

R U N N E R

White / Hubley

LET'S GO:

The double-action doors of an ICU burst open as --

INT. ICU - NIGHT

A MAN bleeding on a stretcher is rushed in by two EMT's. His stomach is a red ruin. In one fluid movement...

...they exchange stretcher for gurney and strap him in just as a DOCTOR and NURSE intercept and --

THE GURNEY WHEELS are flying down a hallway to an elevator --

And the Doctor is pounding Up Up Up and then grabbing a WALL PHONE about to bark pre-op commands and --

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

-- we're dropped in mid-surgery, frantically trying to save a life. It's a graphic mess. Suddenly, BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

The EKG plummets as the man's heart rate flatlines --

The Doctor is handed defibrillators.

She places them on the man's chest and... Clear!

He JERKS as the electrical current hits him... but nothing.

Again! Clear! Hit! Nothing.

Another... and then another... and then... the Doctor steps back, the AED's dangling at her side, she breathes. The man is dead. The room falls quiet. Just the EKG beeping...

INT. ICU, FRONT DESK - NIGHT

The Doctor approaches the counter, where a SECRETARY hands her the patient's wallet. She finds the DRIVER'S LICENSE. See the man's face, the life just extinguished...

And just below it, GO CLOSE:

That small *pink circle* with *DONOR* written inside it and

SMASH BLACK

A moment, then, the VOICE of a French language learning APP --

APP VOICE
The cat prefers blue pajamas...

INT. SMALL LOS ANGELES APARTMENT - MORNING

Meet HANK MALONE, 40, tree-big, arms inked, edgy and inscrutable (*don't fuck with this dude, people*). But there's tenderness in him too, he just doesn't care about you.

He's in the KITCHEN in his briefs, cooking; iPhone running the app on the counter...

HANK
Le chat prefere les pyjamas bleus.

His voice deep, gravelly, shit at accents...

APP VOICE
The cat eats pizza on the bus...

Hank finishes a final garnish, and steps aside...

HANK
Le chat mange la pizza dans le bus.

...reveal the PLATE of holy-fuck-show-stopper French Toast.

He turns off the language app and --

-- steams a small pitcher of milk at an espresso machine. Like a world-class barista, he delicately pours it into a demitasse, making a perfect Rosetta design in the crema...

A MOMENT LATER

Hank's at a table too small for him, just about to eat when --

-- His phone *buzzes*. Annoyed, he reads a text from someone named IGGY: "today is back2back2back2, buckle up buttercup." Hank types back... "*Eating breakfast. F off.*"

Finally, he cuts into his creation. Takes a luxurious bite...

QUICK SHOTS:

LIVING ROOM: Hank does pull-ups, push-ups, sit-ups...

SHOWER: Notice two things. One, a necklace harboring a dented DOG TAG, and two, a gnarly Keloid scar telling some violent story on his enormous back...

BEDROOM: He dresses in a suit.

KITCHEN: He makes everything monastically clean. Pulls from the fridge a pre-made lunch labeled *Monday: Croque-Monsieur*.

EXT. CAR PORT - MORNING

Hank approaches a blue ACURA CLX carrying a small rubber case... he opens the car, gets in and...

HANKS CAR - CONTINUOUS

...his phone *rings*. ID: Iggy again. Hank picks up --

IGGY (V.O.)
You ready, princess?

You won't ever see this dude's face; only hear is patronizing, punchable VOICE...

HANK
I don't clock in for an hour, Iggy.
And I have... a special appointment
at 7. So --

IGGY
-- A special appointment? What the
fuck is a *special appointment*??

Hank breathes through a flash of anger...

IGGY (CONT'D)
You know what's paradoxical, Hanky
boy? You're my best runner --
'cause you're big and scary and
nobody wants to fuck with you --
yet my shittiest employee.
(he laughs)
Look. I don't mean to be a dick,
but being a "*war hero*"
(hear the sarcasm)
doesn't really mean shit to me; I
have powerful clients all over LA
who depend on me to take care of
highly sensitive shi--

HANK
-- I'll be ready after my
appointment and not a second
earlier.

He hangs up. Keeps breathing.

He opens the rubber case. Inside: a HANDGUN, which he secures in a holster strapped to the left side of his seat.

Then, he gently flips down his driver's side visor and --

-- we're instantly confronted with the FACE of a YOUNG GIRL, maybe 12. She's beaming at us, impossibly bright, like melt-the-world-bright. Hank looks at her a very long moment...

INT. YMCA BASKETBALL COURT - MORNING

A group of PEOPLE seated in a circle of folding chairs.

This is the morning AA meeting.

Hank sits among them, wears a look of awkward anticipation.

The seen-it-all GROUP LEADER stands --

GROUP LEADER
Ladies and gents, we have a very
special sober birthday today...

And then he walks to Hank and hands him a "One Year" MEDALLION. Everyone claps. Hank sorta nods...

...His mind clearly eaten up by all the shit that got him to this gym in the first place.

INT. HANK'S CAR (PARKED OUTSIDE) - MORNING

He studies the coin. We study him. He clips it to his dogtag.

IGGY (PRE-LAP)
I woke up in a bad fuckin mood,
Hank. OK? Can we be friends again?

HANK (PRE-LAP)
(blankly)
Sure. What's the itinerary.

PLAY IT ALL FAST

1. HIGHRISE PENTHOUSE SUITES, DOWNTOWN, GARAGE

Hank pulls in and parks...

IGGY (V.O.)
First is a dumbass state-senator;
apparently the guy had a coke-
fueled party last night...

Ding! Hank gets into an ELEVATOR...

IGGY (V.O.)
 ...that included a lot of, uh, you
 know, escort service employees in
 attendance; and he also lost his
 car at some point...

Walk down a HALLWAY, open a door... INSIDE is an explosion of
 leftover debauchery, with a pathetic MIDDLE-AGE MAN
 completely whacked-out sitting on the sofa...

IGGY (V.O.)
 ...just quietly get his ass home.

Hank practically carries the dude out and --

INSIDE HANK'S CAR

Backseat, dumbass senator slumped. Hank drives, earbuds in --

APP VOICE
 The cat hates red pajamas...

HANK (SOTTO)
 Le chat déteste les pyjamas rouges.

LARGE HOUSE, BEL-AIR

Hank helps him to the front door, which bursts open onto the
 face of a blindingly-enraged WIFE, as --

IGGY (V.O.)
 Next is a simple cash transpo...

2. BOUJEE WEHO WEED DISPENSARY

Hank parks in the back, greets a smug MANAGER --

IGGY (V.O.)
 Shit still isn't federally legal,
 so they gotta deposit everything in
 bills at local banks. Just pick the
 shit up, drop the shit off...

Hank loads duffel bags of cash into his trunk...

MANAGER
 (vaping)
 That's a quarter mill, bro.

Not listening, Hank finishes, turns to face him --

HANK
We done here?

MANAGER
You pack heat for this type a shit?

Hank just stares at him. Manager takes a step back --

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Ok. Ok. Cool. You're a big dude. I dig that. Canna-Bliss thanks you.

CREDIT UNION BANK, BACK ENTRANCE

Hank enters carrying all 5 bags at once...

IGGY (V.O.)
Next is a blackmail sitch with the mayor's son...

3. APARTMENT BUILDING, HIGHLAND PARK

Hank walks in and climbs stairs..

IGGY (V.O.)
... Apparently some dude claims he hacked his computer and has video of him jerking off, asking for 50 grand. Mayor obviously wants this off-book, and my guy at LAPD-- Garcia--traced the email and hooked me up. So, you know, just, have a chat with him, or something...

Hank walks down a HALLWAY, stops, knocks at a door...

HANK (V.O.)
I don't hurt people, Iggy.

IGGY (V.O.)
Whoa! I didn't say *hurt*. I just mean, you know, stare at him for like 30 seconds. You're scary.

A wiry little DUDE appears and Hank effortlessly steps in. It's a sty. Dude stumbles back at the look on Hank's face --

HANK
Do you know why I'm here? [dude nods] Good. Do you wanna see me again? [dude shakes head] Good.

Hank leaves...

4. BIG RICH HIPPY HOUSE, LAUREL CANYON

Hank approaches the door...

IGGY (V.O.)

This one involves some big shot
director's bird. I don't know, just
do whatever he fuckin says...

HANK (V.O.)

Bird?

Hank RINGS the bell. A manic, disheveled DIRECTOR opens the door and hands Hank a CAGE with a small exotic BIRD inside...

DIRECTOR

It's going to my bitch ex wife, she
got him in the divorce, here's the
address; be careful though, he's
fucking beaky. OK I'm in the
editing bay so I've really gotta --

HANK

-- Wait a second, sir, wait a
second. Why isn't animal control
handling this for you?

DIRECTOR

(lowers voice)

Because, it's a Monk Parakeet

HANK

I don't know what that means.

DIRECTOR

Monk Parakeets are illegal.

HANK

This is an illegal bird?

DIRECTOR

See, you get it -- thanks, amigo.

He closes the door, leaving Hank on the stoop holding the cage. He looks at the address, confused... then turns around and looks across the street at another BIG HOUSE...

HANK

You've gotta be kidding me.

He walks down the DRIVE, across the STREET, and up to the DOOR. RINGS bell. Nothing. RINGS it again. And again. And --

WOMAN'S VOICE (INSIDE)
I don't want your stupid fucking
bird, Daryll!

Hank breathes, steadying a gush of anger...

APP VOICE (PRE-LAP)
The cat eats croissants in his
apartment...

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

Hank parked on a shoulder OCEAN VIEWING AREA. He leans
against the hood of his car, staring out, earbuds in...

HANK
Le chat mange des croissants dans
son appartement.

A storm rolling in from the north, already kicking up the
waves. He closes the app and then stares at his phone, poised
to do something; he's nervous, which is an odd color on him.

Finally, he calls someone named "Monica"... a warm but no
bullshit FEMALE VOICE eventually answers --

MONICA (V.O.)
So, how does it feel to be a one-
year-old again?

STAY WITH HANK, he almost smiles, but doesn't...

HANK
Humbling.

MONICA (V.O.)
I'm really proud of you, Hank. I
mean it.

We hear an old, strained affection.

Suddenly, the sound of a CRYING BABY on the other end...

MONICA (V.O.)
Hey, there, hey there, come to
mommy [crying dims] that's right,
everything's ok, mommy has you...

Her mothering coos flood Hank's face with emotion...

HANK
How are you?

MONICA (V.O.)

I'm really good. The baby's keeping me up most of the night, and I swear I don't remember us ever being this tired, but he's... he's really special, Hank. He's already got that "lights on" look.

That emotion's really starting to get the better of him so --

HANK

Must run in your genes -- look, I can tell you've got a handful there so I'll let you get back to it --

-- and before she can respond, Hank's hung up. He turns to his left and we realize that he still has the bird. He stares at it a moment, like maybe it knows something he doesn't...

Then he pulls out *Monday's* lunch (the Croque-Monsieur) and is just about to bite in -- goddamn Iggy *CALLING*... He picks up:

HANK (CONT'D)

Iggy, please just let me eat my lu--

IGGY (V.O.)

-- I know I know, I'm sorry, but something just came in that pays huge dollar and is very time sensitive, like VERY very.

HANK

(he breathes...)
Fine, I'm listening.

IGGY (V.O.)

It's a highly sensitive medical package; was supposed to go to Santa Barbara Airport but lucky for us there's a crazy storm coming and it's already cats and dogs up there, so now the package is being rerouted to LAX. You need to pick it up at 6 o'clock, not a single fuckin second later -- that's 1800 hours, Mr. Military Man -- and then drive it directly to Santa Barbara.

Hank checks his smart watch (that's 1.5 hrs from now). A rain drop hits the face. He looks up. The bird shifts anxiously.

HANK

What do you mean by *medical package*?

INT. S.B. COMMUNITY HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Rain slashes the windows.

KATE BAKER (30s, the world on her shoulders but hiding it masterfully) sits on a hospital bed occupied by her little daughter, ELLIE, who is 7, very overtly sick, and hooked up to a matrix of IVs -- but she's also a badass champ.

They're deep in a game of 21 questions.

KATE

So it doesn't live in the sky, in the ocean, or on land, but it can travel through all three??

(Ellie nods mischievously)

And you're sure it's not a flying monkey with fish gills?

ELLIE

(giggles)

I'm sure!

KATE

Hmmmm. But it does have wings?

(Ellie nods)

How big?

Ellie stretches her arms out as far as they'll go...

KATE (CONT'D)

Wowy.

Ellie suddenly starts COUGHING. Violently. Kate practically leaps forward and then holds her until her body gradually stops racking... she lies her down... stroking her hair...

KATE (CONT'D)

I think that's enough for now.

Ellie's breathing equalizes, eyes get heavy...

Kate stares into her daughter's face, beaded in sweat, brow furrowed in little kid grit, and her heart breaks...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR (OUTSIDE ELLIE'S ROOM) - MINUTES LATER

Kate fighting tears, and losing. Suddenly, a HAND on her shoulder -- DR. AINSLEY (50s, blunt, earnest)...

DR. AINSLEY

Kate, can you come have a word with me?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Kate and the Doctor seated across a desk...

DR. AINSLEY

So. We got a call from a hospital
in Maryland last night. I didn't
want to tell you this until I was
absolutely sure, but now I am...

(cracks a smile)

We have a match, Kate.

Kate puts her hands to her mouth...

DR. AINSLEY (CONT'D)

The liver was supposed to come
straight to the S.B. airport, but
the storm has complicated things.
It's been redirected to LAX, where
a private courier -- who I've been
assured is the cream of the crop --
will pick it up and then drive it
straight here immediately.

The relief has rendered mom speechless... OFF HER FACE:

INT. SOUTHLAND MANSION - AFTERNOON

Grotesque opulence. CLOSE ON A HAND, holding a phone, as it
moves through a lavish LIVING ROOM scattered with armed MEN.

THE HAND stops at a bedroom door; the free hand KNOCKS...

THE "HAND"

It's him!

The door opens, but before we can catch a glimpse --

INT. SPCA, ANIMAL RESCUE RANCH - AFTERNOON

THRU FRONT DOOR see: the Acura park at the entrance. A moment
later, Hank enters holding a bird cage and approaches the
friendly grey-haired WOMAN at the FRONT DESK --

HANK

I don't have time to explain this.

(places cage on counter)

It's apparently a monk parakeet.

Set it free or, you know, do
whatever it is that you all do.

And he's gone...

INT. COMMERCIAL JET (WE'RE TAXIING) - EVENING

Meet BEN BENSHP, 60s, Midwest-gregarious to the bone. He's in economy mid-convo with a YOUNG MAN --

BEN

-- look, when my wife was still with us, she used to say that true love stories don't have an ending.
 (the Man genuinely rapt)
 Which is why my love today is just as real as it was five years ago...
 (we're almost at the gate)
 But here's the kicker, dude. Even if the love is for real, it still takes work; I mean, Real. Darn. Work. So here's my parting advice: if you truly love this woman --

YOUNG MAN

-- I do.

BEN

Then start prioritizing it, you schmuck.

DING! The plane comes to a jerky stop. The seat belt sign turns off and antsy PASSENGERS are half-way up when --

PLANE INTERCOM

-- We would like to ask that everyone remain seated. We have a passenger who needs to exit the plane quickly, and as soon as he's on the jetway we'll get the rest of you on your way.

Ben Bishop pulls a hefty BRIEFCASE from under his feet that looks like something you'd store the nuclear codes in; he hugs it protectively and stands. He points at the Young Man like, *Capiche?* The Young Man smiles back, *Capiche...*

And then Ben makes down the fuselage...

BEN

Thank you, everybody. A little girl and her mother sincerely thank you.

...when he gets to the JETWAY, he starts to run and CUT --

INT. HANK'S ACURA - EVENING

-- Hank tearing up LAX's clusterfuck ARRIVALS LOOP as --

APP VOICE

Imagine that your throat is a disposal drain, and you're flushing down the R...

(he weaves b/w busses!)

Now say "rouge."

Hank makes *gargle noises* trying to master that French R...

He hits the HORN, accelerates around two cars, and then whips into a GARAGE and parks. *Rrrchhhoouge*. He cuts the app.

Rummages around for a sharpie and some paper and...

INT. LAX - EVENING

It's standard issue chaos. He wades through COMMUTERS to ARRIVALS and then holds up a sign: "*Mr. Ben Bishop.*"

A moment later, there he is, Mr. Midwest Nice, running at us clutching the CASE... he stops, catches his breath...

BEN

You must be Hank. You look like a Hank. Hank's a *big-guy* name. Ben Bishop, a pleasure.

They shake hands, and then Ben just starts walking again. Hank follows, raising his VOICE over the strident CROWD --

HANK

I'm a little confused, Mr. Bishop --

BEN

-- Please, just Ben.

HANK

Sure. I was told that I was delivering something for you.

BEN

You are.

Weaving in and out of people...

HANK

So can I have it?

BEN

You already do.

HANK

I don't understand.

BEN

You're delivering me, I'm delivering the *something*. I'm a medical courier, son, so tonight you get to play the delivery man's delivery man.

-- and BAM, Hank suddenly SLAMS into a MAN on the move --

MAN

-- Hey! What the fuck?! Watch where you're go--

He looks up and, discovering how large Hank is, demurs...

MAN (CONT'D)

My bad, my bad.

Hank stares down at him, *correct choice, friend*. And then catches up to Ben. But pause a moment on this dude, as...

He WATCHES Hank & Ben leave with sudden, ferocious interest.

EXT. LAX PICK-UP/ INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Hank and Ben exit LAX quickly --

BEN

You got one of those, uh, smart thingies? [sees his watch] Good, so let's both set quarter-mark, halfway mark, and three-quarter mark alarms. We call the doc at the halfway, let her know we're still on target for 9, and lower the mother's blood pressure a little.

Hank obliges... we cross the STREET... and enter the GARAGE... our footsteps *ECHOING*... the Acura ahead...

Hank BEEPS it open --

BEN (CONT'D)

You ok me sitting in the front with you?

Hank's unenthusiastic look is all Ben needs --

BEN (CONT'D)

Not a problem. You're an *I like my damn space-guy*. Message received.

He slips into the BACKSEAT as Hank gets into the front and --

INT. HANK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

HANK
Why's 9 the magic number?

Ben carefully places the Organ Case on his lap --

BEN
945's the actual magic number. 9 is to give us some breathing room. You see organ's have what's called a "window of viability." And because mother nature thought she'd have a little fun with us today, we're running, give or take, 3 hours behind.

Engine GROWLS to life... Hank backs out fast...

HANK
Which means what?

BEN
Which means, at 945, the chance of a body accepting the transplant gets... well, it gets a little trickier. But you know what...?

Hank presses the gas, makes quick work of the GARAGE --

BEN (CONT'D)
From what I've been told, when big man Hank is behind the wheel, things tend to work out just fine.

He taps Hank on the shoulder. They enter a darkening night.

INT. S.B. COMMUNITY HOSPITAL, ELLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kate in a corner chair, surrounded by "*Get Well*" bears, balloons, cards, flowers, all the classic chachkies of sympathy... she stares at her sleeping girl.

Abruptly, mom stands, the waiting unbearable --

HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

She flags down a NURSE, JESS (same age, easy rapport) --

JESS
What's up, K. Can I get you something?

KATE

(sotto)

This is going to sound super messed up because I know we're in a hospital, but is there, like, any chance somebody here smokes?

JESS

Are you kidding me?

Jess laughs, and for a moment Kate looks embarrassed...

JESS (CONT'D)

(pointing at employees)

He smokes... she smokes... she smokes... at least, like, a quarter of us smoke. We're crazy stressed out 24/7. C'mon, follow me.

EXT. HOSPITAL SIDE ALLEY - NIGHT

Jess lights Kate's cigarette, and then her own... rain pounds the EAVE above us... finally --

KATE

It's just so... fucking weird.

JESS

What is, K?

KATE

My baby girl spends a year in the hospital with a form of cancer that I still can't even pronounce, and then suddenly some guy I don't know dies and... and what, their tragedy becomes my blessing? I just...

She drags, exhales, presses her face into her palms...

KATE (CONT'D)

(starting to tear up)

Is this gonna work out, Jess? Fuck. Is it gonna get here? Is her body really gonna accept it? I'm seriously about to lose my shit.

Jess comes over and hugs her --

JESS

Hey, listen to me. There is nobody in the biz better than Dr. Ainsley.

(MORE)

JESS (CONT'D)

If she feels confident, that's as close to a guarantee as you can get.

Suddenly, another NURSE bursts through the ALLEY DOOR --

NURSE 2

Kate, it landed!

OFF MOM'S FACE whipping around --

INT. HANK'S CAR - NIGHT

We've escaped LAX. We're on the 405 now. Occasional rain drops hit the windshield. A few moments of awkward silence...

BEN

(and then)

You're not a real chatty guy, are you, Hank?

Hank, unsure what to say, remains silent...

BEN (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's gonna be a problem.

HANK

I'm sorry?

ORGAN CASE perched on his lap, Ben leans forward --

BEN

If you're not-chatty, and I'm very chatty -- which, admittedly, I am -- and we have several hours to kill together, well, you see the problem, right.

(he fishes for Hank's eyes in the REARVIEW...)

Here's what we're going to do: I'm going to dial down my chattiness by 50% and you're going to dial yours up by 50%, and then we'll meet in the middle. That sound fair?

HANK

(at a complete loss)

I mean...

BEN

Pick a topic, big man.

(he waits)

Come on, hit me. Anything you want.

HANK
Look, Mr. Bishop --

BEN
Ben.

HANK
Sure. Whatever. Look, I don't mean
to be rude --

BEN
-- then don't be.

He said it with a twinkle, but the twinkle had an edge...

BEN (CONT'D)
You know my wife used to say that
people generally fall into two
buckets: those who can be seduced
by Ben Bishop's charms, and those
who wanna throw him from a train.

Hank pauses just south of a smile. Ben leans back, looks up:

BEN (CONT'D)
Clearly big man is bucket number
two, sweetie, but we've got...
(checks watch)
... 2 hours and 28 minutes to get
him straightened out. OK, I'll pick
first. Hank and Ben Convo Topic
Number One. How about... France.

Stunned, Hank is just about to turn around when --
His phone RINGS! Iggy. He puts in earbuds and answers --

HANK
Yeah.

IGGY (V.O.)
Update me.

HANK
Picked him up 30 minutes ago.

IGGY (V.O.)
Him?

HANK
The medical courier. Ben Bishop

IGGY (V.O.)
Who the fuck is Ben Bishop?

HANK

The medical courier.

IGGY (V.O.)

You were supposed to pick up a package.

HANK

He is the package. He transports the organs. We transport him. This isn't rocket science.

(a long pause)

Iggy?... Iggy? --

IGGY (V.O.)

-- Yeah, yeah, where are you?

HANK

I just said I'm on my way.

IGGY (V.O.)

I mean SPECIFICALLY, Hank!

Hank's face twitches at the outburst. Even Ben heard it thru the buds. Hank breathes...looks for markers thru the window --

HANK

I'm just passing over Sepulveda, ok? Is something wrong, Iggy?

IGGY (V.O.)

No. No. Just, you know, don't dick around. You have, like, a fucking fortune in your car right now.

HANK

What?

A strange, unnerving silence, just a drizzle tapping...

IGGY (V.O.)

(distracted)

What do you mean, *What?*

HANK

Why'd you say it like that?

IGGY (V.O.)

Say it like what?

HANK

About the price...

Ben Bishop's ears instantly prick up...

IGGY (V.O.)
What's the problem?

HANK
It's a weird thing to say, Iggy.

IGGY
Just drive.

Click and he's gone. Hank slowly takes out the earbuds...

BEN
Everything OK, big man?

He nods. Suddenly, both of their watch-alarms *sing!*

BEN (CONT'D)
And that'll be the quarter mark.
(turns it off)
So, we were on our way France.

By the look on Hank's face, he was clearly hoping that Ben would forget this line of questioning...

HANK
Let me finish my lunch first...
(reaches for his bag)
... I'll be more... you know, *Not-A Dick*, after I've eaten.

BEN
What is it?

HANK
What is what?

BEN
Your lunch.

HANK
A sandwich.

BEN
What kind of sandwich?

HANK
What does it matter?

BEN
Everything matters.

HANK
It's a Croque-Monsieur.

BEN

Whoaaa, fancy pants big man. Geez.
And there's France again. So is
French cuisine like your thing?

HANK

I just use, you know, a cook book.

BEN

But a French cook book.

HANK

Yeah.

BEN

And you're studying French, too, so
are you a Francophile, is that it?

HANK

How do you know I'm studying
French?

BEN

I saw the app on your phone.

Suddenly, Hank's EYES are tugged to the SIDEVIEW MIRROR...

A few cars back, a BLACK SUV. Hank's spine lights up, but he
isn't sure why. He breathes. He takes a bite of his sandwich.

BEN (CONT'D)

You didn't answer my question.

HANK

Which one?

BEN

Are you a Francophile?
(Hank shakes his head)
So then why are you learning
French?

HANK

I don't know. I just... am.

BEN

Nobody *just-am's* anything, big man.

Hank's spine lights up again --

SIDEVIEW MIRROR: SUV again. But closer now.

Something about it is bugging him. *Did we see it back at LAX?*
He carefully speeds up, changes lanes, builds some distance.

BEN (CONT'D)
 Anything to do with... the girl in
 the visor.

Hank's attention snaps back, his temper flares --

HANK
 Enough. Listen to me, Mr. Bishop --

BEN
 -- Ben --

HANK
 -- No, Mr. Bishop, listen to me: I
 don't know you, OK, and if I'm
 being entirely honest... fuck.

SIDEVIEW: The SUV seems to be... maneuvering.

Ben can see Hank's expression morphing in the MIRROR --

BEN
 What is it, big man?

A decision: Hank abruptly gets off at the NEXT EXIT...

... we come to a STOP LIGHT. His eyes glued to the world
 behind us. He rests his finger on the turn signal, debating
 which direction to choose...

And then there it is, creeping, slowly, obsidian black...

HANK
 Let me ask you a question...

Runner and Courier LOCK EYES in the REARVIEW...

HANK (CONT'D)
 How much does one of those go for?
 (pause)
 On the black market?

For the first time Ben's face is devoid of warmth. He leans
 back, arms gripping the ORGAN CASE tighter --

BEN
 Why in the world would you need to
 ask me something like that?

HANK
 Just answer the question please.

His hand reaches slowly down to the GUN HOLSTER...

The light turns green... Hank chooses left... and we pass beneath a knotted ribbon of LA freeways above...

BEN

(slowly...)

If someone was... desperate enough?
...And had the money for this
particular liver? A million, maybe.

HANK

Christ, a million?

BEN

The donor had the rarest blood type on the planet: Rh-null. People call it *Golden Blood*. Finding it is like finding a needle in a haystack. Look, Hank, I don't like this conversation. What's going on?

SIDEVIEW: 25 yards back, the SUV has, again, followed... We approach the outskirts of a RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD...

HANK

I think we're being followed.

(Ben starts to tu --)

-- don't turn around.

Ben freezes, startled, heart rate spiking....

BEN

Who would be following us?

HANK

(going combat mode)

Just do as I say now: Take out your phone...

BEN

Who the heck would be following us, big man???

HANK

Just do as I say! Phone, now.

(slowly, Ben procures)

Open your camera and reverse the lens...

BEN

How do I do that?

HANK

The icon on the bottom right, the two arrows in a circle... Press it.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

(slight tremor, Ben does)
Now, when the car gets close
enough, I want you to take a screen
shot of the plates. Got it?

(Ben nods)

OK. I'm gonna take us on a little
stroll through the neighborhood...

Hank turns into THE NEIGHBORHOOD...

THRU THE iPHONE: for a moment, we're in the clear, just
concrete, front lawns, parked cars... until --

BEN

It's behind us again, Hank! And
there's a second one now!

HANK

(eyes on SIDEVIEW)
Calm down, I see it.

BEN

(thru iPHONE)
No, wait, the second one turned
left, it's just the one again.

Hank comes to an empty FOUR-WAY STOP... and waits...

BEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

The lone SUV inches closer. Hank doesn't budge.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hank.

It pulls up right behind us. Windows tinted. It feels fucking
alive. Hank's fingers hover just above his handgun...

HANK

Snap the plate.

Hands shaking, Ben does. Finally --

Hank turns right. We drive twenty yards that seem to last
forever, before... the SUV turns left instead --

BEN

-- Oh thank God.

He exhales, puts a hand on his chest and laughs anxiously.

BEN (CONT'D)

Mother, Mary and Joseph, my heart almost gave out. So we're OK, big man, right? You were just being paranoi--

-- VROOOOOOOOOOOOM! Just as we come to another 4-way stop --

-- The SUV materializes ahead of us! Breaking in the middle of the INTERSECTION, perpendicularly. Then, another sound...

Ben whips around --

The 2nd SUV ROARS at us and then *BREAKS* an inch away!

We're boxed in.

Hank's EYES flash around, calculating...

Drizzle builds, obscuring the glass. He clicks the wipers. Like a metronome, they keep a nail-biter tempo in the car...

As, THROUGH WINDSHIELD:

SUV driver's side door opens... and out steps a WIRY MAN wearing ski-mask, black gloves, expensive suit. Something about his fidgety body language, his gait... we recognize.

Wiry Man approaches...

Ben lands his hand on Hank's big shoulder, squeezes in fear.

BEN (CONT'D)

What are we going to do?

Wiry Man stops at our driver's side WINDOW... and leans down.

Hank turns his head, but very slow... and then looks unflinchingly into the MASKED FACE. Perhaps for the first time, we get that the threat of violence is Hank's milieu.

An eternity.

Wiry Man draws two CIRCLES in the air: *Roll down your window.*

Hank doesn't budge.

Behind us, stepping out of the second SUV, another MAN.

A second eternity...

Wiry Man POUNDS THE WINDOW! Ben jolts back against his seat!

Hank just breathes. Wiry Man takes a step back, pulls a 9mm.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hank, he has a gun!

HANK
I see that.
(turns back to the road)
Hold onto that case, Mr. Bishop.

Wiry Man aims... Ben hugs it to his chest, and BAM --

Hank punches the gas! We blast forward. He torques the wheel right and clips the SUV's front bumper as he maneuvers around it and then motherfucking hightails it out of there --

Man 2 draws a gun and POP-POP-POP! Hank and Ben both duck as two bullets SING off the bumper and SMASH TO --

INT. S.B. COMMUNITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Kate stands at a ceiling high, rain-slashed WINDOW. Nature HOWLS. Her reflection is a cutout of the storm outside...

The waiting game is unbearable, so she...

RECEPTION AREA

... approaches Jess and two other NURSES busy with clerical work. Kate leans anxiously against the counter...

KATE
When is he supposed to call again?

JESS
Doc said the courier calls at the halfway mark to check in.

KATE
And how long from now is that? I've checked the clock so many times now I don't even know what the hell I'm looking at anymore.

All three Nurses pull out their phones and bring up their timers. All are synced, all say 30 minutes and counting...

JESS
We got you, girl. Team Ellie.

OTHER TWO NURSES
Team Ellie.

Kate smiles a surprised/tired/grateful smile and SMASH --

INT. HANK'S CAR - SAME

-- just as we burst back onto the HIGHWAY, tires sucking up cement! Hank upshifts, accelerates, slices into FAST LANE...

HANK
 This is officially happening.
 (eyes swing
 ROAD/SIDEVIEW/ROAD)
 Two things need to happen now: one--

But a NOISE. Look up, MIRROR: Ben is struggling to breathe.

HANK (CONT'D)
 Mr. Bishop... Mr. Bishop...

He's having a panic attack. Hank turns around...

HANK (CONT'D)
Ben, listen to me --

-- and he grabs Ben's hand and places it on his own big right shoulder; then, with something like a rough-edged kindness...

HANK (CONT'D)
 ... your nervous system has never gone through something like this before, so your body is flooded with stress hormones right now, but that's a rational response, it's just fight or flight, and you're flightin' big time.
 (Ben nods anxiously)
 Now, I want you to squeeze right here, OK... [pats his shoulder] and as you do, inhale, do it now... hold it for 3..... good, and as you exhale, release your grip.... good, now do it again..... there you go, Ben, there you go...

Ben Bishop returns to earth...

HANK (CONT'D)
 Can I get your wits back now?

BEN
 They're back, big man.

HANK
 (Eyes flying around --)
 OK.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

Between the time that liver stepped
out of a body to the moment it
stepped into my fucking car,
someone got bought off. How many
people would know what you have and
where you are at this exact moment?

Ben grips the ORGAN CASE in his lap --

BEN

Back of the envelope? I'd say,
maybe --

But suddenly two things happen at once:

One, Hanks phone lights up *RINGING!*

Two, in *SIDEVIEW*: Black SUV, 10 cars back, bumper jacked.

HANK

Fuck.

BEN

What is it?

RINGING! GO CLOSE: Iggy (you can feel him through the phone)

BEN (CONT'D)

Are you going to pick it up?

HANK

Not yet.
(he silences it)
Keep going. Count.

Ben closes his eyes, muttering as he does...

BEN

From surgeon to flight attendant,
I'd guess, maybe... 12---well, 14.

HANK

Who are the last two?

BEN

You and your employer.

On cue: *RINGING!*

Simultaneously, *SIDEVIEW*:

The SUV has been joined by its twin. Two obsidian sharks
swimming through concrete. Hank upshifts, accelerates!

RINGING! Ben whips around, sees them --

BEN (CONT'D)
Oh my god. Hank. Hank!

HANK
I know.

The SUVs surge towards us...

Hank unholsters his gun, places it gently on passenger seat.

RINGING! Hank puts a finger to his lips, *stay quiet* --

HANK (CONT'D)
(then answers on speaker)
Iggy --

IGGY (V.O.)
-- Where the fuck have you been?!

HANK
Iggy, listen--

IGGY (V.O.)
-- Do you have any idea how worried they are?! Do you have Any. Fucking. Clue. How monuMENTALLY horsefucked this business will be if you fucking blow this?! --

HANK
-- Iggy! Christ. Take it down a notch and listen to me: We have a serious fucking situation --

Ben frantically taps Hank on shoulder. Hank presses mute, turns --

BEN
I don't know what "they" he's referring to.

HANK
What do you mean?

IGGY (V.O.)
Hank!

BEN
The hospital has my number and is waiting for my call...
(checks watch)
...in 20 minutes, not his.

HANK
You're sure they wouldn't call him?

IGGY (V.O.)
Hank?!... Hank?! What the fuck?!

HANK
(unmutes phone)
-- Iggy I'm gonna have to call you
back in a second.

IGGY
ARE YOU FUCKING KI--

Click.

HANK
Keep going.

BEN
There is no grey area here. As the
official medical courier, any and
all relevant communication channels
must legally run through me -- and
only me -- once the package
(taps it)
is on its way.

Eyes on their pursuers, Hank suddenly banks right, erases
four lanes -- people HONKING! -- and then switches HIGHWAYS
at an approaching fork. His phone *RINGS!* SMASH TO --

INT. S.B. COMMUNITY HOSPITAL, ELLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ellie's small face. Asleep. Beaded in sweat. Kate biting a
nail and staring at her. She stands, and then paces...

And paces. And paces. And --

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR / INT. HOSPITAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Kate KNOCKS on a DOOR with the plaque, "Medical Director."

DR. AINSLEY (O.S.)
Come in!

Kate ENTERS just as the Doctor wraps up a call. Rain and wind
continue to rage against the office windows...

KATE
I'm sorry to bother you, Dr.
(Kate sits...)
(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

I know we still have a few minutes until the courier is supposed to check in, but I am, like...

(she just shakes her head)

DR. AINSLEY

I get it.

KATE

Is there any chance we can just call the guy right now and check-in? Make sure everything's OK? It would make me feel so much better.

DR. AINSLEY

(after a moment...)

Of course. Let me find his number.

KATE

Oh my god thank you, Doctor.

Kate takes an enormously deep breath and SMASH BACK --

INT. HANK'S CAR - SAME

WHEELS. GEARSTICK. GAS PEDAL. WIPERS. FRONT BUMPER sucking up CEMENT, slicing up LANES. All the while, Iggy RINGING!

Hank calculating...

Finally, he picks up, but stays quiet, let's Iggy move first:

IGGY (V.O.)

Hank?..... Hank?!

HANK

(and then, calmly)

I'm here, Iggy.

SIDEVIEW: have we lost them?

IGGY (V.O.)

I swear to God, you hang up on me again and I'll fuckin --

HANK

-- What? You'll fucking what, Iggy?

IGGY (V.O.)

Just shut the fuck up and listen!
(starting to sound... is
it fear?)

(MORE)

IGGY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I don't know what's gotten into you, but you're done. Understand? Pull your car over right the FUCK now and I'm gonna have one of my other guys relieve you.

Hank and Ben LOCK EYES IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR...

IGGY

Are you fuckin listening to me, Hank?!

HANK

You're not a criminal, Iggy.
(Iggy falls silent)
How much are these people paying you?

Radio silence. Just Iggy *breathing*. His voice suddenly breaks

IGGY (V.O.)

Please, Hank, please just --

A rush of NOISE on the other end and Iggy CRIES out in pain!

Radio silence again.

HANK

Iggy?.... Iggy?

And then it happens... A NEW PLAYER enters the fray --

VOICE (V.O.)

All you had to do was roll down your window and hand the shit over; never would've seen me again.

It's a wiry, unstable VOICE. Hank instantly recognizes it --

* FLASH that vicious FACE from LAX, watching us go.

Ben slowly leans forward... we hear the gun *cock* --

VOICE (V.O.)

But it's a new world now... isn't it, Hank Malone?

Hank stays quiet, his face inscrutable as ever...

VOICE (V.O.)

You're an ex-seal, right? Big swingin dick in the desert? So you know how quickly shit can escalate.

HANK
 (finally --)
 You wanna keep flirting with me or
 are you gonna explain the rules of
 this *new world order*?

The VOICE almost laughs. Followed by the distinct sound of a
 cocaine bump --

VOICE (V.O.)
 We're gonna do a classic countdown.
 How does that sound, Iggy?...

Iggy *WHINING/SQUIRMING* through phone.

VOICE (V.O.)
 ...Give your big bitch boy here the
 chance to do right by the hand that
 feeds him...

IGGY (V.O.)
 Please, Hank! Please do what he --

-- *gagged* into silence. Ben grips Hank's shoulder...

VOICE (V.O.)
 OK, Malone. I'm gonna start from,
 let's be original and say... seven.
 And if by the time I get to zero
 you haven't pulled that blue Acura
 over...

Hank and Ben both instinctively turn to look --

VOICE (V.O.)
 ... I'm gonna fuckin kill him.

Iggy tries to *SCREAM* thru gag but is punched into silence!

VOICE (V.O.)
 You ready?..... I'm gonna take your
 silence as a *Yes* [and so]... 7.

Hank mutes his phone and rug-burns the steering wheel...

BEN
 What are we going to do?

VOICE (V.O.)
 6...

Hank's mind whirs...

Suddenly, Ben Bishop's phone *RINGS!*

BEN
It's the hospital.

VOICE (V.O.)
5...

CUT TO:

INT. S.B. COMMUNITY HOSPITAL, DR. AINSLEY'S OFFICE - SAME

The Dr. at her desk, receiver to ear, Kate seated across,
foot jackhammering. The phone *RINGS*, and it *RINGS*... and it --

INT. HANK'S CAR - SAME

-- *RINGS*... and it --

BEN
-- Hank, tell me what to do.

HANK
Who's getting it?

BEN
Getting what?

VOICE (V.O.)
4...

The *RINGING* stops.

HANK
The fucking liver, Ben!

BEN
It's a little girl.

Hank spins around --

HANK
What?

VOICE (V.O.)
3...

BEN
She just turned 7.

Time freezes for Hank, becomes a pinprick of focus.

BEN (CONT'D)
Her name is Ellie Baker.

IMAGES POP:

In her hospital bed, Ellie's sleeping face, beaded in sweat.

BEN (V.O.)
 She's dying from a rare form of
 liver cancer called Fibrolamellar
 carcinoma...

She shudders, like she's fighting something in her dream.

HANK (V.O.)
 How long has she been sick?

For the first time, his voice has real cracks running thru it

VOICE (V.O.)
 2...

BEN (V.O.)
 Half her life. And if she doesn't
 get this tonight...

BACK TO HANK'S CAR

CLOSE ON: the gleaming ORGAN CASE, Ellie's fate inside...

BEN
 ...she'll die.

VOICE (V.O.)
 1...

Time un-freezes. Every particle in Hank's body fires.

He unmutes his phone and --

HANK
 I'm sorry, Iggy.

BAM! He banks a hard left and rakes the car up over the
 MEDIAN and onto...

THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY

... where there's an ebb in traffic and in one fluid motion
 he cranks the wheel, pulls the emergency break, and then 180-
 SLIDES to an abrupt stop!

Through WINDSHIELD: Both SUVs whip by on the other side as --

VOICE (V.O.)
 0...

A muffled GUNSHOT. A small BURST of light in the 2nd SUV. It's driver's side WINDOW rolls down, and as it passes:

Two things --

One, GO CLOSE and see the FACE revealed --

Indeed the MAN from LAX (30s, eyes bloodshot and volatile, ear-length hair slicked back). As if in slow-motion, the windshield WIPERS blur and un-blur his FACE --

And two, his mouth says --

VOICE (PHONE V.O.)
Here's your boss.

The SUV's trunk door opens and a BODY drops out and tumbles like a rag doll to a THUDDING stop against the median.

VOICE (V.O.)
You taking me seriously now, Hank?!
(click)

Cars are SCREAMING passed us now. For a moment, Hank stares at Iggy's dead body. His eyes swivel to the SIDEVIEW MIRROR:

50 yards behind, the SUVs are crawling up onto the median, waiting for a break to jump sides and keep hunting...

Hank breathes.

And then hits the gas.

INT. SUV - NIGHT, SAME

Those volatile eyes belong to DAMIEN GALLOW. His big Lt., LUKE, sits passenger; two more BRUISERS in the back.

DAMIEN
You think he knows that little bitch infected his phone with spyware?

LUKE
If he doesn't now, he will soon. But don't worry, we got other ways of finding him.

DAMIEN
I wanna know which cocksucker forgot to mention we'd be dealing with some jarhead motherfucker!
(MORE)

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

This was supposed to be a snatch n grab!

LUKE

Easy, Dame! Easy, we got this.

DAMIEN

Don't fuckin "easy" me, bro!
Goddamnit! --

The SUV's carriage is SCRAPING violently against the median.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

(steeling himself)
Just fucking call her.

INT. SOUTHLAND MANSION - NIGHT

FOLLOW the HAND HOLDING THE PHONE as it moves thru the same opulent gallery of armed men we saw before. KNOCK at a door --

A RAGGED VOICE (O.S.)

Come in!

The door opens. And this time we get to see inside...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Or rather, a makeshift hospital room. On a surgery bed is a jaundiced WOMAN in her 60s; but no amount of ill health could ever weaken the wrath and avarice etched into her face.

Her name is Donna Gallow.

A MALE DOCTOR tends to her (40s, one eye swollen, he clearly did not choose to be here). Donna is handed the phone.

INTERCUT MANSION / DAMIEN'S SUV --

DONNA

(labored)
Tell me good news, darling.

DAMIEN

Everything is under control.

DONNA

If it were, you wouldn't have to say so. Why aren't you here?

DAMIEN

Because nobody said anything about
the runner being a FUCKIN NAVY
SEAL!!

(calms, slicks back hair)

Sorry, mom. I don't want you to
worry. I'm dealing with it.

She closes her eyes... a rickety inhale...

DONNA

My body is eating itself alive,
Damien.

DAMIEN

I know --

-- she collapses into a terrible COUGHING fit. Damien winces.

DONNA

(gradually...)

I don't have to remind you I can't
just be on some goddamn donor
list... so unless you want to hunt
down one of the other 5 people in
this country with a blood match, I
suggest you make sure and get this
one --

DAMIEN

-- I know. I said I'll get it, and
I'll fuckin get it. Is the doctor
with you?

Donna gestures for the Doctor to come closer... she clicks
speaker and holds the phone towards him...

DOCTOR

Hello Mr. Gallow, I --

DAMIEN

-- Listen to me carefully, doc: if
you let anything happen to her
while I'm gone, I'll cut your own
liver out of your belly and feed it
to your fuckin children. Now mom,
try to get some rest. I'll be there
soon.

He's just about to hang up --

DONNA

You're a good boy, Damien

-- and click. WE STAY WITH DONNA. She looks at the Doctor, who is now literally shaking, and smiles --

DONNA (CONT'D)
 Oh, don't worry about him. He's always been a bit over-protective of his mother. Now be a dear and help me stand, will you?

The Doctor lends an arm as she struggles her way out of bed, grabs a cane, and limps to the door and back into

THE LIVING ROOM GALLERY

where her main BODYGUARD rushes to her aid --

DONNA (CONT'D)
 (to the room of MEN)
 Who got my son the intel on the runner?

ONE OF THE HENCHMEN
 (raises hand)
 I did, ma'am.

Donna very casually pulls the 9mm out of her Bodyguard's shoulder holster and then SHOTS the Henchman in the head.

She re-holsters the gun. As she canes her way back to bed --

DONNA
 Clean the stupid off my upholstery.

INT. SUV - NIGHT, SAME

Damien still waiting on the median as traffic WHOOSHES unrelentingly by. He procures a small vile of coke, dabs a little into the soft of his thumb, *snorts...*

DAMIEN
 (he pounds the HORN!)
 Jesus fuckin christ! Give it to me--

Luke hands him an MCX SAUCER (mini-assault weapon). Damien puts the car in park and steps out into THE NIGHT and...

...then very calmly starts FIRING indiscriminately PRRRRRRRRRRRR!!! as he walks into the highway and --

Cars instantly screech, bumpers crunch, windshields crack, the wild BULLET-FLASHES sparkling and refracting in the air!

A pile-up forms...

Moments later, he tosses the weapon back into the CAR and gets back BEHIND THE WHEEL and --

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Everybody's in my fuckin way today!

-- he surges down the median and blasts off!

INT. S.B. COMMUNITY HOSPITAL, DR. AINSLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kate Baker is about to fucking lose it. Even Ainsley's face starting to betray concern...

KATE

I don't understand, why didn't he pick up?

DR. AINSLEY

Remember, we jumped the gun just a little; he's not due to call for another... 5 minutes, so let's not spiral, OK?

KATE

Call him again.

DR. AINSLEY

Kate I completely understand how --

KATE

-- just call him again!

Doctor looks at Mother, a beat... and SMASH BACK --

INT. HANK'S CAR - NIGHT, SAME

-- as Hank banks right onto a HWY OFF-RAMP and then guns it right thru a STOP SIGN and into a GRID OF SURFACE STREETS...

Ben's phone starts *RINGING!*

BEN

The hospital again.

HANK

Give it to me.

BEN

No, big man. I'm OK now. I'm OK.

RINGING! Each one so sharp. He straightens his collar, grips the ORGAN CASE, almost himself again, and answers on speaker--

BEN (CONT'D)
This is Ben Bishop.

INTERCUT: AINSLEY'S OFFICE / HANK'S CAR --

DR. AINSLEY
(audible relief)
Hi there, Mr. Bishop, this is Dr.
Mary Ainsley, I'm the director at
SBC; I've got an anxious mom here
(smiles at Kate)
who would love to --

-- Hank spins his finger in a *speed-the-fuck-up* motion.

BEN
-- Mary. Can I call you *Mary*? You
can just call me *Ben*. Look, is the
mother there with you?

DR. AINSLEY
(smiles at Kate again)
She is.

BEN
I'm going to suggest you ask her to
leave the room for this.

Ainsley fights the look her face wants to make... let's a
moment pass... then, warmly, impeccably --

DR. AINSLEY
Sounds like everything is in order,
Kate, so could you give me the
room? The courier, his name is Ben--
sounds very nice -- he and I just--

KATE
-- You sure everything is okay?

DR. AINSLEY
Of course, we just need to hammer
out a few boring clerical things.

She waits for Kate to get up and leave...

KATE
You're sure everything --

DR. AINSLEY
-- Kate, let me do my job. I'm very
good at it. And you go check on
everybody's favorite patient.

The instant the door closes on Kate --

DR. AINSLEY (CONT'D)
-- What's happening, Ben??

BEN
Several men -- we don't know who,
but they're clearly some sort of
criminal organization -- have
followed us from the airport and
they... well, they want what we
have, Mary, and they are very much
prepared to kill for it.

Dr. Ainsley falls silent....

BEN (CONT'D)
Mary?

DR. AINSLEY
I'm here. I'm just... processing
this.

BEN
I have no idea how they knew this
liver was on it's way to
California, but they did.

Silence again. Just the WINDSHIELD WIPERS...

BEN (CONT'D)
Mary?

DR. AINSLEY
(runs hands through hair)
I'm sorry, Ben... I just... what in
God's name are we going to do?

HANK
Give me the damn phone --
(Ben hands it)

DR. AINSLEY
Who is that?

HANK
(combat mode)
I'm Ben's chauffeur. Listen to me,
lady, you don't need to do
anything, 'cause we're gonna get
you this fucking organ by the time
that was agreed upon and not a
second later.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

What I'm gonna do is get us a police escort, and in about five minutes the cavalry will be crawling up these guys ass. Got it?

(...)

I know you're in shock, but you need to confirm for me you got it.

DR. AINSLEY

Got it. Got it. We'll finish prepping the surgery bay right now.

HANK

Good. Do that --

-- Hank hangs up. Suddenly, like a punctuation mark, both "half-way" timers go off! Ben leans forward --

BEN

How much time have we lost, big man?

HANK

(not listening)

We need to get this car off the road.

For a very brief moment, he closes his eyes, grits his jaw, like he's wrestling with some painful decision... then --

HANK (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

BEN

What is it?

HANK

Change in plans.

He makes a sudden TURN; then reaches down and grabs --

HANK (CONT'D)

-- I spent an entire afternoon trying to make this thing.

His Croque-Monsieur is in shambles on the floor.

BEN

(pulls out lunch bag)

I have trail-mix with chocolate chips, a ham & swiss sandwich, orange slices, and a juice box...

HANK

What are you, in middle school?

Ben unleashes that gregarious Ben Bishop-grin for the first time since fate threw us Damien Gallow --

BEN

You hungry or not, Frenchie?

HANK

Ham sandwich.

Ben hands him half as Hank puts in earbuds and immediately dials 911. A split second later --

OPERATOR (V.O.)

-- 911, what's your emergency?

HANK

My name is Hank Malone, I am transporting a medical courier from LAX to Santa Barbara Community Hospital to deliver an organ for immediate transplant surgery. The recipient is a...

(slightest emotive pause)

... 7 year-old girl. At the corner of Morrison and Haskell we were assaulted by armed men driving two black SUV's -- I have plate #s -- who tried to commandeer the package. They have already killed one man, maybe more. I'm going to take my current vehicle off the road and need a police transport the rest of the way.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

How do you know the men were after the organ, sir?

Hank makes a hard right turn, we're in an upscale NEIGHBORHOOD now...

HANK

Because they said that just before killing my employer. Sir, please just--

OPERATOR (V.O.)

-- what is the name of your employer? --

HANK

-- Sir!

(steels self)

Just listen to me. I am a retired Navy Seal, so when I tell you that dudes with guns are trying to fucking rob me and that I have a solution, you can save your breath and just trust me. So I'm gonna say it again: I need a police transport, now.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I'm sorry, sir, but every unit I have right now has been called up to Emma Wood State Beach.

HANK

Emma Wood?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Correct, Sir. The rains have caused a mudslide; the 101 is already backed up at least a mile.

Hank whispers *Jesus fucking Christ...*

OPERATOR (V.O.)

My recommendation is that you drive directly to the nearest police station and wait for the --

HANK

-- not an option, the surgery has to happen tonight. I can't sit around and wait.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I don't know what to tell you, sir. That is currently your only op--

HANK

-- You're not hearing me, man. This little girl's gonna die.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I understand that, sir, and --

HANK

-- You do? You understand? That's fucking great, then help me help her.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
I'm incredibly sorry, sir, but I do
not currently have another --

HANK
(and he snaps)
-- You're sorry?!

Ben lays a steadying hand on Hank's shoulder --

BEN
We'll find another way --

-- And BAM! THE FRONT OF THEIR CAR IS T-BONED!

Airbags BURST! Earbuds fly out.

We SPIN nearly 360 degrees and come to a violent stop in the
middle of a RESIDENTIAL INTERSECTION.

A Black SUV stops ten yards away. Damien and Luke step out.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: ear bud on floor --

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Sir?... Sir?... Are you there, sir?

A GUNSHOT! GLASS SHATTERING!

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Sir?!

POP OUT --

BEN
How did they find us?!

Hank frantically tries to get the engine to start...

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Sir?! Are you there?!

... it *COUGHS* and *COUGHS* but the front of the car is nearly
demolished, hood-smoke *hissing* in the air, so --

HANK
(off case --)
That thing waterproof?

BEN
It's everything-proof.

HANK
Right side, go now!

Ben opens the door and crawls out clutching the CASE...

Hank follows suit, but stops halfway -- turns back, reaches up to the driver's side VISOR and snatches the PICTURE OF THE 12 YEAR-OLD GIRL just as --

-- BANG! A bullet blows off the SIDEVIEW MIRROR!

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Sir?!

Hank crawls out grabbing his gun and phone from the floor and realizes that he's still connected to 911 --

HANK

-- You see what I'm fucking dealing with now?!

Click and he --

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

-- crouches down behind the CAR next to Ben. A long pause...

Just the engine *hissing*. Then --

DAMIEN (O.S.)

I think we got off on the wrong foot, Hank Malone!

Hank tucks his gun into his waistband and almost laughs --

HANK

(sotto)

This fucking guy.

(then, loudly --)

By *wrong foot*, are you referring to killing my handler?!

(hushed, to Ben)

Give me the case... trust me.

Like he's detaching a piece of himself, Ben hands it to Hank; who, a second later, STANDS upright holding it out in front of him like a shield. Instinctively, Luke aims --

-- but Damien grabs his arm!

DAMIEN

There's no need for things to get anymore violent here.

HANK

Weirdly I don't believe you...

... and he *motions for Ben to stand behind him...* together they inch very slowly away... the smoke from the Acura's engine moving in wraith-like curtains thru the air...

Damien slicks his hair back...

DAMIEN

I don't get it, man. Why do you even fuckin care?

(Hanks says nothing)

So some bitch you don't even know has a shitty day, what the fuck does it matter to you?

HANK

(we're inching...)

What does it matter to you? A million? That sound about right?

DAMIEN

(eyes flash)

You don't know shit.

Slowly, he pierces through the boundary of hissing engine-smoke... he's on our side of the car now...

HANK

What don't I know?

DAMIEN

You want some fuckin money, asshole, is that what you want?

HANK

I want you and your bitchboy to get back in your car and drive away.

DAMIEN

You know we can't do that.

HANK

What if I say *please*?

DAMIEN

Don't make me kill more innocent people tonight, Hank Mal--

-- Suddenly, HEADLIGHTS blast everything to life! Two CARS approaching the intersection from two different directions.

Damien and Luke turn --

HANK

Go!

And in ONE WILD DASH...

Hank grabs Ben and they bolt for the closest HOUSE and up the LAWN and around the SIDE and into the BACKYARD where a chained DOG goes INSANE and Ben nearly falls but Hank keeps him aloft and helps scale the FENCE into a parallel

RESIDENTIAL STREET

where Hank hustles them up the sidewalk --

HANK (CONT'D)

Hang in there, it's just one more street over.

BEN

(heaving)

What is?

But up ahead --

The SUV banks a hard right onto our street!

Hank barely avoids the blast of HIGHBEAMS by dragging Ben down behind a PARKED CAR -- he deliberately knocks off the SIDEVIEW MIRROR and grabs it as they crouch down...

... he hovers it just around the hood, angles the mirror... in REFLECTION: the SUV stops, idles in the street...

Two pairs of feet step out and we go to --

DAMIEN

Analyzing his phone, while one of his other THUGS, gripping an MCX Saucer, waits for orders and go back --

BEHIND CAR

In REFLECTION, Hank sees it: Damien looks from his phone to his man, then points to the exact car we're hiding behind...

It dawns on him. Hank pulls out his cellphone...

HANK

Iggy you motherf...

BEN

What is it?

Hank turns it off. Tilts MIRROR: Armed Thug inching for us. Hank draws his 9mm, checks the clip with a look of disgust --

HANK (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Je préfère les jointures.

BEN
What does that mean?

GO TO DAMIEN

Confused --

DAMIEN
Wait...

BACK BEHIND CAR

HANK
I prefer fists.

And then he does it --

He hurls the mirror up into the air and gets on his stomach.

It SMASHES on the ground in the distance and --

Damien and Thug spin as --

Hank aims from beneath the car's undercarriage -- he wants the main motherfucker but his Thug is the only clean shot -- and FIRES a single, economical bullet, BANG!

Perfect.

The dude's ankle shatters, he collapses in AGONY.

In the commotion, Hank lifts Ben and they dash up the nearest LAWN. Skirt the HOUSE. Scale the FENCE. And land in the

NEXT STREET OVER

Where Hank pauses. Points at --

HANK
We're going to that one --

HEADLIGHTS behind us! Ben's heart stops. Whip around --

Not the SUV. Instead, a TRUCK; the bed bungee-corded in tarp.

Hank thinks fast. He turns his phone back on and just as the truck passes us by he stealthily tosses it in and CUT BACK --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Who is it, baby?!

The sound triggers a visceral twitch of anger in Hank's face.

MONICA
He's not gonna be happy about this.

INT. MONICA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Hank, Ben, Monica, and Monica's smaller very un-Hank-like new husband, JOSH, stand in the LIVING ROOM. Josh is not a bad dude by any means, but he is, undeniably, a bit of a tool --

JOSH
-- What the hell is he doing here, Monica? He's not allowed to --

HANK
--How about I get to explain myself before the munchkin man here jumps down my throat like he always does.

JOSH
Me? Jumping down your throat? Are you kid --

MONICA
-- Josh! Please, just let me handle this, OK.
(lowering the temp)
Hank. Look. Calling over the phone is fine, I like hearing how you're doing -- I do -- and I like telling you how I'm doing as well, but you know you're not supposed to be here.

Ben, surprised, studies Hank's profile...

HANK
I punch the guy once and he gets a restraining order?? I mean --

MONICA
-- Yes, Hank, you punched a human being, unprovoked, and that has consequences.

HANK
Unprovoked?? He called me a useless drunk.

MONICA
You were a useless drunk!

HANK
For the love of God...

We're witnessing one of those broken record arguments that nobody ever wins and can erupt in virtually any situation...

HANK (CONT'D)
...I was a fucking shell, Monica.
So were you. Are you kidding me
with this right now?

JOSH
The only person kidding you, Hank,
is yourself.

HANK
(a step closer)
Stay the fuck out of this, man.

JOSH
(laughs)
Stay out of this?? I'm the one you
punched, man, and if you haven't
noticed, you're in my fucking house

HANK
Her fucking house, technically
speaking. You're more of a...

JOSH
... More of a what?

MONICA
That's enough!

Suddenly, the sound of CRYING. On the counter, the BABY MONITOR is flashing green with the sound...

Pain, noticeable pain, surges across Hank's face...

MONICA (CONT'D)
Josh can you go check on the baby,
please.
(...)
That wasn't a question.

With a final look at Hank, he leaves the room...

MONICA (CONT'D)
What the hell is going on, Hank?

But just as Hank is collecting himself to explain, he realizes that Ben is across the room, standing before what can only be described as a small SHRINE of PHOTOGRAPHS...

... of a GIRL, at each stage of her life, ending with her at 12, identical to the one from Hank's visor. Ben lifts it...

... and smiles sadly. Then walks back and places the ORGAN CASE carefully on the counter; he punches in a code *beeeeeep!*, it opens... he swivels it in Monica's direction...

GO CLOSE: it's the first time we've actually seen it...

This little lump of flesh packed securely in medical coolant. This vital thing to make or a break a precious future...

BEN

A little girl is dying at the Santa Barbara Hospital. Her liver has failed. For remarkable reasons that Hank can regale you with later, we've been delayed, and now have...

(checks watch)

...1 hour and 33 minutes to get there. We need your car, Monica. And, as my wife used to say, a little gust of faith in our sails.

Monica looks bowled over. She turns to her ex-husband... they lock eyes, both seized by a past hauntingly similar. CUT --

EXT. MONICA'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

-- as she walks them to a minivan... but stops, turns... next to it is a much nicer, much faster car...

MONICA

Take the Audi.

She peels off a key, places a hand on Hank's big face...

MONICA (CONT'D)

What are you going to do?

HANK

Commandeer a helicopter.

BEN

We're what?

MONICA

Of course you are.

He opens the car. Ben is about to get in the BACKSEAT but --

HANK
Just get in the front.

INT. SUV - NIGHT, SAME

Eyes swinging PHONE/ROAD/PHONE, Damien drives psychotically.

He makes a sudden hard left --

And there it is, a little pulsing dot, just ahead... the TRUCK. He accelerates until we're bumper kissing bumper...

He leans on the HORN!!! Speeds forward and around until he's parallel with his new prey, forcing it off to the SHOULDER...

Metal SCRAPES! Damien lifts his gun up as a show of what's next, and finally the TRUCK pulls over... stops.

Damien SLAMS the breaks just behind and --

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - CONTINUOUS

-- launches out armed. First thing he does is violently rip the tarp off the bed... nothing but construction supplies. He walks to the driver's side window... a TERRIFIED MAN.

Damien opens the door, looks inside, nothing as well. He wrenches the Driver out and SLAMS him against the door --

DAMIEN
Where are they?!
(presses gun in his neck)
WHERE THE FUCK ARE THEY?!

The Man is nearly crying, he has no fucking idea what Damien is talking about, and Damien knows it. Frantically, he looks around, thinking... and then it dawns...

He walks back to the bed... moves shit aside... and finds it wedged between a pile of tools: Hank's phone.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
Motherfucker!

He smashes it on the ground.

SCARED DRIVER
Can I, p-please...g-go... sir?

Damien turns and GUN-BUTTS him in the face! He collapses.

Damien lifts his foot and proceeds to STOMP the dude's ribs over and over until he's exorcized his rage and --

He slicks his hair back and takes a breath and pulls out his cell and dials --

INT. S.B. COMMUNITY HOSPITAL, ELLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kate, chin on her fist, sits at the edge of Ellie's bed, making a show of thinking hard...

KATE

Just to recap: it can travel through sky, land, and ocean; it has wings but it's not a flying monkey with fish gills, and it's...
(stretches arms wide)
... this big.

Ellie, fighting exhaustion, manages a mischievous smile...

KATE (CONT'D)

Hmmmmmm.

ELLIE

You only have one more before you have to guess.

Kate acts like she's feeling the pressure... then --

KATE

Is it real, or imaginary?

Ellie's eyelids get the better of her, she's fading again...

ELLIE

I... don't know.

KATE

(softly)
Well you've stumped mommy again.

She leans in and turns her ear close to Ellie's mouth...

KATE (CONT'D)

Can you tell me?

ELLIE

(drifting...)
An angel.

A rush of heartache catches in Kate's throat. She combs Ellie's hair back... she kisses her forehead...

And stands. And paces. And she can't fucking handle this, so:

INT. S.B. COMMUNITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

She stops at Dr. Ainsley's office door. She KNOCKS...
Nothing... KNOCKS again... finally, she tests the handle,
it's unlocked, so she quietly twists it and steps in...

INT. DR. AINSLEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

... and almost gasps. Jess' scared FACE whips up from
Ainsley's desk --

KATE
Jess what are you --

JESS
Kate what are you --

Kate quietly closes the door as Jess waves her over:

JESS (CONT'D)
(sotto)
OK, I know this looks incredibly
unprofessional, but after Ainsley
spoke with the courier, I overheard
her having a heated conversation
with somebody -- like, crazy
heated, Kate -- and I just... I
came in here to ask her about it,
but she was gone, so I let myself
in, and I was sorta thinking
about...

KATE
... thinking about what?

JESS
Calling the courier myself.

KATE
(face lights up)
That's exactly what I was gonna do.

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

The WIPER's tempo. Refracted passing lights make strange
geometry on their faces. Ben studies his Runner...

The man's life just laid so bare. Hank pulls out the picture
of his daughter and slides it into the new visor...

HANK
I can feel you looking at me, Ben.

BEN

Well. Are we just gonna skip over the whole douchebag new husband restraining order thing?

HANK

He is a douchebag, isn't he?

BEN

(paternal smile...)

Us being strangers ended about two car accidents, one gun fight and a family feud ago. Unburden yourself.

But Hank's one helluva fucking vault...

BEN (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not asking for some Shakespearean soliloquy here, just give me the Hank version...

Hank rug-burns the wheel... that guarded instinct...

HANK

You're not gonna let this go, huh.

He isn't. So Hank takes a deep and uncomfortable breath and --

HANK (CONT'D)

(finally)

Got back from Iraq. Became what Josh said. Turned into a shitty husband, a worthless dad, and when our girl Harper got sick...

(face floods w/ quiet emotion)

I was a no-show.

His voice shrinks...

HANK (CONT'D)

...My only kid was dying of a heart defect and all I could do was get more fucked up...

(eyes move to the picture)

I was even drunk the day she died.

...Ben lets it all hang in the air a moment...

BEN

(and then)

So now the mission is to stay sober, let Monica live the life she wants to live, and, I'm guessing -- but my guesses are usually pretty good -- get into all the cool stuff that Harper loved...

(Hank silently confirms)

She's the Francophile.

HANK

Ever since she watched that movie, *Amelie*, man. Eiffel tower, creme brûlées, fashion magazines, always calling me "monsieur daddy." She even asked for Edith Piaf on vinyl for her 9th birthday -- Monica and I were like, what the fuck?

Ben chuckles, smiles, and if Hank were a different type of dude, he might even squeeze his shoulder, but he's not...

HANK (CONT'D)

So. Now that you've pestered me into being... you know...

BEN

Emotionally healthy?

HANK

Sure. Now that you've done that, you have anything profound you wanna say about it?

Ben chuckles again. It's clear Hank begrudgingly means it.

BEN

Do I have any anything profound to say about losing someone you love and the hell that follows?? Big man, you're in Ben Bishop country --

-- Suddenly his PHONE *RINGS!*

They both freeze. It's the hospital.

BEN (CONT'D)

What do I say?

It *RINGS!*

HANK

We play it by ear.

Ben takes a deep breath... and answers on speaker --

INTERCUT: AUDI / AINSLEY'S OFFICE

BEN

This is Ben Bishop.

KATE

(heart thumping)

Are you the medical courier?

BEN

May I ask who this is?

KATE

This is Kate Baker, I'm the mother of the recipient. Please, Mr. Bishop, has something gone wrong?

Ben looks at Hank, calculating the cost of honesty here...

BEN

How did you get this number?

KATE

Just tell me if there's something wrong?!

BEN

(very calmly)

Kate -- can I call you *Kate*? -- you can just call me *Ben*. I completely understand your concern...

(hates equivocating)

but I am not authorized to discuss protocol with anyone apart from the assigned medical professi --

KATE

-- I'm her MOTHER, Ben, which, in my book, makes me "authorized" to talk about literally every conceivable fucking thing regarding her!

BEN

I understand, Kate. And let me just say that everything --

The office DOOR suddenly opens on --

DR. AINSLEY

-- Kate what are you---Jess??---Who
are you both talking to??

Dr. Ainsley moves fast across the room and reaches for the
phone but Kate jerks her hand away --

KATE

-- No.

BEN

Kate?

DR. AINSLEY

Please give me the phone.

KATE

Not until someone gets fucking
honest with me.

She presses SPEAKER phone, replaces the receiver...

KATE (CONT'D)

Ben you're on speaker. Start
talking, right now.

Kate is an immovable object. Dr. Ainsley concedes --

DR. AINSLEY

Go ahead, Ben.

BEN

(and so)

There are men, bad men -- we don't
know who -- but they have been...
pursuing us, Kate.

KATE

Pursuing you??

BEN

My best guess is that someone at
the National Database has been
corrupted, and that these men
traffic in the black market organ
trade.

(pause)

And as you know, Kate, your
daughter has Rh-null blood, which
makes this particular liver, well,
you understand...

Kate starts to shake... starts to panic... she sits...

KATE
Jesus Christ.

HANK
Kate.

The new, deeper voice startles her, she looks up...

HANK (CONT'D)
My name is Hank Malone. I was hired
to drive Ben. I want to ask you to
do something for me...
(intrigued, she listens)
I want you to take a really,
really, really deep breath...

For a moment, her panic is derailed by the unexpectedness of
the request...

HANK (CONT'D)
Do it, Kate.

And so she closes her eyes, and breathes...

HANK (CONT'D)
Now listen to me: I know that you
live in permanent fear for your
daughter, that you wake up every
morning with your heart in the
middle of breaking...

His voice wears the past, Kate can hear it...

HANK (CONT'D)
...and I know that this situation
only makes it worse, but you should
also know this:

PUSH SLOWLY on his face...

HANK (CONT'D)
I am not a man who people
successfully fuck with. When they
do, they lose, and they lose hard.
So I promise you, there is not a
single thing in this world that
will stop me from getting to you.

The certainty in his voice has stilled the room...

HANK (CONT'D)
Do you trust me, Kate?

A pause... which Ben fills --

BEN
He's really big... and scary... in
case that helps.

HANK
Kate?

She wipes her eyes...

KATE
I do.

HANK
Say it.

KATE
I trust you.

HANK
(combat mode)
Good. Now. Doc...

Just then we pass a sign: Next Exit 4B, VENTURA HOSPITAL.

HANK (CONT'D)
We're gonna be at the Ventura
Hospital in 10 minutes. There is a
size-able road obstruction on the
101 at Emma Wood, and traffic is
backed up a mile --
(Ainsley almost gasps)
-- but don't worry, we're gonna
avoid all that with a medevac.

DR. AINSLEY
In this weather??

HANK
I've flown in worse. As an added
precaution, you're going to put
armed security at every entrance.
(pause)
I'll see you soon, Kate.
(he hangs up)

STAY IN AINSLEY'S OFFICE a moment...

She turns to Kate --

DR. AINSLEY
I'm sorry I wasn't transparent with
you, Kate.
(MORE)

DR. AINSLEY (CONT'D)

I didn't want to frighten you more than you already are, and they had assured me that the situation was under control.

KATE

Jess said that she overheard you arguing with someone... Right after you spoke with Ben.

Ainsley turns briefly to her nurse and a light-burst of anger appears and disappears on her face...

DR. AINSLEY

(to Kate)

What are you asking me exactly?

Kate falters...

Ainsley tightens her coat like she's tightening her dignity --

DR. AINSLEY (CONT'D)

If you must know, I was speaking with the director of the national transplant database, asking him how in the world this situation was even possible to begin with. And did I raise my voice a little?

(pause)

You bet your ass I did.

She scoops up the phone --

DR. AINSLEY (CONT'D)

Get me security.

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

-- just as the BRIGHT LIGHTS of VENTURA MEMORIAL HOSPITAL emerge. Hank accelerates and turns into the PARKING LOT and then pumps the breaks right at the EMERGENCY DROP-OFF --

HANK

Go. I'll park.

Ben leaps out with the ORGAN CASE! Hank speeds forward and --

INT. VENTURA HOSPITAL - NIGHT

-- Ben rushes up to the RECEPTION DESK, passing a hectic WAITING ROOM full of PEOPLE at various degrees of distress.

BEN
 (catching breath)
 Hi there...

A harried, condescending MALE RECEPTIONIST looks up --

BEN (CONT'D)
 ...My name is Ben Bishop, I'm a
 medical courier, and I have a live
 liver with a vanishing window of
 viability that I need transported
 to Santa Barbara Community Hospital
 immediately.
 (reception guy just looks
 at him)
 Immediately as in, now --

OUTSIDE

Hank parks in the LOT and launches out as --

INSIDE

RECEPTIONIST
 I'm sorry, sir, but I don't have
 any available transport vehic --

Ben breaks character and POUNDS the counter as --

OUTSIDE

Hank runs... but suddenly stops! Sees something troubling.

INSIDE

BEN
 Listen to me, son: In the last two
 hours I have been in two separate
 car accidents, seen a man die, and
 been shot at willy-nilly by violent
 gunmen -- all because...
 (he puts it on counter)
 ... of this briefcase. So you're
 going to get on the phone, you're
 going to order me a medevac
 transport, and you're going to do
 it right the hell now! --
 (Reception guy flinches)

Meet New Ben, as --

OUTSIDE

Hank is forced to crouch down behind a CAR! Because, very slowly, Damien Gallow is driving by... *How the fuck* --

The SUV parks... Hank gets his moment and BOLTS as --

INSIDE

Ben's newfangled anger is making a scene, when --

HANK (O.S.)

Ben!

(Ben spins)

Time to go.

Hank grabs him as he rushes passed and hustles them...

BEN

What's happening?

... deeper into the Hospital.

HANK

They found us.

BEN

What? How?

HANK

That's a great fucking question.

They dash down the HALL to an ELEVATOR BAY. Sound behind us!

Spin --

THROUGH THE SLIDING ENTRANCE DOORS

Damien, ski-masked, stepping in...

He and Hank LOCK GAZES twenty yards apart.

Time seems to freeze... and then unfreeze --

Hank punches *Down* on the elevator. Ben grips his big arm.

And Damien starts to run --

RECEPTIONIST

Sir! Excuse me, Sir! You can't --

Ding. Elevator doors open. We get in. Hank hits Garage.

ANGLE ON --

Damien, bloodshot eyes, erasing the distance between us!

Doors start closing...
 Damien twenty feet...
 Closing...
 Ten feet...
 Ben grips tighter...
 Damien close enough to touch --
 The doors shut on his EYES!

STAY WITH HIM...

DAMIEN

Fuck!

Above, see the light indicator going down. He spins around looking for a STAIRWELL EXIT... and there it is! SMASH --

INT. BASEMENT GARAGE - NIGHT

Ding! Doors open. We bolt. Footsteps rebounding. We sound like a legion. The MOUTH OF THE GARAGE appears, ascending to ground level... suddenly, one of Damien's SUV FLEET --

SCREECHES to a stop in front of us!

Three MEN (including driver) get out.

Hank steps in front of Ben, feels for his 9mm, but it's in the car. His EYES PAN around for a way out of this...

But the only way out is thru.

The MEN get closer, spoiling for a fight...

HANK

You sure you want to do this?

They inch closer. Their meanmug-silence is a Yes. Hank pushes Ben further back as a dark shadow moves over his eyes...

He stretches his neck. We hear a pop.

HANK (CONT'D)

OK.

Before you can blink, Hank becomes a storm of brutal and efficient violence, and by the time he's done, Damien's goons are like broken toys on the fucking ground.

He peels up one of their faces and is just about to leave a right-fisted exclamation mark when --

-- a hand lands fast on his shoulder. Hank whips around like he's waking up from a trance. Ben's shocked eyes on him...

BEN

I think you've made your point, big man.

A stairwell door SMASHES open behind us! Damien's wild ECHOES enter the equation! We haul up the WINDING EXIT and --

EXT./INT. AUDI - MOMENTS LATER

-- *Beep! Beep!* as Hank opens the car and we fly in and the engine GROWLS to life and Hank shifts into Reverse but --

-- *SCREEEEECH* as the second SUV slams to a halt just behind us! We're boxed into our spot. The SUV's back driver's side window rolls down on a gleaming semi-automatic...

BEN

Hank!

HANK

I know! Hold on --

He punches *Drive!* Muscles the Audi up over the concrete island divider between LOTS (*carriage scraping! Sorry, Monica*) until he's bumper to bumper with another parked CAR.

Magazine fire PRRRRRPRRRPRRR! The back window SHATTERS! Duck!

He keeps accelerating until the CAR has been forced out of the way and then YANKS the wheel right and fucking guns it --

ANGLE ON SIDEVIEW MIRROR REFLECTION as:

The hospital races away from us as the SUV climbs the island in kind and tears around the corner in pursuit and we slice right/left/right dizzy as the reflected world behind us swings back and forth and then suddenly we're blasting onto the highway again with cars pumping their breaks and HONKING as we slice dangerously across lanes and finally CUT --

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

HANK

Get a map up on your phone.
(frantically, Ben does)
(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

Put in Santa Barbara Community...
what do you see?

BEN

Starting at, hold on... starting at
exit 70A, it's just like the
operator said..

(fingers dragging)
...completely red until that beach.

HANK

Let me see it.

Kneeing the wheel, he ZOOMS on the map, scoping alternate
routes... but it's all useless, it's all blood red, and --

Up ahead, the start of all that red approaches, and it's
building... He checks the SIDEVIEW... a decision --

HANK (CONT'D)

OK.

BEN

OK what?

Hank breaks just as we get to the traffic's tail --

HANK

We walk.

BEN

(bone-tired)
Dear god.

Hank cuts the engine, pulls out the keys, and here we go...
Our boys step out into a bumper-to-bumper-clusterfuck --

INT. SUV - SAME

Damien, Luke, their last remaining henchman driving, quickly
approach the JAM and all instantly see it --

DAMIEN

What the fuck are they...

LUKE

They're walking.

Driver brakes.

Damien's phone RINGS! "Mother." He silences it. Checks
handgun clip... to Luke --

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

(to Luke)
You're with me.

They jump out and SMASH TO --

BIRDS EYE VIEW

A "*holy shit*" is in order.

Behold the glorious, nightmare-expanse of a Southland TRAFFIC JAM: a snaking tail of red/yellow lights gripping the COAST, ending at a jumbled mess of CONSTRUCTION; hear the harsh music of HORNS, of wind, of trapped road rage...

And dashing through it, CUT --

Note to reader, it's a ONER now until we say it isn't:

-- We're racing with our boys as they weave thru bumpers three-lanes thick, COMMUTER'S eyes widening at the odd duo blurring passed their windows... Suddenly, Ben stops --

-- He leans over fighting to breathe. It's a few beats before Hank realizes he's lost him! He hightails back --

HANK

-- Come on, Ben, just a little further now.

BEN

(heaving)

You know, I had a really nice night planned.

Hank gives him a wry smile (might be his first of the movie).

HANK

What, this isn't fun enough for you, old man?

As if Ben's answer:

GUN SHOT!

Hank drags Ben to the ground and we WHIP the CAMERA AROUND --

-- in the distance, Damien has FIRED a warning shot into the air. Arm still raised to the sky, in the glistening traffic glow he looks like some mythical psycho summoning the Gods.

Luke stands beside him, points --

WHIP BACK to -- Hank checks his clip, gets a fist full of Ben's shirt and then steers him (crouched) around a car and pushes him forward as -- BANG!... BANG!

A sideview mirror SHATTERS just beside us! The DRIVER inside SCREAMS, ducks, and then... we step into an inch of MUD.

The end of the jam must be close at hand!

Let's stand up, slightly, to get a better view: twenty more cars to go. The mud thickens... up ahead, a chunk of the hillside has seemingly melted right into the highway...

The cars at this point, slick with detritus, have lost their grip on the road and are sort of just floating together...

ROAD CREWS, AMBULANCES, FIRETRUCKS all assembled...

Suddenly, closer than we'd like --

DAMIEN (O.S.)

I tried to be reasonable, Hank! I tried to be FUCKIN reasonable with you!

Hank cocks his gun, crouched between two bumpers...

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

Look where we are now, Hank! Look how fucking hard you've made this!!

Hank urges Ben around another CAR....

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

You're running out of time!
(we keep inching!)
That things gonna be a useless fuckin piece of meat any minute now!

Hank checks his watch: it's 8:39

BANG! BANG! One sends a SPRAY of mud into the air and the other rips through a nearby wheel, hssssssssssssssss!!!

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

And what a goddamn waste it would be! All this bullshit, all this running around, and that little bitch Ellie Baker dies anyway!!

Hank's pupils dilate with rage... but then confusion... He looks at Ben: *this motherfucker knows Ellie's name.*

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

Don't let it go to waste, Hank!
Give it to me and I promise I'll --

HANK
 (whispers to Ben)
 Go!

Hank FIRES in Damien's direction and we --

CIRCLE them scrambling up wildly and making hard for the end of the jam, Hank back-pedaling BANG! BANG! at Damien!

And we're seconds from the "snake's head," where FIREMEN and ROAD WORKERS are helping DRIVERS out of their cars and walking them off to the highway shoulder --

ROAD WORKER
 (turning around)
 -- Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! What the hell
 are you doing?! You can't be --

BANG!

Damien and Luke splashing for us through the mud!

ROAD WORKER (CONT'D)
 Holy shit!

And then Ben trips. The CASE flings from his fingers and --

BEN
 No!

-- slides across the mud and UNDER A CAR!

And so Hank does the only thing that's left to do: he picks Ben up by the jacket-collar like he's a cat and then

walks up to the WORKER who's helping the DRIVER and his WIFE out and --

HANK
 I'm gonna need the car.

WORKER
 Is this a joke?

HANK
 Do I look like a fucking joke?

DRIVER
 Cette ville est complètement folle!

HANK
 (stunned a moment...)
 Vous êtes français??

DRIVER

Oui.

They're obviously tourists.

HANK

Parlez vous anglais?

DRIVER

Un peu.

HANK

Tres bien. GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY
WAY, *S'IL VOUS PLAIT!*

BANG! Everyone ducks! Hank snatches French dude's keys --

HANK (CONT'D)

Ben, get in! I'll get the case!

Ben circles to the passenger side and gets in as Hank grips the BACK BUMPER...

... and starts to PUSH the car the remaining five feet to the slick boundary between HWY and MUD and just as he gets momentum, the ORGAN CASE appears below him....

He scoops it up and runs around and leaps in and --

THE SHOT ENDS

INT. COMMANDEERED CAR - CONTINUOUS

-- and he cranks the keys, the ENGINE growls, the wheels spin and spit GEYSERS of mud and he keeps accelerating...

HANK (CONT'D)

Come on!

BANG!

...*spitting* and *spinning* and *spitting* and YES THERE WE GO --

We launch off up the 101 as a last bullet kisses the bumper!

And it's free, open road ahead. Then, *Beep! Beep! Beep!*

The final quarter ALARM on both their watches goes off. Hank silences his, but Ben's keeps *Beeping*... and *Beeping* and --

HANK (CONT'D)

-- Ben... Ben, your alarm...

He turns to find Ben's SHOCKED FACE staring at him...

BEN

Hank...

Ben's adrenaline is yielding to a terrible reality...

He looks down... to his hands... pressed against his abdomen... which are starting to bubble over with red...

HANK

No, no no no --

Panic, real fucking panic, a new color on Hank, and SMASH --

EXT. HIGHWAY TRAFFIC JAM - NIGHT

Damien stands in the slime and the headlight glow with dozens of scared onlookers all agog; a gun dangles at his side, a phone is pressed to his ear. We hear labored breathing...

DONNA (V.O.)

Do you have it yet, darling?

A vein pulses on his face, a muscle twitches --

DAMIEN

Malone is cornered. It's only a matter of minutes now.

INTERCUT W/ DONNA'S MANSION, BEDROOM

The Matriarch reclined, eyes closed.

DONNA

What's taking so long?

DAMIEN

There was a... mudslide on the 101.

Donna let's out a wheezy, disturbing LAUGH...

DONNA

God's really trying to kill me isn't he, Damien?

DAMIEN

He's tried and failed before. This time won't be any different. How are you feeling?

DONNA

Like a caged fucking lion.

DAMIEN
Not caged for long.

DONNA
Damien.

DAMIEN
Yes?

DONNA
(she opens her eyes)
Kill everyone who made this
difficult.

STAY WITH DAMIEN as --

We hear the line cut. His bloodshot eyes dilate... a second later, gun raised, he's marching towards a car and --

INT. COMMANDEERED CAR - NIGHT

Hank gunning the pedal up the coast and --

HANK
Lift your shirt, Ben.

Red hands shaking, Ben does. His lower left abdomen: a bullet wound, blood leaking fast... for a split second Hank drifts into the ONCOMING LANE and then jerks the wheel back!

HANK (CONT'D)
Now lean forward, I need to see if
it went through you.

But Ben's thoughts are rapidly breaking apart...

BEN
Hank... I think I've been... shot --

HANK
You have. Now do as I say: lean
forward...

He obeys. There is no second hole. The bullet's in there.

BEN
Did it go through?

HANK
No.

BEN
Is that good or bad, big man?

Hank opts not to scare him further; instead, knees the wheel, takes off his jacket and crushes it into a ball --

HANK
Hold that there -- really firm,
Ben, just like that...

The HWY FORKS. Hank veers left on The 1, gripping the coast.

BEN
(eyes are pure glass now)
You know what's strange...

Hank fishes in Ben's jacket for his cell...

HANK
What's strange, Ben? Tell me.

Keep him talking...

BEN
I don't have any kids.
(Hank finds phone)
Surprising, right? You'd think I
would, based on the way I... am.

Hank dials 911.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(seconds later)
911, what's your emergency?

As Ben rambles to Hank and God --

HANK
I need to know what the next
hospital or urgent care is
between [sees sign] Westerlay
and Santa Barbara.

BEN
I sure wanted them though.
But my wife... She just...
didn't. It was the only thing
we ever argued about...

OPERATOR
That would be in Montecito,
sir.

BEN (CONT'D)
...and when she died? Oh, big
man, I wanted them even
more...

HANK
Roughly how many miles?

BEN (CONT'D)
...I felt so alone... I just
needed...

OPERATOR
About 7 miles from where you
are now. Sir, what is your
emer--

BEN (CONT'D)
...someone to carry a few
pieces of this...
(looks at his chest)
...broken old thing

Hank hangs up. Looks over at Ben and fights a surge of panic: two lives to save now. *Can he get to SB before Ben --*

BEN (CONT'D)

How did they find us, big man?

And then of course there's that. Ben's eyes weigh a thousand pounds and they're closing --

HANK

-- Hey! Ben! Stay awake! Keep talking!

BEN

(pained laugh)

Big man wants Ben Bishop to keep talking... that's the real surprise.

Hank rug-burns the wheel and crushes the pedal, urging the car to defy physics. A pissed-off ocean rages to our left --

The speedometer inches up. We're north of 100 now. Miles streak by, until, suddenly, just as we carve around a bend...

TRAFFIC. And it's only growing...

Briefly, Hank snaps --

HANK

Fuck!

We can feel each precious second slipping thru our fingers...

He steels himself. Sees up ahead a GAS STATION MINI-MART racing at us. He checks his watch: 8:55. His efficient, militarized mind doing all the calculations and then he --

-- whips the car into the LOT and in one uninterrupted move parks around the BACK (hidden from the HWY) and launches out and runs into --

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

-- the empty store and in a blur of seconds has an armful of mini-mart quality first-aid supplies and on his way back out the door he stops briefly to address a stunned YOUNG CLERK --

HANK

-- I'll be back in 5 minutes to pay for this don't do a fucking thing --

INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Hank opens the trunk and lies Ben down and force-feeds him ibuprofen and sanitizes his hands and carefully tears open the red-slick shirt and... it's even worse than we thought.

BEN

I know we're cut from different cloth...

Before Ben can protest, Hank pours isopropyl onto the wound -- Ben GROANS! -- and then cleans around the hole...

The bullet, it's visible now.

Hank flips out a serrated pocket knife, sanitizes it...

BEN (CONT'D)

...But if I'd been lucky enough to have... to have a son. I'd be proud...

Hank takes off his neck-tie and bunches it up...

BEN (CONT'D)

... if he turned out like you. Just like the big man.

For a split second Hank considers that, and then --

HANK

Ben, this is gonna be the worst experience of your life.

He crams the tie into Ben's mouth. He pinches the skin around the wound -- Ben SCREAMS! -- and then the Blade goes in....

Digging. Pinching. Digging. Ben nearly blacking out with pain and Jesus fucking Christ finally, a bullet in Hank's hand...

HANK (CONT'D)

Done.

Clean. Patch. Tape. Ben, in physical shock, shakes as --

Instantly, Hank checks his watch (it's 9:05) and then --

Like he's been dual-tracking his mind for the last five minutes, he picks up Ben's phone and googles something...

"Ellie Baker."

He finds a GoFundMe page. Clicks. Ellie's FACE appears, which -- pause -- hits him right in the chest. The page explains her disease and line-items her insane medical bills...

A short bio of her mother as well, including an email... Hank pulls up Ben's *mail app*, copies in her address and composes:

"Kate, this is Hank Malone. Call me NOW. Tell NOBODY."

HANK (CONT'D)

(to Ben)

What's your cell number?

Ben recites it, Hank types it. Sends the email and then walks around the corner and looks ACROSS THE STREET --

There's another GAS STATION...

INT. S.B. COMMUNITY HOSPITAL, ADMINISTRATIVE AREA - SAME

Kate, Jess, other STAFF, watch Ainsley interacting with the HEAD OF HOSPITAL SECURITY, when --

Ding.

Kate pulls out her cell, an email from... Ben Bishop?

She opens it and reads... her eyes widen... she slowly backs away from the congestion and turns and --

INT. S.B. COMMUNITY HOSPITAL, RESTROOM - NIGHT

Kate steps in and locks the door and anxiously calls the # --

INTERCUT W/ HANK BEHIND GAS STATION

-- he picks up on the first ring!

HANK

Kate.

KATE

Hank, what's happening?

HANK

I made a promise to you, and in order to keep that promise, I need you to do exactly as I say.

There is already an unspoken trust between these two...

KATE

OK.

See the car pull into the STATION ACROSS THE STREET --

HANK

-- I'm gonna give you my location and a description of where I am, and I need you to relay it to Dr. Ainsley and her staff. But then, and this is KEY, Kate, I need you to watch closely and see if anybody immediately makes a call.

KATE

OK.

He describes, verbatim, the scene ACROSS THE STREET --

HANK

I'm at the Valero station on the ocean side of the 1, just after Loon Point. I'm in a green Subaru sedan. Now go --

She hangs up, takes a steadying breath, steps out and --

STAY WITH HANK NOW

He checks watch. Fishes a # out of his wallet and dials...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

(picking up --)

Detective Garcia.

HANK

Detective, my name is Hank Malone, I work for Iggy. He said you could run something for me.

DET. GARCIA (V.O.)

Why isn't he calling me himself?

HANK

He's busy at the moment. Please, man, this is urgent.

DET. GARCIA (V.O.)

(finally)

What do you need?

Hank opens Ben's camera, finds SCREENSHOT of Damien's plates.

HANK

Plate check. Ready?... XL46C.

DET. GARCIA (V.O.)

(keyboard clacking)

What's this about?

HANK

A high profile client of ours has a stalker.

DET. GARCIA (V.O.)

(found it)

That's fuckin weird; what comes up is a car wash on Pico. You sure that's the plate? XL46C?

HANK

Positive.

DET. GARCIA (V.O.)

(more clacking... then)

Well shit.

HANK

What.

DET. GARCIA (V.O.)

"Wash" is right, but it ain't cars. This is a front, no question. You know the name Donna Gallow?

HANK

No.

DET. GARCIA (V.O.)

She's a bad motherfucker to have on your ass, man.

HANK

Who is she?

DET. GARCIA (V.O.)

The fairy godmother of Southland crime. She's on trial right now for murder, extortion, racketeering, you name it, the full fuckin bingo card. She'll never see the outside of a cell if they get a conviction, but she just got out on 5M bail last month -- has some sorta terminal illness or something.

HANK
 (dawning)
 She have a son?

DET. GARCIA (V.O.)
 Oh yeah.
 (almost laughs)
 Damien Gallow. Real piece 'a work.
 Guy I know over in Major Crimes
 interrogated him awhile back about
 a string of execution-style
 killings -- couldn't make any of it
 stick, but said the kid's a one of
 a kind sociopath.

ACROSS THE STREET, a car speeds recklessly into the VALERO...

DET. GARCIA (V.O.)
 What'd this client do to get the
 fuckin Gallow family after --

-- But Hank cuts the line and watches from around the corner
 as the car stops right next to the Green Subaru, and sure
 enough, Damien Gallow, scion son, and Luke, step out...

PUSH SLOW on Hank's face... suspicions confirmed.

HANK
 Come on, Kate, call me.

-- he spins around, and before we can blink, is carrying Ben
 and the ORGAN CASE effortlessly thru the MINI-MART BACK
 ENTRANCE and blazing passed the YOUNG CLERK into the --

YOUNG CLERK
 (following him --)
 Hey what the --

-- BACK OFFICE

He gently lays Ben down, shuts the door and then backs the
 Clerk into a wall, gets huge --

HANK
 You're gonna fucking roll with
 what's happening right now. Got it?

Hank is so big and intimidating the Clerk just nods...

HANK (CONT'D)
 Get me ice.
 (he turns and kneels at
 the CASE)
 Ben, code.

Wincing, Ben recites it. As Clerk dude returns with a bag of ice, Hank's fingers punch -- *Beeeeep!* -- the CASE opens:

For the second time we see it. This precious little PIECE OF HUMAN BIOLOGY in a medical sac. It almost looks divine...

Hank rips off collar and undershirts (bare-chested, he's even more daunting); he makes an *ad hoc* icepack from his undershirt; gently lifts LIVER, replaces melting coolant...

...shuts the CASE. Click. *Beeeeep!* He puts his bloody collar shirt back on and instantly tends to Ben. He pulls away the bunched-up jacket, gently separates the bandages and --

-- looks away so that Ben can't see the morph happen on his face. But Ben Bishop isn't having it: he reaches up a palsy hand and tilts Hank's gaze back in his direction and then

stares at him like a proper father would...

BEN

I meant what I said earlier...
about being proud.

Hank's eyes briefly dart away...

BEN (CONT'D)

You're daughter would be, too.

Study HANK'S FACE a moment...

BEN (CONT'D)

Now GO.

EXT. VALERO, ACROSS STREET - NIGHT (SAME)

-- realizing he's either been lied to or given bad intel, Damien shoves the Subaru OWNER away from him and slicks back his hair. Takes a breath. Suddenly looks up and TURNS TO --

INT. MINI-MART, BACK OFFICE - NIGHT (SAME)

YOUNG CLERK

(off SECURITY MONITOR)

Uhhh, guys, guy, Terminator dude??
We have a, uh, a...

ANGLE ON MONITOR: Damien and Luke approaching fast. Both brandish their weapons simultaneously and --

YOUNG CLERK (CONT'D)

...holy shit. Guys!!

Hank takes out his 9mm and wraps Ben's hands around it. He then nods, and behind that nod is a wealth of feeling. He stands, grabs the ORGAN CASE and turns to the Clerk --

HANK

This man is not in your office. I was never here. You've just been standing behind the counter with jack shit to do because of the mudslide.

(hands him a wad of cash)

And little man? I promise, when this is all over, you're gonna be a hero on the nightly news; which will be...

(studies his appearance)

...helpful for you.

Clerk nods. We FOLLOW him as he shuts the office door and, trying not to shit himself, steps out --

BEHIND THE COUNTER just as ding! --

Damien and Luke enter with violence in their veins and CUT --

INT. S.B. COMMUNITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT (SAME)

We're hustling down a CORRIDOR with Kate. She slips into the RESTROOM, locks the door, pulls out her cell and BACK TO --

MINI-MART, BACK OFFICE (SAME)

Hank is just about to duck out the back entrance when --

DAMIEN (O.S. THRU OFFICE DOOR)

-- I want you to call that fucking nurse...

Hank freezes.

DAMIEN (O.S. THRU OFFICE DOOR) (CONT'D)

... and I want you to remind her what we're gonna do to her if she fucks this up.

AT THE COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

...Damien studies the Clerk...

YOUNG CLERK
G-g-ood evening, guys. Is there,
uh, like, like something I can, uh,
maybe, help you with?

DAMIEN (O.S.)
(mocking)
F-f-for, uh, like, like your sake,
I, uh, fuckin hope so.

He leans on the counter and needles his gun into the Clerk's
forehead --

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
You look like you want your mommy.
(cocks head)
Why do you look like you want your
mommy?

CLERK
I... I don't want my mommy, sir.

DAMIEN
Why are you trembling then?

CLERK
(he is)
I'm not trembling, sir.

BACK TO OFFICE as --

Ben's cell RINGS! Kate. Hank instantly silences it, but --

BACK TO THE COUNTER as --

DAMIEN
(whipping to sound!)
What was that?

YOUNG CLERK
What was what?

Damien is already leaping over the counter --

YOUNG CLERK (CONT'D)
He's coming in!

-- and bursting thru the door into the --

BACK OFFICE

-- where he finds two things:

The EXIT DOOR just swinging shut, and an Older Man dead.

DAMIEN
 (bolting!)
 Take care of the fuckin kid and the
 security footage!!

He disappears into the night and WE TURN JUST AS --

Luke shoves the Clerk in, who trips to the ground. Luke raises his gun and is about to end this kid's life when --

BANG!... and then again, BANG!

Eyes wide, Luke drops his piece and clutches his stomach and stumbles back against the wall... he slides to the ground, leaving a thick racing stripe of blood in his wake...

ANGLE ON: Ben (the faker), holding Hank's gun, hands chattering, shocked by what he's just done...

BEN
 You alright, son?

Disclaimer: We're gonna be galloping till the fucking end

INTERCUT DASH:

IN S.B. HOSPITAL RESTROOM

Anxiously, Kate redials Hank, as --

ON THE HWY

That traffic from earlier has accumulated, turning the HWY into a fucking parking lot again. Hank weaves through the jam of bumpers until he's at the OCEAN SIDE OF THE 1...

He peers over the railing into the distance...

... the HOSPITAL EXIT RAMP is maybe three football fields away. The beach would be a shorter run, but to get to it he's got a hillside of LARGE ROCKS to descend...

He looks over his shoulder --

Damien.

In pursuit, 20 yards behind, wielding the Assault MCX Saucer.

It's do or die time. Then, Hank's phone RINGS! Picking up --

HANK
 -- Kate, hold on!

No choice.

He climbs over the guardrail and begins to scale down, as --

AT THE HOSPITAL

Kate slips back into the CORRIDOR, sotto --

KATE
Hank?... Hank?!
(hurrying)
I need to tell you --

ON THE HIGHWAY

Damien stops at the GUARDRAIL panting! He sees the exit ramp ahead, and Hank scaling down the rocks... debating, as --

ON THE BEACH

-- Hank lands on weather-beaten sand and fucking hauls. He lifts the cell back to his ear and shouts over the wind --

HANK
Kate! I'm here! --

KATE (CONT'D)
-- Hank, listen to me --

HANK (CONT'D)
-- It's a nurse! The person helping these people is a nurse at the --

KATE (CONT'D)
-- I can't believe I'm saying this, but I think it's Ains-- wait, what?

AS:

ON HIGHWAY

Mirroring Hank's trajectory from above, Damien sprints! Our story's TRAFFIC JAM redux streaking by and --

ON BEACH

Gripping the CASE, Hank runs with everything he's made of --

HANK (CONT'D)
How many nurses does Ellie have?!
(silence)
Kate?!... Kate?!

AT HOSPITAL

Kate bending a corner, approaching her daughter's room --

KATE
Hank? Did you say nurse?... Hank?!

ON HIGHWAY

Damien, a blur, eyes missiled on our man, as --

ON BEACH

Hank looks at his phone, service/bars stuttering --

HANK

Kate?!

AT HOSPITAL

Her HAND twists the door knob...

KATE

Hank, I can't hear you... Hank??

... and she enters --

ELLIE'S ROOM

-- where she instantly freezes.

Sitting next to a sleeping-Ellie... is a wild-eyed Jess. She brings the tip of a syringe threateningly close to Ellie's IV port...

JESS

This is 500mg of Vecuronium.

HANK (THRU PHONE)

Kate!

KATE

Jess, what the hell are you --

JESS

-- toss me the phone, Kate.

ON BEACH

HANK

Kate --

Line cuts. But he heard it. Somehow, he runs faster as --

IN ELLIE'S ROOM

Kate tosses the cell. Jess pockets it...

JESS

Now lock the door -- slowly -- and sit down.

Kate does... 10 feet between us now. Jess' syringe-hand shakes... she looks scared, even small, even desperate...

JESS (CONT'D)

(and then)

There are some very dangerous people who need that organ, Kate, and they're on their way to get it. And until they do, we're just going to sit here very calmly, and if you attempt to change the course of those events in any way...

She guides the syringe even closer to Ellie's port...

JESS (CONT'D)

... are we clear?

KATE

No, we're not clear, Jess.

(she stands --)

And I don't for one second think you'd be willing to kill my --

JESS

-- Kate! Please sit down --

KATE

-- How much, Jess? --

JESS

-- You don't understand --

KATE

Understand what?!

JESS

(almost crying)

-- SIT DOWN! I swear to god, Kate, I swear to God I will...

(her hand shakes)

... please don't push me.

Slowly, Kate sits...

A phone RINGS! Jess'. She gathers herself, breathes, and answers. We hear his VOICE like he's spitting it out --

DAMIEN (THRU PHONE)

You got the bitch like I told you!?

Suddenly, Kate notices that Ellie has woken up; she's intensely awake, in fact; curled-up, facing our direction...

Mother/Daughter LOCK EYES. Kate winks at her, imperceptibly lifts her hand as if to say, "pretend you're still asleep..."

JESS

Yes, I have her, Mr. Gallow, but,
but I can't hold her here for long;
the staff, the doctor, anybody
could come in at any mo --

DAMIEN (V.O.)

-- I'll be there in 5 minutes. If
that motherfucker gets there before
me, you do whatever you have to
fuckin do, you understand me??

(...)

YOU UNDERSTAND?!

JESS

I understand!
(then, smaller)
I understand.

ON HIGHWAY

-- Damien, a feral creature now, knives through TRAFFIC onto
the hospital exit OFF-RAMP and --

DAMIEN

-- don't make me have to hurt you!

IN ELLIE'S ROOM

-- as Jess flinches, the line cuts. A terrible silence falls.

JESS

(averts gaze)
I'm sorry, Kate... I am.

KATE

Fuck you, Jess.

Her eyes land on Ellie's again, silently reassuring her...

KATE (CONT'D)

How much are they paying you?

JESS

It's not just the money!
(finally meets Kate's
eyes)
If I had known Ellie would be the
recipient, I never would've --

KATE

-- never would've what? Let some other innocent person die? Their life would've meant less to you?

Mama-Rage radiating off her like a physical thing, as --

ON BEACH

Hank arrives at a steep LEVEE of rocks that lead to the ROAD ABOVE. Wind-whipped surf crashes all around. He climbs as --

IN ELLIE'S ROOM

KATE (CONT'D)

So how does it work, Jess? You just keep tabs on the donor list and then call the highest bidder?

JESS

I tried to back out, I swear. But they have my brother now.

Recall the man at Donna Gallow's Southland mansion...

JESS (CONT'D)

He's a surgeon...

(eyes welling)

...and they took him, Kate; they're forcing him to do the procedure on this... this crime boss. They said they'd crucify him to a wall, Kate... my own brother...

(voice trembling)

...that's what they said -- if I don't do what they want.

ON CITY STREET

Hank emerges full-tilt onto cement, and there it is, in the distance, a GLEAMINGLY BRIGHT HOSPITAL, as --

IN ELLIE'S ROOM

KATE

And now you'll be a killer too, Jess.

Jess averts gaze again, and unconsciously lowers the syringe. Kate LOCKS EYES with Ellie, inches up a fraction, as --

AT HOSPITAL ENTRANCE

-- Hank rushes up and the doors slide open and just as he crosses the THRESHOLD --

MULTIPLE SECURITY GUARDS
FREEZE!

Guns, waiting for him, draw a circle around him, and tighten.

HANK
Please, listen to me --

HEAD OF SECURITY
-- On the ground!

HANK
(doesn't budge)
Listen to me damnit! This is for
Ellie Baker's transplant...

Indicates CASE. Head of Security steps closer, jabs gun --

HEAD OF SECURITY
-- On the ground! I'm not gonna say
it again!

Hank matches him, takes a step even closer, unfazed --

HANK
Listen to me, you fucking idiot.
I'm the good guy. The bad guy is 2
minutes out, armed, and deranged.
So take your gun out of my face and
brace yourself for a desperate
animal named Damien Gallow.

The name registers. Security suddenly looks worried, as --

DR. AINSLEY (O.S.)
-- Is that him?!
(running in!)
Is that Hank Malone?

She nearly gasps at his state: a big warrior in a battle-torn suit with the tie and jacket missing and a collar shirt stained in blood, the ORGAN CASE gripped in his hand...

DR. AINSLEY (CONT'D)
For the love of god lower your
weapons! Lower them! Mr. Malone,
please follow me --

AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE O.S! From somewhere deeper in the hospital.

SCREAMS!

Hank drags Ainsley and several other EMPLOYEES to the ground and herds them behind the RECEPTIONIST DESK as --

IN ELLIE'S ROOM

All three heard it! Jess rockets up and --

KATE

Sweetie kick your tray!

Before Jess can react, Ellie knocks the portable dinner station into her stomach and the syringe goes flying and she stumbles back and topples over and Kate rushes her as --

IN HOSPITAL RECEPTION AREA

Multiple guards down. Damien, masked, materializes (snuck in thru a back entrance) and kicks their guns aside. He locks the sliding doors, shuts the security gate, and we officially have a hostage situation. He turns slowly back to the room...

GO CLOSE: His obscured face, his coked-out eyes.

If Damien Gallow hadn't lost before, he's lost it now --

DAMIEN

Where are you?!

(he FIRES into ceiling!)

Where the fuck are you?!

IN ELLIE'S ROOM

-- JUST as Kate pins Jess. But the nurse SLAPS her, hard. Kate reels a moment, dazed, as... Jess reaches for the syringe, fingers stretching... and stretching... and BAM!

Kate grips her hair and SLAMS her head into the floor!

Stands.

Picks up the medical exam STOOL and towers over her... and then brings it down fast and hard and Jess is out like a fucking light, as --

BEHIND RECEPTIONIST DESK

Hank looks at Ainsley and the other terrified Employees and puts a finger to his mouth... and then --

HANK

I'm here! I'm here!

He lifts the CASE first, and then stands, keeping it way out in front of him... and slowly starts to back away, down a...

CORRIDOR

...Damien, vibrating, gun raised, stalks him 30ft apart...

HANK (CONT'D)

I know what this is about, Damien.

DAMIEN

(his eyes, surprised)

How the fuck do you know my name?

HANK

I know a lot of things, Damien...

(inching...)

... Gallow.

(inching...)

I know that this isn't just your standard black market score...

DAMIEN

You don't know shit.

HANK

Oh?

BEHIND Damien, heads cautiously peeking out over the desk...

DAMIEN

Give me the case or I swear to God
I'll start killing my way to that
little bitch and her mommy.

Someone accidentally knocks a clipboard off the counter! He spins and FIRES! Heads duck! SCREAMS! He spins back --

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

I'M NOT FUCKIN AROUND, HANK!

As --

IN ELLIE'S ROOM

-- Kate drags Jess' unconscious body into the private bathroom, shuts the door, and then wedges a chair between floor and handle, effectively locking it from the outside.

She rushes to Ellie, wraps her in her arms, combs her hair...

KATE

You're so brave, sweetie, oh my god
you're so so brave...

ELLIE
You said *fuck*.

A pause. The response is so wildly incongruous that Kate almost laughs. Then scoops up her phone as --

IN HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Suddenly, the cell RINGS in Hank's pocket --

DAMIEN
Don't you dare fuckin pick that up!

HANK
I know, I know, I won't... I'm silencing it, OK. I'm just silencing it so that we won't be interrupted again...

Slowly, he reaches his free hand into his pocket, and GO CLOSE: his thumb presses "answer," then returns to the air as

IN ELLIE'S ROOM

KATE
Hank?... Hank?

HANK (THRU PHONE)
How about we... take this conversation... through the...

IN HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Hank's EYES glance at a sign on the wall...

HANK (CONT'D)
... oncology ward...

IN ELLIE'ROOM

HANK (THRU PHONE) (CONT'D)
... Let's hash this out in the west wing of the oncology ward; that's a fun place to hash shit out, right?

It dawns. Kate gets it. But, GUNFIRE! She flinches!

DAMIEN (THRU PHONE)
-- stop fucking around and give me the goddamn case!!

An idea... Kate starts combing the floor until she... GO CLOSE: The syringe. She picks it up. Stops beside Ellie --

KATE
 Mommy has to go help a new friend,
 OK? I'll be back in a jiff...
 (she pinky swears)

And then, phone to ear, syringe in hand, Kate unlocks the
 DOOR, peers around corner... all clear, and slips out as --

IN HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

HANK
 (stalling)
 It's for someone you love, Damien,
 isn't it?

Silence, just Damien's WILD EYES...

HANK (CONT'D)
 Your... mother maybe?

The gun starts vibrating in his hand again...

HANK (CONT'D)
 Your mother's dying, isn't she?

As --

IN HOSPITAL STAREWELL

-- just as Kate shoulders open the door and begins descending
 two steps at a time, listening to --

HANK (THRU PHONE) (CONT'D)
 It's funny. This whole time I think
 you're just some piece of shit
 trying to make a buck. But the
 truth is, you're trying to save
 someone you love...

She's nearly leaping, reading wall signs at each LANDING as --

IN HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

HANK (CONT'D)
 ...it's almost sweet... in a
 sociopath sorta way --

-- Damien BLASTS another round into the ceiling!

DAMIEN
 I'm not gonna ask you again, Hank.
 GIVE. ME. The FUCKING. CASE!

Hank decides to match his intensity, erupts --

HANK

-- LOOK AT YOURSELF, DAMIEN!
Christ! Look around you! Look at
what you've done! You really think
if your mother truly loved you
she'd let you do all this?! --

DAMIEN

-- Shut the fuck up!

HANK

-- Just for a few more years of her
pathetic life?

DAMIEN

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

HANK (CONT'D)

What about YOU, Damien?!

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Stop calling me *Damien* like you
fucking know me!

HANK

Would she ever do this for you?!
Would she ever sacrifice herself
for you?!

DAMIEN

Who said anything about sacrifice?

Hank comes so fucking close to smiling --

HANK

We both know you're gonna die
tonight, Damien.

IN STAIRWELL

Kate stops at *Oncology*, cracks door open. Clear. Steps out
and races quietly as back --

IN CORRIDOW WITH HANK & DAMIEN

Damien's eyes flash, he stops --

DAMIEN

-- ENOUGH!

He turns. A HOSPITAL ROOM DOOR. He tries to open it but it's
locked, so he FIRES into the handle and kicks it open -- we
hear people SCREAM! He disappears inside...

Hank suddenly looks worried. He quickly pulls out the cell.

HANK

Kate --

IN CORRIDOR WITH KATE

She pauses --

KATE

Hank?

HANK (THRU PHONE)

-- we're turning into the
cardiology wing, I can't stall him
any longer, he's about to start
killing people.

Kate runs even faster and --

IN CORRIDER WITH HANK & DAMIEN

Hank pockets the cell just as --

Damien reemerges into the hall with his arm wrapped around a
DOCTOR's neck, gun barrel digging into his temple...

DAMIEN

You think I'm gonna die tonight,
motherfucker?!

(jams gun deeper)

How bout I make a mess of this
fucking hospital instead?! I'll
count from 3 this time...

IN CORRIDER WITH KATE

Tearing around a corner, following wall signs as --

IN CORRIDOR WITH HANK & DAMIEN

DOCTOR

Please! I have a family!

Damien knees the Doctor hard in the back, chokes him with the
crook of his elbow --

DAMIEN

Three...

HANK

What's the plan here, Damien??

Suddenly, behind Damien, maybe 10 yards back, KATE APPEARS.

She raises the syringe in the air....

For a split, their EYES MEET. He looks back to Damien --

HANK (CONT'D)
Gun your way out of the hospital?

Kate hangs up and quietly slips off her shoes... barefoot, holding the syringe, she makes for us...

DAMIEN
Two...

DOCTOR
Please god!

HANK
The entire cavalry is out there by now. Come on! What's the plan?!

Kate is 5 yards away...

DAMIEN
One. Time's up, Hank.

He throws the Doctor to the ground in front of him and aims at his body and --

DOCTOR
Please God no!

-- is about to fire --

HANK
-- You're not military trained, are you, you dumb little fuck.

For a moment, Damien looks confused...

HANK (CONT'D)
I'm gonna give you a piece of advice for the future. When you're in a standoff situation...

Kate is an arm's length away --

HANK (CONT'D)
... you always, always, keep an eye on your 6 o'clock --

BAM! Kate SINKS the syringe straight into the side of Damien's neck and plunges the serum. His eyes pop! He reaches up to grab it! He drops to his knees...

The Vecuronium raging at his nervous system.

And for what feels like an eternity, Hank and Kate finally get a good look at each other. It's a singular look. One that seems to say, insanely, but affectionately:

"Nice to meet you."

The moment breaks.

Hank is just about to walk forward and kick Damien's gun away, but the dying motherfucker suddenly emerges from his writhing just long enough to pull the trigger and --

Randomly FIRES a SPRAY of three BULLETS across the corridor!

KATE

NO!

Hank drops the CASE and stumbles back.

Without thinking, Kate pulls the syringe out of Damien's neck, grips his throat, tilts his face to the sky, and then SINKS that big needle right down the open hole of his mouth.

As the scion Gallow dies...

She flees to Hank, who is now on the ground... two of the bullets missed, but one... one got him in square the chest...

His eyes are pure glass. He touches his chest, he looks at his red hands, almost too stunned to feel any of it --

KATE (CONT'D)

HELP! I NEED HELP!

Kate pulls the big man into her arms and holds him...

Slowly, FACES begin to appear in the corridor...

Several NURSES run over and kneel around us...

SOUND DIMS. Time slows. Hank starts losing consciousness...

And as the hospital comes back to life -- COPS rushing in, circling Damien's body, NURSES, DOCTORS, PATIENTS, FAMILY MEMBERS emerging from hiding places -- we slowly...

FADE TO BLACK

Then...

Eyes blink heavily, the world taking intermittent shape...

INT. S.B. COMMUNITY HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Hank Malone wakes up to find Kate Baker's concerned face staring down at him. He's hooked up to a tangle of IVs, but he's very much alive; he tries to move, Kate calms him...

KATE

You've got a big suture right
bellow your heart here, Hank...

She says his name like she knows him now...

KATE (CONT'D)

So take it easy, tough guy.

He looks around, still putting the pieces together... he realizes that something is clutched in his hands...

The traveling PICTURE of his daughter.

KATE (CONT'D)

Found that in your pocket... I
figured you'd like holding it while
you slept.

He stares into his daughter's face... suddenly, he panics --

HANK

-- Ellie, what about Ellie?? Is she
OK??

Kate cups his face and gently kisses his cheek, and as if to answer the question, a light rap on the door -- it opens, and in rolls Ellie in a wheel chair guided by Dr. Ainsley...

KATE

See for yourself.

Ellie looks a million miles from the beginning of our story.

The surgery, a success...

ELLIE

Hi, Big Man!

Her chair is rolled to his side... and then she just studies him in that way that young curious minds study new things...

His face is a welter of feelings.

But wait, the nickname "Big Man..."

HANK

How did you --

ELLIE

-- That's what Mr. Bishop---or, sorry, "Ben." He said to only call him "Ben," No "Misters." And he said to call you "Big Man." You are big, did you know that?

HANK

(smiles)

You know, I actually have had people say that before. Do you think you could tell me how our mutual friend Ben is doing?

ELLIE

He's in his room playing cards with people and telling them stuff.

Hank's face betrays an enormous swell of relief...

KATE

He's a friendly guy, that Ben.

ELLIE

Do you want to play 21 questions, big man?

KATE

(touching her shoulder)

Honey, I think we should let H --

HANK

-- I really do.

ELLIE

Yeah?!

HANK

I mean, I've just been lying here asleep for, what...

DR. AINSLEY

72 hours.

HANK

72 hours. And it was sooo boring.

Ellie giggles. The former dad in him is so obvious.

HANK (CONT'D)

Let's do this, little lady.

Kate pulls up a chair so that they make a triumvirate.

DR. AINSLEY
I'm going to go get Mr. Bishop --

ELLIE
-- Ben!

DR. AINSLEY
Pardon me. I'm going to go get
"Ben," because I'm guessing he
won't want to miss this.

HANK
OK, you pick first.

Ellie thinks, looks around the room...

ELLIE
Got it!

Hank and Kate exchange a long, tender smile; there's a lot to
unpack in that smile, but let's save it for another day.

And so. As Hank schemes out his first question, we gradually
dial down the SOUND and CROSS DISSOLVE it with...

The bustling WHITE NOISE of an AIRPORT...

INT. LAX - DAY (WEEKS LATER)

Hank Malone, all patched up, stands facing Ben Bishop, who
leans on a cane. Both have suitcases.

A silent moment of our odd couple looking at each other.

Hank holds out a hand but Ben swats it away as insufficient --

BEN
-- Do you remember, just after we
left Monica's house, you finally
got real with me, but we were
interrupted before I could give you
my 2 cents on the matter...
(Hank nods)

Ben grips his shoulders, looks up at him paternally...

BEN (CONT'D)
Well, I'm going to give both of
them to you right now.

HANK
I figured you would.

BEN

Ready? Here's the trick to getting over losing someone you love...

(pause for effect)

You don't. Instead, you let the pain and the loss make you a more interesting person; and then, when the opportunity to love again comes along, your heart'll have even more space in it than it did before.

This lands enormously. Hank nods. The nod is gratitude.

Ben looks at the time, and then, before Hank can stop him, gives him a quick hug. Hank lets it happen...

Ben unlocks the handle to his roller suitcase, grips cane...

BEN (CONT'D)

Did you know they call Milwaukee the Paris of America?

HANK

Who does?

BEN

Tons of people.

(starts backing away...)

So while you're being all fancy eating croissants in the Eiffel Tower, just remember that old Ben is fancy too. And for the love of god, invite the woman over for dinner when you get back. She's already wondering why you haven't.

HANK

How do you know that?

BEN

She told me.

HANK

So you and Kate are friends now?

BEN

Hank, I'm friends with everybody.

He smiles, and turns, and disappears into the crowd.

INT. LAX, INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL - DAY

Hank seated, waiting to board. On multiple TVs:

Wild B roll clips from cellphones of Hank and Ben running through muddy traffic; gun shots going off; footage from outside the hospital standoff as cops storm the entrance etc.

NEWS ANCHOR

... finally, with never before seen footage, and exclusive interviews with the family, we'll tell you the true story of how a notorious crime family wreaked havoc across the southland, and reveal the brave people...

PICTURES pop up of Hank, Ben, Kate, and yes, as Hank predicted, the Young Clerk (his high school graduation photo)

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

... who had the courage to stand in their way. All of that and more, coming up at 8 on KTLA, Los Angeles' most trusted news...

Hank returns to the book in his lap, *Lonely Planet: Paris*. He opens it. The book mark, his daughter's FACE.

He puts earbuds in and presses play on his language app...

APP VOICE

The cat eats pizza in the park...

Cue: Edith Piaf's "Les Mots d'amour" and --

CUT TO BLACK.