

TOURIST TRAP

by
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"A journey is like a marriage. The certain way to be wrong is to think you control it." -John Steinbeck

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - MORNING

We float over the concrete and steel of progress that is Los Angeles as the lazy sun rises and makes the smog glow a fiery orange.

We zoom away from the thoroughfares and skyscrapers and find ourselves over a dockyard -- soon over a warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Slim fingers work a SOLDERING GUN. The gun is currently melting some intricate pieces of metal around what appears to be an LCD TIMER.

The LCD timer is strapped to what appear to be BLOCKS OF C-4 explosives. The C-4 and the timer appear to be in a TITANIUM BRIEFCASE.

The briefcase is sitting on the table of a wooden work bench where a MAN, the one with the slim fingers, digs into the interior of the briefcase.

This man is hunchbacked and rat-faced. His name is COLLINS, and he's the type you look at once, and then try your best to never make eye contact with again. Not because he intimidates but because he disgusts. He wears a week's worth of stubble and his curly hair runs riot over his partially balding pate.

Smoke curls from the soldering, clouding the air.

At a nearby window we notice ANOTHER MAN, in ominous silhouette. He watches the harbor and the city beyond through the grimy windows.

Collins removes the soldering gun and blows into the briefcase.

COLLINS

Okay okay.

Collins TOGGLES A SWITCH and the LCD GLOWS RED with numbers.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

We're golden, boss.

The man in silhouette turns to him and approaches the circle of light surrounding Collins.

His dashing good looks are revealed as he peers inside the briefcase. This is MR. GIBSON, and he may be handsome, but he's the kind of good looking that makes a girl worry he won't take no for an answer, and he won't. He's smooth and loves martinis, but there's something missing upstairs and you can see that just below the polished surface.

He RUBS OUT his cigarette and pats Collins.

MR. GIBSON

Very good, Mr. Collins. Let's begin.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A plane touches down on the runway.

It happens everyday, but on this plane, with his family, is--

INT. CAR RENTAL KIOSK - DAY

--DANIEL CRENSHAW, easily the baddest dude in the place, but not looking like it. He sports a LOUD HAWAIIAN SHIRT, and khaki shorts. Still, there's something magnetic about this seemingly innocuous man in the tourist costume. The cut of his jib and the way he handles himself tells us he is the one guy you always want on your side.

Daniel drags TWO ROLLING SUITCASES up to the car rental desk, and the employee behind the counter looks up. She is blond, blue-eyed, and probably a wannabe actress. She goes by the name of BUNNY.

BUNNY

Hello, welcome to Lewis Rent-A-Car.
Do you have a reservation?

CRENSHAW

Yeah. Crenshaw, Daniel.

BUNNY

May I see your license, please?

Crenshaw rests the suitcases against the counter and digs out a wrinkled leather wallet that, even though it's faded, still sort of reads WORLD'S GREATEST DAD on the front.

He flops it open and shows her the license. She looks up and spots the GOLD DETECTIVE SHIELD next to it.

Bunny smiles, like a predator smelling prey, or in this case a gal smelling a good time.

BUNNY (CONT'D)
Oh, is it Officer Crenshaw?

CRENSHAW
It is.

A woman appears, sliding in next to Crenshaw. She is athletically built, with waves of hair cascading with care. Her teeth are set hard in her skull as she regards Bunny with her brows furrowed. This is JENNIFER, and she has a personal stake in all this.

JENNIFER
...and I'm Mrs. Officer Crenshaw.

Mrs. Crenshaw is the kind of pretty that makeup doesn't do much for. She has the quiet grace of a queen, cool under pressure, and is no doubt the king of her castle.

Bunny clears her throat and returns to typing, lowering her eyes quickly.

Daniel looks over at his wife and she gives him a wink as she looks over his shoulder.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Sarah, put your brother down!

She runs off to handle the kids and Crenshaw is left to fend for himself.

Crenshaw smiles to no one-- maybe a memory.

BUNNY
You can put your wallet away, sir.

Crenshaw closes up the wallet.

CRENSHAW
Any discounts for the boys in blue?

BUNNY
No, sorry.

CRENSHAW
Yeah, why would there be.

Sarcasm is Crenshaw's best friend.

Bunny finishes typing.

BUNNY
Okay, you're all set. I just need you to decide on your coverage plan.

CRENSHAW
Coverage plan? Can't I use my own insurance?

BUNNY
No, sir. We aren't allowed to do that, but we offer some comprehensive packages to ease your mind while traveling our roads. Our Gold Service insurance package covers any and all damage--

CRENSHAW
What's the cheapest one?

BUNNY
Uhh, well that would be the Standard Service package.

CRENSHAW
Yeah, how much is that?

BUNNY
Twenty-five dollars a day.

CRENSHAW
Twenty-five bucks? That's the cheapest?

Bunny shrugs. It's out of her hands.

Crenshaw sighs-- it's something he does a lot.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Okay, that one.

BUNNY
Now, that one doesn't cover--

CRENSHAW
It's okay, I'm a very safe driver. 18 years, no accidents.

He KNOCKS on the wood of the counter.

EXT. DOUGHNUT SHOP - DAY

OFFICER BOYD is the roly-poly cop you always hear about, the stereotype. To add insult to injury, we catch him as he exits a mom and pop doughnut shop, holding THREE PINK BOXES. We can only guess at the contents, of course.

He walks over to his PATROL CAR, serial number 345 painted in bold black on the roof. He plops the boxes on the hood, opens the door and enters with his greasy items.

He sits down on the worn leather seat and grunts.

The RADIO CRACKLES as a FEMALE VOICE is heard.

FEMALE VOICE

Car 345, what's your location?

Boyd giggles and grabs the RECEIVER. He toggles it on.

OFFICER BOYD

I was wondering when you'd call,
Dispatch. I'm en route, and be
advised I am bringing three boxes.

FEMALE VOICE

Then we advise you get your sweet ass
to the station in a hurry.

OFFICER BOYD

Roger that, Dispatch. On my way,
baby.

Boyd giggles and hangs up the receiver as a SHADOW FALLS ON HIM.

A MAN stands by the driver's side window. His name is ZED.

ZED

Officer?

OFFICER BOYD

Yes?

Boyd turns to meet the barrel of a SILENCED 9MM. Zed pulls the trigger and blows Boyd's eyes out, ending the roly-poly cop's doughnut eating for good.

Zed looks around and finds the neighborhood as quiet and sleepy as when he arrived.

We get a good look at him now, and see how cruelly his chin comes to a point, and how his mustache and goatee make him look like Satan in a black, silk suit.

Zed opens the door, and pushes Boyd aside as he gets in.

Seconds later, the patrol car peels away from the mom and pop doughnut shop.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Our boy Crenshaw is struggling with a CAR SEAT, trying to fit the hooks on the tabs underneath the seat.

CRENSHAW
Stupid fucking thing.

Jennifer pops her head into the car.

JENNIFER
Daniel?!

Her voice carries the tone of a scolding mom.

CRENSHAW
If they didn't make this damn thing
so hard to fit in--

JENNIFER
You want me to do it?

CRENSHAW
No, no I got it.

She disappears to deal with the kids. Crenshaw grinds his teeth, trying to find a way to make the car seat work.

A LITTLE BOY, WILL, aged 5 and cute as a button, pops his head into the car. He is the spitting image of his dad, but a lot less grumpy.

WILL
I'm hungry, Daddy.

CRENSHAW
You ate all the snacks Mom brought
and you're still hungry? Soon as I
get this in we can eat.

WILL
When will that be?

CRENSHAW
Soon-- now go play in the parking lot
with your sisters or something.

Will exits with a SIGH, having inherited that trait from daddy dearest.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

A TAXI CAB pulls over to the curb and a WOMAN SLIDES INSIDE.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

She slams the door shut and the DRIVER turns to her.

DRIVER
Where to, miss?

The woman brings up another SILENCED 9MM and blows ragged holes in the man's forehead and throat. She doesn't flinch a muscle as blood splatters on her face.

The Driver slumps over, and someone opens the driver's side door and slides the corpse onto the floor of the car. The new driver, an Asian man, puts the car in gear and pulls away from the curb. His name is HINO, and he looks like Jackie Chan on steroids.

In the backseat, the woman takes out her makeup kit and begins to wipe the cab driver's blood off of her face.

She is stunning in her viciousness. Her name is MYRA, and her model good looks only hide for a moment the darkness around her eyes and the evil hook to her nose that subtly reveal the monster she really is.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY - DAY

Crenshaw's rental car winds its way through the traffic and takes the 101 exit, going north.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Crenshaw is rubbing his temple, taking calming breaths.

Jennifer is reading a map, navigating in the front.

In the back, Will sits on the right of the car seat, which holds ABBY, the crying two year old. Next to that is SARAH, the oldest daughter of 14 years.

Sarah is immersed in a book, and can't be bothered with the chaos inside the car. She is pretty like her mother, but inherited her father's bite.

CRENSHAW
Sarah, honey can you do something to
calm your sister down?

SARAH
(angry)
What do you want ME to do?

CRENSHAW
Sarah, what's with the attitude?
Sing to her or something.

Sarah mumbles under her breath.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
(dad mode)
What was that?

Jennifer looks at the map and smacks her head with the palm of her hand, the universal sign for: "she screwed up".

SARAH
Oh no!

CRENSHAW
What, what? You're worrying me.

JENNIFER
We should have gone south. Sorry.

CRENSHAW
South? On the 101 thing.

JENNIFER
Yeah, sorry, I can't really read this map.

CRENSHAW
Here, let me do it.

He reaches for the map, but she fights him off.

JENNIFER
You're driving. Now turn around.

WILL
Daddy, I'm hungry!

CRENSHAW
I know! I know!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Mr. Gibson smokes a CIGARETTE, admiring the waterfront. Behind him a WHITE VAN is being loaded up with MACHINE GUNS by a team of men.

Collins runs over, lugging ONE TITANIUM BRIEFCASE.

COLLINS
Ready?

Gibson takes a final puff and tosses the butt into the ocean. He turns around to watch the patrol car and the taxi cab arrive.

Zed exits the cop car, dressed in the uniform that was once Officer Boyd's and another man helps him drag the STRIPPED-DOWN body of the policeman out.

MR. GIBSON

You smell that, Collins?

Collins sniffs the air, not realizing Gibson meant an existential smell.

COLLINS

Fish?

MR. GIBSON

It's money, friend. More than you'd ever dreamed.

That puts a big, dumb smile on Collins' face as he walks over to the patrol car and places the briefcase in the popped trunk, then slams the lid down.

Gibson walks away from the wharf as Zed and the other guy throw Boyd into the ocean, followed by the body of the cab Driver.

Gibson stops at the white van as the group of men gather around him.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

No pep talks. We play this out calmly, we become unbelievably wealthy. Shouldn't be messy.

(checks his watch)

Let's proceed.

The men scatter.

Gibson climbs into the van, Myra join him and a group of other men inside. Zed runs to the cop car and hops in behind the wheel.

Hino jumps into the cab as a thick man, TOWNSEND, places a DUFFLE BAG in the backseat as he plops down beside it, slamming the door shut.

Within seconds, the vehicles are pulling out onto the main road and burning rubber, leaving Collins behind. He runs off and HIDES in the warehouse.

Nothing is left behind except the floating corpses feeding the pelicans in the bay.

INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK - DAY

Crenshaw is at the counter, visibly irritated at the EFFEMINATE MAN behind the counter, scouring through his computer.

EFFEMINATE MAN

No, I'm sorry sir, I'm not seeing it.

CRENSHAW

You gotta be kidding me. Crenshaw?
Daniel Crenshaw? We made these
reservations months ago.

EFFEMINATE MAN

It's not here, sir.

CRENSHAW

This is the Travel Lodge on Cherokee
and Hollywood, right?

EFFEMINATE MAN

Yes it is, but-- oh, there's a
reservation for a Mr. Daniel
Craneshoe. Could that be you?

Crenshaw sighs.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The door opens and Will and Sarah run in, followed by Abby the toddler. The first order of business for them is jumping on the bed.

Crenshaw and Jennifer follow, dragging all the luggage.

CRENSHAW

Did we really need to pack so much?

JENNIFER

You realize we have three children,
right?

Crenshaw drops the bags and looks over at his screaming, jumping progeny.

CRENSHAW

Guys, be careful. No jumping on the
beds, huh? You'll get brain damage.

They aren't listening.

JENNIFER

Guys!

The kids stop immediately at the voice of their mother.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

No.

The kids drop down onto the bed. Quiet.

Crenshaw sighs, feeling ineffectual, and walks over to the sliding door. He opens it and steps out onto the patio.

EXT. PATIO - DAY

He grabs onto the railing and tries to take calming breaths.

Jennifer joins him.

CRENSHAW

They hate me.

JENNIFER

They don't. I just spend more time with them is all.

CRENSHAW

Right, they respect you.

JENNIFER

They fear me.

She hugs her husband.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You okay? Why so gloomy?

CRENSHAW

I have a headache. I hate traveling.

JENNIFER

I hadn't noticed.

He smiles.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Sweetheart, this is the first vacation we've had in three years so please try to have a good time. Okay? For the kids.

CRENSHAW

I'm trying.

Jennifer grabs a HANDFUL OF HIS NUTS and squeezes playfully. Crenshaw smiles.

JENNIFER
 Maybe not try, just do.

CRENSHAW
 Well, when you put it that way Mrs.
 Crenshaw, how can I say no? You got
 me by the--

They kiss, and it starts to become more than that when--
 --Sarah steps out onto the patio and watches her parents,
 confused.

SARAH
 What are you two doing?

They jump apart, startled. Jennifer's hand jumps away from
 her husband's crotch.

JENNIFER
 Nothing sweetheart.

Will exits.

WILL
 I'm still hungry.

Crenshaw claps his hands, as if turning a new leaf.

CRENSHAW
 Right, then it's lunch time. Let's
 move, team.

He ushers his family back into the room and throws a glance
 back out toward the SPRAWLING CITY OF LOS ANGELES.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
 Welcome to L.A.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY

A TAXI CAB drives down HOLLYWOOD, turns on ORANGE and finds a
 spot at a meter, directly behind THE CHINESE.

The driver just so happens to be Hino. He looks like he's
 itching for a fight.

His dark eyes survey the street for a moment, he checks his
 wristwatch, then reaches for a newspaper and starts reading.

There is a KNOCK on his window and he turns to find an OLD
 MAN signaling toward the backseat, trying to get in.

Townsend slides forward and WAGS HIS FINGER. The Old Man shakes his head, disappointed, and walks off mumbling to himself.

A patrol car winds through traffic on HOLLYWOOD, the familiar 345 serial number on the roof. It crosses Highland and parks along the curb in front of the HOLLYWOOD AND HIGHLAND mall, right between the CHINESE THEATER and the KODAK STEPS.

Zed exits the vehicle, dressed in the police uniform that hangs a bit large around his narrow figure. On his breast is the name tag OFFICER HARRY BOYD.

He cinches the hat around his head and steps up onto the curb and examines the crowd of tourists and street hawkers, nearly colliding with a guy dressed like SPIDERMAN, then checks his wristwatch.

Crenshaw walks past Zed, sipping STARBUCKS.

CRENSHAW

Six dollars for a slice of pizza.
Jesus Christ.

He turns back to find Jennifer and the kids, taking pictures of the STARS on the Walk Of Fame.

SARAH

Dad, why do you always have to complain about everything?

CRENSHAW

I don't complain about everything.
(to Jennifer)
Do I?

Jennifer throws him a knowing look and returns to taking MORE PICTURES.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Hey, can we cool it with the pictures, huh? Taking forever.

Crenshaw sighs and takes another sip as a BLACK MAN approaches, holding out CDs to him.

BLACK MAN

Yo pa'tna', I got some music for you.

Crenshaw gives the Black Man the once over with his trained eyes and shakes his head.

CRENSHAW

No, thank you.

BLACK MAN

Ahh, come on, man. You gonna love this shit. Two dollars gets you five professionally mixed tracks.

CRENSHAW

I said no thanks. I got enough music at home.

The Black Man knows when to back off, and does so.

BLACK MAN

Yo' loss, man. You be kickin' yo'self when I'm on TV.

CRENSHAW

I'll bet.

Crenshaw shakes his head.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

It's like fucking India out here.

He spots Officer Zed and walks over to him.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Hey pal, these guys have a license to sell this shit?

Zed looks over at Crenshaw, then turns away, ignoring him.

ZED

Move it along, sir.

Crenshaw is taken aback. This gives him a moment to look the man over with those trained eyes I mentioned a moment ago. He notices that the uniform doesn't fit him quiet well, and the sneakers are definitely not regulation.

CRENSHAW

You guys must not have strict dress codes out here.

Zed shoots him a look and then starts wandering away.

ZED

Have a nice day, sir.

CRENSHAW

Hey, I'm not trying to bust your balls, pal. We're on the same team.

Crenshaw pulls out his badge and Zed turns to examine it.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

NYPD.

Zed wipes a BEAD OF SWEAT off his forehead.

Suddenly, his CELL PHONE RINGS, breaking the tension. Zed grabs it.

ZED

Excuse me, sir. Enjoy your stay in our fine city.

Zed answers his phone.

ZED (CONT'D)

Hino. Yeah, I'm here.

He wanders off, leaving Crenshaw cold.

CRENSHAW

Yeah, thanks.

Jennifer and the kids join him.

JENNIFER

You okay?

CRENSHAW

They got some strange cops out here.

JENNIFER

How so?

CRENSHAW

I don't know...

Crenshaw turns back and watches Zed ARGUING with someone over the phone.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

...but something's off.

EXT. 101 HIGHWAY - DAY

The WHITE VAN is STUCK in traffic.

INT. WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Gibson is in the passenger's seat. He checks his watch as the men (and woman) in the back sit anxiously.

Myra leans forward.

MYRA

Don't you think you went a little overboard with the manpower?

MR. GIBSON

I was a Boy Scout, Myra. Be prepared.

She sits back and the DRIVER bangs the wheel with frustration, his left leg bouncing up and down.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

That won't make the traffic clear up. Please stop.

The Driver ignores and SHAKES THE VAN with his nervous leg.

THE DRIVER

Stupid gas. We should've filled up this morning. Damn it.

MR. GIBSON

Zed will wait until we are in position. We control our timetable.

He looks over at the Driver and places his hand on the man's nervous leg.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

You're rocking the van. Don't make me shoot you.

The Driver stops immediately.

Gibson's phone rings and he answers it.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

Collins?

(beat)

You're kidding me.

(beat)

Fix this or I'll neuter your whole family! Tell him to wait.

He hangs up and straightens his tie.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

Seems we have a technical issue.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY

Crenshaw follows Jennifer and the kids up into a tour bus.

INT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

The tour bus is basically a cut-down van, turning it into a permanent convertible for tourists.

The kids all cram onto one seat and Jennifer and Crenshaw sit together.

JENNIFER
This should be fun.

CRENSHAW
I can guarantee you it won't be worth
the two hundred we paid.

JENNIFER
Stop it.

She hits him hard on the arm.

CRENSHAW
Ouch.

She gives him a look and turns to the kids as they jabber on excitedly about the coming tour.

Crenshaw sighs and looks out the open side. He spots Officer Zed circling his patrol car anxiously.

Suddenly, a colorful character jumps on board the bus. This is RUSS, the tour guide. He is the type of guy who has too much energy to not be on drugs. Flamboyant would be down-playing a description of the total package that is Russ.

RUSS
Hello people! Are you ready for a
magical, mysterious tour?

Crenshaw is caught off-guard by the appearance and surprised that some people even hollered in response-- including his family.

CRENSHAW
Oh boy.

RUSS
Well, okey-dokey! My name is Russ,
and I'm from the tour bus! Which
means I've got you now, my pretties!

Laughter erupts at Russ's feeble attempt at a witch impersonation.

Jennifer leans over to him.

JENNIFER

That's from the Wizard of Oz.

CRENSHAW

Yeah, I got that.

Crenshaw shakes his head and turns back to watching Officer Zed, a character that holds him fascinated for some reason. Maybe it's a hunch-- instinct.

A spindly man appears, running over to Zed with the familiar TITANIUM BRIEFCASE. It's Collins.

Crenshaw watches with rapt attention as Collins arrives at the patrol car and ARGUES with Zed. Zed pops his trunk and pulls out a similar briefcase from the inside.

Collins places his briefcase inside the trunk and Zed shuts it, holding the one he pulled out. Crenshaw can't hear, but he can see they are very mad at each other.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

Zed kicks Collins ahead of him as they start walking away from the car.

An OLD LADY approaches Zed, with a map in her hand, about to ask a question, and he PUSHES HER out of the way as he and Collins flee the scene.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Huh.

Crenshaw stands, and Jennifer looks at him.

JENNIFER

What are you doing?

CRENSHAW

Something's up. I'll be right back.

JENNIFER

You're going? You can't go.

Crenshaw jumps over his wife and lands in the aisle.

Russ jumps in front of him.

RUSS

You'll have to take your seat, sir. Soon as we fix a little problem with the engine, we can get this par-tay started.

CRENSHAW
Give me a minute, would'ya birdcage?

RUSS
Birdcage?
(De Niro possesses him)
You talking to me? Are
you...talking...to me?

Crenshaw loses sight of Zed and Collins around a corner.

He doesn't see a way around Russ, so he climbs over the seats and jumps over the side of the van, landing on the sidewalk.

He takes off running. Jennifer stands up, angry. He has done things like this before.

JENNIFER
Daniel!

CRENSHAW
I'll only be a minute. Wait for me.

Crenshaw rounds the corner in the mall and sees the two men fleeing in the distance.

He runs after them.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Hey Officer!

Zed ignores him, but Collins turns around.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Yeah, you too, little guy!

Zed spins Collins around and they put some speed on.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Hey, I'm talking to you guys! Stop a
minute, huh?

Suddenly, Zed spins around with a GUN in his hand.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Whoa!

Crenshaw dives to the ground as Zed OPENS FIRE in the mall, sending screaming tourists scrambling everywhere.

Glass shatters around him.

Crenshaw looks up and watches them disappear through an EMPLOYEES ONLY DOOR, and springs to his feet to follow.

He slams against the wall by the door and rips the door open, expecting gunfire, but there is none.

He looks inside, down a white industrial hallway, and ducks in.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw moves down the hallway slowly, and low to the ground.

He comes across a door marked SECURITY, and finds it slightly open.

He drops down lower and pushes the door open to find a PUDGY SECURITY GUARD on the ground, groaning in pain.

He enters and--

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--rolls the Security Guard over to check his vitals. He seems to be okay, except for the bullet wound in his leg.

CRENSHAW

You're going to be fine, pal. Which way did they go?

SECURITY GUARD

(through pain)
Down...the...hallway.

CRENSHAW

I'm NYPD. Where's your gun?

SECURITY GUARD

They don't...let us...carry guns. We have...these.

He motions with pain-twisted fingers at the COLLAPSIBLE BATON on his belt.

CRENSHAW

Okay, good enough.

Crenshaw digs it out and spots a CELL PHONE on the floor. He grabs it and hands it to the injured man.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Call the cops. The real ones.

He extends the solid, metal baton to its full length and runs back out into the hallway.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

The traffic is THICK, cars are grid-locked.

MYRA

What's taking so long?

Gibson checks his watch for the thousandth time and shakes his head.

MR. GIBSON

I don't know. Let's try to remain calm, friends.

The Driver starts bouncing his leg, but Gibson shoots him a look that ends the nervous tick.

Suddenly, the TRAFFIC STARTS TO FLOW AGAIN.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Crenshaw moves down the hallway faster, the baton out and at the ready.

He hears a NOISE in the distance and drops down lower as he approaches a door marked BOILER ROOM AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

He puts his ear to the door and can hear TWO MEN ARGUING.

He reaches for the handle and opens it.

INT. BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw slips inside the hot, steamy room.

Rusty pipes nest in the ceiling. Water heaters and whatnot populate the expansive floorplan.

He spots Zed and Collins moving briskly through the room, looking for a way out, and he stalks them.

ZED

Stupid idiot!

COLLINS

I grabbed the test case, so sue me.

ZED

You might have bollocks'd up the whole damn thing. We can't bloody well set it off now.

COLLINS

Sure we can. We're still good. We find our way back up to the street, get in Hino's cab, and we're back on track.

Zed points down a corridor that seems to lead to nowhere.

ZED

Where's that metro access panel? Down there?

COLLINS

It's around here somewhere, I know it is.

ZED

It better be. I'll call Gibson.

COLLINS

Do you have to? We can still pull this off.

ZED

We'll see.

Zed and Collins part as they each head off to search for the Metro Station access hatch.

Collins turns a corner, wiping sweat off of his brow, and Crenshaw is there, like a ghost.

Our boy slams the metal baton into Collins' face, breaking the man's nose, then whacks at the arm holding the titanium briefcase.

Crenshaw swings again and kneecaps Collins, dropping him hard on his side.

CRENSHAW

You dropped something, pal.

Collins grunts, groans, and gurgles.

COLLINS

Who are you?

CRENSHAW

A concerned citizen, jerkoff. Now what are you two--

Suddenly, gunfire erupts around them.

Crenshaw ducks down, as Zed runs toward them firing away like mad, and disappears into the smoke.

Zed arrives at the crumpled Collins.

ZED
Where'd he go?

COLLINS
Fuck do I know? Who is he?

ZED
NYPD.

Zed reloads his gun

COLLINS
NYPD? NYPD? What the holy fuck is
NYPD doing here?

Zed hears a noise in the back of the room.

ZED
I got you now.

He grins like a hungry bear and inches toward the back corner of the boiler room, gun at the ready.

Suddenly, a hand reaches out and grabs Zed's gun. Crenshaw spins out from around the corner, trapping Zed's gun hand, and slams the baton into the villain's face.

Zed drops the gun, and Crenshaw drops HIM over his shoulder with a quick flick of the wrists, like flinging a sack of potatoes.

Zed falls hard on his chest, as Crenshaw drops the baton and picks up the gun. He aims it.

CRENSHAW
I take it you're not really a cop.

Zed looks over at him and spits a WAD OF BLOODY PHLEGM in his direction.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Don't feel like talking, huh?

Crenshaw grabs Zed by the collar and starts dragging him.

Suddenly, GUNFIRE bristles by his head for the third time in less than an hour, and Crenshaw is still taken by surprise.

He looks over and sees the wormy Collins, hiding behind some pipes, emptying a GLOCK in his direction.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
That little bitch.

Crenshaw pops up and unloads a few rounds, sending hot lead straight at Collins' frontal lobe.

Collins disappears like a whack-a-mole and vanishes from sight, saving himself from a few new ventilation holes.

Suddenly, Zed's hand clutches the baton on the floor and swings it against Crenshaw's shin bone.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Crenshaw drops to one knee and turns to aim his gun at Zed, but the baddie is faster and knocks the gun free from our hero's grasp.

Zed swings again, but Crenshaw lets go of the man's uniform and jumps away in the nick of time.

Our boy puts his dukes up as Zed swings wildly, trying to find the dropped 9mm at the same time.

Crenshaw sees an opening and delivers a DEVASTATING LEFT HOOK that stops Zed's gears from turning for a moment. The villain swings wide with the baton and Crenshaw deflects it, sending a swift kick into the fake cop's stomach.

Zed drops to the ground and tries to suck in a breath. His eyes flutter and between the flutters he spots the 9mm, inches from his hand. He grabs for it and brings it up to bear on Crenshaw.

Crenshaw reacts fast, and reaches out to twist Zed's hand inward as the man pulls the trigger, shooting himself in the chest-- he falls over again, dead this time.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Stupid idiot.

Crenshaw checks the man's vitals and sighs. He pries the gun from Zed's cold, dead hand and sprints off to search for Collins.

He wanders through the maze of pipes and spots one of the titanium briefcases on the ground. Curiosity gets the better of him, and he bends down over it.

Working the locks on the sides, he manages to pop it open and exposes a STRANGE BOMB WITH DELUXE LCD TIMER.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

He slams the briefcase closed and grabs it as he runs off.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD AND HIGHLAND MALL - DAY

Crenshaw bursts through the door he entered previously and runs to the street, straight to the abandoned patrol car.

We find Jennifer and the kids, plus Russ (from the bus) and the rest of the tourists milling about nearby.

JENNIFER

Where have you been? Were those gunshots?

CRENSHAW

Get everyone back, honey.

She spots the gun, her brow furrows.

JENNIFER

Where'd you get that? I said no guns on this trip.

CRENSHAW

It isn't mine. Now get everyone out of here.

Russ wanders over, getting in his way.

RUSS

(Rhett Butler)

Frankly, Mister, I don't give a damn.

(Bogie)

We'll always have L.A., sweetheart, but the tour waits for no man.

CRENSHAW

Do me a favor, pal. Get everyone out of here. There's a bomb in that cop car.

RUSS

Why don't I believe you, mister crazy pants?

Crenshaw sighs and does the first thing that comes into his mind-- HE FIRES INTO THE AIR.

The crowd of people scatter in seconds. Jennifer grabs the kids and pulls them along with the rushing mob.

SARAH

Is Dad crazy, Mom?

JENNIFER

I hope not.

Crenshaw rushes to the trunk and SHOTS THE LOCK, popping it open. He throws the lid wide and spots the second titanium briefcase. He opens it and sees that the LCD is dead.

He breathes a sigh of relief.

But he breathed to soon because the LCD suddenly activates and the timer starts counting down from two minutes.

CRENSHAW
FUCK ME!

He looks around, searching for a place to stash the briefcase, the safest point of disposal.

His eyes fall on Collins, waving goodbye to him with a GLOWING DETONATION TRIGGER in his hand, as he RUNS AWAY through the crowd.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
That little bitch.

Crenshaw steps out into the street and CHASES HIM, SHOOTING AT THE MAN.

Collins pulls out his cell phone and dials.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Gibson's phone rings and he answers it.

MR. GIBSON
We're almost to the vault, Collins.
Please tell me you--

COLLINS
(through phone)
We have a situation here, boss! I
don't know if-

GUNFIRE ERUPTS through the line and the phone goes dead.

THE DRIVER
What's happening?

MR. GIBSON
Drive faster. Reroute to Hollywood.

Gibson hangs up.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Hino sits up in his seat as he sees the COMMOTION out on Hollywood.

HINO
Something's up.

Townsend leans forward as Collins races down Hollywood with Crenshaw close behind.

Hino starts the car.

HINO (CONT'D)
Buckle up.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - CONTINUOUS

Collins dodges back and forth, down the street, as Crenshaw FIRES at him, keeping pace.

Crenshaw WOUNDS COLLINS in the leg and he screams like the little bitch Crenshaw called him out as.

He FALLS and tries to bring his gun around to shoot at our boy, but Crenshaw is on him the next second, pushing the gun out of the way and delivering a meaty fist to Collins' face.

Crenshaw's gun presses against his temple.

CRENSHAW
Turn it off.

Collins presses the red button and the light dies.

BACK IN THE TRUNK

The LCD, now reading :36, dies also. All is well.

BACK ON THE STREET

Collins drops the detonator on the floor.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Asshole. Why'd you make me run so much?

Crenshaw punches him UNCONSCIOUS.

POLICE SIRENS fill the air as Hino's Taxi turns the corner and RACES TOWARD Crenshaw.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Whoa!

Crenshaw rolls out of the way as the Taxi CRASHES INTO A PARKED CAR near him.

Crenshaw gets to his feet and brings the gun up to FIRE INTO THE TAXI as COP CARS RACE TOWARD THEM.

Hino sees them in his REARVIEW and PEELS RUBBER in the opposite direction, leaving Crenshaw and Collins behind.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Who the fuck were those guys?

The COPS ARRIVE, like marching ants, and Crenshaw drops the gun and raises his hands.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - LATER

The street looks a lot safer now, if not more congested than normal.

COP CARS and AMBULANCES dot the area like a connect-the-dots game. The tourists line the sidewalk, held back by makeshift barriers as the real LAPD swarm the scene.

IN AN AMBULANCE

Crenshaw sits in the back, being tended to by an EMT. Abby, the baby, sits in his lap as Jennifer and the rest of the kids stand around him.

CRENSHAW

Hell of a way to start a vacation,
huh?

JENNIFER

I'm just glad you didn't get
yourself...

(catches herself,
whispers)

...killed.

The EMT looks over at her, a smiling beach bum type no older than mid twenties, if that.

EMT

He'll be fine, ma'am.

CRENSHAW

See, I'll be fine.

A man in rolled-up shirt-sleeves and wrinkled tie approaches. From his neck hangs an LAPD badge.

This is DETECTIVE MARTIN ROBINSON, the type of guy who's seen it all and done it all, but still gives a damn. He's an honest cop, like Crenshaw-- they are kindred spirits.

ROBINSON
Detective Crenshaw?

Crenshaw looks over at the approaching detective.

CRENSHAW
Yes, sir.

Robinson extends a hand and Crenshaw shakes it.

ROBINSON
I wanna thank you, Detective.

CRENSHAW
Yeah, sure thing.

ROBINSON
I trust this event won't sour you on our fair city.

Crenshaw shrugs.

CRENSHAW
Well, so far so good.

There we go with that sarcasm again.

Collins is led past them, held by two thick-necked officers.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
What's going to happen to him?

ROBINSON
Bad things, I assure you. You said you saw them exchange briefcases?
(Crenshaw nods)
One of them was a dud. They probably realized their mistake and tried to switch it out. Lucky for us they didn't count on you being so observant.

(beat)
They were dirty bombs. Confirmed nuclear material in the working one. Not a hell of a lot, but enough to make a dent in our world.

Crenshaw's mouth drops, shocked.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)
You did a good thing here, sir.

CRENSHAW
Glad I could help.

Robinson looks over at the children.

ROBINSON
Your dad's a hero, kids. Be nice to
him.

Will looks over at his dad.

WILL
I'm hungry again, Daddy. When can we
go?

Crenshaw and Robinson share a laugh.

CRENSHAW
Soon, pal.
(to Robinson)
Who were these guys?

ROBINSON
Don't know yet. But we will soon.

CRENSHAW
Am I free to go?

ROBINSON
Unfortunately, no. We need you to
make a statement back at the station.

The family is disappointed.

ROBINSON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, folks. But you can all
head back to your hotel. We just need
your daddy for a while.

Jennifer turns to Crenshaw.

JENNIFER
We're not leaving you.

CRENSHAW
I'll be fine, honey. It's routine. Go
back to the hotel, take a swim in the
pool with the kids. I won't be long.

ROBINSON
Couple of hours, tops. Then we'll
drive him right on back to you.

Jennifer shakes her head.

JENNIFER
 Maybe we should've gone to Hawaii.

CRENSHAW
 And miss all this?

He kisses her.

DOWN THE STREET

Past the POLICE ROADBLOCK, the WHITE VAN APPEARS and parks on the side of the street.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

Gibson and the group watch anxiously. The Driver's LEG BOUNCES like a bunny on crack.

ON THE RADIO, a news report plays.

RADIO
 (MALE VOICE)
 ...thanks to one keen observer, New York police detective Daniel Crenshaw, who was here on vacation with his wife and three kids. Already being dubbed a hero by his fellow tourists, Detective Crenshaw...

Gibson turns the radio off and silence settles.

MR. GIBSON
 I've only gotten one ticket in my entire life. I failed to come to a complete stop. It was in New York. It seems as if the NYPD has a personal vendetta against me.

Gibson smiles despite himself and a second later his PHONE RINGS and he answers it.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
 Hino. Pull off somewhere and hang tight, please. We're not quitting this yet.

He hangs up.

Silence. All that can be heard is the squeaking of the van, all thanks to the Driver's nervous twitch.

MYRA
 Game over?

Gibson tries to think. The van squeaks around him.

MR. GIBSON
You, with the leg?

The Driver, his nervous twitch still rocking the van like a 2.3 on the Richter scale, looks over, sweating.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
I asked you to stop that.

In a flash, Gibson pulls out a SILENCED GUN and shoots the Driver's twitching leg, through the kneecap and down the calf.

The Driver SCREAMS IN PAIN, and Gibson grabs the man's head and SLAMS IT HARD AGAINST THE DASHBOARD, his pent-up anger emptying itself into the ruining of the nervous man's face. So much for the cool, calm reserve.

The hard-asses in the back look away, flinching at the crunching noises but trying not to lose their bad-assness.

Once the screaming has stopped, Gibson calms down and sits back in his chair, breathing calmly. He is the poster child for Zen within seconds.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
Now you have no leg with which to twitch.

The ROADBLOCK opens and A COP CAR LEADS A CARAVAN that includes a BOMB SQUAD TRUCK and THREE MORE COP CARS. Collins is in the lead cop car and Crenshaw is in the LAST CAR.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
We need to get that briefcase back.

MYRA
You're kidding.

MR. GIBSON
Do you know how difficult, not to mention expensive, it is to make one of those things? Besides, the people that hired us will have our heads if I don't at least try to retrieve it and give them their fireworks show.

MYRA
Why not just set it off now?

Gibson looks over at her.

MR. GIBSON

Do I look magical to you? Maybe you know something I don't about myself? Have I not yet discovered that I can turn things on and off with my mind? I don't think so. We need the detonation trigger... which they also have.

(hums something)

Well, is someone going to come up here and drive this fucking thing or are we all planning to live here?

The hard-asses in back share a glance, and mentally draw straws for the job. I wouldn't want it.

Myra PULLS THE DRIVER out of the seat and plops down behind the wheel. She STARTS THE IGNITION as Gibson dials.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

(into Phone)

Hino. We're getting our bomb back.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY

The police caravan drives up the ramp and the roof lights BLAZE, allowing the cars to cut a swath through the traffic.

The last cop car, Crenshaw's, FALLS BACK a bit.

INT. CRENSHAW'S COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw sits in the passenger's seat, next to a HEFTY COP.

HEFTY COP

So what made you guys decide to visit Los Angeles?

CRENSHAW

My wife's a movie nut.

HEFTY COP

Oh, sure. The old stuff, right? The classics? I'm a fan myself. You like movies too?

CRENSHAW

I prefer the Military channel.

HEFTY COP

Oh, yeah? You serve?

CRENSHAW

I did.

HEFTY COP

What outfit?

CRENSHAW

Marines. Eight years.

Hefty Cop thinks a moment.

HEFTY COP

I was in the National Guard for a while. Ever see any action?

CRENSHAW

Some, yeah. Bad times.

HEFTY COP

I never did. Bored off my ass half the time.

CRENSHAW

Well, you live in Los Angeles, so you're all set.

Hefty Cop gets the joke and laughs.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The white van appears, driving up behind the caravan.

Hino's taxi appears also, riding up alongside the van.

INT. WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Myra looks over at Gibson.

MYRA

How do we do this?

MR. GIBSON

Traffic's pretty good.

Myra is confused.

MYRA

Yeah?

MR. GIBSON

Maybe we make it not so good.

MYRA
What do you mean?

MR. GIBSON
It means I have an idea.

Gibson pulls out his cell phone and dials.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
Hino. Get ahead of them. I need you
to create a roadblock.

INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

Hino hangs up.

TOWNSEND
What did he say?

HINO
He wants us to create a roadblock.
Box them in.

TOWNSEND
How the hell are we going to do that?

HINO
Hell if I know.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The taxi pulls away from the white van and SPEEDS PAST the caravan.

INT. COLLINS'S COP CAR - DAY

COP #1, behind the wheel, watches the TAXI ZOOM PAST, winding through the light traffic.

COP #1
What's his hurry?

COP #2 sitting beside him looks over.

COP #2
Skip it. We got bigger fish to fry.

He turns around to Collins, who stares off into space.

COP #2 (CONT'D)
What the hell is your problem anyway,
pal? You hate America or something?

Collins turns to him.

COLLINS

On the contrary, officer. I am a capitalist.

COP #2

That's what they all say.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A GAS TANKER roars down the freeway and the taxi glides past, cutting in front of it.

INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

Hino and Townsend look at the gas tanker and then at each other. They nod and Townsend opens the duffel bag to remove a MACHINE GUN.

Hino looks ahead and sees an OVERPASS.

HINO

Right there.

Townsend sees it.

TOWNSEND

Beauty.

He LOCKS AND LOADS.

TOWNSEND (CONT'D)

Don't slow down.

HINO

Trust me, I won't.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Townsend climbs out the window and SITS ON THE SILL, holding the machine gun out.

The TANKER DRIVER sees the machine gun and his eyes widen with shock as TOWNSEND OPENS FIRE.

BULLETS RAIN DOWN on the front wheels of the gas tanker and almost instantly the TIRES EXPLODE.

The cars around them SKITTER OUT of the way as the massive tanker starts to sway and JACK KNIFES on the highway.

Townsend slides back inside the taxi as it puts on speed and flies away from the scene as the GAS TANKER FALLS ONTO ITS SIDE and SLIDES through the traffic.

The taxi clears the overpass as the TANKER CRASHES INTO THE CENTER COLUMN AND EXPLODES. A brilliant WALL OF FIRE erupts as the overpass collapses across BOTH LANES OF TRAFFIC, creating an impenetrable roadblock.

CAR BRAKES SQUEAL as the traffic racing toward the roadblock tries to stop in time but soon CARS ARE CRASHING INTO EACH OTHER, giving a new meaning to bumper-to-bumper traffic.

INT. WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Gibson gets off the phone.

MR. GIBSON

They've managed to block off the exit. They're sitting ducks.

MYRA

Now what?

Gibson turns to the men in the back.

MR. GIBSON

Now we kill them and get back our bomb.

The men nod and start LOCKING AND LOADING MACHINE GUNS.

INT. CRENSHAW'S COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw notices THICK SMOKE BILLOWING in the distance.

CRENSHAW

That one of your famous forest fires?

Hefty Cop sees it.

HEFTY COP

Wouldn't be, not this close to the city. Maybe someone forgot to get their smog check?

CRENSHAW

That doesn't look like car exhaust. Maybe we should put on some speed and catch up with the rest of the gang.

Suddenly BULLETS FILL THE INTERIOR OF THE CAR.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Shit!

Hefty Cop swerves but BULLETS TEAR THROUGH HIM, leaving him very dead.

Crenshaw looks up to see the white van drive past with the GUN MEN hanging out of the open side door.

The car SWERVES under him and he grabs Hefty Cop and yanks him over as he slides in behind the wheel of the SHOT UP CAR.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Shit shit shit.

Crenshaw PUSHES OUT the broken windshield as he grabs the wheel and steadies the swerving car.

His cop car CRASHES into an SUV that in turn crashes into another car and starts a domino effect of SMASH-UPS.

INT. COLLINS'S COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cop #1 sees the smoke and the traffic getting thick.

COP #1

What the hell is going on?

COP #2

Slow down.

The car slows down and STACKS UP behind a row of seemingly parked cars on the highway.

COP #1

This isn't just traffic.

Cop #2 looks around and finds they are boxed in on all sides by the grid-lock.

COP #2

This isn't good.

The RADIO squawks.

RADIO

(man's voice)

This is car 3, we are under attack. I say again, we are under attack by heavy weapons.

The Radio goes dead and the Cops share a glance. They pull out their guns.

Collins starts LAUGHING in the backseat.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The white van OPENS FIRE on the second and third cop cars, racing up onto the BOMB SQUAD TRUCK.

Cars swerve left and right around the violent gunfight.

A BUICK SWERVES and goes lengthwise, CRASHING INTO a TRUCK CARRYING HEAVY PIECES OF TUBING.

The crash and resulting EXPLOSION causes the TUBES TO SCATTER onto the freeway, crushing cars and DESTROYING THE MASSIVE HIGHWAY SIGN POST that spans both lanes.

Crenshaw's cop car SWERVES AROUND THE MESS and chases after the white van as the HIGHWAY SIGN FALLS OVER.

Like a tree felled by lumberjacks, the steel girders crash to the street, crushing cars and trapping people within them.

The truck explodes as MORE CARS CRASH into the debris field and the pile up around the fallen sign posts becomes its own THICK, AND FIERY ROADBLOCK.

Crenshaw's cop car approaches the white van.

INT. CRENSHAW'S COP CAR - CONTINUOUS

He reaches down and grabs the Hefty Cop's gun out of his holster, and aims it out the window.

He OPENS FIRE into the van, hoping to stop it.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The bomb squad van hits the gridlock and crashes into the seemingly parked cars.

The cop cars arrive next and slam into the pile of twisted metal.

The white van is there but Crenshaw arrives and SLAMS INTO IT, sending it spinning off to the side, hitting the SOLID TEN-FOOT TALL WALL that fences the freeway section in.

Crenshaw's car bounces off of the blow with the white van and FLIPS INTO THE AIR.

The CAR CRASHES UPSIDE DOWN in a corner of the congested freeway.

It all looks now like a MILE-LONG TRAFFIC ACCIDENT.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer exits the bathroom.

JENNIFER

Please Will, it doesn't take you that long to put on a bathing suit.

SARAH (O.C.)

Mom?

Jennifer turns to find her daughter holding Abby and watching a NEWS REPORT ON TV.

SARAH (CONT'D)

It's Dad.

Jennifer turns to the TV and turns up the volume as she watches AERIAL FOOTAGE OF THE FREEWAY.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)

...what appears to be a massive, multi-car pile-up that is according to some estimates a mile long. Witnesses on the freeway report gunfire that was no doubt directed at the police caravan escorting the suspect of this afternoon's bombing attempt.

Jennifer sits on the bed, deflated.

JENNIFER

Oh my god.

Abby goes to sit in her mommy's lap.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)

As you can see this section of the 101 has been completely blocked off. On one side a gas tanker has crashed into an overpass and at the other end it seems as if one of the highway signs has fallen over, which unfortunately puts the accident victims in a terrible situation since emergency services can't readily get to them.

SARAH

Is Dad going to be okay?

Jennifer hugs her daughter.

JENNIFER
Your dad's tough. He'll be fine,
sweetie.

She kisses her daughter's forehead to hide her worry.

INT. CRENSHAW'S COP CAR - DAY

Crenshaw opens his eyes to find himself UPSIDE DOWN in a
CRUMPLED LUMP OF METAL.

He reaches for the seat belt but the BUTTON IS BLOCKED by a
bent door.

CRENSHAW
Of course, that would be too easy.

He HEARS DRIPPING and turns to see GAS LEAKING INTO THE CAR.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Oh great.

He looks over at the MANGLED HEFTY COP and spots a SWISS ARMY
KNIFE in his utility belt.

He reaches for it, straining, and manages to SLOWLY PRY IT
OUT of the little holster.

He fumbles it with his fingers and DROPS IT.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
SHIT!

He looks over at the gas dripping and sees a FIRE STARTING in
the trunk.

He looks back down, spots the Swiss Army Knife and reaches
down, close but not close enough.

He yanks on his seat belt, but it won't budge. So he tries to
reach down again, this time straining as never before, going
red in the face, and finally GRABBING IT.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Okay, here we go.

He flicks out the knife and STARTS CUTTING the straps.

The FIRE REACHES INTO THE CAR, growing closer to the LEAKING
FUEL.

Crenshaw saws away at the straps like a madman, frantic.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Come on, come on!

The seat belt breaks and he falls onto the ceiling of the car.

Crenshaw starts crawling out and his hand lands on a WALKIE TALKIE, still in good shape.

He grabs it and JUMPS OUT OF THE WRECKED CAR as FIRE BLOSSOMS, fed by the dripping gas.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Whoa!

He rolls out onto the freeway and gets to his feet clearing his head.

He looks around and finds himself knee deep in traffic accident. People are exiting their cars, shaking off hits and examining their wounds.

Crenshaw climbs up onto the top of a minivan and stares down the highway. He sees the HIGHWAY SIGN DAM in the road at one end, and turns to see the SEA OF CARS in the other direction.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

18 years...no accidents.

A FEW FEET AWAY, BY THE WHITE VAN:

Gibson jumps out of the car, rubbing his side.

Myra and the others pile out.

MYRA

This didn't go exactly as planned.

Gibson aims his gun at her.

MR. GIBSON

Who says?

(to the men)

Find me the bomb. That's all I want.

One of the bad guys steps up, URI, a Euro-trash type.

URI

And Collins?

MR. GIBSON

I could care less.

The gun men nod and SWARM THROUGH THE TRAFFIC, machine guns at the ready.

Gibson turns to Myra.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
Are we going to have issues?

MYRA
No.

MR. GIBSON
Grand. Go.

Gibson lowers the gun and Myra joins the others.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
(shakes head)
The things we do for money.

BACK ON THE MINIVAN ROOF:

Crenshaw raises the walkie.

CRENSHAW
(into walkie)
This is Detective Daniel Crenshaw,
NYPD. Does anyone copy?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

Robinson and the rest of the cops are watching the events unfold on TV.

ROBINSON
Get me a chopper. We need to evac
that bomb.

An OFFICER runs over to him, holding out a WALKIE TALKIE.

OFFICER #2
Sir. Listen.

Robinson grabs the walkie.

WALKIE
(Crenshaw's voice)
This is Detective Daniel Crenshaw. I
say again, is anyone on this channel?

ROBINSON
(depresses call button)
Crenshaw? It's Robinson.

INTERCUT WALKIE CONVERSATION-- CRENSHAW AND ROBINSON.

CRENSHAW

Boy am I glad to hear your voice.

ROBINSON

What the hell is going on?

CRENSHAW

You tell me. One minute we're driving along and the next minute we're being shot at and we end up in the traffic jam from hell.

ROBINSON

We have reason to believe that our bombers had friends.

CRENSHAW

Gee, you think?

ROBINSON

Is the bomb secure?

CRENSHAW

I don't know. Me and my driver got separated from the caravan.

ROBINSON

Are you hurt?

CRENSHAW

Probably, but I won't feel it till the morning. Isn't that what they say?

ROBINSON

Listen, we're scrambling helicopters as we speak. We're coming to get you.

CRENSHAW

Yeah, get your asses over her pronto. We got about eight guys with machine guns and if they survived the accident, they won't be happy campers.

ROBINSON

They'll make a play for the bomb, can you--

CRENSHAW

Don't worry, I won't sit on my ass. I'll try to reconnect with the other officers.

ROBINSON
Hang in there, we're coming.

CRENSHAW
Copy that.

Robinson turns to Officer #2.

ROBINSON
Chopper! Get me that goddamn chopper!
We still have those, right? Get me
one!

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw CLIPS THE WALKIE to his belt and looks around as WOUNDED and PISSED-OFF MOTORISTS start oozing out of their cars.

CRENSHAW
Is anyone hurt badly?!

Crenshaw switches into emergency mode, he's trained for this shit.

People shuffle past, shaking their heads.

MOTORIST #1
What's going on?

MOTORIST #2
What the hell happened? Was it a
quake?

CRENSHAW
Help will be here soon.

JOE (O.C.)
Hey!

Crenshaw turns to see a young guy run up to him. This is JOE (30s), a hipster in thick glasses.

JOE (CONT'D)
Lady's got her arm broken over here.

Crenshaw jumps down off of the minivan and follows Joe, winding through the crowd of distraught drivers.

JOE (CONT'D)
Here!

Joe stops at a PRIUS. The door is half open and a lady leans out, her right arm at a WEIRD ANGLE.

Crenshaw leans to look at her, she is FLOATING IN AND OUT of consciousness.

JOE (CONT'D)
Is she gonna be okay?

CRENSHAW
How should I know?

JOE
You're not a doctor?

CRENSHAW
No...
(looks around)
...just a cop.

He jumps up onto the hood of a sports car.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Hey, is any one of you a doctor!? We
need a doctor here.

A HAND GOES UP in the jumble of crap across two lanes of blockage.

DOCTOR
Here! But I'm stuck!

Crenshaw sees the hand and turns to Joe.

CRENSHAW
Follow.

Joe joins him on the hood and they JUMP ACROSS ON THE CARS, landing on the one PINNING A CADILLAC against the guardrail. In the Caddy is the DOCTOR (40s), bearded and bloody.

DOCTOR
The damn door won't budge.

Crenshaw takes the scene in quickly.

JOE
Can we pull him out?

CRENSHAW
Doc's too big for that.

The Doctor looks down at his girth.

DOCTOR
(his feelings hurt)
I beg your pardon?

Crenshaw looks at the cracked windshield and looks INTO THE BACKSEAT of the car where a BAG OF GOLF CLUBS sits.

CRENSHAW
Grab two of those.

Joe reaches into the broken window and grabs two clubs. Crenshaw takes one and Joe follows him as they climb onto the hood of the Caddy.

JOE
What are we gonna do?

CRENSHAW
Doc, lower your head and close your eyes.

DOCTOR
No wait!

CRENSHAW
Trust me.

The Doctor ducks and covers as Crenshaw SMASHES AWAY at the windshield.

Joe watches a moment, then shrugs and joins him.

Within seconds the WINDSHIELD has been smashed away.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Give me your hand.

Crenshaw leans in and grabs the Doctor. Joe bends down and together they PULL HIM FREE of the car.

DOCTOR
Thank you.

Crenshaw helps the Doctor onto his feet on the hood and SPOTS THE GUNMEN, racing through the crowd ahead of him, their GUNS HELD HIGH.

CRENSHAW
Damn.
(turns to Joe)
What's your name?

JOE
Joseph. My friends call me Joe, though.

CRENSHAW
Joe, I need you to keep things under control here.

JOE
Where are you going?

CRENSHAW
There are some bad dudes stuck with us, they have guns and they mean to make more trouble.

JOE
Like gang members?

CRENSHAW
Yeah, something like that. Try and keep everyone in their cars. Help will be here soon.

Joe nods and Crenshaw takes off, racing across the roofs of the stuck cars, golf club held high.

COLLINS'S COP CAR

Cop #1 & #2 are standing outside their stuck vehicle, TRYING TO HOLD BACK THE MOB of angry, confused motorists.

Collins remains in the back seat, calmly picking out things from under his nails.

COP #1
I'm sorry, we know about as much as you do, folks.

SHOUTED REPLIES drown them out.

COP #2
Please, stay calm. Emergency services are on the way.

Two POLICE OFFICERS break through the crowd.

COP #3
You guys okay? Your guy in one piece?

COP #2
Yeah, what the hell happened?

COP #4
We were shot to shit. Robinson wants us to regroup, hide in the bomb truck.

COP #1
Copy that shit.

Cop #1 opens the back door of his squad car and yanks Collins out.

COP #2
Move aside, please!

Cop #2 leads the charge through the crowd as Cop #1 drags Collins away, followed by Cop #3 & 4 bringing up the rear, deflecting angry questions from the crowd.

SOMEWHERE ON THE FREEWAY

The gunmen weave through the crowd of arguing, scared people, shooing them out of the way upon sight of their guns.

URI
This way!

Uri leads the men through a narrow pass.

The last man enters the pass and Crenshaw appears like a ghost, swinging the golf club and SMASHING HIM IN THE FACE with it.

The man drops to the ground, SPILLING HIS 9MM.

Crenshaw HITS HIM AGAIN in the chest.

CRENSHAW
Nice driving, asshole.

The man KICKS OUT, sending Crenshaw flying back against a car. The BAD GUY jumps up onto his feet swiftly.

BAD GUY #1
I wasn't driving!

Crenshaw moves in and they TRADE VICIOUS PUNCHES.

Uri turns around and spots Crenshaw working his guy over.

URI
Hey.

Crenshaw and his sparring partner turn around as Uri and the other gunmen raise their guns.

CRENSHAW
Shit!

Crenshaw hits the deck and GUNFIRE ERUPTS AROUND HIM. Bad Guy #1 ducks down and spots his 9mm on the ground. Crenshaw sees it too, and exchanges a glance with the man.

Suddenly they are both scrambling for it, staying low to the ground as BULLETS RICOCHET above them, sending SCREAMING MOTORISTS into a panic.

Crenshaw kicks out and manages to push Bad Guy #1 away as his hand lands on the 9mm. He turns and around fires at the man, but #1 stands and vanishes around a car.

Crenshaw gets to his feet and runs across the lanes of traffic, GUN FIRE CHASING HIM.

He RETURNS FIRE and DIVES BEHIND A CAR to check his clip. He reloads and catches his breath.

His hand lands on something wet and he looks over to see GAS FORMING A PUDDLE under him.

GUNFIRE BRISTLES around his location and a SPARK IGNITES the gas.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Shit!

Crenshaw stands and RACES OVER THE CONCRETE DIVIDER into the equally congested oncoming lane as the FIRE RACES TOWARD LEAKING GAS TANKS.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Get down! Get the fuck down!

Crenshaw yells to the awe-struck motorists, watching in amazement as the events unfold. Some take his advice, others are too confused to move.

Crenshaw dives THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW, landing in a car as a MASSIVE EXPLOSION SHAKES THE FREEWAY. THREE CARS fly up into the air on an ORANGE FIREBALL.

Uri and his men retreat, disappearing into the wreckage-- heading toward the BOMB SQUAD VAN in the near distance, an island in the sea of cars.

People flee from the fire as screams arise from the newly injured.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

POLICE HELICOPTERS ROAR through the smog, racing toward the freeway.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

BOMB SQUAD TRUCK

The FOUR COPS ARRIVE with Collins in tow.

COP #1
Where is everyone else?

COP #3
Dead.

Cop #4 opens the back of the truck.

COP #4
Move it, asshole.

Cop #1 & #4 toss Collins inside and shut the door as the sounds of HELICOPTERS fill the air.

Cop #2 starts climbing the LADDER on the side of the truck.

COP #2
I'll flag the bird.

Suddenly GUN FIRE PINGS AROUND THEM, denting the BULLET-PROOF TRUCK. Cop #2 is SWISS-CHEESED.

COP #4
Down!

The crowd of motorists around them disperses, hiding in their cars or laying low on the ground as the Cops run for cover and draw their guns.

The Cops return fire as the gunmen race toward them through the mess of cars.

Crenshaw appears behind them. He jumps down off of a car and gets low to his haunches as he slowly approaches the bad guys.

URI
Get them before they get inside the truck!

The Cops start to retreat, blasting through an entire clip and RELOADING.

COP #1
Open that damn door!

Cop #3 reaches for the handle but BULLETS BLAST HIS HAND AWAY.

COP #3
Fuck!

He falls to the ground, holding his wounded hand, and gets TORN UP BY THREE MORE BLASTS.

Bad Guy #2 walks around some debris, scaring people out of his way, and reloads his MP-5 MACHINE GUN.

CRENSHAW (O.S.)

Psst.

Bad Guy #2 looks down and finds Crenshaw half-hidden under a car and right below him. The man only has a chance to widen his eyes as Crenshaw FIRES, blasting up into the man's groin and guts. He drops like a sack of meat.

Crenshaw climbs out from under the car and slips the 9mm into his belt as he grabs the machine gun.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Now that's what I'm talking about.

A Bad Guy rounds the corner and Crenshaw fires on him, sending the man scrambling away.

The Cops see the bad guy running away and turn to see Crenshaw making his way toward them.

COP #4

Is that Crenshaw?

Myra pops out of the mess and FIRES, KILLING COP #4 and sending his bloody body flying into the wrecked cars around them.

CRENSHAW

Hey!

Cop #1 leans down and notices Crenshaw low to the ground, signaling to him. Crenshaw points to the machine gun and then to himself. Cop #1 nods. Crenshaw then points to him and then the truck door. Cop #1 nods again.

Crenshaw counts down. One...two...three!

He pops up and OPENS FIRE with the MP-5, strafing the area like crazy, sending the gunmen ducking for cover.

Cop #1 stands and throws the truck doors open, climbing inside.

Crenshaw retreats toward the truck, emptying his clip in the direction of the bad guys.

He gets to the truck and JUMPS IN, slamming the doors shut.

The gunmen pop up and fire at the truck harmlessly.

INT. BOMB SQUAD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw LOCKS THE DOOR and turns to Cop #1.

CRENSHAW
Bulletproof, right?

Crenshaw bangs on the sides and Cop #1 nods, panting hard.

Crenshaw checks the clip on his machine gun.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Empty.

He tosses it aside and bends down over Cop #1.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
You okay?

COP #1
Just winded is all.

Crenshaw turns to meet Collins's eyes.

CRENSHAW
Your pals?

Collins smiles.

Crenshaw draws back a fist and PUNCHES HIM HARD, knocking him out.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
The hell are you smiling about?

Crenshaw walks over and finds the TRUCK DRIVER and PASSENGER DEAD. Their HEADS SMASHED INTO THE WINDSHIELD. He turns and sees the METAL BRIEFCASE secured in a shelf on the wall.

BULLETS PING THE SIDES.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
I guess we just wait it out in here
until help arrives.

COP #1
We heard choppers.

Crenshaw nods and checks the clip on his 9mm.

CRENSHAW
Hell of a way to spend an afternoon.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gibson appears, weaving through the crowd calmly.

Uri and Myra race up to him.

URI

They've locked themselves up in the van.

MYRA

Collins is with them.

URI

And that cop who got in the way.

MR. GIBSON

Mr. NYPD? Interesting.

Gibson looks up and sees HELICOPTERS RACING toward them from the distance.

URI

The calvary's coming.

MR. GIBSON

Well, we'll have to try to convince our friends inside to give us what we want.

Gibson walks over to the front of the truck, staring into the cracked windshield where blood bakes in the sunlight.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

Hello in there?

INT. BOMB SQUAD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw turns at the voice and moves back to the front of the truck, looking out the windshield and LOCKING EYES with Gibson.

MR. GIBSON

Detective Crenshaw, right?

Crenshaw is quiet, holding his gun at his side-- ready.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

I need your help, detective. There's something in there that me and my friends want. You hand it over and we'll walk away. No one else has to die.

Crenshaw bites his tongue.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
I'm asking nicely, friend. Just give
me the briefcase and we'll call it a
day.

Collins rouses and hears Gibson. He is about to shout, but
Crenshaw AIMS THE GUN AT HIM, keeping him quiet.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
Okay, you leave me no choice. Time is
short.

Gibson turns to the mess of cars and GRABS A COWERING WOMAN
by the hair. He yanks her up and presses his gun to her head.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
But it is shorter for her.

CRENSHAW
Prick.

Crenshaw turns to the bomb briefcase and pulls it down.

COLLINS
Tick tock.

Crenshaw turns to Collins and PUNCHES HIM AGAIN, knocking him
back out.

COP #1
What do we do?

CRENSHAW
Let me think.

COP #1
We should give it to them.

CRENSHAW
No. No way.

COP #1
Give it to them, man!

CRENSHAW
Shut up! Let me think, God damn it!

Crenshaw licks his lips.

MR. GIBSON
(from outside)
I can be very persuasive, no?

Crenshaw stands and walks back to the front.

CRENSHAW
Let her go and I'll slide it out.

MR. GIBSON
Slide it out first, friend.

CRENSHAW
No dice, pal. You make nice, I make nice. Everyone stays alive.

MR. GIBSON
Why don't I trust you?

Gibson FIRES, blowing the woman's head off. The crowd screams with fear as the woman's body falls to the ground.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
Oops.

Crenshaw PUNCHES the steering wheel, angry.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
I can do this all day. Plenty of people to choose from.

Crenshaw sticks his gun out a SIDE PANEL designed for that purpose and FIRES.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gibson scrambles as bullets fly at him. He hides behind a car as Myra joins him.

MR. GIBSON
This is a very stubborn man.

Suddenly, a POLICE HELICOPTER ROARS OVER THE FREEWAY, hovering above the truck.

A SNIPER in the OPEN SIDE of the chopper FIRES INTO THE STREET, at the GUNMEN.

Gibson turns to Uri, a few cars away and signals to the chopper, then makes a CUTTING MOTION across his throat.

Uri nods.

SPEAKER
(from the chopper)
This is the police. Lay down your weapons or you will be fired upon.

The GUNMEN STAND IN UNISON AND FIRE into the chopper. In one second the chopper is so full of holes it shouldn't be flying anymore, and in another it isn't flying, it's CRASHING.

The CHOPPER CRASHES INTO THE PARKED CARS and EXPLODES.

The GUNMEN ARE THROWN BACK by the blast as well as the BOMB SQUAD TRUCK, which FLIPS INTO THE AIR and lands on top of some wrecked cars.

The resulting crash and explosion is epic.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer and the kids huddle on the bed, watching the news report of the helicopter crash.

They look worried.

WILL

Mom?

JENNIFER

It's okay, baby. It's okay.

They huddle closer still.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A SECOND HELICOPTER swoops past.

INT. ROBINSON'S CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Robinson looks down at the fiery remains of the crash.

ROBINSON

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

(Into headset)

Swoop around.

The chopper flies over the wrinkled remains of the truck.

INT. BOMB SQUAD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw is on his side, unmoving. Cop #1 has a PIPE THROUGH HIS CHEST and he is barely alive. Collins lays on the floor, moving slightly.

A FIGURE appears in the torn open side, holding a gun. Gibson steps in, and spots Cop #1, trying to raise his gun at him.

MR. GIBSON

Easy, son.

Gibson places a hand in him, fatherly, and SHOOTS HIM TWICE, putting the boy out of his misery.

Gibson turns to Collins and KICKS HIM. Collins rouses and looks up at Gibson.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

If you can move, I'll take you with me, but--

COLLINS

I can move.

Collins gets up, painfully.

Gibson turns to Crenshaw and finds him still and COVERED IN BLOOD.

Gibson shrugs and turns to the BRIEFCASE, sitting upside down in a corner. He grabs it.

MR. GIBSON

We're done here.

COLLINS

How are we going to get out of this mess?

MR. GIBSON

Leave that to me.

Gibson spots the DETONATOR REMOTE and SWIPES IT into a pocket.

The two men exit the remains of the bomb squad truck as Crenshaw rolls over, very much alive.

He sits up and examines the WOUNDS ALL OVER HIM. His clothes are ragged, bloody, and action-worn.

He looks over, sees Cop #1 dead and shakes his head.

CRENSHAW

Sorry pal.

He spots the 9mm on the ground and grabs it, checking the clip.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Great fucking vacation.

He stands like the tired old man he feels like and exits.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY

Gibson leads his men through the crowds of people and damage.

MYRA

They won't just let us walk away with
it, Gibson.

MR. GIBSON

Who says we're walking out. Have
faith.

MYRA

Faith in what?

MR. GIBSON

The angels.

Gibson grabs his cell phone and dials.

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

The Cab is parked on an empty street.

Hino and Townsend sit quietly in the cab, listening to the
radio.

RADIO

(Male voice)

It has been confirmed that machine
gun fire was in fact the cause for
the police helicopter's crash.
Whether or not--

Hino's phone rings and he turns the RADIO OFF as he answers
it.

HINO

Yes?

MR. GIBSON

(through phone)

Hino. We need a ride out of here. Can
you arrange it?

Hino and Townsend exchange a glance and nod to each other.

HINO

Yes.

MR. GIBSON

(through phone)

Good. And hurry.

Hino hangs up and starts the car up.

TOWNSEND
KABC is a few blocks away.

HINO
Right.

INT. ROBINSON'S CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Robinson scans the disaster below him on the freeway.

His WALKIE SQUAWKS.

CRENSHAW
(through walkie)
Robinson, you there?

He grabs the Walkie excitedly.

ROBINSON
Damn man, you're alive? You must be
some kind of superhero.

CRENSHAW
(through walkie)
Yeah, tell that to my wife. Listen, I
messed up, pal. The bad guys have the
bomb.

ROBINSON
You're kidding, where are they?

CRENSHAW
(through walkie)
I've got a bead on them.

ROBINSON
Tell me where, I'll snipe the shit
out of them.

Robinson raises a SNIPER RIFLE and locks and loads.

CRENSHAW
(through walkie)
No, no good. You'll hit someone else
down here.

ROBINSON
I'm a very good shot, Crenshaw. I'll
have you know.

CRENSHAW
 (through walkie)
 I'm sure you're William Tell, but
 trust me. It'll be easier if I sneak
 up on them.

ROBINSON
 Well, where are you?

CRENSHAW
 (through walkie)
 Don't worry about it. Just do me a
 favor, keep the choppers away, huh? I
 got this.

ROBINSON
 Copy that.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY

Gibson's men wind their way back to where they started,
 heading toward the toppled sign roadblock in the distance.

The last guy in line, Bad Guy #3, walks along, minding his
 own business, when a CAR REVS UP and RACES TOWARD HIM. He
 turns just in time to see the CAR SMASH INTO HIS LEGS AND PIN
 HIM against another car.

Bad Guy #3 looks up to see Crenshaw behind the wheel.

Crenshaw FIRES TWICE through the windshield, blowing #3's
 head off. He jumps out of the car and grabs the dead man's
 machine gun. He checks the clip.

CRENSHAW
 Thanks, pal.

Crenshaw jumps over the car, agile as a cat, and turns to
 meet the gunmen, who heard the shooting.

Crenshaw OPENS FIRE and they scatter.

Gibson, Collins and Myra hide behind a car and start crawling
 away.

MR. GIBSON
 Who is that?

MYRA
 Crenshaw.

MR. GIBSON
 I don't believe it.

COLLINS

That guy's a fucking asshole, believe it.

Crenshaw hides behind a tow truck, pinned by gun fire. He returns fire, wounding a bad guy and sending him running away.

He drops back into cover and spots the WINCH on the bumper of the tow truck. He gets an idea.

The gunmen creep closer, stalking their prey.

URI

Anything?

Bad Guy #1 looks over at him and shakes his head.

Bad Guy #4 moves past, staying low. He steps on something odd and looks down to see his FOOT IN A NOOSE OF COILED WIRE.

BAD GUY #4

What the hell is--

Suddenly the wire GOES TAUT around his leg and DRAGS HIM across the debris field-- screaming!

He races toward the winch on the tow truck and his LOOSE SHOE LACES jam into the mechanism, stopping him.

CRENSHAW (O.C.)

Your shoe lace is untied.

Bad Guy #4 turns to see Crenshaw sitting against the tow truck, waiting for him.

BAD GUY #4

Son of a--

Crenshaw FIRES, pitting him with bullets.

He hops up and runs off as the other gunmen arrive, hearing the noise.

They see his fleeing form and BLAST AWAY, denting cars and smashing windows in his wake as he races for cover.

Uri looks down at Bad Guy #4.

URI

Who the hell is this guy?

He turns to the surviving men and motions for them to split up.

Crenshaw ducks around the corner of a car and finds a MOTHER AND CHILD cringing in fear.

MOTHER
Please, don't kill us.

Crenshaw lowers the machine gun.

CRENSHAW
I'm the good guy.

He opens a car door and points inside.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
I need you to hide in there. Safer.

She nods and he helps her and the child slide inside and lay on the floor.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Stay down.

Crenshaw slams the door shut only to reveal Bad Guy #1, waiting for him. He FIRES, hitting Crenshaw.

The BULLET WOUNDS CRENSHAW'S SHOULDER, sending him flying back with force.

Bad Guy #1 steps in to finish him off, FIRING, but Crenshaw rolls under a car and vanishes amidst the junk.

Uri appears behind him.

URI
Well?

BAD GUY #1
I got him, but--

URI
Nevermind, we have the bomb, we can't waste time on him.

Uri grabs the man and they run off, heading toward Gibson, who waits for them.

MR. GIBSON
Dead?

BAD GUY #1
Injured.

MR. GIBSON
That'll have to do. We need to keep moving.

Gibson leads his remaining team away.

Crenshaw appears, rolling out from yet another car and crashing into the LEGS of someone. He brings the machine gun up, only to find that he is aiming at Joe.

CRENSHAW
Hey, Joe. What'dya know?

Joe bends down as Crenshaw lowers the gun.

JOE
Shit, are you okay?

CRENSHAW
Peachy, pal.

JOE
I'll get the Doc.

Crenshaw sits up, catching his breath as Joe runs off.

Joe returns a second later with the Doctor.

DOCTOR
What happened?

CRENSHAW
Broke a nail.

Crenshaw indicates the gunshot wound in the shoulder. The Doctor bends down and examines it.

DOCTOR
Nasty. Bullet's still in there.

JOE
Should you dig it out?

DOCTOR AND CRENSHAW
No!

CRENSHAW
Patch me up, I have something I have to do.

DOCTOR
Joe, towel.

Joe reaches into a GARBAGE BAG and hands the Doctor a STRIP OF BEACH TOWEL. The Doctor takes it and wraps it around Crenshaw's shoulder.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
That's only one bit. What about the rest of you?

CRENSHAW
It'll have to wait for another time.
None of it will slow me down.

Crenshaw gets to his feet and feels out his shoulder, cringing in pain.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
You guys keep doing what you're doing.

Crenshaw runs off.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The kids are glued to the news report on TV while Jennifer paces around the room, talking into a phone.

JENNIFER
Yes, I know but I've been rerouted to you, God damn it!
(beat)
Don't tell me to calm down, that's my husband we're talking about.
(beat)
Look bitch, you either put me in touch with someone in charge or I will call the press and blame this whole thing on the incompetence of the Los Angeles Police Department.
(beat, sweeter)
Well, thank you very much.

Will looks over at his mom and then to Sarah.

WILL
Mom said "bitch".

SARAH
Then she probably had a good reason to.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY

Gibson and the gunmen approach the fallen over freeway sign. Motorists are crawling all over it, trying to remove the debris to free themselves.

HELICOPTERS fill the air.

URI

You gotta be shitting me. We're stuck.

MR. GIBSON

Nothing worth doing is easy, friend.

Gibson hands the BRIEFCASE TO COLLINS and steps closer to the mess to get a better look at it.

BEHIND THE SIGN ROADBLOCK

We see EMERGENCY VEHICLES AND CHERRY PICKERS quickly at work, trying to clear the mess away. POLICE SWARM all over, ready to flood the area.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

They won't be through for a while. We can afford to wait.

BAD GUY #1

For who, Jesus?

Gibson turns to him and smiles. He walks over slowly.

MR. GIBSON

You know, I went to a Catholic school all of my life. I mocked God and the son once, just once, and got this.

Gibson shows him a SCAR ON HIS FOREARM, a deep and ugly one.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

I learned to have respect for my betters. Would you like a scar, too?

Bad Guy #1 gulps.

Crenshaw appears, grabbing his SORE, BLOODY SHOULDER. He moves slowly, hunched down.

He stops near the group at the roadblock and SPOTS COLLINS holding the briefcase.

Crenshaw checks his clip for the millionth time.

Collins steps away from the group of gunmen, expecting bullets to fly.

Suddenly, CRENSHAW JUMPS OUT into the open and GRABS COLLINS, pressing his gun to the man's head and holding him hostage.

COLLINS

Gibson!

Gibson and the others turn around to see Crenshaw in possession of Collins, but most importantly the bomb.

CRENSHAW
 (to Gibson)
 Gibson? That's you?

Gibson approaches slowly.

MR. GIBSON
 Detective Crenshaw, how much money do you make in a year?

CRENSHAW
 Stop.

MR. GIBSON
 You're probably dangerously underpaid, right?

CRENSHAW
 Stop fucking moving.

MR. GIBSON
 For the risks you take? You should be making 100k. But what is it really? 20? 30?

Crenshaw FIRES, blasting at the blacktop inches from Gibson's feet-- the man stops.

People scatter from the debris roadblock, running for cover-- scared.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
 I get the point. But do you get my point? We're not doing this to send a message to the world. We're doing this for money. Money you can have a stake in.

CRENSHAW
 How does nuking half of Los Angeles get you rich?

Gibson smiles.

MR. GIBSON
 That's for me to know and you to find out, if you wish.

The gunmen start flanking him.

CRENSHAW
 Hey hey hey! Nobody move.

MR. GIBSON
You're outnumbered, friend.

CRENSHAW
I got your guy. I swear I'll put a
hole through his head. Back the fuck
up.

Gibson smiles.

MR. GIBSON
Who, Collins? We couldn't care less
about him.

CRENSHAW
Put your guns down, kick them away
and lay on the ground. You're under
arrest.

Gibson starts LAUGHING and the GUNMEN JOIN IN.

MR. GIBSON
That's a good one. Very funny.

Crenshaw SHOOTS COLLINS'S FOOT, blasting through it.

COLLINS
My fucking foot!

Crenshaw places the gun to the man's head again.

CRENSHAW
No joke.

MR. GIBSON
Not laughing anymore.

Gibson raises his gun and KILLS COLLINS with TWO BLASTS.

Collins gets heavy with death and falls out of Crenshaw's
grasp. He lets the man drop but GRABS THE BRIEFCASE and
disappears into the maze of cars as BULLETS DESCEND in his
direction.

CRENSHAW
Shit shit shit!

He disappears into the pile-up like a roach.

MYRA
He's got the case again!

Gibson looks over at her and shakes his head.

MR. GIBSON
If I hadn't've paid for your tits,
I'd've killed you already.

Gibson turns to the others who are standing around looking at Collins.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
Well go get him you assholes!

The gunmen scatter, led by Uri.

INT. ROBINSON'S CHOPPER - DAY

Robinson is looking down into the mess.

His HEADSET BEEPS and he speaks into the mic.

OPERATOR
(through headset)
Detective Robinson?

ROBINSON
Yeah, go for Robinson.

OPERATOR
(through headset)
We got a lady on the line. She says
she's Daniel Crenshaw's wife.

Robinson nods.

ROBINSON
Well put her through.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer is pacing the room, gripping the land line phone.

JENNIFER
Detective Robinson?

INTERCUT CONVERSATION -- ROBINSON AND JENNIFER

ROBINSON
Mrs. Crenshaw, I'm here.

JENNIFER
Where's my husband? What's happening?

ROBINSON

It seems the guys who wanted to blow up Hollywood were a little more stubborn than we first thought.

JENNIFER

Is Daniel okay? Have you spoken with him?

ROBINSON

He's fine. Your husband's one tough dude. He's been helping us.

JENNIFER

God damn it, I knew it. He can't just sit something out, he always has to put his foot in shit.

ROBINSON

In this case, it's appreciated.

JENNIFER

Can I talk to him?

ROBINSON

I'll see what I can do, ma'am.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw moves through the swaying crowd surging past him.

He ducks into an open car and crawls out the other side. GUNFIRE ERUPTS around him and he flees, zigzagging.

Uri and the gunmen are there, chasing him, blasting away and ruining the cars he races past.

Crenshaw ducks back behind a car and turns to return fire. He sees the men walking past a truck with A PLASTIC GAS CAN tied to the cab and SHOTS AT IT.

The bullet hits the can and FIRE FLARES OUT at the men, sending them scattering as their HAIR IS SINGED.

Crenshaw smiles, enjoying the show, and takes off again.

Gibson appears, trailed by Myra.

MR. GIBSON

This is ridiculous. We don't have time for hide and seek.

Gibson takes the DETONATOR REMOTE out of his pocket.

MYRA
What the hell are you doing?

MR. GIBSON
It's called encouragement.

Gibson climbs up onto a car and PRESSES THE RED BUTTON on the remote-- ARMING THE DEVICE.

FURTHER AWAY

Crenshaw races through the crowd, keeping low.

He HEARS A BEEP and looks at the case.

He jumps into an open car and POPS THE CASE, revealing the LCD TIMER COUNTING DOWN from two minutes. 1:59...1:58...

CRENSHAW
No. No no no no no!

Crenshaw slams the lid and jumps out of the car to CLIMB ON TOP, getting a wide view of the congested freeway.

He SPOTS GIBSON waving that remote at him.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch.

Crenshaw RACES FORWARD, jumping across on the cars, FIRING AT GIBSON.

Gibson, not expecting it, jumps off of the car and falls into a CRUSH OF RIOTING BODIES trying to escape the gunfire.

The REMOTE IS KNOCKED LOOSE from his hands and it clatters to the floor where it is KICKED AWAY.

MR. GIBSON
Oh, no.

Crenshaw's high vantage point allows him to see it all happen.

CRENSHAW
He dropped it? He dropped it!?

Suddenly, GUNFIRE BRISTLES around his position and he turns to see URI FIRING AT HIM.

Crenshaw jumps off, narrowly avoiding a swiss-cheesing. He hits the ground and ducks low, searching for the remote.

He SPOTS IT, but it is KICKED AWAY AGAIN, far away.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Shit!

He jumps over the hoods of several cars, lugging the armed bomb with him, but fails to find it.

Crenshaw stands and spots an ICE CREAM TRUCK. He races toward it, pushing past scared motorists.

Gibson finds Myra.

MR. GIBSON

We may need to make a hasty retreat.

MYRA

Why? What happened?

Gibson takes her and races away.

Crenshaw makes it to the Ice Cream Truck and finds it LOCKED. He looks in and sees a MEXICAN GUY cowering in a corner.

CRENSHAW

Open up!

The Mexican Guy shakes his head furiously.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

I'm a cop, God damn it! Open up!

Still a solid "no" from the Mexican Guy.

Crenshaw raises his gun and FIRES INTO THE PLASTIC WINDOW, making the truck available to him.

He reaches in and unlocks the door only to have the Mexican Guy rush him with a BUTCHER KNIFE.

Crenshaw deflects the knife with the briefcase and PUSHES HIM OUT.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

I'm a good guy, asshole.

Crenshaw jumps into the truck.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

He slams the door shut and locks it. Then he places the case on the counter and OPENS IT.

The timer reads: 1:30...1:29...1:28...

Crenshaw WIPES SWEAT off of his brow and looks around, finding the P.A. SYSTEM. He grabs it and turns it on.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

CALLIOPE MUSIC, the kind you'd hear from Ice Cream Trucks, starts to play and gets everyone's attention.

Gibson and Myra stop fleeing and turn around like everyone else, searching for the music.

CRENSHAW

(through loudspeaker)

Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Daniel Crenshaw, I'm a police officer and if none of you want to blow up today, then please listen up.

MYRA

Where is he?

Gibson spots the Ice Cream Truck.

MR. GIBSON

There.

Uri appears, filtering through the stunned crowd.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

He's there.

Uri nods and points to Bad Guy #1, indicating the truck.

CRENSHAW

(through loudspeaker)

There is a bomb on the highway and it is set to go off in less than 2 minutes.

This galvanizes the crowd, sending them into a panic, as it should.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

(through loudspeaker)

We can stop it. We can, but I need you all to settle down and listen. There is a remote. It can shut the bomb down but it's lost. It's somewhere out there with all of you, on the ground. It's slim and silver with a red light on the top. I need you all to start looking around for it. We got less than 80 seconds now, please.

The CROWD JUMPS INTO ACTION, dropping to the ground and searching as if they had all lost a contact lens.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
 (through loudspeaker)
 Slim and silver with a red light.
 Hurry please.

Gibson stares down, watching the motorists work for Crenshaw.

MR. GIBSON
 Clever bastard.

Myra turns to him.

MYRA
 You lost the remote?

Uri turns to him.

URI
 The bomb is armed?

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw looks at the timer. 1:10...1:09...1:08...

His WALKIE BEEPS.

ROBINSON
 (through walkie)
 Crenshaw? You there?

He grabs the walkie.

CRENSHAW
 Did you hear?

ROBINSON
 (through walkie)
 Yeah, we heard.

CRENSHAW
 Sorry pal, I tried my best.

ROBINSON
 (through walkie)
 It's not over yet.

CRENSHAW
 Yeah, well we'll see.

ROBINSON
 (through walkie)
 Listen, I got your wife on the line.
 Can you talk?

Crenshaw swallows as emotions race through him.

CRENSHAW
 Yeah, please.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer is sitting on the bed with the kids, holding the phone tightly as the children crush in around her.

JENNIFER
 Danny? Honey?

INTERCUT CONVERSATION -- CRENSHAW AND JENNIFER

CRENSHAW
 Hey, baby.

JENNIFER
 Honey, are you okay? They've told me what's been happening, but--

CRENSHAW
 I'm fine, baby. I'm okay.

....:59....:58...

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
 Uhh, listen sweet, there's a strong chance I may not make it home for dinner.

Jennifer starts to cry.

JENNIFER
 Don't say that. Don't you say that to me.

CRENSHAW
 I'm sorry. I wish there was another way, but sort of got myself into a mess here and I don't--

Sarah grabs the phone.

SARAH
 Daddy?

CRENSHAW
Sarah? Hi honey.

SARAH
Are you coming back soon?

Crenshaw bites back emotion, WIPES AWAY A TEAR.

...:49...:48...

CRENSHAW
I'm trying, sweet. I'm trying.

SARAH
You're worrying us, Dad. We want you
to be okay.

CRENSHAW
Me too, honey. Me too.

Will grabs the phone.

WILL
Dad? Are we still on vacation?

Crenshaw smiles, breaking the tension.

CRENSHAW
Sort of pal, yeah.

WILL
Mommy says you're stuck in traffic.

CRENSHAW
I am. It's pretty bad.

He wipes the tears from his face.

...:38...:37...

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The crowd of motorists is searching desperately.

Bad Guy #1 approaches the Ice Cream Truck, machine gun at the
ready.

Gibson bites his lips as he watches all of this.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw wipes his face dry.

JENNIFER

Daniel, you come back to me and I
promise you no more vacations.

CRENSHAW

Honey, I wouldn't want anything else
but to get back to you and the kids
but--

He spots Bad Guy #1 in the SIDE-VIEW MIRROR, approaching the
door.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Shit.

Crenshaw drops to the floor as Bad Guy #1 OPENS FIRE and the
truck is RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

Crenshaw tries to shoot back, but his GUN IS EMPTY. He grabs
the walkie and swallows his anguish.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Gotta go, sweet. I love you. I love
you all so much. Please tell Abby,
when she's grown up, that her daddy
loved her more than anything ever in
the world and he really wanted to see
her grow up and be the beautiful
young woman I knew she'd be.

JENNIFER

Daniel baby, please.

CRENSHAW

Nothing I can do, sweet. I love you
so, so much. I can't believe you
married a bum like me, but I'm glad
you did. I love you. I don't say that
often, but I do. I always did.

JENNIFER

I love you too, baby.

Bullets CASCADE through the truck.

Crenshaw looks up, sees the timer, and frowns.

....:19....:18...

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The crowd is furiously racing to find the remote.

Gibson shrugs and turns to Myra.

MR. GIBSON
Easy come, easy go.

MYRA
You can't be serious.

MR. GIBSON
Pragmatism is a wonderful thing.

Suddenly, an OLD LADY stands up in the crowd, HOLDING THE REMOTE!

OLD LADY
I found it! I found it!

All eyes turn to her, including Gibson's.

MR. GIBSON
Well well...our lucky day.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw hears the lady.

OLD LADY
(from outside)
I found it! I found the bomb thing!

Crenshaw smiles and looks at the timer.

....:11....:10...

Bad Guy #1 appears at the shattered plastic window, aiming his gun inside.

Crenshaw pops up and STABS HIM IN THE FOREHEAD with the butcher knife the Mexican Guy wielded.

CRENSHAW
I can get you something for that
splitting headache.

Bad Guy #1 looks at him, then falls back on the ground, dead.

Crenshaw throws the door open and CLIMBS UP onto the truck, pulling the P.A. WALKIE with him.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
(into P.A.)
TURN IT OFF! TURN IT OFF!

The crowd around the Old Lady turns to her, frantic.

CROWD
TURN IT OFF! TURN IT OFF!

The Old Lady fusses with it.

OLD LADY
How? How!?

CRENSHAW
(into P.A.)
The red button! Press it! Press it
now!

The Old Lady PRESSES THE BUTTON.

OLD LADY
Like this!?

Crenshaw jumps back into the truck and watches the timer.

....:03....:02....

The TIMER DIES, the bomb has been diffused.

Crenshaw breathes a SIGH.

CRENSHAW
Jesus H.
(into P.A.)
Everyone thank that lady, she saved
our lives.

THE CROWD GOES WILD. The Old Lady is picked up and cheered
like the hero she is!

OLD LADY
Oh my!

Gibson turns to Uri.

MR. GIBSON
Get it back from her.

Uri races toward the Old Lady.

Crenshaw steps out and sees Uri and the last gunman, BAD GUY
#5 approaching the Old Lady.

He grabs the P.A. and yells into it.

CRENSHAW
Break it! I need you guys to break
that remote so it can't be used
again. Break it now! Smash the shit
out of it!

The Old Lady drops the remote and the CROWD STOMPS ON IT, destroying it.

Gibson ROARS IN ANGER and turns to the Ice Cream Truck, where Crenshaw stands, holding Bad Guy #1's machine gun.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
 (into P.A.)
 Your move, Gibson.

Crenshaw lets go of the P.A., grabs the now-sealed case, and jumps off the truck, disappearing into the crowd.

Gibson pulls out his cell phone.

MR. GIBSON
 This isn't about money anymore, Myra.

She turns to him, worried.

MYRA
 It's not? But I thought--

MR. GIBSON
 Oh, it used to be. But now...as they say in the movies, it's personal.

He DIALS.

EXT. KABC TV STATION - CONTINUOUS

Hino sits in the taxi at the curb, waiting.

Townsend approaches a NEWS CHOPPER in the distance and SHOOTS THE PILOT waiting outside of it.

Hino's cell rings.

INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

Hino grabs his phone.

HINO
 Your ride's just been booked, boss.

MR. GIBSON
 (through phone)
 Great. Say Hino, there's a cop here, Daniel Crenshaw--

HINO
 The guy who--

MR. GIBSON
(through phone)
Yes, the guy who. He has a family
doesn't he?

Hino smiles, he gets the idea.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
(through phone)
He's complicating things.

HINO
Understood, sir.

Hino hangs up.

He looks over at Townsend, who WAVES and ENTERS THE CHOPPER.

Hino starts the taxi up and DRIVES OFF.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The FIERY DEBRIS at the other end starts to spread. The fire
reaches for the leaking fuel and CARS EXPLODE.

Very quickly a WALL OF FIRE starts to expand, like a forest
fire across the freeway.

AT THE HIGHWAY SIGN ROADBLOCK

The POLICE BREAK THROUGH and flood into the sea of cars,
helping people out.

INT. ROBINSON'S CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Robinson grabs his walkie and presses the talk button.

ROBINSON
I guess you averted disaster again?

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw ducks down and runs, swerving through the crowds.

He brings up the walkie.

CRENSHAW
With the help of a kindly Old Lady.
Listen, do me a favor and tell my
wife I'll be home for dinner after
all.

INTERCUT WALKIE CONVERSATION -- CRENSHAW AND ROBINSON

ROBINSON

Will do. But I got two things to relay to you real quick. Good news, bad news.

CRENSHAW

Okay. Bad first, I can take it.

ROBINSON

The front of that mess you're in is catching fire quick...and it's spreading.

CRENSHAW

Which means?

ROBINSON

Which means you're all basically trapped in a giant frying pan.

CRENSHAW

The good news better not be that you brought vegetables to stir fry.

ROBINSON

No, good news is our guys have breached at the other end and I've sent a SWAT team to bail your ass out.

CRENSHAW

(smiling)

Don't do me any favors.

ROBINSON

The fire's spreading fast so you'll be swamped by about a hundred or so people in a few seconds. That's a heads up.

CRENSHAW

Thanks.

Crenshaw hangs up and continues down the street.

A CRUSH OF PEOPLE appear, like a tidal wave.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Crenshaw ducks down and SLIDES UNDER A CAR as the crowds race past, trying to escape the wall of fire in the distance.

Crenshaw looks over and sees a HAND reaching out of a pile of twisted, burnt wreckage.

He climbs out from under the car and races over to the wreckage. He is JOSTLED and thrown around by the riotous mess of people and the MACHINE GUN is knocked loose and lost in the crowd.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Damn it.

He bends down and grabs the hand.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

You okay?

He looks into the mess and sees a GIRL trapped inside.

GIRL

Help me, please. I can't move my legs.

CRENSHAW

Hang tight.

Crenshaw stands and grabs at the debris. It won't budge. He tries again and again, but it won't budge.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Damn it.

He sees some WIRE on the road and grabs it, then turns to see a VW BUG parked nearby.

Crenshaw nods and starts TYING ONE END OF THE WIRE to the debris. He bends down and looks in at the Girl.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

GIRL

Don't leave me!

CRENSHAW

I won't. But I can't move this thing alone. I'll be right back.

Crenshaw stands and runs the wire to the front bumper of the Bug, where he TIES IT OFF.

He tries the door but it is LOCKED.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Come on!

Crenshaw leans back against another car and KICKS THE WINDOW IN, then slides inside.

He REMOVES THE PLASTIC COMPARTMENT under the steering wheel and proceeds to HOT WIRE the car.

It revs.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Okay, baby, okay!

He throws the car in REVERSE and GUNFIRE SHATTERS the remaining windows around him.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Fuck me!

Crenshaw dives out of the car and lands in front of one of the COP CARS. A BULLET FLASHES PAST and throws the trunk open.

Something catches his eye and he looks inside to see the SECOND BRIEFCASE.

Gunfire erupts again and he ducks down, catching a glimpse of the SHOTGUN inside the car.

Bad Guy #5 reloads his clip as he stalks his prey through the crowd.

BAD GUY #5

Where are you, motherfucker? I'm gonna find you.

He walks around the Cop Car and slowly along the side when a SHOTGUN BLAST SHATTERS THE DOOR and peppers Bad Guy #5, killing him instantly.

Crenshaw crawls out, WITHOUT THE BRIEFCASE, and PUMPS the shotgun.

CRENSHAW

Found me.

He jumps back into the Bug and REVERSES HARD.

The burnt wreckage MOVES AWAY, exposing the Girl.

Crenshaw jumps out and helps her out of the mess. Her LEGS ARE BLOODY.

GIRL

Thank you.

CRENSHAW
 You'll be alright. Help is on the
 way.

He pulls her along to the side of the road, away from the
 crowds.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
 Don't go nowhere.

GIRL
 (Smiling)
 I'll try.

GUNFIRE SPARKS around him and he turns to see Myra and Uri
 GUNNING FOR HIM.

CRENSHAW
 Don't these guys ever give up?

Crenshaw jumps up, FIRING TWICE, and races toward the
 impending wall of fire.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer is wiping tears from her eyes as she talks into the
 phone.

JENNIFER
 Thank you, Detective Robinson. We are
 very glad to hear that.

There is a KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Do what you can to get my husband
 back to me. Thank you.

She hangs up.

SARAH
 Is Dad--

JENNIFER
 He's fine baby. It's all going to be
 okay.

She runs her hands through her daughter's hair lovingly as
 ANOTHER KNOCK rocks the door.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 Must be the burgers.

Jennifer walks over to the door and throws it open to REVEAL HINO.

HINO
Mrs. Crenshaw?

Jennifer gulps, holding her ground.

JENNIFER
Who wants to know?

Hino raises his 9MM.

HINO
He does.

EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Hino exits, pushing Jennifer and the kids along.

He looks across the street and sees POLICE EXAMINING HIS TAXI.

HINO
Shit.

He turns to Jennifer.

HINO (CONT'D)
Do you have a car?

JENNIFER
Uhh...A rental.

HINO
Where is it?

JENNIFER
In the garage.

Hino prods her with the HIDDEN 9MM.

HINO
Take me to it.

Jennifer nods and turns to the kids, who huddle together, worried.

JENNIFER
It's gonna be fine, guys. Dad's coming for us.

They disappear back inside the hotel just as the police across the street turn to the entrance, missing them.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gibson moves through the crowd, sour-faced.

His phone rings. He answers it.

MR. GIBSON

Yeah?

(beat)

Where are you?

Gibson looks up and sees a KABC HELICOPTER approaching.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

I see you. Give me a minute.

FURTHER ON

Myra stalks Crenshaw through the mess.

Suddenly, a CAR DOOR FLIES OPEN and SMASHES HER FACE. She falls back, nose bleeding.

Crenshaw steps out of the car and aims the shotgun down at her.

CRENSHAW

Were you driving the white van? Girls are bad drivers, but I mean come on lady.

Myra SPITS A WAD OF BLOOD, notices the BRIEFCASE IS MISSING.

MYRA

Where's the bomb?

CRENSHAW

Safe.

GUNFIRE SHATTERS GLASS around him and Crenshaw dives away, disappearing. He BLASTS AWAY WITH HIS SHOTGUN as he runs off.

Gibson is there a second later, helping her up.

MYRA

He broke my nose.

MR. GIBSON

Nothing we can't fix. God knows I've wanted to tweak that damned thing for a while now.

(into cell phone)

Come down. We're ready.

Gibson helps Myra up onto the top of a TALL MOVING TRUCK.

MYRA
What are we doing?

MR. GIBSON
We're leaving.

The KABC helicopter descends onto the freeway and hovers next to them.

MYRA
He hid the bomb somewhere.

MR. GIBSON
We'll get it back.

MYRA
What about Uri?

MR. GIBSON
What about him? Get in or I leave
you, too.

Myra shakes her head and climbs into the chopper, seeing Townsend at the helm.

Gibson gives the parking lot from hell a final glance and climbs inside.

The news chopper rises and floats away.

AT THE WALL OF FIRE

Crenshaw breaks through a line of cars as OTHER CARS EXPLODE IN FRONT OF HIM, joining the GROWING INFERNO sweeping across the freeway.

CRENSHAW
Oh, this is the wrong place to be.

Uri appears off to his side. They turn to each other and PULL TRIGGERS, but their guns are empty.

They exchange a glance and seconds later CHARGE at each other, inches from the furious flames.

Crenshaw swings his shotgun but Uri ducks under it and UPPERCUTS HIM.

Our boy is sent sprawling and Uri is on him, punching his ribs. Crenshaw manages to toss the guy aside and get to his feet.

Uri regains his ground and KICKS AT CRENSHAW, who dodges it and PUNCHES URI in the back, dropping him.

Uri rolls to the ground as Crenshaw spots a CAR DOOR laying on the ground and grabs it.

Uri stands as Crenshaw SWINGS THE DOOR at him, sending him flying into a windshield.

MORE CARS EXPLODE, the fire is growing closer. The TEN-FOOT HIGH CEMENT WALLS start to CAVE IN, exposing the sides of the freeway.

Crenshaw turns to run away, but Uri crashes down on him and crumples him to the ground.

He stands and grabs Crenshaw, then proceeds to TOSS HIM AROUND like a rag doll against the sides of the parked cars, smashing windows.

Crenshaw gets his hand free and he GRABS URI'S GROIN, squeezing. Uri groans in pain and lets him go.

Crenshaw spins around, still holding him by the balls.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

My wife taught me that.

Crenshaw KICKS URI and sends him flying into the wall of fire. Uri is embraced by the hungry flames and he vanishes into it.

Crenshaw drops to the ground, catching his breath.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

God bless her for being a ball buster.

Explosions rock the freeway and he sits up to see FIERY DEBRIS flying toward him.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Whoa!

He jumps up and escapes a second before he would have been buried by BURNING WRECKAGE.

INT. GIBSON'S CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Gibson and Myra watch the destruction below.

MYRA

What about the bomb?

MR. GIBSON

Patience.

His CELL RINGS and he answers it.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
Hino? Good job. Meet us at the evac
point. We'll set up the drop there.

He hangs up and smiles, pleased with himself.

MYRA
What's happening?

MR. GIBSON
They don't pay me the big bucks
because I pretend to finish the job.
Do they, Myra?

She sneers devilishly.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw is helping people off of their feet and ushering
them down the freeway, away from the fire.

CRENSHAW
Keep moving, come on.

The KABC helicopter hovers lower over him.

MR. GIBSON
(through loudspeaker)
Detective Crenshaw. I propose a
trade.

Crenshaw looks up at the helicopter, curious.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
(through loudspeaker)
Yes, it's me. I've managed to
extricate myself. Now I want my bomb
back. That's all I ever wanted. I'll
trade you for it.

CRENSHAW
Trade for what?

MR. GIBSON
(through loudspeaker)
The bomb...for your family.

Crenshaw's face falls, then his JAW HARDENS WITH ANGER.

CRENSHAW
You motherfucker!

MR. GIBSON
 (through loudspeaker)
 They'll be fine, as long as I get my
 bomb. Simple as that. The port of Los
 Angeles, pier 13. Get on the boat
 docked there. One hour. With my bomb
 and no cops or the family dies and I
 still walk away, I guarantee it,
 friend.

Crenshaw is too angry to say anything.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
 (through loudspeaker)
 See you in an hour.

The KABC helicopter swivels away and FLIES OFF toward the Pacific.

CRENSHAW
 God damn it!

Crenshaw races off.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Crenshaw appears at one of the BROKEN SECTIONS of concrete wall and climbs out onto a NARROW LEDGE. He is holding the METAL BRIEFCASE.

He takes a deep breath and JUMPS DOWN onto the road below. Landing hard and rolling out.

A TOUR BUS SQUEALS TO A STOP, inches from his face.

Crenshaw stands and locks eyes with the tour guy. It's his old friend Russ!

RUSS
 Detective?

CRENSHAW
 Russ from the tour bus! Boy am I glad
 to see you.

Russ opens the bus doors and Crenshaw jumps on. Looking at the tourists.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
 Hi, folks. Slight detour.
 (to Russ)
 I need your help, pal.

RUSS
 (as Bugs Bunny)
 What's up, Doc?

CRENSHAW
 I need to get to the port of Los Angeles? You know how to get there?

RUSS
 Please, this is L.A. We got GPS.

Russ starts fiddling with the DASHBOARD GPS.

CRENSHAW
 Hurry pal, my family's in danger.

Russ guns the engine.

RUSS
 I feel just like Sandra Bullock in *Speed*.

Crenshaw throws the flamboyant tour guide a look as the BUS DRIVES OFF.

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

The port stretches out before us in interweaving layers of warehouses and docked ships.

EXT. PIER 13 - CONTINUOUS

Docked at pier 13 is the LUXURY CRUISE LINER **PACIFIC BELLE**, and it is currently LOADING PASSENGERS.

Next to it are HUGE CRANES holding HEAVY SHIPPING CONTAINERS. The typical machinery and accessories you'd find on a pier.

The TOUR BUS ARRIVES and stops in front of the gates to the gangway leading into the bowels of the massive ship.

Crenshaw jumps out, lugging the briefcase.

CRENSHAW
 Thanks Russ. Now get out of here as fast as possible.

RUSS
 Will do. And officer?
 (as Bogey)
 We'll always have Hollywood Boulevard, sweetheart.

CRENSHAW

Hey, that was a great Jimmy Stewart.

Crenshaw walks off, leaving Russ nonplussed.

RUSS

Jimmy Stewart?

(to the tourists in back)

Did that sound like Jimmy Stewart to you guys?

The tourists NOD as the bus drives off.

Crenshaw approaches the UNIFORMED MAN at the gate.

UNIFORMED MAN

Ticket, sir?

CRENSHAW

My buddy forgot his briefcase. I just want to run it up to him real quick.

The Uniformed Man looks Crenshaw up and down, taking in the cuts and bruises and ruined vacation wear.

UNIFORMED MAN

Sir, without a ticket I can't let you up. Perhaps you can call your friend?

Crenshaw reaches into a pocket, pulls out his wallet and shows his SHIELD. The Uniformed Man shuts up.

CRENSHAW

Police business. And do me a favor and stop letting people on board, huh?

UNIFORMED MAN

But we're scheduled to leave in 20 minutes.

CRENSHAW

Tough titties.

Crenshaw races up the gangway with the briefcase.

EXT. PACIFIC BELLE - DAY

Crenshaw walks through the pool area, scanning the faces of the tourists that have already congregated here to swim and drink. He sees no one he knows.

He approaches the railing and starts down one side of the ship. He SPOTS GIBSON standing at the railing, looking out to sea and smoking a CIGAR.

Crenshaw grinds his teeth, holding his anger back enough to stay calm as he approaches.

MR. GIBSON

Why do you look so grumpy, Daniel?

Crenshaw stops next to him and looks out to sea with him.

CRENSHAW

I hate traveling.

MR. GIBSON

But we're always traveling, aren't we? Mohammed once said: "Don't tell me how educated you are, tell me how much you traveled."

CRENSHAW

Where's my family?

MR. GIBSON

They're safe.

(puffs)

You have a wonderful family, Daniel. You really do. Beautiful children. A stunning wife with just the right amount of sass.

CRENSHAW

I wouldn't call it sass.

MR. GIBSON

Which intrigues me about you. I mean when a man has everything, why would he risk losing any of it? Why stick your nose in where it doesn't belong? Why make a fuss when you could have just sat out the dance like the awkward girl no one talks to because of her acne and braces and body odor?

CRENSHAW

Well I showered this morning so...

MR. GIBSON

It can't be because you're a cop and you feel obligated to do it.

CRENSHAW

I guess I just feel urged to do the right thing. Maybe I'm an idiot.

MR. GIBSON

No, not an idiot. You're one of the good guys. Unfortunately, in my line of work that means we can't see eye to eye. Two sides of the coin.

CRENSHAW

So what's it all about? You said money, but that don't track.

MR. GIBSON

Money, yes. The great encourager. Me and my friends were paid by some very eager people to make a mess for them in the states. Send a message and all that.

CRENSHAW

Why L.A., I don't get it? Hollywood Boulevard isn't Wall Street.

MR. GIBSON

On the contrary. They wanted to send a message and so Los Angeles was chosen, Hollywood Boulevard specifically. My employers are angry at the way they've been depicted in movies for years, so there you go.

CRENSHAW

Setting off a nuke would definitely change people's minds about them.

MR. GIBSON

I tried to explain that, but...well they're as stubborn as you are.

CRENSHAW

But there's more too it. There has to be. Setting off a bomb is one guy. Not a gang with machine guns.

MR. GIBSON

Wow, you are very good at your job, aren't you? Well, you're right. Did you know that the U.S. Treasury built underground deposits all over the nation? And did you further know that the biggest one in the west coast is right under Santa Monica?

(MORE)

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

The plan was to set off the bomb and send everyone into a panic while we were underground, shielded by the radiation, and stealing the money quite literally out from under everyone. Sure, we got paid for placing the bomb, which had to happen or we would have been killed ourselves. That's why we want it back so bad. My usual flat fee for that type of thing is fine, but when you have a chance for more...well, why not?

(puffs)

However, that happened to be the day you decided to show up.

Gibson turns to him, revealing a previously hidden 9MM, aimed at his gut.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)

Hand me the briefcase.

Crenshaw holds up the case, using it as a shield.

CRENSHAW

Family first.

Gibson COCKS THE 9MM and Crenshaw responds by holding the briefcase over the side.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Shoot me, I drop it. Gun shots bring cops. You're fucked, my family gets away. I guarantee it.

Gibson laughs.

MR. GIBSON

Okay, friend.

Gibson signals and a SIDE DOOR OPENS. Jennifer exits, held at gunpoint by Myra. They join Gibson's side.

JENNIFER

Danny?

Crenshaw holds up a hand to keep her quiet.

CRENSHAW

The kids, too. I'm not playing, asshole.

Gibson points behind Crenshaw, who spins around to find Sarah holding Abby and standing next to Will at the end of the ship. Hino and Townsend stand behind them, HIDING GUNS under their jackets.

MR. GIBSON

Reunited...and it feels so good. You know that song?

(points to briefcase with gun)

Hand it over.

Crenshaw places it on the ground and puts his foot on it.

CRENSHAW

My wife and kids walk over to me and I slide it along to you.

Gibson sighs like Crenshaw.

MR. GIBSON

Very well.

He signals for Myra to let her go and Jennifer shrugs free. She runs into Crenshaw's arms as Hino and Townsend let the kids go and they RACE toward their dad.

Crenshaw SLIDES THE CASE OVER to Gibson, who snatches it up, then turns with Jennifer and starts walking toward the kids.

CRENSHAW

You okay?

JENNIFER

They didn't hurt us.

(beat)

Daniel, I'm scared.

CRENSHAW

Keep walking, this isn't over.

Gibson lays the case on the railing and OPENS IT to reveal the DUD.

MR. GIBSON

Of course. I should've known.

MYRA

What is it?

MR. GIBSON

He brought me the dud. Forgot all about it.

The KIDS SLAM INTO CRENSHAW, cheeks red from crying.

CRENSHAW
It's okay, guys.

Crenshaw takes Abby and gives her a kiss, holding her tight.
Gibson turns to Townsend and Hino and SIGNALS TO THEM.

MR. GIBSON
(to himself)
Oh well. We tried.

Townsend and Hino EXPOSE THEIR GUNS and START FIRING at
Crenshaw and family.

CRENSHAW
Move!

Crenshaw herds the kids off to the side as a RIFLE SHOT RINGS
OUT and a BULLET BLOWS OUT TOWNSEND'S LEFT EYE.

Hino stops firing as he watches his partner hit the deck,
dead.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Robinson looks away from the scope on his SNIPER RIFLE.

ROBINSON
You got something in your eye,
asshole.

Robinson wracks the slide on the side and returns to the
scope-- firing again.

EXT. PACIFIC BELLE - CONTINUOUS

Gibson and Myra scatter as RIFLE FIRE PINGS at the briefcase,
forcing it out of his hands.

The dud briefcase FALLS OVER THE SIDE and sinks into the
ocean forevermore.

Gibson and Myra turn and disappear through a side door.

Hino gets his wind back, grabs Townsend's machine gun, and
turns to OPEN FIRE on Crenshaw and family with both guns.

Crenshaw stands and BURSTS THROUGH A SIDE DOOR with his
family in tow.

INT. PACIFIC BELLE - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw and Jennifer lead the children down the cramped, carpeted hallway.

SARAH

Daddy?

CRENSHAW

We'll be fine, sweetie.

Crenshaw finds a UTILITY CLOSET and opens it.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

In you go.

The kids pile in, Jennifer takes Abby from him.

JENNIFER

What about you?

Crenshaw shrugs.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Nevermind, go be a nuisance. But come back to me.

CRENSHAW

You couldn't get rid of me.

They kiss and he runs off.

Jennifer closes the door as Hino appears, racing down the hallway after Crenshaw.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw bursts into the kitchen, which is FULL OF COOKS hard at work. They turn to him, confused.

CRENSHAW

Trust me guys, leave.

They exchange glances as Hino races in, OPENING FIRE.

The COOKS SCATTER, scared, as Crenshaw hits the deck and grabs a FRYING PAN.

The cooks flee like roaches with the lights on and Hino starts his stalk.

HINO

Where are you, motherfucker?

Crenshaw grabs a CAN OF FRUIT and TOSSES IT across the room. Hino FIRES INTO THE CORNER, at the noise.

HINO (CONT'D)

I got bad news. You're gonna die.

Crenshaw jumps up next to him and HITS HIM WITH THE FRYING PAN, sending him reeling.

CRENSHAW

Yeah?

Hino opens fire as he spins. Crenshaw dives under the fire and steps in to RIP THE MACHINE GUN AWAY and smash him with the frying pan again.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

The kids are panting with exhaustion.

WILL

It's hot in here. Can we leave?

JENNIFER

I'll go see if the coast is clear.

She hands Abby to Sarah.

INT. PACIFIC BELLE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer opens the door and leans out.

JENNIFER

I think we can--

Suddenly, Myra appears and GRABS JENNIFER by the hair, dragging her out into the hallway. Myra kicks her in the stomach, sending her to the floor.

MYRA

Stupid bitch.

Jennifer looks up. That sass of hers is replaced with venom.

JENNIFER

What did you call me?

Jennifer gets to her feet.

Myra punches out but Jennifer grabs the arm.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Oh, it's go time, bitch.

Jennifer FLIPS MYRA and they trade PUNCHES.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Hino KICKS OUT, but Crenshaw avoids it and SMASHES HIS KNEE with the frying pan. Crenshaw tosses the guy against the stove and OPENS FIRE, filling him with leaky holes.

Hino falls back onto the stove top and Crenshaw approaches, removing the second gun, a 9mm.

CRENSHAW

Well, I got bad news for you, pal. I like my meat well done.

He TURNS ON THE STOVES and Hino's corpse catches fire.

Crenshaw turns and runs off.

INT. PACIFIC BELLE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Myra steps away, her nose bloody.

JENNIFER

You like that shit?

Jennifer stands, not looking her best, either.

Myra SPIN KICKS, sending Jennifer bouncing back and forth along the hallway.

Jennifer lands in a heap and Myra is there, DRAGGING HER BY HER HAIR.

The Utility Closet opens and the kids step out.

SARAH

I'm going to go find Dad. You guys stay here.

WILL

But, Sarah--

SARAH

Stay here. Do it.

She hands Abby to Will and closes the door on them.

Sarah turns and races around a corner, only to RUN INTO GIBSON.

MR. GIBSON
Young Miss Crenshaw. I'm very happy
to see you.

She turns to run away but Gibson GRABS HER HARD.

EXT. PACIFIC BELLE - DAY

Crenshaw bursts outside and runs along the railing.

He HEARS SCREAMING below and looks over the side and down
into the lower deck to SPOT GIBSON AND SARAH.

CRENSHAW
Sarah? Jesus.

Crenshaw straps the machine gun around his shoulder and slips
the 9mm into his belt as he CLIMBS over the side.

He hangs over the ocean for a moment then SWINGS OUT and
LANDS HARD on the lower deck, scattering scared cruise
passengers.

Crenshaw grabs hold of the machine gun and runs off in the
direction Gibson and Sarah took.

INT. PACIFIC BELLE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Myra tosses Jennifer around and she lands on her side. Myra
KICKS HER in the gut and Jennifer folds in, groaning.

MYRA
Six years of Krav Maga. Ten years of
karate. And fifteen in ballet. What
do you got, bitch?

Jennifer looks up at her.

JENNIFER
I'm...a...mom.

She ELBOWS MYRA'S KNEE and grabs her foot, tossing her to the
ground as she stands and PUTS HER IN A JUDO HOLD.

Myra reaches for her belt and REMOVES A KNIFE.

Jennifer KICKS MYRA'S FACE TWICE, breaking her neck. The
knife falls to the floor.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
And my husband taught me that.

She stands, catching her breath.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
That was actually kinda fun.

She turns and races to the Utility Closet and throws it open to reveal only Will and Abby.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Oh no.

EXT. PACIFIC BELLE LOWER DECK - CONTINUOUS

Gibson approaches the gangway to exit and MACHINE GUN FIRE STOPS him.

He turns to see Crenshaw approaching.

MR. GIBSON
Well, I figured I hadn't seen the last of you. That's why lovely Sarah's coming with me.

CRENSHAW
Let her go. You can take me.

MR. GIBSON
Why would I take you? You said it yourself, you're a terrible traveling companion. Now drop the gun, or I kill her here.

Sarah is scared out of her mind-- crying.

Crenshaw nods and drops the machine gun.

MR. GIBSON (CONT'D)
Wonderful. Goodbye.

Gibson turns the gun on Crenshaw and FIRES TWICE. Crenshaw hits the ground hard, bleeding.

SARAH
Daddy!

Gibson lets go of the girl as he RACES DOWN THE GANGWAY. Sarah runs to her dad and kneels down over him.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Daddy, no.

Gibson gets to the pier and speeds toward the RENTAL CAR, parked illegally by the huge cranes.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Daddy, please. Wake up.

She slaps his face and CRENSHAW STIRS, groaning.

CRENSHAW
Hey sweet.

She bends down and HUGS HIM.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Ouch.

SARAH
Sorry.

He sits up and looks at himself. There are bullet holes in his shoulder and side.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

CRENSHAW
Not really, no. Where'd he go?

SARAH
He ran away.

Crenshaw stands and Sarah helps him up. They stumble to the railing and Crenshaw looks down to see Gibson jump into the Rental Car and start it up.

CRENSHAW
Is that our rental?

SARAH
Yeah.

CRENSHAW
Shit.

Crenshaw looks up and sees the crane and the SHIPPING CONTAINER it is holding high up above the ground.

He AIMS AT THE WIRE AND FIRES, but HITS THE METAL instead.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
Okay, fine.

He slips the 9mm into his belt and climbs over the railing.

SARAH
What are you doing?

CRENSHAW
Nothing smart.

Crenshaw JUMPS INTO THE AIR and GRABS HOLD of the crane. He starts CLIMBING ACROSS, arm over arm, until he is closer to the WIRE holding the shipping container.

He hangs with one hand over the water as he pulls out the 9mm and looks down at the rental car driving away.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gibson LAUGHS as he drives the car, happy to have gotten away scot free.

EXT. CRANE - CONTINUOUS

Crenshaw looks up and AIMS at the wire.

CRENSHAW
Here's your flat fee, friend.

Crenshaw FIRES TWICE and the WIRE SNAPS, releasing the shipping container.

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gibson sees a SHADOW GROWING around him.

MR. GIBSON
What in the hell--

EXT. PIER 13 - CONTINUOUS

The SHIPPING CONTAINER CRASHES ONTO THE RENTAL CAR and it EXPLODES, obliterating Mr. Gibson once and for all.

UP ON THE CRANE

Crenshaw LAUGHS, joyous.

CRENSHAW
Should'a sprang for the Gold Service insurance.

He grabs a WIRE and SLIDES DOWN TO THE GROUND.

ON THE GROUND

He lands and CRUMPLES under the exhaustion.

Robinson appears and helps him up.

ROBINSON
I told you I was a good shot.

CRENSHAW
I believe you.

COP CARS SWARM THE AREA, a little too late as usual.

JENNIFER (O.C.)
Daniel!

He turns to see Jennifer and the kids racing down the gangway toward him.

He stands slowly and they CRUSH HIM with hugs.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
My hero.

They KISS.

Crenshaw BLUSHES.

SARAH
Thanks for saving me, Dad.

CRENSHAW
That's my job. Forever.

He kisses his oldest daughter's head and grabs Abby, kissing her rosy cheeks. How could he ever think his kids hate him?

ROBINSON
We found the bomb where you said.
It's secure.

Crenshaw spots the Uniformed Man and walks over to him.

CRENSHAW
Hey pal, where's this ship going?

UNIFORMED MAN
Hawaii, sir.

Crenshaw smiles wide.

CRENSHAW
Well what do you know, so are we.

Crenshaw starts ushering his family up the gangway.

JENNIFER
But Daniel honey, you're injured.

CRENSHAW
They got doctors on these things.
(to Uniformed Man)
You got doctors, right?

The Uniformed Man nods.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)
See, we're all set.

Robinson pats the Uniformed Man on the shoulder.

UNIFORMED MAN
Their tickets will be courtesy of the
city of Los Angeles.

Crenshaw turns and shakes Robinson's hand.

ROBINSON
Come back and see us sometime.

CRENSHAW
Not any time soon.

Robinson laughs and Crenshaw continues to usher his family
aboard.

WILL
Daddy, I'm hungry.

CRENSHAW
Yeah, me too. First thing we do is
find ourselves the buffet. Second
thing...get a whole mess of Band-
Aids.

We pull away as the pier gets full of activity. The cruise
ship commands are view as our boy Crenshaw and his family
disappear inside and the sun starts to set behind it.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.