INTERCUT

Danny's sweating. This is all on him. Will he do it? He's inches from Cam.

DANNY

They heard that.

(a beat)

You shouldn't have done that.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB - INTERCUT

Will watches this in the mirror, one eye on the road --

WILL

Put it down, Danny.

DANNY

They have to know we'll hurt her.

He puts the gun back to her head. Thinking...

WILL

Danny! Put it down, man.

Danny lowers it to HER ARM. HER STOMACH. Then HER LEG. Cam's shaking, terrified. **She knows he's going to hurt her.**

WILL (CONT'D)

Don't do that!

DANNY

They have to know!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny clicks the radio on, then SQUEEZES the trigger as Cam desperately looks for help.

CAM

*Will!*

WHOOMP! Will slams on the brakes. BLAM! Danny fires into the wall, missing Cam. He hits the deck and slides into the cab. Smacks into the dash. He looks up.

Will leans over and WHAM! He PUNCHES his brother in the face.

INT. MARK'S CRUISER

Marks swerves right, almost rear-ending the ambulance.

MARK

(into his radio)  
Something happened!

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe hears Mark and yells to his people --

MONROE

Did he shoot her? Get him back!

Anson runs over to Dzaghigh --

ANSON

What was that? The name.

DZAGHIGH

Will. She said Will.

The FBI agent rifles through his case files. Then to Monroe --

ANSON

Let me talk to him!

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny opens his eyes, leaning against the dash. He's bleary. His face on fire, his mouth bloody. Will's holding his gun, watching him like a hawk.

DANNY

You fucked up. Nothing's gonna stop them now.

WILL

What did you tell me? We're not hurting her. Do you remember that?

The radio interrupts --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANSON (OVER THE RADIO)  
This is Anson Clark of the FBI.  
Please respond.

It's on the floor. Cam picks it up, gives it to Will.

ANSON (OVER THE RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Danny, are you there?

DANNY  
(to Will)  
You're in charge now, little  
brother. What are you gonna do?

Will clicks the radio on --

WILL  
Stay back.

ANSON (OVER THE RADIO)  
Who is this?

WILL  
Stay back and no one gets hurt.

ANSON (OVER THE RADIO)  
What happened? Put Cam on.

WILL  
She's fine. Just give us some room.

ANSON (OVER THE RADIO)  
You know I can't do that. Ask your  
brother, Will. He'll tell you the  
same thing.

Will takes a breath. *They know.* Danny shakes his head.

ANSON (OVER THE RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Our snipers say you were trained in  
tactical maneuvers. Stuff you only  
learn in a war zone. You served in  
Iraq and Afghanistan?

WILL  
Yeah.

ANSON (OVER THE RADIO)  
I'm looking at your file, Will.  
This isn't you. I don't know what  
happened, but you don't belong in  
there.

Danny and Will share a look --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY  
Thirty years.

ANSON (OVER THE RADIO)  
Stop the ambulance. Talk to me.

DANNY  
Take a hostage and it's thirty  
years.

ANSON (OVER THE RADIO)  
We can sort this out.

DANNY  
You'll never hold Kip again.

WILL  
(into the radio)  
We don't stop. Now... stay back.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT - INTERCUT

Monroe leans toward Anson --

MONROE  
Give him a way out.

The big cop points at the map, draws his hand down the 10.

ANSON  
(into the radio)  
Stay on the 10, head east. We won't  
stop you.

Will checks Danny. His brother nods.

WILL  
Understood. We'll stay on the 10.

EXT. EASTBOUND 10 FREEWAY

The ambulance heads for Downtown.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny climbs up into the passenger seat. Will watches the  
road. They sit in silence. Cam checks Zach in back.

DANNY  
(quiet)  
I've got a plan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL  
(re: Cam)  
What about her? Hurting her part of  
the plan?

Danny looks away, pissed.

WILL (CONT'D)  
L.T. woulda been proud.

DANNY  
(fast, angry)  
Don't tell me that, I knew dad was  
a rabid dog. I was there, I saw it.  
And sometimes you gotta put that  
dog down. *But I'm not him!*  
(easing up, realizing)  
I'm starting to sound like him.

WILL  
Little bit.

DANNY  
Maybe you're right, Will, maybe I  
got a piece of him in me. But you  
gotta know something -- I can still  
get us home.

---

WILL  
Tell me Cam's safe.

DANNY  
She's safe. But if you don't trust  
me, if we're not together in this,  
we're done. No Amy, no Kip. We are  
done right now.

Danny's SATELLITE PHONE on the dash starts ringing. Will  
takes it.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
They won't talk to you.

WILL  
*Who is it?*

DANNY  
Our way out.

A beat. Then Will hands over the phone. Danny answers it:

DANNY (CONT'D)  
I'm here.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOME, PATIO

**Super: 5:05 PM. Boyle Heights.**

The house's classic style doesn't fit with the surrounding barrio. It's a hundred years old with a SWEEPING VIEW from the top of the hills south of the 10. In the distance, helicopters slowly progress eastward following the ambulance.

ROBERTO (O.S.)

Papi?

A BALD MAN watches them. He leans back in his chair, his tat covered arms are muscled and taught. This is HECTOR GUTIERREZ (50s). He's built like a linebacker but his manner is quiet, calculating. A TV nearby plays the news.

HECTOR

Estoy aquí.

His WIFE cooks in the kitchen behind him. A few GRANDCHILDREN play with toys. His son, ROBERTO, joins him on the patio. He holds a phone.

ROBERTO

Danny Sharp.

Hector takes the phone, happy to hear that name.

HECTOR

Danny! You're interrupting a very exciting police chase.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB - INTERCUT

Will pushes into the emergency lane. Danny watches.

DANNY

I am the police chase.

HECTOR

What's that?

DANNY

I'm in the ambulance, Hector. My team hit the bank. It was us.

HECTOR

Jesus, why are you calling me?

DANNY

I need your help --

HECTOR

Danny. Son. You're on your own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

I've got sixteen million. In the van. Right now. Throw me a life-line and I'll give you half.

The number gives Hector pause --

DANNY (CONT'D)

I know about the Zetas, Papi. I know about the money you owe them. I also know what they did to Tomás. Save my ass and you can buy them out tonight.

(a beat)

You still there?

HECTOR

Yeah.

DANNY

The cartels will never let you go. You'll never steal enough cars. Roberto, Sella, the kids, they own all of you. Even after you're gone they will make your family work. This money can save them.

Hector stands, looks back at his kitchen and his wife and the young kids playing with their toys.

DANNY (CONT'D)

We got a deal?

HECTOR

(a long beat)

What's the plan?

Will looks askance at his brother.

WILL

What are you doing?

DANNY

Get us to Boyle Heights.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam listens in on the brothers. She slips Zach's cell out of her pocket. Then starts to text.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Anson's phone buzzes. He reads her text:

**BOYLE HEIGHTS.**

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny's still talking to Hector --

DANNY  
(into the phone)  
Hold on. I need a map.

Danny checks the ambulance, there's a THOMAS GUIDE on the wall behind Cam.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Is he stable?

CAM  
Yeah.

She slips Zach's cell back into her pocket.

DANNY  
Come up here.  
(into his phone)  
Hector -- you have a spot?

Cam moves to the front. Danny goes back and takes the Thomas Guide out of the rack and starts going through it.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe, Anson, and Dzaghig stare at multiple GOOGLE MAPS.

DZAGHIG  
For Boyle Heights, they'll use the  
60 and probably get off here --  
Soto.

WILL  
It's got a single lane exit into a  
blind curve.

MONROE  
Set our block there. Ten cars with  
SWAT as backup. Then we negotiate.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny plans quietly on his sat phone in back. The monitors beep, Zach is doing okay. Will drives, his gun resting on his lap. Cam is next to him. Her eyes fall on the gun.

CAM  
You were a soldier?

WILL  
A Marine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cam checks on Danny. He's focused on his call, not paying attention to her. She wants to talk to Will, but his eyes are on the freeway and the cops behind them.

CAM

Do you --

A phone RINGS. We haven't heard this one before. Will reaches into his pocket and takes out his wife's OLD FLIP PHONE.

CAM (CONT'D)

Who is it?

WILL

(it's Amy)

My wife.

The phone's heavy in his hand --

CAM

She must be worried.

Will has to do this. He picks up.

WILL

Hey.

AMY (OVER THE PHONE)

Will, where are you?

Will relaxes. She doesn't know.

INT. WILL AND AMY'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT

Amy dances around with a crying Kip in her arms.

WILL

The interview went long. Sorry.

AMY

How'd it go?

WILL

I think they liked me.

AMY

Good, good.

WILL

How are you?

AMY

Ugh, the baby is going crazy.  
Neighbors have the news on. It's  
loud. When you gonna be home?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY (CONT'D)

Could really use your help tonight.  
I'm fading.

WILL

You need sleep, I'm on my way.

AMY

Okay -- I gotta go, your son is  
acting like a real asshole.

WILL

(smiling)

I know where he gets it.

AMY

Please, you're the best. Love you,  
babe.

WILL

Love you, too.

And she's gone. Cam observes Will. He can't hide the regret.

CAM

Why does she need sleep?

WILL

(flat)

She's on a new course of chemo.

CAM

What is it?

WILL

Leukemia.

CAM

That's why you robbed the bank?

WILL

Cancer's expensive. And Danny had a  
job.

Will's hands tense on the wheel, his knuckles white.

WILL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna lose her.

CAM

She can beat it.

WILL

(darkening)

Even if she does... she's leaving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAM

Don't do that. Give her a chance to  
forgive you. You don't know what  
she'll do. I mean --

(a beat)

Did you think she'd fall for you in  
the first place?

WILL

Never.

CAM

There you go.

Will relaxes just a tick. They drive in silence.

WILL

Okay, Cam. What about you? You  
always saving people with paper  
clips and standing up to bank  
robbers?

CAM

Just an EMT. We care about people  
in twenty minute intervals. Keep  
'em alive and then forget 'em.  
That's the rule.

WILL

No exceptions?

Cam makes sure Danny's not listening. Then --

CAM

He's using you, you know that?

Will gives her a look -- what?

CAM (CONT'D)

Your brother. You need help and he  
tells you to rob a bank, to take  
hostages. He's using you.

Her eyes dart back to Danny, who's still on the phone. She  
only has a few seconds to convince Will.

CAM (CONT'D)

Stop him. Stop all of this. Before  
more people get hurt.

Will stares ahead, thinking. But what exactly?

CAM (CONT'D)

I could tell them Danny forced you--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WILL  
(suddenly cold)  
*Don't.* Don't do that. He's my  
brother.

Danny hangs up the phone --

DANNY  
What's happening?

Cam leans back. *Did she go too far?*

WILL  
Nothing. What's the plan?

DANNY  
Still coming together.

EXT. EAST 4TH STREET, BOYLE HEIGHTS

Hector and Roberto cross the street, heading toward a CLOSED BAKERY. Doors open for them, ARMED GUARDS wait inside.

INT. BAKERY

It hides a giant WAREHOUSE-SIZED CHOP SHOP. Plastic tents hide large trucks with pieces missing. Mechanics cut out what they need. Engines hang in the air on pulleys. Hector stops before a large TARPED-OVER VEHICLE. Tough-looking gangbangers notice his arrival.

ROBERTO  
We gonna do this, Papi?

Hector signals to a man who cuts the bindings off the tarp. It falls away but we stay on Hector's determined face. He regards this unseen vehicle.

HECTOR  
Bring everyone over.

EXT. EASTBOUND 10 FREEWAY

The ambulance and its caravan of cop cars head toward the 10-5-60 INTERCHANGE.

INT. SKYFOX 1

Kathy peers down at Monroe's "moveable feast" as she reports:

KATHY  
The ambulance is traveling east on the 10. At the moment, we're told the LAPD is not in contact with the hostage takers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Norris gives her a thumbs up --

NORRIS  
They're cutting to Chief Beck's  
press conference.

KATHY  
Thank God.

She takes a sip of water. Suddenly, the whole chopper shakes.

PETE  
Shit, we're drifting!

KATHY  
What the hell --

WHOOMF! ANOTHER CHOPPER ZOOMS OVERHEAD. ABC's AIR7 jockeys  
for position. Pete struggles with the controls.

PETE  
(yelling into his radio)  
Skip, you asshole!

INT. AIR7 - INTERCUT

Another NEWS TEAM and their pilot, SKIP TAYLOR (50s), glimpse  
SkyFox behind them.

SKIP  
(into his radio)  
You're in our lane, Pete.

PETE  
*Are you out of your mind? We've*  
been in this lane since 2:30!

SKIP  
It's not a competition -- safety  
first.

PETE  
You just put us in your propwash.

SKIP  
(grinning to his team)  
Safety first, Pete.

EXT. EASTBOUND 10 FREEWAY

The ambulance is at the interchange. There's Interstate 5 and  
Route 60. The ambulance edges over to the 5 and --

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe leans over Dzaghigh's shoulder.

MONROE

Watch 'em.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny glances back at the MCU, then to Will.

DANNY

Now.

Will pulls the wheel and --

EXT. INTERCHANGE

-- they head for the 60. The cop cars follow in unison.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe glances over at Anson --

MONROE

You're right. It's Boyle Heights.

EXT. THE 60 FREEWAY

The ambulance makes it way through the freeway spaghetti. The MCU and cruisers stay right behind it.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam presses herself up against the rear seat. She takes out Zach's phone and secretly types something --

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny sees the SOTO EXIT.

DANNY

Get off here!

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Dzaghigh screams over her radio --

DZAGHIGH

They're exiting.

EXT. SOTO OFF-RAMP

TEN LAPD CRUISERS block the end of the ramp. TWENTY COPS stand behind their cars with shotguns and AR-15 police rifles aimed.

INT. MARK'S CRUISER

He follows the ambulance through the interchange.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe turns to his team.

MONROE

Have SWAT and the hostage negotiator ready.

(to Anson)

Special Agent? Anything to add?

ANSON

No.

His phone buzzes, he looks down. Another text from Cam:  
**THEY'VE GOT HELP!** *What the hell does that mean?*

ANSON (CONT'D)

Captain!

---

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Will sees the line of cop cars in front of them. They're still a half-mile away.

WILL

It's blocked!

*How did they know?* Danny looks back at Cam, their eyes meet. He spins back to Will, his voice still confident --

DANNY

Keep going.

INT. SKYFOX 1

Kathy is back on the air, reporting. She sees the ambulance exiting toward Boyle Heights and the blockade.

KATHY

Brian. It looks like the LAPD has moved the ambulance off the freeway and into a position where they can finally --

(she stops)

Oh my God. Do you see that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Norris checks his monitor. Pete looks out the windshield.

NORRIS

Oh shit!

EXT. SOTO OFF-RAMP

The LINE OF COPS watch the ambulance approach. Then, it **starts** -- the RUMBLING. At first it's just a vibration, then the cars start to rattle. It's like an earthquake is moving toward them. The cops turn and freeze, seeing --

-- THE MONSTRUO. A tank designed for transporting drug dealers in Mexico. Black, inch-thick metal covers what used to be the cab of a dump truck. The wheels are gigantic. Gun ports line the sides of a central cabin and there's a hatch on top with a swivel-mounted .50 caliber machine gun.

It charges around the corner, heading straight for them. Cops dive out of the way as the giant metal beast chugs forward. Its nitro engine ROARS!

KA-BAM! The tank crashes through the line of cop cars. Spins out. Turns around. Backs up, crunching cars as it goes.

INT. MONSTRUO

Hector, strapped into the driver seat, checks his bullet-proof windshield. Then hits the gas. The whole thing vibrates. THREE MORE MEN are in the compartment behind him.

HECTOR

Do it!

His men jump up to the ports.

EXT. MONSTRUO

Gunfire explodes from the gun ports. One man pops into the top turret and grabs the .50 caliber. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! He starts shooting at the cops. Cars blow up, sending black smoke into the air.

INT. MARK'S CRUISER

He's heading right into this. He slams on his brakes.

MARK

Jesus!

He grabs his shotgun and jumps out into a war zone.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe looks at the cloud of smoke up ahead. He grabs his radio. All he hears is SCREAMING --

COP VOICES (OVER THE RADIO)  
*Help us!/Fucking tank!/We're on  
 fire!*

Anson checks the TVs. He sees the tank in front of them.

ANSON  
 It's a Monstruo. Armored transport  
 for the cartels.

DZAGHIG  
 In LA?

MONROE  
 (to Dzaghigh)  
 Get us more support. Now!

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Will punches it and they plow through the gaping hole in the line of police cars. The Monstruo wreaks havoc.

DANNY  
 Go! Go! Go!

Will darts between burning cars. He looks over at the Monstruo going the other way.

WILL  
 What is that?

Suddenly, a CHARGER races in front of them. Roberto at the wheel. He holds out his arm and accelerates.

DANNY  
 Forget it! Follow him.

Will races after the Charger through clouds of smoke.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam looks out the back at the battle behind them. The entire freeway is on fire. She can't believe it.

EXT. SOTO OFF-RAMP

The Monstruo's big .50 CALIBER GUN fires at the cop cars and MCU, then it raises up to the sky and -- **BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!**

EXT. SKY ABOVE

The choppers take emergency action.

INT. SKYFOX 1

Pete throws the controls forward. They head for the pavement.

KATHY

This is Kathy King in SkyFox 1. We  
are taking heavy fire. I repeat, we  
are taking heavy fire!

INT. AIR7

Skip Taylor pulls up as his REPORTER screams into his radio:

REPORTER

That's right, a tank has --

CRACK! Everything inside the chopper lights on fire as a  
round hits the control panel. Skip works the stick.

SKIP

Damnit! *It's dead.*

REPORTER

What?

Skip knows they're done. The chopper starts to tumble. The  
camera in back catches everything as the inside of the  
chopper flips upside down and the earth gets closer and the  
screams are just terrible --

REPORTER (CONT'D)

*Jesus Christ! Somebody help--*

EXT. 60 FREEWAY

BOOM! The chopper plows headlong into the freeway.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Monroe has the perfect vantage point.

MONROE

SWAT! GET SWAT!

ANSON

TOO LATE!

They all see the video of the Monstruo.

**IT'S DRIVING RIGHT AT THEM!**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Anson knocks Dzaghig out of her seat as --

EXT. SOTO OFF-RAMP

The Monstruo CRASHES through the CENTER OF THE COMMAND UNIT, cutting it in half in an explosion that blows out every window within a square mile.

INT. MONSTRUO

Hector is knocked around. His axel is shot. The engine smokes up the cabin. He yells to his crew.

HECTOR

Get out!

EXT. SOTO OFF-RAMP/BATTLE

Doors open on the Monstruo. Hector's men storm out, firing as they go.

ACROSS FROM THEM

Cops are now out of their cars and shooting back at the Monstruo. It's not LA anymore. We're in Damascus or Baghdad on a really bad day.

Mark is in front, firing his shotgun. BLAM! He takes out Hector's man in the turret.

INT./EXT. MOBILE COMMAND UNIT

Anson opens his eyes. He can see the blue sky above, and smoke, and then -- slowly -- he hears the CRACK of gunfire. Lots of it. He gets up, sees the OTHER COPS dealing with the same concussion he has. Then he turns and finds --

-- CAPTAIN MONROE on the pavement. His body is a bloody mess. His eyes are open. Dzaghig pounds on his chest. But she knows he's not alive.

Anson gets to his feet. He's going to help her. Then -- through the giant hole in the Command Unit -- he glimpses the Monstruo shrouded in smoke.

Anson draws his gun.

INT. MONSTRUO

The bullets hitting its metal sides make the place deafening. Hector climbs out of his seat, heads to the turret --

EXT. MONSTRUO/OFF-RAMP

He rises up into the turret and turns it on the cops. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! More explosions. More terror.

BEHIND HIM

Anson charges. His gun aimed.

Hector glimpses him. Spins the turret around, lining up his shot.

Anson fires first. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Hector's chest EXPLODES. He screams and falls back into --

INT. MONSTRUO

-- the cabin. He hits the metal floor. A CLOUD OF GAS envelops him. The gas line from the engine has been cut, nitromethane fills the compartment.

EXT. SOTO OFF-RAMP

The cops close in on -- firing everything they have.

INT. MONSTRUO

Hector's dying, the gas choking him to death. The last thing he sees are bullets sparking against metal and --

EXT. SOTO OFF-RAMP

KA-BOOM! THE MONSTRUO EXPLODES. FIRE SHOOT FROM THE PORTHOLES. COPS DIVE FOR COVER.

INT. SKYFOX 1

Pete levels the bird off.

NORRIS

They blew up the tank! They blew it up.

KATHY

Where's ABC?

Pete shakes his head. Kathy looks out the window at the 60. Black smoke rises up from the helicopter wreckage.

Norris hears something on his radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORRIS

Kathy?  
(she turn to him)  
We're still live.

INT. NBC NIGHTLY NEWS - INTERCUT

Brian Williams is in shock.

BRIAN WILLIAMS

Kathy, it's Brian. First, are you  
okay?

KATHY

Yes. Yes, I think so.  
(getting it together)  
Brian, as you can see, a tragedy  
has just occurred south of Downtown  
Los Angeles. There are injured on  
the ground, there are casualties.  
Including a few friends of ours.

BRIAN WILLIAMS

(leaning across his desk)  
Kathy, I'm sorry. We're looking at  
these same, terrifying images.  
But... I must ask a question.  
(a beat)  
Where's the ambulance?

INT. BAKERY/CHOP SHOP

*Roar!* The Charger and Ambulance burst into the bakery. Doors  
are closed, windows are covered. Roberto exits his car, walks  
through plastic doors and into --

INT. ROBERTO'S OFFICE

FOUR TVs show NEWS FOOTAGE from the Soto off-ramp. The ABC  
anchor is crying, everyone else looks shocked. They cut to  
footage of the BURNING MONSTRUO. Roberto closes his eyes. *His  
father is dead.*

INT. BAKERY/CHOP SHOP

The Ambulance waits in the middle of the warehouse.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Will and Danny look at the warehouse filled with HECTOR'S  
MEN. Now ROBERTO'S MEN.

WILL

Who are these guys?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Relax, they just saved our asses.

WILL

Great. Who's gonna save us from them?

Roberto walks toward the ambulance.

INT. BAKERY/CHOP SHOP

Will and Danny get out of the ambulance. They both hold their guns. Roberto is ashen. His men are grim. The room is cold.

ROBERTO

Papi's dead, Danny. Papi's dead.

DANNY

I'm sorry.

ROBERTO

My family lost a lot out there.

DANNY

Well, he wanted you to have this --

Danny goes to the back of the ambulance. Opens it. Cam is next to Zach. He reaches in and takes out one of the black backpacks filled with cash. He signals for Will to take the other one. They throw them over their shoulders.

DANNY (CONT'D)

(re: Will's)

This is yours. Eight million.

(re: his)

This is our half.

ROBERTO

Let's go to my office.

Danny goes. Will turns back to Cam.

WILL

Don't get out.

She nods. Scared out of her mind. Will leaves. Roberto's men stand guard, still jacked up on adrenalin.

EXT. SOTO OFF-RAMP/BATTLE AFTERMATH

Medics work on fallen cops. Smoke rises up from the MCU and the monstuo. Sirens and cries for help fill the air. Anson, his gun still at his side, pushes through the mess. He finds Dzaghigh leaning against a car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANSON  
I need you.

DZAGHIG  
(in a daze)  
What?

ANSON  
Get me an open channel on the  
police band.

She leans into the patrol car, grabs a radio. Into it:

DZAGHIG  
This is Dzaghig. Access 4-2-8-0.  
Code 3, open channel.

She hands Anson the radio. He steadies himself and says --

ANSON  
All law enforcement, this is  
Special Agent Anson Clark of the  
FBI. The Bureau is taking control  
of this operation. All CHP,  
Sheriff, and LAPD units not at the  
Soto off-ramp are to cordon off  
Boyle Heights. Lock it down, no one  
in or out. We're still looking for  
an ambulance.

A black helicopter lands. It's FBI.

ANSON (CONT'D)  
(to Dzaghig)  
I still need you!

She grabs her gear. They run to the chopper and climb in as --

INT. FBI HELICOPTER

-- it lifts off, Anson surveys the neighborhood as Dzaghig  
announces into her radio --

DZAGHIG  
This is Mobile Command. We are now  
airborne.

ANSON  
Zach's phone is in the ambulance,  
see if you can use it to find them.

INT. ROBERTO'S OFFICE

Roberto sits behind his desk. Danny and Will stand with their  
guns at their sides.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERTO  
Take a load off.

WILL  
(firm)  
Think we'll stand.

DANNY  
(to his brother)  
Show him.

Will takes the backpack off, drops it onto the table in front of Roberto. His men unzip it and reach inside. They cut the plastic blocks open. **It's an incredible amount of cash.** Roberto sees his haul. A green balm for all he's lost.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam runs another IV line into Zach's arm. Gets blood flowing.

Sirens chirp outside. She tenses. The guards go to the window as a cop car sprints down the street. Cam turns back to Zach and --

-- HIS EYES ARE OPEN. He's looking at her, his mouth hidden under the oxygen mask. He reaches for it. She stops him --

ZACH  
... what happened?

CAM  
You were shot. The bank robbers  
took the ambulance.  
(he tenses)  
We're in, like, a warehouse.

INT. ROBERTO'S OFFICE

Will stands near Roberto's bank of TVs. He can't take his eyes from the NEWS COVERAGE. The destruction. The carnage. Jesus. He's responsible for that. Danny and Roberto ignore the screens, talking business --

DANNY  
Can you get us a car?

ROBERTO  
Of course. You can stay here for a  
few hours. Let the heat calm down.

Will turns from the TVs --

WILL  
What about the cop? He needs a  
doctor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERTO  
Cops just killed my father. We'll  
take care of him.  
(to one of his men)  
Get him out of there.

That's it -- Zach's a dead man.

WILL  
Wait --

The gangster shoots Will a dangerous look. *Wait?*

DANNY  
(jumping in)  
We don't give a shit about the cop.  
We'll take the money and the EMT.

Roberto shakes his head --

ROBERTO  
Danny, what is this? We don't do  
visitors. She stays, too.

They're going to kill Cam, too. Will can't believe it. He  
checks Danny, who shakes his head -- *don't say another word.*

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Zach mumbles. Cam leans in, what did he say?

ZACH  
*Gun.*

He grabs her wrist.

ZACH (CONT'D)  
Ankle holster.

Cam checks the guards, they're not watching. She pulls up  
Zach's pant leg. There it is --

-- a .32 SMITH AND WESSON. Six shots. It's been there all  
along.

ZACH (CONT'D)  
Give it to me.

CAM  
There are too many of them.

He starts to reach for it. Grimaces. She pushes him down.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Don't. You can't move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACH  
(weak, fading)  
*They're going to kill you.*

Zach's eyes flutter shut. Cam doesn't know what to do.

INT. ROBERTO'S OFFICE

One of Roberto's men comes in and whispers a report.

ROBERTO  
(to Danny and Will)  
LAPD's going building-to-building.  
We gotta move you.

WILL  
We're not leaving her.

ROBERTO  
Excuse me?

WILL  
Cam, the EMT.

DANNY  
Shut up, Will.

ROBERTO  
I told you. She stays.

WILL  
No, she's coming with us.

DANNY  
She fucked us.  
(off Will's confusion)  
How do you think they knew to block  
that off-ramp? She told them.

WILL  
You're wrong.

DANNY  
It had to be her!

WILL  
I'm not leaving her.

ROBERTO  
Yes, you are.

Roberto stares at Will, who holds his gaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY  
Look at me. Look at me!  
(Will glances at Danny)  
**Let's. Go. Home.**

Will shakes his head. He can't.

ROBERTO  
Fine. He stays, too.

It's another death sentence.

DANNY  
No, wait. He'll go.

*Click-click-click.* Suddenly Roberto's men are holding guns.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Everybody calm down! He didn't  
understand --

ROBERTO  
Our fathers taught us respect,  
Danny. They showed us the rules.  
Your partner here has no respect.

Will feels the gun in his hand.

DANNY  
Roberto, listen, I have to take  
him.

ROBERTO  
Why?

Danny hesitates. Roberto leans back.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)  
That's right. You do what I say.  
And I'm telling you to go. Now.

Will watches Danny. His brother holds a beat, then --

DANNY  
Yeah. Alright.

-- he goes to the door.

WILL  
Danny.

His brother doesn't listen. He leaves.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Danny!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY  
(at the door)  
This is your fault.

*Whoosh!* Will points his gun at his back. Danny stops.

WILL  
(desperate)  
Don't leave me.

Roberto's men raise their guns. He signals to them. *Wait.*

DANNY  
(turning back, furious)  
*Fuckin' soldier-boy.* You want to  
die for strangers? That's fine, be  
a soldier. Me? I'm walking.

WILL  
Cam was right about you. You used  
me.

DANNY  
I what? I... What does that mean? I  
gave you a chance to fix your  
fucked up life. I vouched for you,  
I risked everything.

WILL  
For a bank.

*Whoosh!* Danny points his gun at Will.

DANNY  
For you!

It's a long, terrible beat.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
He always said you weren't made for  
this, for the job.

We CUT BETWEEN BOTH BROTHERS, PUSHING IN ON THEM --

DANNY (CONT'D)  
He said you were soft. You were  
weak. He said I couldn't trust you.

We push in tighter and tighter, so close we can see the beads  
of sweat pooling on their eyelids and the mirco-fine veins in  
their corneas flaring red with hyper-tension.

WILL  
And you believed him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Another terrible beat. Because they're going to kill each other. We're certain of that. We hang on Danny, waiting --

DANNY

When you *left*.... when you told him  
to go to hell and just *left* --

Danny's eyes dart to his brother's left. Will realizes --

DANNY (CONT'D)

-- you were my fucking hero.

IT'S A SIGNAL!

ROBERTO

(realizing the same thing)

Shit! Kill --

THE BROTHERS OPEN FIRE!

Will swings left. *BURURURURURURURURUR!*

Danny goes the other way. *BURURURURURURURURUR!*

**They spray down the office. It's a compressed, efficient work of violence. Roberto drops to the floor. Shot in the head. His men fly through the air, their bodies torn apart.**

Five seconds later -- it's done. Roberto and his men are dead.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

The gunfire reverberates. Cam sees the guards rush from the door. She looks around, freaking out. Her eyes go back to Zach's ankle holster and THE GUN. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM. More gunfire. She makes up her mind and grabs it.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Danny and Will, back to back, exit Roberto's office firing their guns.

Guards rush from the ambulance, raising their --

*BURURURURURURU!* Danny takes them out. More GUNMEN come from the bakery

Will drops down into a crouch, unleashing his machine-gun, whipping out clips at lightning speed.

*BURURURURUR-click-switch-BURURURURUR-click-switch-BURURURURU!*

They race toward the ambulance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY  
Get the girl. I'll find a car.

Will comes around the back of the ambulance and sees CAM  
AIMING A GUN.

In a split second he realizes --

**BLAM!** SHE SHOOTS HIM IN THE CHEST.

Will falls. Cam, shaking, drops the gun.

CAM  
No!

Danny spins. His brother's on the ground.

DANNY  
(running up)  
What happened?  
(she can't speak)  
*Who shot him?*

CAM  
(re: the dead guards)  
One of them.

DANNY  
Save him.

Cam kneels down next to Will. He's spitting up blood.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Do something!

CAM  
Get him in the ambulance.

They move Will into the ambulance. Danny throws in his backpack, Cam closes the doors.

More of Roberto's men stream into the bakery. Danny lays down fire as he makes his way to the cab. Jumps in. Hits the ignition. The ambulance comes back to life.

INT. FBI HELICOPTER

Anson scans Boyle Heights from above. Dzaghig monitors the radio and hears --

DZAGHIG  
We have 9-1-1 reports of automatic  
gunfire near 7th!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANSON  
(to his pilot)  
Go!

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny guns the engine, racing them toward a set of ENORMOUS --  
AND CURRENTLY CLOSED -- WAREHOUSE DOORS.

EXT. BAKERY

SMASH! THE AMBULANCE EXPLODES THROUGH THE DOORS.

EXT. 7TH STREET

And it's back out on the street. TWO PATROL CARS fly into  
frame behind it. **The chase is on!**

INT. SKYFOX 1

Norris zooms in on 7th Street.

NORRIS  
Found 'em!

KATHY  
(into her headset)  
Studio, we got 'em.

EXT. OFF-RAMP/BATTLE AFTERMATH

Mark stares at the devastation. He's beat, tired, maybe done.

COP  
Sir! They spotted the ambulance.

He marches to his car. No, he's not done at all.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny yells over the engine.

DANNY  
Where's the nearest hospital?

CAM  
Memorial! Off Caesar Chavez.

Will bleeds out. Cam presses her hand into the wound.

DANNY  
Don't let him die, do you hear me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAM  
I'm trying.  
(quiet, to Will)  
I'm sorry.

WILL  
(shaking his head, a  
bloody whisper)  
Don't. Don't say that. He'll kill  
you.

EXT. BOYLE HEIGHTS STREETS

The ambulance pounds through traffic. A wave of cop cars behind it.

EXT. SKYFOX 1

Kathy reports on the chase.

KATHY  
This is Kathy King in Skyfox 1. We  
have live footage of the LAPD's  
pursuit of the ambulance hijacked  
by bank robbers earlier today.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny drives with violent abandon.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam grabs gear from her KIT and checks Will's wound with her flashlight. He rolls over, knocking the light away. Desperate to grab --

CAM  
Will. Stop!

-- the LAST BACKPACK. He snaps the locks, reaches in, and pulls out a BLOCK OF CASH.

WILL  
Please, my wife.

He tries to put it in Cam's hand, then her kit.

CAM  
(pushing him down)  
Stop, stop! Let me work.

EXT. BOYLE HEIGHTS STREETS

The ambulance careens through traffic. Mark's cruiser gets closer.

INT. MARK'S CRUISER

Mark pounds the gas and SLAMS INTO THE BACK OF THE AMBULANCE.

MARK

Come on!

INT. FBI HELICOPTER

Anson watches Mark's attack and screams to Dzaghigh --

ANSON

Pull him back!

DZAGHIGH

(into her radio)

All units, all units! Do not engage  
target vehicle!

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Cam works on Will. The phone in her pocket VIBRATES. She answers it --

INT. FBI HELICOPTER - INTERCUT

Anson is on the other end of the line.

ANSON

Cam, it's me. What's happening?

CAM

(whispering)

Will's shot. We're going to  
Memorial.

Will's eyes roll up into his head.

CAM (CONT'D)

(dropping the phone)

Don't do that!

He stops breathing. Cam grabs a syringe, injects Epinephrine.  
Then starts CPR chest compressions.

CAM (CONT'D)

1-2-3-4-5...

(in between counts)

Come on!

She breathes into his mouth. Nothing.

CAM (CONT'D)

1-2-3-4-5...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the floor we see the cell phone. The call with Anson is still live...

INT. FBI HELICOPTER

Anson hears Cam trying to save Will.

ANSON

They're going to Memorial. One of the suspects is shot. Have snipers outside and SWAT prepped.

(to the pilot)

Get in front of him!

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Hearing Cam doing CPR pushes Danny to drive faster.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS

He weaves between slow traffic. Cuts through intersections.

LOCALS stand on either side of the street HOLDING CAMERAS.

EXT. WHITE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

The Ambulance flies around a corner. Danny can see the hospital in front of him.

**WHIRRRRR!** The FBI HELICOPTER LANDS before him, blocking the ER. SWAT VEHICLES and other PATROL CARS swarm toward the entrance.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny stares at the blocked hospital entrance, then his eyes go to his brother and the EMT trying to save him.

EXT. WHITE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL/STAND-OFF

The ambulance is completely surrounded by police. There must be a hundred cops aiming guns at it.

EXT. WHITE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL/POLICE LINE

Anson and Dzaghig alight from the chopper. They make their way toward the line of cops.

ANSON

Make a hole. Get me a stretcher and a med team.

(to Dzaghig)

I want to talk to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two cars pull back. A stretcher is run out. She hands him a radio. He clicks to talk --

ANSON (CONT'D)  
Danny, it's Anson.

INT. AMBULANCE, CAB

Danny looks at the cops before him.

ANSON (OVER THE RADIO)  
Let me have Cam and Zach. We can work this out.

EXT. SKYFOX 1

Kathy watches from 1,200 feet.

KATHY  
Police have surrounded the ambulance fifty yards from the hospital's ER.

INT. AMBULANCE, PATIENT COMPARTMENT

Whoomp-whoomp-whoomp. Cam compresses Will's chest, giving everything she has. But his eyes are fixed. Danny, emotionless, joins her in the back.

DANNY  
He's dead.

CAM  
Not yet, just get him inside.

Danny nods, okay. Numb to it all. He reaches to open the --  
*Wait. He stops. Cam follows his eyes.*

Danny notices Zach's pant leg pulled back, his empty ANKLE HOLSTER. On the floor is the cop's GUN. He picks it up. Cam holds her breath.

DANNY  
The cop... he shot him?

CAM  
No.

Danny pops open the cylinder. One shot's been fired. He regards Cam --

DANNY  
You're lying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He points the gun at Zach's head. He's going to kill him.

CAM

No! I did.

That stops him. But Danny still doesn't believe her.

CAM (CONT'D)

I shot him.

He waits, the hammer cocked.

CAM (CONT'D)

I found the gun, I was scared. He opened the door and... it was me.

Whoosh! He grabs her by the neck --

DANNY

**Bullshit!**

CAM

I'm sorry.

Danny's so close to her. He knows she's telling the truth. She struggles to breathe as his grip tightens.

DANNY

Why? You should be dead, this cop should be dead. He was saving you!

He's choking her. Her fingers try to pry open his hand. Then he lets go. She falls to the floor.

ANSON (OVER THE RADIO)

Danny? Danny, what's happening?

CAM

What are you doing?

DANNY

I'm gonna let the cop go. For Will.

(matter-of-face)

Then I'm going to shoot you in the head on live TV. We're gonna die together, Cam. You ready?

Tears well up in her eyes. Cam holds them back. He pulls her up by her hair, sees her face.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Good.

EXT. WHITE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL/STAND-OFF

Anson is near the police line. Dzaghig hands him a radio earpiece. He puts it in.

DZAGHIG  
Snipers just got here.

ANSON  
(into the radio)  
Lieutenant Dyle?

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF - INTERCUT

Lieutenant Dyle and his Lead Sniper sprint across the roof. They drop down at the edge. Dyle aims his binoculars. The sniper preps his rifle. In three seconds, he's ready to shoot someone.

LIEUTENANT DYLE  
We're set, Special Agent. But I've only got one angle on this.

ANSON  
Give me some time. I know this man, I can talk him down.

LIEUTENANT DYLE  
(seeing something)  
Sir, there's movement in the ambulance.

EXT. WHITE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL/STAND-OFF

Everything stops. Cops aim their guns as --

-- the BACK DOORS OF THE AMBULANCE OPEN. They can see Zach lying there. Cam's doing something with his stretcher. Danny's hidden behind the partially open door. Anson can hear Dyle in his ear.

LIEUTENANT DYLE (IN ANSON'S EAR)  
No shot on the target. Standby.

Anson peers at the ambulance.

ANSON  
What's she doing?

Zach's body jerks about and suddenly his stretcher is moving. Cam's pushing him out. The legs on the bed automatically unfold and lock into place as they hit the concrete. One more push and he's out of the van. He rolls a few feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nobody moves. The injured cop's just lying there in the middle of a stand-off.

DANNY'S VOICE  
Your man's alive. Take him!

Anson yells into his radio --

ANSON  
Get him. Get him now.

FOUR HEAVILY ARMED SWAT officers run past Anson toward the ambulance, hunched over, guns aimed. They get to Zach in seconds. Two grab the wounded cop and push him away as the other two walk backward, their guns on the open doors.

SWAT OFFICER  
(into a radio)  
We have him! We're clear.

Anson waits. Cam's now hidden behind the door with Danny.  
What now?

Finally, the other door opens and Cam slowly gets out. With Danny behind her. His arm around her neck, his body against hers. He presses Zach's gun into her back.

Choppers hover. Cops yell. It's loud, overwhelming. Everyone here is focused on them. Danny pushes Cam forward, always keeping his head behind hers.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF

The Lead Sniper can't get a clear shot -- Cam's in the way.

LIEUTENANT DYLE  
(into his radio)  
No shot! Keep him talking.

EXT. WHITE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL/STAND-OFF

Anson walks out into the middle of the stand-off. It's him, Cam, and Danny with a hundred guns aimed at them.

ANSON  
Let her go. It's over.

Cam's eyes are bulging, she can barely breathe.

CAM  
Shoot him.

Anson can't hear her over all the chaos. He has to yell --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANSON

Don't worry, Cam! We're gonna get you out of this.

Danny tightens his hold, cutting off her airway. He looks up at Skyfox 1, hovering above with all those other choppers. Then he sees Zach being rushed into the ER. The cop is saved.

ANSON (CONT'D)

Talk to me, Danny.

LIEUTENANT DYLE (IN ANSON'S EAR)

Still no shot. Draw him out.

ANSON

What about your brother? Where's Will?

DANNY

(flat)  
He's dead.

ANSON

Listen to me. Listen to me! No one else has to die today.

CAM

(struggling to get free)  
Shoot him, please!

Anson hears Cam this time. Danny's grip on her tightens.

DANNY

(to Cam, a whisper)  
Not yet... not yet.  
(louder)  
Anson. You were right. He shouldn't have been here. Will was a good man.  
(a long beat)  
I'm not.

ANSON

Danny! What are you doing?

LIEUTENANT DYLE (IN ANSON'S EAR)

We don't have the shot.

Danny aims Zach's gun at Cam's head and --

CAM

KILL HIM!

ANSON

No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

-- he pulls the trigger. We PUNCH IN ON CAM.

BLAM! A single shot cracks through the air. Cam JERKS. Her eyes close. She doesn't move. Time passes. Then...

SHE OPENS HER EYES.

Danny lies on the ground behind her, staring up at the SkyFox helicopter. He's dead. Blood pools around him, escaping from a bullet hole in his back.

ACROSS FROM CAM, IN THE AMBULANCE

WILL LEANS FORWARD, holding himself up with one hand. The other aims his HK.

**He did it -- he shot Danny. He killed his brother.**

Hesitantly, Cam drops down beside Danny. But -- he's gone.

BEHIND HER

SWAT charges Will. He drops the gun and they drag him out of the ambulance. Throw him on the ground. Cuff him. Ignoring his wound. He looks across the pavement at Danny's lifeless eyes. Will can't believe what he's done.

INT. SKYFOX 1

Norris zooms his camera back

NORRIS

He shot him. Shit, studio, did you run that?

KATHY

Did they cut away?

Norris shakes his head. They ran it.

PETE

(sarcastic)

Of course not! It was the big finish.

EXT. WHITE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Anson approaches Cam. She's still in a daze as officers check her.

ANSON

Cam, I'm Clark.

She can't respond. Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANSON (CONT'D)  
You made it. You're okay.

ON THE GROUND NEARBY

Will stares at his dead brother. TWO BOOTS walk into frame, blocking his view of Danny. THEY BELONG TO MARK. His anger still raw. To his fellow cops:

MARK  
Let this fucker bleed.

A small group of cops surround Will. He tries to move, they pin him in. Mark glares at the bank robber.

INT. SKYFOX 1

Kathy spies what's happening below.

KATHY  
Why aren't they helping him?

NORRIS  
It looks like --

PETE  
Guys. We're running on fumes.

EXT. WHITE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Cam leans against a cruiser, getting her bearings. Anson watches her.

ANSON  
What happened in there?

CAM  
Danny said he was going to kill me.  
Will must have heard him --  
(seeing Will still on the  
ground)  
They need to get him inside.

Cam stands -- Anson takes her arm.

ANSON  
He's not your responsibility.

She stares at Will.

CAM  
His wife's waiting for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANSON

Cam. He's not your friend. He's a  
criminal. He took you hostage.  
Forget him.

Cam thinks it through, a hint of relief hits her. She knows  
Anson's right. But still -- she checks Will again. Then the  
door to the ER.

ANSON (CONT'D)

What is it?

We hold on Cam. She's realizing --

CAM

I didn't finish the job.

And she RUNS toward Will. Cops try to stop her.

VARIOUS COPS

Wait! Hold on!

She pushes through -- Mark steps in front of her.

CAM

You need to move him inside.

Mark's hand falls heavily on her shoulder.

MARK

(laconic)  
We'll get to him.

ANSON

(running up)  
Do it now!

Mark stares Anson down.

MARK

Don't worry, Special Agent.  
Chief'll be here in fifteen, then  
we'll get this man the attention he  
needs.

CAM

He'll be dead.

She pushes past Mark, elbowing him when he tries to stop her.  
Cam gets to Will. His eyes have glossed over.

CAM (CONT'D)

Will!

She smacks him, his eyes focus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAM (CONT'D)  
Stay with me.

INT. SKYFOX 1

Norris zooms in on the fight happening below.

KATHY  
The cops aren't helping him.

PETE  
Be careful, Kath. That's the police  
you're talking about.

KATHY  
Get me closer.

PETE  
We can't go below a thousand --

KATHY  
*This is the story. Get closer.*

EXT. WHITE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

The cops stare at Cam. No one moves. Mark freezes them.

CAM  
Someone help me.

There's no help. She lifts Will up by pulling one arm over  
her shoulder. He groans, spits blood.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Stand up, damnit!

She's doing it, getting Will to his feet. But the wall of  
cops is still there. Unmoved.

Dzaghigh, who's behind Anson, spots SKYFOX 1 hovering above.

DZAGHIGH  
Sir! They're watching.

Anson sees the chopper getting closer. He grabs Mark. The cop  
knocks him away.

ANSON  
Look up, idiot. You're about to let  
a man die on national TV!

EXT. SKYFOX 1

Kathy talks stridently into her headset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

That's right, Brian. The EMT and police are fighting over the last kidnapper.

EXT. WHITE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Cam struggles. Will is in agony. They move toward the line of cops in front of the ER. They don't budge.

CAM

Get out of the way. **Move!**

Mark steps in front of her. Nothing is going to stop her. He knows that. Then to the cops:

MARK

Make a hole. *Do it!*

Suddenly, all the blue uniforms part and Cam sees the ER. She's moving toward it. Will next to her. His eyes closing, his body shuddering with each painful step.

CAM

You can do it! One more step...

DOCTORS and NURSES rush from the ER.

WILL

I'm sorry. Tell Amy I'm --

A nurse grabs Will's other arm. The ATTENDING runs up --

CAM

GSW to the chest, two inches beneath the left clavicle. Clean exit wound --

ATTENDING

We've got him.

CAM

His name is Will.

They whisk him inside. The DOORS CLOSE. And he's gone. Cam's still outside. Anson appears.

ANSON

You okay? Cam... are you okay?

She can only stare. Totally numb, feeling nothing.

INT. SKYFOX 1

Kathy watches this image on her monitor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATHY

It looks like the police have moved the suspect into the ER. Our reporters on the ground will take it from here. This is Kathy King reporting from SkyFox 1.

PETE

Did good, kid.

NORRIS

I'm calling it. Helicopter Pulitzer!

KATHY

Let's go home.

Pete hits the controls, taking them west, and we see --

THE CITY FROM 1,500 FEET UP

The sun is dropping toward the glistening ocean. Skyscrapers gleam. The traffic is frozen on the freeways. And ONE NEWS HELICOPTER disappears into the distance, becoming a tiny dot over Los Angeles.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

**Super: 9:00 PM. Downtown Los Angeles.**

The lights are dim. Cam enters, sits down near a bed, incredibly tired.

CAM

I know it's late but I wanted to make sure you're okay. And... tell you something.

A hand reaches up and turns on the lights. SCOTT lies in bed with his mouth wired shut, his face bruised.

CAM (CONT'D)

I lied earlier -- I don't have a boyfriend.

SCOTT

(through gritted teeth)  
Good for me.

He tries to smile. Cam smiles for him. Then gets up.

CAM

Get better. I don't like working alone.

INT. ER

Cam walks through. Doctors and nurses run about. It's always chaotic here. She stops -- MARK RANSHAW stands near the door. Waiting for her.

MARK

They say Zach's gonna make it.

(a beat)

Thank you.

He holds out his hand. She just looks at it.

CAM

Sure. You're welcome.

She grabs her KIT and JACKET from the reception desk. She's going home.

MARK

Why'd you save the other guy? Was he special?

CAM

(shaking her head)

Nope. Just doing my job.

The doors open and AMY rushes in with Kip in her arms. The desperate woman goes to Mark. Cam waits.

AMY

Where's Will Sharp? I'm his wife.  
Is he --

MARK

He's out of surgery, ma'am. Stay here, I'll get someone for you.

Mark heads toward a group of cops. Cam and Amy are left standing next to each other. It's awkward.

AMY

I saw you on TV. You're the EMT,  
the one they took.

(Cam nods)

I'm sorry. God I'm sorry.

Amy doesn't know what else to say. She moves toward the officers, a sick young woman with a baby in her arms.

Cam stares at her, she's making up her mind to do something. *But what?* The EMT glances at the cops in the distance. Then Amy. After a second of hesitation, Cam opens up her kit and takes something out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A FEW FEET AWAY

Kip starts to cry. Amy shushes him. She's ready to cry, too.

AMY (CONT'D)  
What did he do? What did your daddy  
do?

She's all alone. Then -- a tap on the shoulder.

CAM  
Mrs. Sharp.

Amy looks over -- Cam stands there.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Try to forgive him.  
(a beat)  
Try.

The two women share a look, neither knowing exactly what it means. Amy nods then looks away, desperate for news about Will.

Cam reaches under her jacket and takes out a BLOCK OF STOLEN CASH. The block Will put in her kit. She quickly slips it into Amy's open purse. Will's wife doesn't notice the gift. The cops don't either.

Cam turns and walks out. She's done.

EXT. ER - NIGHT

The cool air hits her. Cam zips up her jacket and, like so many other Angelenos, heads home after another long day on the job.

FADE OUT.