

# CRASH

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&

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**CRASH**

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

GRAHAM (V.O.)  
It's the sense of touch.

RIA (V.O.)  
...What?

GRAHAM (V.O.)  
Any real city, you walk, you're  
bumped, brush past people. In LA,  
no one touches you....

FADE UP to find:

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

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

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

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

MOTORCYCLE COP  
You two all right?

RIA  
I think he mighta hit his head.

GRAHAM  
You don't think that's true?

MOTORCYCLE COP  
Stay in your car.

The officer moves off.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

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

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

2 EXT. FAIRFAX AVE. - CONTINUOUS

2

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

MOTORCYCLE COP  
 Calm down, ma'am!

KIM LEE  
 I am calm!

MOTORCYCLE COP  
 I *need* to see your registration and insurance.

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

RIA  
 (approaching)  
 I do this?

MOTORCYCLE COP  
 Ma'am, wait in your vehicle.

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

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

MOTORCYCLE COP  
 Ma-am--

(CONTINUED)

RIA

(to Kim Lee)

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

MOTORCYCLE COP

(to Ria)

Ma'am--

KIM LEE

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

RIA

(to cop)

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

MOTORCYCLE COP

Ma'am--

RIA

(flashing badge)

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

MOTORCYCLE COP

Oh, Christ.

CLOSE ON GRAHAM

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

CRANE SHOT

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

KIM LEE

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

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

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

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

ANGLE ON DETECTIVE CARR

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

DETECTIVE CARR

You okay?

GRAHAM

Freezing.

DETECTIVE CARR

Heard it might snow.

GRAHAM

Get outta here.

DETECTIVE CARR

That's what I heard.

GRAHAM

You got a smoke?

DETECTIVE CARR

(blowing out smoke)

Quit.

GRAHAM

Me, too.

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

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

What have you got?

A tech passes, heading into the crime scene.

DETECTIVE CARR

You know, it's great to see a cop who cares as much as you. Here you should be going home, but you come by just to see if I need coffee or anything.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

All this paperwork, you just coming off that celebrity shooting, my heart was going out to you.

DETECTIVE CARR

Cause I hate those kinda guys who cruise up, try and snag someone else's case.

GRAHAM

You and me both. It's all about team work. I mean, I get a call but my phone's out of range, you're right there to jump in and take it for me.

DETECTIVE CARR

(feigning innocence)

You got the call?

GRAHAM

Just heard the message.

DETECTIVE CARR

Can you actually catch a call if you don't actually answer the phone? I'm just curious.

GRAHAM

That would be a question for people much further up the ladder than you or me. So, what do you have here?

DETECTIVE CARR

Dead kid. Guess it's yours, if you want it.

GRAHAM

(hopeful)

White kid?

DETECTIVE CARR

I should really let you gather your own facts.

The game is up.

GRAHAM

Uh-huh. Nah, you keep it, you're doing good.

Graham notices something odd and walks down into the gully.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (4)

2

DETECTIVE CARR

You touch anything and it's yours.

He kneels to inspect a piece of evidence hidden in the tall weeds. A feeling starts to creep over him. Not a good feeling. As he looks up we FADE TO BLACK. Super: **TODAY.**

FADE UP:

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

3

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

DIRK (O.S.)

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

Widen to see we're --

4 INT. R &amp; J GUNS -- DAY

4

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

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

What did he say "ammunition"?

DORRI

(in Farsi)

He asked what kind of bullets you  
want.

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

The kind that fit in the gun!

DORRI

(in Farsi)

There's more than one type.

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

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

DORRI

(in Farsi)

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

(CONTINUED)

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

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

DIRK

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

FARHAD

(in Farsi)

What is he saying about Jihad?

(to Dirk, in English:)

Are you making insults at me?

DIRK

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

FARHAD

I am American citizen--!

DIRK

(here it comes)

--Oh, God.

FARHAD

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

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

DIRK

Not from my store, you don't.

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

DORRI

Go wait in the car, Dad.

FARHAD

(to Dirk)

You are ignorant man!

DIRK

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

(CONTINUED)



4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

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

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

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

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

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

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

DIRK  
 And what kind of ammunition do you  
 want?

DORRI  
 Whatever fits.

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

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

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

DORRI  
 Can I have them?

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

5 EXT. WESTWOOD -- NIGHT

5

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

ALLAN

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

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

ANTHONY

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

PETER

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

ANTHONY

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

PETER

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

ANTHONY

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

PETER

So how much you leave her?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

The angry girl runs past them.

ANTHONY

You expect me to pay for that kinda service??

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

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

...What? What?

ALLAN

Hey, come on! I'm sorry.

PETER

Nothing, nothing.

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

RICK

You're seriously jealous of Karen??

\*  
\*

JEAN

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RICK

(re: cell phone)

See this? Off. No more calls tonight.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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

JEAN

Ten bucks says she calls you in the car.

\*  
\*

BACK WITH ANTHONY AND PETER

ANTHONY

You see what that woman just did?

PETER

She's cold, man.

ANTHONY

She got colder soon as she saw us.

PETER

--Here it comes.

(CONTINUED)

ANTHONY

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

PETER

Because we have guns?

ANTHONY

You could be right.

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

PETER

Away from the car!  
Away from the car!

JEAN

Oh my God! Oh my God!  
Rick!

ANTHONY

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

RICK

Don't shoot, just don't  
shoot.

PETER

Walk away! Walk away! Turn around  
and walk!

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

ANTHONY

Get in! Get in!

PETER

Unlock the door!

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

7 EXT. WESTWOOD BLVD. -- CONTINUOUS 7

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

ANTHONY

Stop!!

They freeze. Anthony runs up, grabs the DVD.

8 INT. BLACK NAVIGATOR -- CONTINUOUS 8

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

PETER

(reading label)

Haven't seen it.

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

ANTHONY

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

PETER

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

ANTHONY

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

PETER

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

9 EXT. 2ND STREET TUNNEL -- NIGHT 9

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

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

GRAHAM AND RIA

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

OFFICER JOHNSON

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

GRAHAM

That the cop?

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

OFFICER JOHNSON

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

GRAHAM

Not yet.

OFFICER JOHNSON

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

RIA

I got the Mercedes.

Ria splits off toward the Mercedes.

GRAHAM

(re: Conklin)

Looks pretty relaxed for having shot a man.

Coming up on Conklin's Ford pickup:

OFFICER JOHNSON

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

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

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

GRAHAM  
Anyone see who shot first?

OFFICER JOHNSON  
They just heard two bangs.

GRAHAM  
Find me a witness.

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

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Nice gun.

RIA  
One bullet fired. The car is registered to Cindy Bradley. That's not his name. His name is William Lewis.  
(hands him a wallet)  
It was under the front seat.

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

RIA (CONT'D)  
(looking at dead cop's business card)  
Hollywood Division.

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

GRAHAM  
Looks like Detective Conklin shot himself the wrong nigga.

As Graham stands we cut to:

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

10

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

PARK  
How soon can I have them?

Choi folds the check and stuffs it in his wallet.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

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

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

RYAN (O.S.)  
I keep telling you he's in pain.  
He can't sleep.

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

SHANIQUA (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
And I told you the clinic is only  
open after hours for emergencies--

RYAN  
--This is an emergency--

11 INT. HMO ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

11

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

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

RYAN  
What does my father do about sleeping  
tonight?

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

12 BACK TO RYAN AT CARNEY'S:

12

RYAN  
I want to speak to your supervisor.

SHANIQUA  
I am my supervisor.

(CONTINUED)



12 CONTINUED: 12

RYAN  
What's your name?

SHANIQUA  
Shaniqua Johnson.

RYAN  
Big fucking surprise that is.

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

13 EXT. CARNEY'S -- NIGHT 13

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

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

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

14 INT. SQUAD CAR -- MOMENTS LATER 14

As Ryan and Hansen climb in they hear:

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

15 THEIR POV 15

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

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

16 RYAN 16

Pulls out to follow.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

HANSEN

It's not it.

(no response)

It's not the vehicle. The plates don't match, the driver's in his forties, and nobody jacks a car and takes it to Studio City.

Ryan hits the flashers.

17 THEIR POV - NAVIGATOR ON RESIDENTIAL STREET AHEAD:

17

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

18 RYAN

18

Sees her face and bumps the siren.

RYAN

They were doing something.

19 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - STUDIO CITY -- NIGHT

19

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

RYAN

Keep your hands in plain sight. I need to see your license and registration.

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

CAMERON

No problem.

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

RYAN

Evening.

CHRISTINE

(suppressing a smile)

How are you tonight, officer?

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

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

RYAN

Do it slowly, please.

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

CAMERON

Here you go.

He slowly hands the documents to Ryan.

RYAN

Stay in the vehicle, please.

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

Step onto the sidewalk, please, sir.

CAMERON

I haven't been drinking.

RYAN

Then we shouldn't have a problem.

CHRISTINE

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

CAMERON

It's okay, Christine.

BACK IN THE SQUAD CAR - HANSEN

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

RYAN

(to Cameron)

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

As Cameron does...

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

CHRISTINE

steps out of the car.

CHRISTINE

I told you he doesn't drink.

RYAN

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

CHRISTINE

"Ma'am??"

CAMERON

Get in the car, Christine.

CHRISTINE

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

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

RYAN

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

CAMERON

Officer, we're a block from home --

RYAN

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

HANSEN

(approaching)  
What have we got?

CAMERON

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

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

RYAN

What did I just tell you?

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

CHRISTINE

Get your hands off him!

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

(to Hansen)

Pat him down.

(to Christine)

Put your hands on your head, ma'am.

Hansen reluctantly pats Cameron down.

CAMERON

Do what he says.

CHRISTINE

(to Cameron)

Fuck you!

(to Ryan)

And you keep your filthy fuckin' hands off me!

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

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Ow! You fucking pig!

CAMERON

Christine, stop talking.

RYAN

That's quite a mouth you have.

(to Cameron)

Course, you know that.

CHRISTINE

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

CAMERON

Christine, shut your goddamn mouth!

RYAN

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

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

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

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTINE

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

RYAN

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

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

HANSEN

Clean.

But Ryan is nowhere near finished.

RYAN

(to Cameron)

So, what do you think we should do about this, Mr. Thayer?

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

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

Now his hands start up the inside of her calves.

RYAN (CONT'D)

That's reckless endangerment...

Hansen looks away, knowing this is bullshit.

RYAN (CONT'D)

...which is a felony.

RYAN (CONT'D)

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

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

RYAN (CONT'D)

Now, you say you're a block from home.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RYAN (CONT'D)

We can use our discretion, let you go with a warning. Or we can cuff you and put you in the back of the car.

Ryan removes his hands.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What do you think we should do?

CAMERON

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

RYAN

(to Hansen)

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

HANSEN

Yeah.

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

RYAN

Fine. You can go.

CAMERON

...Thank you.

RYAN

No problem.  
(walking away)  
You folks drive safe now.

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

IN THE NAVIGATOR

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

HANSEN

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

20 INT. CORNER MARKET -- NIGHT

20

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

SHEREEN  
It won't close.

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

FARHAD  
Pull it hard.

She keeps trying as....

FARHAD (CONT'D)  
(to Dorri)  
I can do that!

She snaps the cylinder in place.

DORRI  
You couldn't even get it open.

FARHAD  
(in Farsi)  
You have no respect for your father anymore? Give me the gun.

DORRI  
There. Now you can shoot anybody you want.

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

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

Shereen comes out from the back room.

SHEREEN  
Farhad, it won't close.

Farhad disappears into the back room.

(CONTINUED)



20 CONTINUED: 20

SHEREEN (CONT'D)  
 (to Dorri)  
 You should be at work.

Dorri turns and exits.

21 EXT. DARK STREET CORNER -- NIGHT 21

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

ANTHONY (V.O.)  
 No, you want to listen to music of the Oppressor, you go right ahead.

22 IN THE NAVIGATOR 22

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

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

Peter punches the radio, a country western singer wails.

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

ANTHONY  
 And you think there's a difference?

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

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

ANTHONY'S POV -- THE ROAD AHEAD

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

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

ANTHONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)                      PETER (O.S.)  
 Back in the sixties we                      (wailing and twanging)  
 had smart, articulate                      "I'd shoot him dead first,  
 black men. Huey Newton,                      but I done broke my  
 Bobby Seale, Eldridge                      triggaaaaaaaaaaaa.....  
 Cleaver, Fred Hampton;                      Gonna get out my sheet,  
 these brothers were                      put my hood on my heaaaad...  
 speaking out and people  
 were listening.

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

BACK IN THE NAVIGATOR

ANTHONY    PETER  
 The FBI said: "Oh, we                      "Gonna string him up good,  
 can't have that."                      and then he'll be deaaaad."  
 "I know! Let's give  
 the niggers this music  
 by a bunch of mumbling  
 idiots--

Anthony takes his eyes off the road.

ANTHONY    PETER  
 --and they'll all copy                      (chorus:)  
 it and sooner or later                      "In the home of the brave  
 no one will be able to                      and the land of the freeeee.  
 understand a fuckin'                      Gonna have black boys  
 word they say! End of                      swinging, from each old  
 problem!"                      oak treeeeeeee."

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

23 EXTREMELY CLOSE ON THE DOOR OF THE PANEL VAN 23

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

24 BACK IN THE SPEEDING NAVIGATOR 24

Anthony looks to Peter.

ANTHONY  
 What the fuck was that?

As Anthony stomps on the brakes...

25 EXT. EMPTY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

25

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

PETER

Holy shit, we run over a Chinaman!

ANTHONY

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

PETER

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

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

ANTHONY

Where the hell did he come from?!

PETER

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

ANTHONY

He was standing in the street?

PETER

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

ANTHONY

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

PETER

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

ANTHONY

This is so completely fucked.

(CONTINUED)

CHOI (O.S.)

Help me.

ANTHONY

Shut up! I'm trying to think!

(paces)

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

PETER

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

ANTHONY

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

PETER

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

ANTHONY

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

PETER

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

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