

“L.A. FED”

Written by
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INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

MATT LOGAN, a restless, walking contradiction, a man of conflicting extremes with self-punishing impulses who has made a life science out of doing only what he wants is getting hammered by LAURENCE BAMFORD, a bald, bespectacled MARRIAGE COUNSELOR, ** whose personality and demeanor are that of a human ficus plant. **

DOCTOR BAMFORD

Since our last visit together, you have, according to your ex-wife Diana, missed five of the last six custody weekends with your son, Billy.

LOGAN

I apologized to Diana for that. My case load prevented me from--

DOCTOR BAMFORD

You have continued to call Diana's house at all hours of the night, including last night, at twelve-thirty in the morning to discuss, what was it, oh yes, here it is, bringing back "date night."

LOGAN

I had too much to drink. I was lonely.

DOCTOR BAMFORD

You've shown up at Billy's school and at the house unannounced on weekdays, even though you are aware that Diana maintains primary custody of Billy --

LOGAN

He's my kid too, doc.

DOCTOR BAMFORD

And you see him on weekends. You have telephoned Diana's boyfriend, Doctor Steve Spencer at UCLA Medical Center, pulling him out of surgery on two occasions, the first time to discuss what you felt were incorrect batting techniques that he was teaching Billy at Little League and the second to berate him--

LOGAN

His words--

DOCTOR BAMFORD

--for attempting to convert your son into a METS fan.

LOGAN

He was telling my son to rest the bat
on his shoulder. You don't unlearn that
kind of bad coaching. It could haunt
Billy's professional prospects.

**

DIANA

He's six years old, Matt.

--This is the first time we see DIANA LOGAN, Matt's ex-wife. Diana is a collision of grace and beauty, a doctor herself, a mother, a million-to-one catch equally comfortable in the operating room, in her backyard negotiating with her obstinate tomato plants or co-hosting the Fire and Ice ball in a Vera Wang.

LOGAN

And second, any sports fan knows
there's only one team in New York and
it ain't the METS--and I'm not going to
have my son subjected to any form of
brainwashing, particularly by
baseball's version of...David Koresh.

DIANA

Matty, I spent fourteen years with you,
many of them wonderful. You gave me
Billy and I will love you for that
forever and for many other great things--
but you, you need help. You need a
doctor, maybe, I don't know a team of
doctors. You have...issues. And your
issues, they have neighbors, friends,
pets--entire lives of their own.

**

**

DOCTOR BAMFORD

Mister Logan, you continue to
demonstrate that you have not accepted
that your ex-wife Diana --

**

**

LOGAN

Why am I Mister Logan and she's Diana?

**

**

DOCTOR BAMFORD

You have not accepted that Diana has
moved onto a new life with Steve.

**

**

**

LOGAN

Why is everybody on a first name basis
but me?

**

**

**

That's it. Diana's on her feet, collecting her things.

DIANA

Please. I'm begging you. GET HELP!

She walks out. Dr. Bamford lowers his glasses, looks at Logan.

LOGAN

Was it the thing about the Yankees?

SMASH CUT TO: **

EXT. LOS ANGELES - (VERY WIDE - VARIOUS SHOTS)

A warm sun-soaked LA dawn. Thirteen million living life at seventy-two degrees in this winterless wonderland. A pink, orange and blue glow streaks the horizon. Waves unfurl, then assault a rocky Malibu coastline. Like lasers, crimson rays slice through the girders of the Santa Monica Pier. The power buildings of Century City, monuments to steel and glass are revealed now, silhouetted against a smog covered sky, a testament to man's desire to build, indeed to scrape the sky. Nestled in the mountains, the Hollywood sign glows like a lighthouse in darkness, a beacon for tens of thousands to chase with the determination of a lost skipper at sea. Welcome to the dream factory. The sweet, sun-baked forevermore that never was. Los Angeles. The candy-colored Casablanca of 2002. The imagery flash snaps in and out to the rhythmic percussion of Tommy James and the Shondells "Mony, Mony" **

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

A fall scorcher. A bohemian rainbow of LA ethnicity chews sidewalks littered with fortune tellers, homeless beggars, masseuses, bootleg CD salesmen, skateboarders and rollerbladers. And with this real view of LA comes new music, P. Diddy's remix of David Bowie's "This is not America," and P. Diddy's right, its not America -- it's LA. **

A SMALL RUBBER BALL slams against a wall.

Logan is playing a game of HANDBALL on the courts at Venice Beach with MARTY OLSEN, who despite his average frame and balding head is quite the handball player. Logan's holding his own, his shirtless, chiseled body contorting with each powerful swing. Logan takes the point. Marty holds up fingers. You 5 - me 4. Let's go. Let's play. The game continues. **

EXT. BEL AIR - VAN ORTON ESTATE DRIVEWAY - DAY

NANNY MARIA CASTILLO, leads TWO YOUNG BOYS to a BLACK RANGE ROVER. JASON VAN ORTON, six. Maria's son, RICKY, also six, sits beside him. Maria walks over to the gardener, RICARDO, also her husband, kisses him goodbye. Jason's mother, HELEN VAN ORTON, walks out. Maria finishes fastening Jason and Ricky in. **

Helen kisses Jason goodbye. Maria drives off. The Range Rover pulls onto the street.

**
**

INT. 82 CAMARO - WITH VIEW OF THE HOUSE - DAY

LONNIE, dental floss thin, eyes the kids as they drive past.

LONNIE
(into walkie-talkie)
We're in business.

INT. LAURA'S OFFICE - FOX PLAZA - 2525 AVENUE OF THE STARS - DAY

LAURA TURLINGTON, 29, wrapped in a hand-tailored Armani power suit, walks into her well-appointed office, grabs the phone, dials. The daughter of feuding drug addicts, she spent her childhood learning to lie and cheat. It is not surprising that Laura now makes her living as a criminal defense attorney.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

LAPD CAR wipes frame as we see the game in its final point. Logan swings. Ball slams against the wall. Again. Logan's cell phone rings. The game continues despite the distraction. Marty swings. Logan dives, swings. Marty swings, harder. Logan recovers, swings. Ball slams faster against the wall. Phone still ringing. Logan swings. Marty dives, misses it. Logan takes the game, rushes to his phone. **INTERCUT:**

**
**

LOGAN
Logan.

LAURA
You completely wrecked me last night.

INT. BEDROOM - LAST NIGHT (*MATT'S MIND'S EYE) - FLASHBACK

Laura stands with her back to us, her exquisite body silhouetted against a pair of open french doors, as a light rain falls.

LOGAN
What got into you?

She turns to face him, sweating and smiling.

LAURA
I don't know...must be the rain.

She grabs a water bottle off the nightstand, drinks it down.

LAURA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You look like you need a break.

**

LOGAN
You're projecting.

LAURA
It can be tough on you older guys.

LOGAN
I'm ten years older than you.

LAURA
Yeah, but that's a really big ten. **

LOGAN
We're just beginning.

LAURA
Oh, really?

LOGAN
(playful)
Yeah. Get back on the bed.

And they fall back on the bed together laughing and kissing.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY/INT. LAURA'S OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT:

Logan smiles as he snaps out of the memory from last night.
P. Diddy plays low under scene.

LAURA
Is there a statute they might have
forgotten to teach me in law school
that would prevent me from smashing
your pager when it goes off before six
in the morning?

LOGAN
I didn't want to go. I never do. **
(pause)
I made you coffee.

LAURA
You always make me coffee.
(a beat)
You make a good cup of coffee.

LOGAN
I'm learning what it means when your
voice dips like that. **
**

LAURA
In this case it just means that I'd
like us to have something more. **
**

LOGAN
What happened to friends with benefits? **
**

LAURA **
The benefits were so good I thought **
that we could be more than friends. **

Her ASSISTANT walks in, holds up a post-it. She nods. One sec. **

LAURA (CONT'D) (cont'd) **
I've got a status conference call right **
now on Fish's case -- and it's never a **
good idea to keep a Federal Judge **
waiting. How about you make it up to **
me with dinner tonight? **

LOGAN **
You're on. Eight o'clock? Crustacean. **

LAURA **
I'll be there -- and we'll talk. **
I miss you... **

He wanted to say more but it'll have to wait. **

LOGAN **
You wanna play again? **

MARTY **
What else do we have to do? **

Logan looks at Marty as he wipes the sweat from his body with **
his shirt. **

EXT. BEVERLY GLEN PARK BATHROOM - AFTERNOON - DAY **

Maria is talking to another NANNY just outside the bathroom **
door. She hollers inside. **

MARIA **
Jason, Ricky -- c'mon, hurry up. **

INT. BEVERLY GLEN PARK BATHROOM - AFTERNOON - DAY **

Jason and Ricky are changing into Superhero costumes. **

JASON **
Here Ricky, you can be Spiderman today. **

RICKY **
You never let me be Spiderman. **

Jason and Ricky share a look. **

JASON **
You're my best friend. **

Ricky takes the Spiderman costume as if it were a trophy. **

EXT. BATHROOM - DAY **

Maria watches as the two Superheroes burst out of the door, and race past her, running to the monkeybars on the playground. **

EXT. BEVERLY GLEN - DAY

A black F-150 creeps down the street, with the precision of a drive-by. The truck pulls over and parks, engine humming. The truck's side-mirror reflects the young Superheroes playing. **

INT. FORD F-150 - (WITH VIEW OF PARK) - DAY

KARL GEIST sits behind the wheel, watching. Karl has spent his entire life trying to "be something." Next to Karl is DWAYNE. Dwayne is black, six-five, three hundred fifty pounds of muscle. Dwayne's aspirations don't go further than the next 24 hours.

EXT. BEVERLY GLEN PARK - DAY

Fast and brutal. That's how it goes down. Dwayne steps out of the car. Slowly the caveman walks toward the playground. He can see Spiderman and Batman playing. He turns away from the playground to slide on a black ski mask. He charges toward the monkey bars. A PREGNANT MOTHER playing with her three-year-old girl, SCREAMS. Other parents look. They see what's happening and SCREAM. Dwayne, with the awkwardness of a teenager stealing beer from the 7-11, scoops up Spiderman and throws him over his shoulder, runs. Maria tries to stop him. Grabs hold of Dwayne's shirt. Dwayne knocks her down roughly as he runs Spiderman to the waiting Ford F-150. TWO FATHERS charge after the kidnapper but they are met by a masked KARL, nine millimeter firmly in hand and pointed right at them. **

KARL

Come on. Do it. Please do it.

They don't. Dwayne shoves Spiderman into the truck. Karl slides back in. Speeds off. MARIA crumbles to the ground, screaming and crying. SEVERAL OTHER PARENTS dial 911 on their cell phones. Amidst this chaos, Jason removes his Batman mask, tears streaking his face. Off this image--

SMASH CUT TO:

M A I N T I T L E S

ACT ONE:

EXT. VAN ORTON ESTATE - NIGHT

THREE BLACK FBI SUBURBANS with smoked out windows are parked in the driveway of the multi million dollar estate. **

INT. VAN ORTON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Inside Logan stands in the living room, briefing A SQUAD OF TWELVE AGENTS and TECHNICAL OPERATIONS STAFF as well as TWO YOUNG LAPD DETECTIVES. A picture of RICKY CASTILLO, age 6, is being passed around the room. **

LOGAN

Ricky Castillo was kidnapped from Beverly Glen Park two hours ago. This was done using such sophisticated technology as a pick-up truck and a gun. We're speculating that this was a mistake and that the true target of the kidnapping was Jason Van Orton, also six, son of William and Helen Van Orton, the owners of this house. Ricky's Mom is the nanny here. Ricky's dad is the gardener. They are not in a financial position to pay any form of ransom whereas the Van Orton's could easily pay millions. **

ELLIE RYAN, ASSISTANT FBI DIRECTOR in charge of the five hundred seventy agents, seven counties and forty thousand square miles that make up LA County, the third largest FBI field office in the nation walks in. Logan eyes his boss. **

LOGAN (cont'd) **

Also, Ricky and Jason are the same age, height and basic weight. They are best friends and today they decided to switch superhero costumes. Jason was always Spiderman. **

(to Agent Porter)

Who's working the crime scene? **

AGENT PORTER

Reeves and Alfaro.

LOGAN

Replace them with Brenner and Oglesby.

AGENT PORTER

That's going to piss a lot of people off, Matt.

LOGAN **
What's new? **
 (addressing the group) **
Look for any pictures of the crime **
scene. Traffic camera? Tourist camera? **
Home video? Anything that shows us the **
scene at the time Ricky was kidnapped. **
Van Orton is a wealthy public figure, **
in the papers all the time. Who knows **
the family's comings and goings? Check **
the current staff, temps, and any ex- **
employees with a grudge. Teachers, **
coaches, employees and volunteers at **
the school. Canvas this neighborhood, **
check footage from all neighborhood **
surveillance cameras for the past week. **
Why today? Why pick the park? Check **
park staff. Does anybody have a record? **
 (a beat)
Let's get to work. **

AGENTS go to work immediately, grabbing phones, working laptops. **
Ryan walks over to Logan. **

LOGAN (cont'd) **
 (quietly to Ellie) **
Thank you. **

ELLIE RYAN **
You're welcome. **

INT. VAN ORTON FORMAL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Logan and Ellie walk in. Roberto and Maria are sitting. He's a wreck. She's been crying. Logan sits across from them. **

LOGAN **
My name is Matthew Logan. I'm an agent with the F.B.I. First of all, please know that I'm very sorry this has happened to your son, Ricky. Based on other cases, I have some idea of what you're going through. Now I know a parent's natural instinct is not to let others look for their lost child but that's exactly what I need you to do. You help Ricky by helping us. We begin by looking at everyone in Ricky's life as a possible suspect. We're going to need to polygraph everyone in the house starting with the two of you. **

The parents look at each other, horrified.

MARIA
You think we did this? To Ricky?

LOGAN
(sympathetically in
Spanish; subtitled)
It's my job to find your son. This is
part of my job.

They both nod. WILLIAM VAN ORTON, a calculated Larry Ellison
computer-magnate type who speaks in a hyper-confident Army
Sergeant tone stands in the doorway.

Maria looks at Van Orton. He moves to her. Embraces her.

VAN ORTON
I flew in as soon as I heard. I'm so
sorry. We're going to do everything in
our power to bring Ricky home.

Van Orton and Logan share a look.

LOGAN
Mister Van Orton, I'm--

VAN ORTON
I know. Ms. Ryan has briefed me.

But how do you know?

VAN ORTON (cont'd)
Maria, Roberto, let me talk with Agent
Logan and I'll be right back.

Ellie leads Van Orton and Logan outside.

EXT. VAN ORTON ESTATE - NIGHT

Logan, Van Orton and Ellie stand in front of Logan's vintage,
retro cool black 1968 Ford Shelby Mustang GT.

VAN ORTON
I have to believe that Jason was the
target and that somehow a mistake was
made by the people who did this.
Naturally we feel responsible for
what's happened. Ricky grew up in this
house, year by year, right alongside
Jason. They're like brothers and he's
like our son. If there's a ransom,
whatever it is, we'll pay it.

LOGAN **
We have our top people working the **
crime scene. We've set up phones for **
any ransom call. Notified NCIC, and set **
up polygraphs on everyone in Ricky's **
life -- that will include you. **

VAN ORTON **
Whatever you need. Just find Ricky. **

And he walks back inside. **

LOGAN **
How'd you get me back? **

ELLIE RYAN **
Van Orton's connected in Washington. He **
has a lot of friends, a lot of money **
and a lot friends with money. **

LOGAN **
You reached out to him? **

ELLIE RYAN **
I told him that I had five hundred and **
seventy agents under me but that the **
best agent for this job was sitting at **
home on suspension watching daytime TV **
pending the findings of an Internal **
Affairs investigation. **

He nods, grateful. **

ELLIE RYAN (CONT'D) **
He made a few phone calls. You're on a **
temporary duty assignment that's been **
cleared with the career board. **
(he nods) **
Matt, I know you don't work child **
abduction anymore, and I understand **
that, but I figured it was better than **
the alternative. **

He nods again. **

ELLIE RYAN (cont'd) **
If the investigation takes a bad turn, **
Van Orton could be a big help to you. **

LOGAN **
(studying her) **
You're worried? **

ELLIE RYAN

I think careers get made taking an agent with your record down. And that's what this is about. Careers. Yours. Theirs.

**

**

**

LOGAN

They take away this job they might as well cut off my legs.

**

**

**

Logan opens a SECRET PANEL built into the driver's door.

**

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You run interference with the LAPD. I don't want them near this case.

**

Inside the compartment is enough firepower to launch a small war. SEVEN HANDGUNS, A FOLD-UP SPAS 12 SHOTGUN and LOADED CLIPS.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Pull Follis and Quinn off whatever they're on. I'll need Marty Olsen too.

Logan pulls a nine-millimeter Beretta, checks the clip. Resting his foot on the tire, he slides the nine-millimeter into an ankle holster.

ELLIE RYAN

Marty's on personal leave.

Logan removes a second Beretta, this one with an ivory handle, checks it as before, and slides it into his shoulder holster.

LOGAN

He needs to work.

Logan watches as AN LAPD SQUAD CAR and an UMMARKED DETECTIVE SEDAN pull into the bottom of the driveway. TWO LAPD DETECTIVES, RIGGS AND MARTIN start up the driveway.

ELLIE RYAN

(dials on cell; into phone)

Call me right back.

**

LAPD now stands face to face with Ellie and Logan.

LAPD DETECTIVE RIGGS

You boys and girls must be here to consult since there is no evidence that Ricky Castillo has been taken across state lines. This is our case.

**

Ellie Ryan's phone rings. She holds up a one second gesture.

ELLIE RYAN
(into phone)
Ryan. Do we have confirmation on that?

Logan looks over at the LAPD cops. There's a long history here.

LAPD DETECTIVE MARTIN
What is it with you, Logan? You can't
tie a tie or are you allergic to suits? **

LOGAN
(eyes watch) **
It's six o'clock. Shouldn't you guys be **
banging the head of an innocent black
motorist against the hood of a squad
car?

ELLIE RYAN
(into phone)
Thank you.

She hangs up, looks at the detectives.

ELLIE RYAN (cont'd)
We just had a positive ID placing six
year old Ricky Castillo in Nevada.

RIGGS AND MARTIN exchange a look. Game over.

ELLIE RYAN (cont'd)
Nevada being of course another state.
So, LAPD is relieved. Now, you know how
us girls are about being thorough so
listen up: If this abduction gets
leaked to the media, be advised, I will
be so far up your ass I'll have to file
for residency. Good day gentlemen.

The cops take the hit, turn and walk back toward their cars.

ELLIE RYAN (cont'd)
You think this kid is still alive?

LOGAN
Apparently he's in Nevada.

ELLIE RYAN
What? You think that you have a **
monopoly on breaking the rules? **
(pause)
Matt? **

LOGAN

Maybe they got freaked out, killed him,
dumped him. If we don't hear something
in the next few hours, that's probably
what happened.

**

ELLIE RYAN

Merry Christmas, your child is dead.
Jesus.

LOGAN

Look, I'm them, ok? I don't have what I
want. I don't have the right kid. I've
got the wrong kid. I don't have a rich
kid. I've got a poor kid. Everything I
planned went to hell and right now I
don't see a way to get paid or a way
out of this. I'm angry, I'm scared, I
don't know what I want to do.
For this to even have a chance at
ending good, a chance, we better be
dealing with a real cool couple of
fellas.

KARL (V.O.)

HOW COULD YOU BE SO FRIGGIN STUPID?!

**

**

INT. KIDNAPPER'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Dark and dank. Karl and Dwayne are toe-to-toe arguing.

**

DWAYNE

It's not my fault. They switched
friggin costumes! They ain't never
done that before. How was I--

KARL

--it's your job to know! I've spent
six months putting this together.

**

MITCH, an MIT dropout whose brainpower is off-set by his
hacker's outlook on life sits behind a lap-top, as bored with
this argument as he was with his professors.

**

**

**

DWAYNE

Man, you wouldn't even be here if it
wasn't for me.

Through a partially cracked door we see Ricky in the next room,
blindfolded, hands taped to a chair with duct tape.

**

**

KARL

C'mon Dwayne, let's be honest. You had a
name and a notion.

(MORE)

KARL (cont'd)

But you couldn't put it together if you'd assembled all the king's horses and all the king's men.

DWAYNE

You Joe the boss now, huh Karl? Joe the boss of what?

KARL

What I gotta decide, here and now, is whether we kill this kid and run or--

DWAYNE

Are you crazy? You wanna get the gas?

KARL

Life I led that don't sound so bad.

Dwayne draws his gun. Karl sees him, draws his. It's gun to gun. A life and death poker game.

DWAYNE

We never talked about killing the kid.

**

The door is keyed. Instinctively their guns go to the door. Lonnie stands there, two guns on him. Once they see his face, they put their guns right back on each other.

LONNIE

Put em down, now!

DWAYNE

I ain't stepping back, tell him to step off!

KARL

Got ourselves a little bit of a leadership problem. Now you got elephant balls big enough to draw down on me but are they big enough to pull the trigger? Huh Dwayne? What's his little honey's name, again?

LONNIE

Karl.

KARL

What's her friggin name?

LONNIE

Theresa. He calls her T.

KARL

You gonna orphan that fine piece of Latino ass that calls you Papi?

(MORE)

KARL (cont'd)

Cause you pull and I pull and the only one who's gonna be left standin' is Lonnie -- with the wrong kid, and without the brains to do anything but pay T a visit and adopt your girl's orphan ass.

This hits Dwayne hard. This is the big man's weak spot and Karl hits it with lethal precision.

LONNIE

Won't be me hurting her, it'll be you.

Dwayne, outmanned, outgunned, and outbrained lowers his gun. Karl walks up to him, taunts Dwayne with his gun.

**

KARL

Now. Whose decision is it whether or not we kill this kid?

**

**

DWAYNE

Yours.

INT. RICKY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Logan is standing in Ricky's room. He looks it over. The bed. Family pictures. Things that interested Ricky enough as a six year old boy of the world to tack on his walls. A movie poster. Sports hero posters. An X-Box videogame. A computer.

**

MARIA

Do you have children?

LOGAN

A son. Billy. He's seven.

**

MARIA

Seven is a good age. Why do people say that? Good age? There's no bad age for children.

**

**

As she crumbles, Roberto embraces her. Logan turns to see them, absorbing their pain.

**

**

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - VAN ORTON ESTATE - NIGHT

Jason Van Orton is sitting on his bed alone. His mother Helen stands in the doorway.

HELEN

Hi.

Jason doesn't talk. Helen walks in, sits on the bed.

HELEN (cont'd)

I know you're scared. All we can do now is hope for the best...and be strong for Ricky's mommy and daddy because they're real scared too.

JASON

Mom, Spiderman could bring Ricky home.
But Ricky has my Spiderman costume.

**

**

Helen pulls her son to him, hugs him tight.

EXT. BEVERLY GLEN PARK - NIGHT

Lit up with flares and spotlights. The evidence response team is working the crime scene. Using a flashlight, AGENT BRENNER from the FBI's Material and Analysis Unit, is on his knees carefully looking at a depression in the grass. He uses a special screen that highlights a smidgen of BLACK GREASE on the top ridges of a blade of grass. **

BRENNER

(inspecting it closely)

Get Logan.

INT. VAN ORTON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The LIE DETECTOR TECHNICIAN finishes hooking up Maria. As she is hooked up, her eyes never leave Logan who stands in the doorway of the kitchen, alternately looking at her and away -- ashamed that he has to do this to her.

TECHNICIAN

"Is your name Maria Castillo?"

MARIA

Yes.

TECHNICIAN

"Is today Wednesday?"

MARIA

Yes.

TECHNICIAN

Is your blouse red?"

MARIA

Yes.

She answers each question robotically with her eyes on Logan.

**

INT. VAN ORTON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Logan walks in. A small television set plays on the counter with the sound off. In the next room we can hear the lie-detector questions. Ellie Ryan walks in, joins Logan. **

LOGAN **
Jenkins having any luck with my bank robbery case? **

ELLIE RYAN **
Four more takeover robberies in the last three weeks and they've gone for the vault every time. **

LOGAN **
Jenkins understand he's looking at a high-noon or a hostage drama with these guys? **

An attractive FEMALE AGENT walks by. Logan and Ellie glance. **

LOGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd) **
What about LAX? **

ELLIE RYAN **
Concannon grabbed up an Iraqi illegal at a Strip Bar in Covina. They think that he's connected, they don't know how, they are working him. **
(a beat) **
Still no word on who popped the two Westside Crip leaders. **

LOGAN **
I can make a couple of calls if you want. **

She nods. AGENT MARTY OLSEN (Logan's handball partner) walks in. **

OLSEN **
There's no video from the park. Some still pictures, but they're facing the wrong direction. We're reviewing the neighborhood security cams. One of the witnesses at the park saw this tattoo on the arm of the kidnapper. **

Olsen hands Logan a sketch. An S.I.C - BK with a knife through it. **

ELLIE RYAN **
Recognize it? **

LOGAN **
SIC stands for Straight Insane Crip. **
BK for "Blood Killer." **

OLSEN **
SIC? Does that give us a direction? **

LOGAN **
Narrows it down to about four thousand **
crip gang members. **
(to himself) **
What would a southside crip be doing in **
Beverly Hills? SSC are strictly drugs, **
b&e, and auto theft. Doesn't fit. He's **
hired muscle. **
(a beat; to Marty) **
I'll follow up on this. **

OLSEN **
(nods) **
Matt...listen...thanks for getting me **
back on the job. I needed it.

LOGAN **
Hey--I'm lucky to have you here. **
How'd Mary's appointment go? **

OLSEN **
The chemo's brutal. She's a tough lady, **
my wife. Tough as they come.

Olsen walks out of the kitchen. Logan's cell rings.

LOGAN
Logan.

Logan can see a glimpse of Maria through a crack in the door.
She's crying as she answers each question.

EXT. BEVERLY GLEN PARK - NIGHT - INTERCUT:

BRENNER **
Matt. It's Brenner. I've found an **
unknown chemical, looks like a grease **
of some kind. The chemical is tied to a **
blade of depressed grass that is tied **
to depressed earth consistent with the **
size and weight of the abductor. **

LOGAN **
Will x-ray diffractometry pull it up? **

BRENNER

If it's exotic and we get lucky.
I'll call you.

**
**
**

Logan hangs up.

**

INT. VAN ORTON'S OFFICE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

FOLLIS (32, athletic, cocky cowboy) and QUINN (Black, bald, tough) crunch data that is stained with tomato sauce from the devoured pizza on the table. The walls are lined with FRAMED MAGAZINE COVERS OF VAN ORTON, INCLUDING: NEWSWEEK: "VAN ORTON AND THE SECOND COMPUTER REVOLUTION." Van Orton's desk computer BEEPS! The agents don't hear it. The computer BEEPS again!

COMPUTER VOICE

YOU'VE GOT MAIL!

FBI AGENT FOLLIS rushes to the top of the stairs.

FOLLIS

GOT E-MAIL! ATTACHED FILE.

INT. VAN ORTON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Logan, Ellie Ryan, Maria, Roberto, Van Orton, Helen and other AGENTS rush up the staircase and into --

INT. VAN ORTON'S OFFICE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

The AGENT opens the file. It's a VIDEO STREAM. Handheld, grainy video footage from the kidnapper's hideout. Karl, wearing mask, moves into frame as kidnapper and young victim sit side-by-side.

KARL

We have Ricky Castillo. He is not hurt...yet. We didn't want the nanny's kid. We wanted Jason. But you play the hand that you're dealt. As far as we're concerned Ricky is Jason. We want three million dollars in cash. Fifties. Hundreds. No new bills. No consecutive serial numbers. No tracking devices. No media. Or your son dies. I will call with drop instructions. You have thirty-six hours.

**
**

Karl moves out of frame leaving Ricky there all alone as Maria comes completely apart.

**
**

END ACT ONE

**

ACT TWO

INT. VAN ORTON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Logan is alone in the kitchen. He's anxious, edgy. Thinking of his next move. Grabs his cell phone. Dials. **

EXT. FORTY DEUCE - 5574 MELROSE AVENUE - NIGHT

EMINEM'S ferocious "Lose Yourself" rocks the club hard. A LONG LINE OF EAGER BEAVERS - Velvet rope hopefuls. We move past the aspiring denizens.

ACROSS MELROSE - A BLACK UNMARKED LAPD DETECTIVE CAR IS PARKED. Riggs and Martin sit inside.

INT. VAN ORTON KITCHEN - NIGHT

LOGAN
(into phone)
Logan calling for Fish.

INT. FORTY DEUCE - NIGHT

A BODYGUARD, LUTHER, cell in hand, walks through the nightclub as Eminem's rap groove pounds, past dancing bodies and real-life mannequins, silicone valley on stilts.

NAPOLEON ARCHIBALD "FISH" JOHNSON, African American, built like a house on legs, is at a private bar at the back of the club watching an elevated television that is playing there. The news is on and he's the lead story.

NEWS ANCHOR
(on television)
...Reputed Los Angeles crime lord Napoleon "Fish" Johnson plead not guilty in Federal Court today. Johnson, facing twelve Rico statutes for running a continuing criminal enterprise, will spend the rest of his life in prison if convicted.

Luther hands Fish the phone. Fish waves him away.

LUTHER
It's Logan.

Fish takes the phone. **INTERCUT:**

FISH
What up, brother?

LOGAN
What up with you, Fish?

FISH
Trying to keep my face off the news.

Logan finds the station on the small TV in the kitchen. Ups the volume. On screen: A DOZEN REPORTERS AND CAMERAS are chasing down Fish who is flanked by TWO BODYGUARDS and his criminal defense attorney LAURA TURLINGTON, Matt's friend with benefits.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
(on television)
Johnson's attorney, Laura Turlington
made a short statement.

Ellie Ryan walks in, eyes Logan, the cell, the TV.

LAURA
(on television)
My client is innocent of these charges
and we'll be proving that in court, not
on the courthouse steps. Thank you.

LOGAN
Gotta see you, Fish. Tonight.

Ellie Ryan locks eyes with Logan. Shakes her head.

FISH
Too many people watching, brother.

LOGAN
So we'll meet at the other place.

Logan hangs up. Looks at Ellie Ryan.

EXT. VAN ORTON ESTATE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Logan walks to his Mustang, keys the door lock, then sees Ellie Ryan standing across the hood.

ELLIE RYAN
Matt, this is a bad idea. IA is on you
and the LAPD is all over Fish. The
last thing you two need is to be seen
together. **

LOGAN
IA, and the suits that run this city --
they have no idea, I mean zero, how
this city works. **

ELLIE RYAN

This isn't the way to show them.

LOGAN

You know why the people don't trust the law in LA? Because on most days the cops protecting this city are pulling down more scores than the criminals they're chasing. That leaves guys like me to climb in the gutter and handle twenty-three hundred bank robberies, six hundred murders, twenty thousand assaults, seventy-five thousand gang members, star stalkings, kidnapping's, OC and terrorism. Asians hate blacks. Blacks blame whites. Crips hate Bloods and the rich don't care who kills who as long as we keep it from crossing Wilshire. And you know what? I love it. I love this job. I love this city. I love the beautiful contradictions that are this job and are this city. And I'll take everything that comes with both except the hypocrisy of sending a guy into a sewer and then telling him once he's down there not to get dirty.

**

**

**

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**

He slides into his car. She leans into the open window.

**

LOGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

**

Internal Affairs is not going to find this kid. I can't worry about whether or not they like my methods.

**

**

**

**

He drives off, leaving her there.

INT. CRUSTACEAN - NIGHT

Laura is sitting at one of the two premier booths. Her glass of wine is more than half empty. She looks at her watch. Scans the restaurant. A WAITER walks up.

WAITER

Would you like to go ahead and order?

LAURA

No, just bring me the check please.

**

INT. KIDNAPPER'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

**

Karl is looking at Ricky. Hold. In the corner of the room, Dwayne is coming apart, dialing and re-dialing on his cell phone.

**

THERESA (V.O.)
(message recording)
This is Theresa, leave me a message.

DWAYNE
(into phone)
Girl, I told you to keep your ass home.
You better be home when I call back.

KARL
I bet she's moaning and groaning with a
big, jailhouse brother, Dwayne.

Dwayne looks at Karl, ready to kill him all over again.

EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

Off Montana. Logan drives down a quiet, suburban street. Parks in front of a house. Sits there, chewing his gum nervously. His phone rings.

LOGAN
Logan?

LAURA (V.O.)
You asshole I sat and waited for you
for forty-five minutes.

**

**

LOGAN
Laura, Jesus, I'm sorry. I totally
forgot. I'm really --

**

But there's only a dial-tone. Logan hangs up the phone. He screwed up. He dials her back. Gets her message. She's shut her phone off.

From his side window he can see DIANA making dinner and talking on the phone in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DIANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DIANA
How severe is the Dehisce? Who took
the "no-no's" off? What's the oxygen
saturation? Ok, steri-strip the wound
to reinforce it and let the O.R. know
that we'll need to go back in tomorrow
morning.

She hangs up. Then sees Logan's car outside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DIANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

STEVE SPENCER, 40's, fit, good-looking, with a relaxed So-Cal style uncommon for neurosurgeons, sits outside the kitchen talking to the ER on the phone while simultaneously playing a heated game of "CRASH BANDICOOT: THE WRATH OF CORTEX" on an X-BOX with Logan's son, BILLY, seven. STANLEY, a white lab, sleeps ** unlawfully on the couch.

Diana walks in.

DIANA
Stanley, get off the couch.

There's a knock on the door.

DIANA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Your dad's here.

**

Billy and Steve keep playing. Diana opens the door. Logan walks in, present in hand.

STEVE
(into phone)
Intubate and hyperventilate him. Fifty milligrams of Manistole. Stat.

LOGAN
Hey, Billy.

Billy, focused on his game, absently looks over.

BILLY
Hey, dad.

Logan watches Steve simultaneously entertaining his son and performing his duties as a brain surgeon.

STEVE
(into phone)
Tell the O.R. we'll be coming in with a craniotomy to the right side. I'm leaving now.
(hangs up)
How you doing, Matt?

LOGAN
Steve.

STEVE
Life treating you good?

LOGAN
No complaints.

Except that you're sleeping with my wife and raising my son.

LOGAN (cont'd)
What are you guys playing?

**

BILLY
Crash. Crash Bandicoot.

STEVE
"...Doctor Neo Cortex creates Crunch, a
superbandicoot with one mission..."

STEVE/BILLY
Demolish Crash!

LOGAN
Got you something, Billy.

Logan was expecting him to stop playing. He does not.

BILLY
Thanks.

Logan sets it down. Diana watches.

STEVE
Stanley, get off the couch!

The dog stays put. Logan looks at Diana. She shakes her head.

LOGAN
Hey, tough guy, file a change of
address.

And the dog gets off the couch and lays at Logan's feet. The
dog still listens.

STEVE
I've got surgery. We'll play tomorrow
morning before school, okay champ?

Steve kisses Diana goodbye. There is a momentary awkwardness
because Logan is there. Logan tries not to look, but does.
Steve leaves.

LOGAN
Hey pal. Can I play with you?

BILLY
You don't know how to play.

LOGAN
You could teach me.

BILLY
Can I finish my game?

Diana and Logan exchange a look.

LOGAN
Sure.

Diana walks into the kitchen, Logan follows.

INT. KITCHEN - DIANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DIANA
Weekends, Matty. Remember? Weekends?

LOGAN
I always loved your barbecue pizza.

DIANA
You're not staying for dinner.

LOGAN
(right back at her)
Okay, Diana... I'll take you back.
Don't beg.

She just looks at him.

LOGAN (cont'd)
C'mon, that was a little funny.

She just shakes her head. She opens the freezer door and a wine bottle on top of the refrige falls. Logan catches it right before it hits the floor. The tension from the near disaster is palpable. Logan locks eyes with Diana. Smiles. **

LOGAN (cont'd) **
Still good for something. **

He looks at her and smiles. She can only manage a half-smile. **

LOGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd) **
Tomorrow this case is going to be four walls without a window until it's closed. But I can steal an hour in the morning to see Billy, if you let me.

Diana looks at him. She nods.

DIANA
We'll be home all day tomorrow.

Logan nods. He turns to leave, turns back. Looks at her.

DIANA (CONT'D) (cont'd) **
What?

LOGAN (V.O.)
(spoken only in voice
over)
You're beautiful.

She looks at him. What is it?

LOGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd) **
Nothing.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAWN

Logan walks down to the end of the pier. Standing alone, silhouetted against the rising sun is Fish.

FISH
How's your mom?

LOGAN
Tired of seeing your face on the news.

FISH
Tell her to change the channel.

LOGAN
You're on all of them. And she's having
a hard time reconciling what she's
hearing about the kid who used to ask
her to make him four sandwiches. **
(a beat)
You're breaking her heart, Fish.

FISH
You went the way you went, I went the
way I went.

LOGAN
Your mom called me. She's worried.
It'll kill her to see you behind bars,
Fish.

FISH
How many days have I spent in prison?

LOGAN
This is different.

FISH
How many?

LOGAN

None.

FISH

U.S. Attorney's Office, whole Federal Government, thousands of people, millions of dollars, whole gang of lawyers and charges come at me and come hard three times and I'm still right here, running things same as I always have. They can't touch me.

LOGAN

Every time you've been acquitted, you've thrown it in their faces. These guys have to go to the office, they have to go home knowing that you beat them. Newspapers, TV. That's public humiliation. It's personal. They want you, so, eventually they will get you. That's how it works. And you know this.

FISH

Tell your moms, what I told my moms, -- same thing Richard Pryor said when his wife caught him in bed with another woman.

**

(a beat; as Pryor)

Baby...who you gonna believe, me or your lyin' eyes?

LOGAN

Walk away.

FISH

What do you think I'm running here? A Venice hot dog stand. You think I can just fold up shop? I have responsibilities. You know how many people eat in this city because of me?

LOGAN

You know how many people don't?

(pause)

Because of you, the work you do. You proud of this life, Fish?

FISH

As proud as you are of yours.

LOGAN

Get gone. As a favor to me, my mom, and your mom who did everything right by you as a kid. I-am-asking-you-to-disappear.

**

FISH

FBI man's telling me to jump bail? Flee the jurisdiction? Doesn't sound very law-like.

LOGAN

Find a beach far away. Get your life together.

FISH

I hear you. Not going to do it but I hear you. LA's home.

(firm)

I ain't running.

LOGAN

No, you ain't listening.

FISH

Where's this lecture coming from? I mean you ain't exactly walking around carefree.

LOGAN

Don't worry about me.

FISH

But you can worry about me? FEDS are going to try to bring out a lot in this trial. Lot about us. They're going to want to know how I help you and they're damn well gonna want to know how you helped me. Law protects me from testifying against myself but they can force you to take the stand.

**
**
**
**
**
**
**
**

LOGAN

Nobody's going to get anything from me. About you or anything else.

**
**
**

FISH

What about the IA investigation? You thought about what happens to you if that report comes in saying the wrong things?

**
**

LOGAN

Yeah. Internal Affairs gets what they want. They get my badge and gun.

**

FISH

You still love those edges, Matty. The only way you want your job is if you can work it the way you want. Nothing in between will do because it always has to be one extreme or the other, doesn't it?

**

**

**

**

(Logan is silent)

**

It was the middle that you always hated.

**

Logan looks at him -- the kind of look you give a person who knows you better than you know yourself.

LOGAN

Next subject.

FISH

You pick it -- since we both know if you only came here for this you would have waited till Saturday's handball game.

Logan pulls out the picture of Ricky. Hands it to Fish.

LOGAN

He's six. His name is Ricky Castillo. He was grabbed up yesterday afternoon in Beverly Hills by a six-foot-four African American man with an SIC tattoo on his bicep. You know a lot of people. You might hear something.

**

**

**

FISH

(re: photo)

Can I keep this?

(Logan nods)

I'll let you know. Listen, tell your moms um...

**

LOGAN

"who you gonna believe, me or your lying eyes."

FISH

Tell her I miss her sandwiches.

(studying Logan)

**

You okay?

**

LOGAN
You ever feel like uh--

FISH
What?

LOGAN
Nothing.

And Logan walks off.

EXT. PARADISE COVE BEACH - MALIBU - DAY

Against a bright morning sun, TWO SILHOUETTES, Logan and his son Billy, throw a baseball back and forth.

LOGAN
That's a good release. You're throwing with a lot more strength. You been practicing?

From a small bluff of sand, Diana watches and listens to father and son.

BILLY
With Steve.

LOGAN
Steve's a pretty cool guy.

Logan's face betrays him and Billy sees the hurt in his eyes.

BILLY
If you don't want me to throw with him anymore, I won't.

Logan catches the ball. Holds it in his glove.

LOGAN
Come here, pal.

Billy runs over, head down. Logan kneels to his eye-level.

LOGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
There's nothing wrong with playing with Steve. Nothing at all.

**

Logan puts his hand on his son's chin, raises it up.

LOGAN (cont'd)
Your Daddy's okay. Hey. Your Daddy's tough.

Logan embraces his son. Holds him tight.

LOGAN (cont'd)
I love you so much, Billy.

DIANA
Billy...Jacob's here.

Billy looks to see JACOB (6) and his MOMMY, CARLA.

JACOB
Hey Billy. Catch me.

And Jacob takes off running. Billy chases him.

Logan walks to Diana and Carla.

CARLA
Matty.

LOGAN
Carla.

Carla gets the vibe, knows Logan and Diana need to talk. She walks after Jacob and Billy.

DIANA
How can they ask you to work this case
after what happened?

LOGAN
They're not asking.

DIANA
You look awful, Matty.

LOGAN
Well, that's good cause I was just
shooting for bad. Why are Carla and
Jacob here?

DIANA
In case you didn't show up.

He looks at her. Hates her answer. But can't argue with it.

DIANA (CONT'D)
It was nice what you said about, Steve.

LOGAN
Best thing for Billy, and for you is
to...have stability at home.

DIANA
Thank you.

He nods. Something catches his eye. Logan's face fills with pain and confusion. Diana raises her hand. She looks down at the DIAMOND RING on her finger. Her new engagement ring.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Steve proposed last night.

**

He is hurting. Badly.

LOGAN
Does Billy know?

DIANA
No. I wanted to talk to you first. He doesn't notice what jewelry I wear.

Everything is suddenly real. What he's losing, all that he is losing is right in front of him. Diana will be another man's wife. Steve won't be Billy's play-buddy, rather he will be Billy's step-father. A second father. A five day a week father when he only has two.

LOGAN
How are you going to tell him? I mean, what are you going to tell Billy exactly? He's only six, he might not be able to -- handle this.

It's he that can't handle it and they both know it.

DIANA
It's all happened so fast. I don't know. I've asked Steve for some time.

LOGAN
Time?

DIANA
To think. About everything.

LOGAN
About what? Steve's uh, he's a great guy. Smart. Doctor. Your mom always wanted you with a doctor.

(pause)

He's great with Billy.

(pause)

I'm sure he's great with you.

(pause)

It sounds like, you know, the total package so don't make him wait too long.

(pause)

I'm...happy for you, Diana.

(MORE)

LOGAN (cont'd)

(pause)

Thanks for the time with Billy today.

And you almost believe him. She watches as he walks off.

EXT. DIANA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

**

Ten minutes later and Logan's Mustang is parked on a neighboring street. **

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

**

The strong face he showed Diana has left him. Logan is now in a war to hold himself together. **WE FLASHBACK TO:** **

EXT. BARN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Logan, with a short, cropped haircut, rushes into the barn, gun drawn. Behind him, FLASHLIGHTS slice through the darkness like lasers. Frantically he searches the barn. He rushes to a large tool shed. The door is bolted. Logan shoots it off. Frantically he opens the shed door.

LOGAN

NO!

He reaches down and scoops a child into his arms, pulling him out of a box. FLASHLIGHTS burn down, throwing the SHADOWS of Logan and the child against the large barn wall.

We stay on those two shadows as Logan administers CPR.

LOGAN (cont'd)

**

Come on. Don't give up on me.

Logan keeps working, trying to turn back fate by sheer will.

LOGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

**

Don't you give up on me.

Ellie Ryan steps in, placing her hand on his shoulder.

ELLIE RYAN

Matt...

And he looks up at her, absolutely broken. Something taken from his eyes that can never be given back. **

INT. LOGAN'S MUSTANG - DAY

**

Logan stirs out of the painful flashback. He's a wreck. In this moment, the phone rings: **

LOGAN
Logan.

**
**

SMASH CUT TO:

**

EXT. ABOVE LOS ANGELES - DAY

**

A BELL 220 HELICOPTER races above the city of Los Angeles.

INT. BELL 220 - DAY

Fifteen minutes ago Logan was coming apart at a bar in Santa Monica, now he's ten thousand feet in the air in this mechanical bird. Rain falls against the window. MCCLUSKY, AN HRT (the FBI's version of SWAT) TACTICAL COMMANDER, wearing a headset, sits next to Ellie Ryan as he briefs Logan.

MCCLUSKY
(points on map)
This. Right here. It's a twistlock gate, located deep in tunnel three just inside the San Gabriel valve release. This is where the exchange will take place.

Logan slides on a Kevlar vest.

LOGAN
What about the water?

Logan slides a heavy rain jacket over the Kevlar vest.

MCCLUSKY
Public works has recircuited primary control of the twistlock gates in this sector to us. We control the water. You'll be able to hear us and we'll be able to see and hear what's going on from your POV.

Logan attaches a NAVY SEAL mini-dv op camera into the button of his jacket.

ELLIE RYAN
Two suitcases. Three million dollars. You trade the money for Ricky and you walk away.

Logan puts a micro earpiece in his right ear.

MCCLUSKY
You are going to be a hundred yards deep in the tunnel and a hundred feet underground. My snipers will be blind.
(MORE)

MCCLUSKY (cont'd)
Once you're in there, you're on your
own.

Logan loads both of his Beretta's.

MCCLUSKY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You ready?

**

LOGAN
Does it matter?

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

The concrete basin of the LA River. We're near a massive concrete bridge, the First Street Viaduct.

THE HELICOPTER

Slowly lands on the concrete basin. The chopper doors open. Logan, kneeling down, jacket on, lifts the two suitcases out of the helicopter. He heavy-steps through knee deep rain water, walking toward the tunnel entrance under a heavy rain.

INT. BELL 220 - DAY

Ellie Ryan watches Logan enter the mouth of the tunnel as the helicopter rises into the air--

INT. TUNNEL THREE - DAY

Dark, water flowing along the floor, ankle deep.

**

INT. BELL 220 - CIRCLING - DAY

Ellie Ryan and McClusky watch Logan's POV on a monitor.

INT. TUNNEL THREE - DAY

Other than the water, the silence is deafening. Logan continues walking. Finally he reaches a four-way connection, similar to a four way intersection only with tunnels instead of streets. Suddenly he hears a LOUD NOISE behind him. A RUMBLE. It grows louder, echoing through the deep tunnels. Logan has suitcases in both hands. He thinks about reaching for his gun.

Ahead of him, Logan sees a faint LIGHT emerge at the end of tunnel. It's a dam release. The noise stops. There is now only a steady HUM. Logan turns and we--

Reveal: A JACKED-UP HONDA RX650L MOTORCYCLE with two men aboard it. Logan is in the middle: the two men in front of him, and the dam release valve behind him. The men climb off the bike. Stand side by side. Their silhouettes backlit by the motorcycle's light.

INT. BELL 220 - CIRCLING - DAY

Ellie Ryan watches nervously.

MCCLUSKY
(into walkie-talkie)
Suspects have made contact.

INT. TUNNEL THREE - DAY

Karl and Dwayne, wearing ski masks, stand side by side behind the TWISTLOCK GATE that controls the water release to tunnel three. The tunnel is angled so that the water would flow directly away from them and toward Logan.

KARL
(shouting)
You want to speed it up a little?

Logan trudges through the ankle deep water, carrying the two heavy suitcases. Just to be a dick, Karl whistles the "waiting theme" from Jeopardy which echoes crudely off the walls.

Logan stops thirty yards short of Karl and Dwayne. Karl has his gun in one hand. A walkie-talkie in the other.

Logan takes in his surroundings. The TWISTLOCK GATE that McCluskey briefed him about is five yards ahead of him.

LOGAN
Where's the boy?

KARL
I get my money. You get an address.

LOGAN
Screw that. No deal.

KARL
Clock's ticking FBI man.

Logan's eyes slowly move to the TWISTLOCK GATE.

INT. TUNNEL THREE - DAY

LOGAN
We trade the money for the kid.

KARL
D, when you shoot him, make sure you shoot him in the head, he's probably wearing Kevlar.

DWAYNE

Just give us the money, you'll get the kid.

KARL

(to Dwayne)

Shut up! Who do you think are - Henry Kissinger? Negotiatin's my job.

Karl raises his gun, points it at Logan. Cocks it.

KARL (cont'd)

You drop the money. You get an address. Or I pull this trigger. You got a wife, kids? Wanna see em again?

INT. BELL 220 - CIRCLING - DAY

MCCLUSKY

They're gonna kill him.

INT. TUNNEL THREE - DAY

KARL

Go get my money.

Dwayne starts toward Logan. In that instant, in one lightening fast motion, Logan drops the suitcases and draws TWO GUNS from his back a'la John Woo. He points them at Karl and Dwayne.

KARL (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(holding up walkie-talkie)

DROP THE GUN OR THE KID DIES!

**

LOGAN

(calm)

You know what I was wondering...

INT. BELL 220 - CIRCLING - DAY

--still hovering. Ellie Ryan and McClusky watch the standoff.

INT. TUNNEL THREE - DAY

KARL

(into walkie talkie)

Get ready to kill the kid.

(to Dwayne)

Go get my money!

Dwayne again steps toward Logan. This time Logan notices a CRIP TATOO emblazed on his massive right arm. Logan points his gun - get back. Dwayne is stuck between two guns.

LOGAN
How much water is behind that gate?

INT. BELL 220 - CIRCLING - DAY

ELLIE RYAN/MCCLUSKY
What?

INT. TUNNEL THREE - DAY

KARL
What?

LOGAN
Gotta be the waterslide of a lifetime
waiting behind that gate.

KARL
What the hell are you talking about?

LOGAN
When I was a kid, I loved the
waterslide. I mean really loved it.

INT. BELL 220 - CIRCLING - DAY

ELLIE RYAN
(realizing)
He's talking to us.

**

MCCLUSKY
You open that gate and you'll kill him.

ELLIE RYAN
They're gonna kill him.
(into mic; to Logan)
Matt, are...you...sure?

**

INT. TUNNEL THREE - DAY

Logan hears her question in his earpiece.

LOGAN
(answering Ellie)
What are you waiting for? DO IT!

INT. BELL 220 - CIRCLING - DAY

ELLIE RYAN
NOW!

**

MCCLUSKY
(into walkie-talkie)
Open gate three! OPEN GATE THREE!

INT. TUNNEL THREE - DAY

Karl thinks he's talking to him. Challenging him to shoot.

KARL
DROP THE GUN NOW!

There is an AWESOME RUMBLE.

INT. TUNNEL THREE - DAY

The rumbling grows LOUDER. Karl and Dwayne look to see--

TWISTLOCK GATE 3
Raising electronically in an instant as--

KARL
(realizing)
GET THE MONEY!

THOUSANDS OF GALLONS OF WATER POUR INTO THE TUNNEL
like the floodgates of a dam were opened up, completely soaking

KARL + DWAYNE

Who are just behind the danger-zone and thereby safe from the full-impact, dive to a nearby catwalk, holding onto the metal handrails for dear life. Under the pressure of the heavy water, Dwayne's mask comes flying off, thrown into the air.

Logan looks. Sees Dwayne's face. Dwayne, shocked, goes to shoot Logan as:

THE MASSIVE MAN-MADE TSUNAMI
catches Logan and the suitcases of money full-force, with the impact of a stomach being struck with a cannonball.

LOGAN

Is thrown end over painful, wicked end, water pounding his flesh and bones, as he is thrown around the concrete tube violently.

DWAYNE + KARL

Fight to hold on to the metal girders as the remaining water in their area heads in the opposite direction, toward--

LOGAN

Who is now being hurled at fifty miles an hour on the world's one and only concrete waterslide.

LOGAN

Fights to steal breaths of air as he is thrown about violently in the tunnel, the water carrying him faster and faster, completely out of control.

BACK PAST THE TWISTLOCK GATE: DWAYNE + KARL **

open a grate and drop down into a sub-floor, run down a dry **
tunnel corridor as a mile south: **

IN THE WATERSLIDE: LOGAN **
slams against walls...his face and body getting scratched apart, **
his ribs and kidneys taking a lethal pounding-- **

THE SUITCASES **
Lighter than Logan, are carried along faster, thrown momentarily **
into the air, one smashes Logan in the head as-- **

LOGAN'S LEFT ARM
Smashes into a banking turn and SNAPS! Broken in two places.
Logan is radically disoriented, in wicked pain as--

EXT. SAN GABRIEL DAM VALVE RELEASE - DAY

Tens of thousands of gallons of water are blasted a hundred feet
into the air and into the dam basin where they form a man-made
lake. Think of the nice family log-ride water drop at
Disneyland, reimagined as a mini-Niagara falls.

IN THE TUNNEL: LOGAN
is near death, as his body is thrown around the concrete tunnel
like a human bobsled.

IN THE TUNNEL: LOGAN
Is racing like a bullet toward a light at the end of the tunnel.

EXT. SAN GABRIEL DAM RELEASE - DAY

LOGAN
IS SHOT OUT OF THE DAM RELEASE VALVE LIKE A CANNONBALL AND
ROCKETED INTO THE AIR!

END ACT TWO

**

ACT THREE

EXT. SAN GABRIEL DAM RELEASE - DAY

LOGAN
is rocketed into the man-made lake, landing hard in the water.

LOGAN
is being pushed down violently by the downpour of heavy water.

LOGAN
plummets south, unable to breathe, choking on water.

THOUSANDS OF TONS OF WATER
pound him, keeping him down, trapping him.

EXT. BELL 220 - CIRCLING THE DAM - DAY

ELLIE RYAN
Shut it off!

MCCLUSKY
(into walkie-talkie)
Shut the dam release! Shut it down!

INT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Logan, fighting for his life, as thousands of gallons of water fight to keep him below the surface. Using his last ounce of strength, he fights to push himself to

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

**

An alley in Chinatown. A sewer grate opens up. Dwayne climbs out. Pulls Karl out. They close the grate and run down the alley into busy Chinatown.

**

**

**

EXT. SAN GABRIEL DAM RELEASE - WATER SURFACE - DAY

the surface as the explosion of water from the dam is sealed shut and finally...stops. Logan floats on his back, completely broken and beaten. The TWO SAMSONITE SUITCASES carrying the \$3 million float right past him.

INT. KIDNAPPER'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Karl and Dwayne walk in, start to peel off their wet clothes. Lonnie and Mitch, who have stayed to guard Ricky, studies both men.

**

LONNIE
What happened?

**

Neither man says anything.

MITCH

Karl, where's our money?

**

DWAYNE

There ain't no money.

KARL

Shut your friggin hole, Dwayne.

DWAYNE

We shoulda brought the kid.

(a beat; To Lonnie)

Told you, we shoulda brought the kid.

KARL

You should have shot that FED when I ordered you to. You should have shot that man RIGHT IN THE HEAD!

DWAYNE

Man, after a while they stop looking for a missing kid. That's why they got so many missing kids. But they never stop looking for you if you gun down a Federal agent.

**
**
**
**
**
**

MITCH

(shrugs)

He's right.

**
**
**

Lonnie's still watching. Reading the terrain, the personalities.

DWAYNE

Shoulda done what we said we was gonna do. Then we'd be getting paid 'stead of listening to you try to play Capone.

**
**
**

KARL

You know what Dwayne, keep your mouth shut 'fore I have your ignorant country black ass back pickin cotton.

Dwayne lifts Karl into the air, SLAMS HIM AGAINST THE WALL.

DWAYNE

What? Huh? What did you say?

Dwayne is holding Karl in the air by his throat.

LONNIE

LET HIM GO!

Lonnie is pointing his gun at Dwayne.

KARL
(choking; to Lonnie)
SHOOT HIM!

Dwayne, having taken a lifetime of verbal abuse, is taking pride in choking the life right out of Karl.

MITCH
DWAYNE LET...HIM...GO!

**
**

KARL
(choking; to Lonnie)
SMOKE HIS ASS!

LONNIE
DWAYNE!

Dwayne lets Karl drop to the ground. He falls, out of breath. Dwayne's got Lonnie's gun right on him. If he's dead, it was worth it. At least that's what he thinks right now.

KARL
DO WHAT I'M TELLING YOU!

Now Dwayne's scared. Death at the door scared. Is this it?

**

Lonnie turns and SHOOTS KARL DEAD!

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - WEST LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Establish the formidable monolith on Wilshire Boulevard, home of the Los Angeles division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

INT. FBI COMPUTER INVESTIGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Six hours later. Logan, battered and bruised, sits at a computer looking at mug shots from the LAPD C.R.A.S.H GANG FILE. His left arm is broken and in an air-bubble cast. His face is cut up. His shirt is off and AN EMT is taping his RIBS up with thick medical tape. He didn't go to the hospital. He brought it here.

He flips through the different mug shots, looking for Dwayne's face. Faces. More faces. Click. Click. Click. He's going through the computerized scumbag rolodex.

ELLIE RYAN
Matt, you should be in a hospital.

Logan looks at her. He is a man possessed. Superior or not, his look to her indicates that this conversation is not going to go any further.

INT. VAN ORTON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maria, Roberto, Van Orton and Helen sit around the kitchen table as AGENTS work behind them. Maria and Roberto are wracked with emotion. The phone RINGS! Everyone JOLTS in their seats. Startled. Quinn pushes a button. A switching station.

INT. FBI COMPUTER INVESTIGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The phone rings on a SPEAKER PHONE next to the computer.

ELLIE RYAN
That's the call.

INT. VAN ORTON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Quinn nods to Van Orton. As Van Orton reaches for the phone, Maria cuts in front of him and answers it.

MARIA
Where is my son!

INT. FBI COMPUTER INVESTIGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Logan and Ryan are patched in, on the same call. **INTERCUT:**

INT. KIDNAPPER'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Lonnie rips off the mechanical voicebox that would have disguised his voice. He speaks in short, clear, monotone.

LONNIE
We've made a...personnel change. We're under new management.
(eyes on Dwayne)
The exchange should have happened as we said it would.

Logan, stunned by the turn of events, is still flipping through pictures as Lonnie talks. He's looking for Dwayne's face.

LONNIE (cont'd)
We got into this for one reason: Money. Nobody was looking to kill a kid, we just wanted to get paid. Way I see it. Got two sides. You lookin' to bust us, us lookin' to get away. Somebody gotta win, somebody gotta lose. We been losin' our whole lives and I'm numb, don't feel nuthin. We lose this time and the kid dies. 34798543 - that's a sealed account in the Cayman Islands. You will wire the three million to that account by 9:00 a.m.
(MORE)

**

LONNIE (cont'd)
tomorrow morning, east coast time or
this kid dies. We don't care about
nuthin 'cept getting up 'n out of this
situation. Don't challenge us. Cause
even if you win, this kid dies. Just
pay us the money. Pay us the money.

His casual tone, as if he's talking about taking out the
garbage, is chilling.

INT. VAN ORTON KITCHEN - NIGHT

And that's what Logan and the parents are left with because the
next thing that they hear is a dial tone. Maria, Roberto,
emotionally destroyed sit there, rocked.

INT. FBI COMPUTER INVESTIGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Logan sits there. Truly scared. They're dealing with amateurs,
dangerous amateurs with nothing to lose. Logan sets his
stopwatch. It starts counting down from seven hours, thirty
minutes. Counting fast, the numbers rolling right past our
eyes.

LOGAN
We transfer that money and Ricky's
dead. We'll never see him or them
again. These guys just smartened up.
They eliminated their weakest link and
boxed us in with a one-way deadline.
This whole thing is going to be over in
seven hours.

INT. KIDNAPPER'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

DWAYNE
What's this shit about the Cayman
Islands? Bank Account?
(realizing)
You had this planned. All along.
You...you knew what you was gonna do,
didn't you? You knew you was gonna take
out Karl, didn't you?

Lonnie just looks at him. Suddenly Lonnie looks very smart, and
very deadly.

INT. FBI COMPUTER INVESTIGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Logan's still looking. Ellie Ryan's cell phone RINGS.

ELLIE RYAN
Ryan.
(listens)
(MORE)

ELLIE RYAN (cont'd)
No. I can't talk to Laura Diaz, right now. **

Logan looks up at her.

ELLIE RYAN (cont'd)
Wait. What did she say she was calling about? **
(listens; repeating to Logan)
She said you'd know. **

They look at each other ominously.

INT. CHANNEL 2 NEWSROOM - NIGHT **

Controlled bedlam. Fifteen minutes to the eleven o'clock news. ANCHOR LAURA DIAZ, the highest paid LA news anchor sits in her office at the Channel 2 newsroom, talking on the phone to Ellie Ryan. **INTERCUT:** **

ELLIE RYAN
(casual)
What can I do for you, Laura? **

LAURA DIAZ **
You want to tell me about Ricky Castillo or you want to watch what we know on the news in fifteen minutes?

Logan is still looking through the computerized mug shots...faces, more faces. No. Click. No. Click. No Click.

ELLIE RYAN **
Laura. Listen to me. This thing's gonna happen before your kids wake up in the morning. If you go live with this story now you will get this young boy killed.

Logan's still looking. No, click. No, click. No, click.

LAURA DIAZ **
I want your word that I will have a thirty minute lead on the story whether you find the boy alive or not.

ELLIE RYAN
Done.

Logan passes the photo of Dwayne! A beat. Goes back. Back. He's found him. He's looking right at DWAYNE WILLIAMS.

Logan is looking at the face and rap sheet of DWAYNE WILLIAMS. Logan hits PRINT. The speed printer shoots out a COLOR COPY. Logan tears it out of his printer, starts out.

Ellie Ryan clicks her cell off.

ELLIE RYAN (cont'd)
Matt! Where are you going?

But Logan is gone. Ellie Ryan looks at the computer, staring at the face of Dwayne Williams.

EXT. MELROSE - ACROSS FROM FORTY DEUCE - NIGHT

Logan, flanked by Agents Follis and Quinn, walks the sidewalk on Melrose, across the street from Forty Deuce, Fish's club.

INT. LAPD SURVEILLANCE CAR - NIGHT

MARTIN AND RIGGS, staking out Fish, sit in their car, watching the door of Forty Deuce.

LAPD DETECTIVE MARTIN
Britney or Christina?

LAPD DETECTIVE RIGGS
Which one wears the Catholic school
girl shit in her videos?

LAPD DETECTIVE MARTIN
That would be Britney.

EXT. LAPD SURVEILLANCE CAR - NIGHT

Follis and Quinn split, each taking a side of the car. They pull their guns on both the detectives.

FOLLIS
You're under arrest for interfering
with a Federal Investigation. Step out
of the car now! Bad news: Laura Diaz
is holding the story.

**
**

EXT. MELROSE - NIGHT

**

Logan, left arm in an air-bubble cast, face cut-up, body bruised and battered, dodges moving traffic, crossing the street. The velvet rope is in the hand of a MASSIVE SAMOAN BOUNCER. Logan walks right past him and into the club. **

INT. FORTY DEUCE - NIGHT

The club is slamming. Delirium's "Silence" (Airscape Mix)

Logan moves through the club hard, like a one man human hurricane, slamming into people. Eyes turn. SECURITY gets the word via earpieces. TWO SECURITY GUARDS stalk through the crowd toward Logan.

Logan heads toward the back, glances at his watch. 6 hours, 53 minutes remaining -- and counting. Fish is there having dinner and going over testimony with his attorney...LAURA. Logan pushes through the crowd, approaches the table. He sees Fish and Laura. He reaches the table. They look up to see him standing there, battered, bruised and bandaged.

LAURA
(stunned, worried)
Jesus. Are you okay?

FISH
What happened?

Logan slams the computer printout down on the table.

LOGAN
Where do I find him?

A beat. Fish doesn't even look at the photo.

Logan (cont'd)
He's a Southside Crip. Where do I find him? Look at it.

FISH
You've forgotten yourself, Matty.
Sit at the bar. Get a drink.

LOGAN
Pick up the photograph and look at it.

Logan knows that he's crossed a line but he's feeling that ticking clock that beats with every breath that Ricky Castillo takes.

LAURA
We can finish this tomorrow.

Laura pushes herself up from the table. She now stands in front of Logan. She looks at him, battered and bruised as he is, noticing that the pain in his eyes is worse than any pain that's visible on his face.

LAURA (cont'd)
I've been calling. **
(pause; he says nothing) **
Fish told me about the boy. I hope you **
find him. **

(MORE)

LAURA (cont'd)

(pause; he says nothing)

I know if he can be found, that you'll find him.

(pause)

Please...please take care of yourself.

**
**
**
**
**

He is moved by her unselfish expression of feeling. She brushes past his hand, squeezing it momentarily and he squeezes it back. She walks away.

**
**

FISH

Sit your ass down.

Logan does.

FISH (CONT'D)

Have you lost your mind? Come in here like this? Who do you think I am? Some snitch workin' a corner you can throw against a wall and interrogate? FBI? Man, you don't mean nothing to them. We got thirty years behind us. Thirty years. The FBI is a job that you work. I'm your Goddamn family.

LOGAN

Fish, let me give you a little window into my life right now. My wife's in love with another man and wearing an engagement ring. My kid spends all his time being raised by a guy that when he's not being a better father than I could ever be, he's literally a brain surgeon. I've spent sixteen years giving my life and my marriage to an agency that is now trying to put me in jail. You're probably going to end up in jail. My wife, my kid and for all intensive purposes - my brother. You want to talk about family, there it is, that's my family.

Logan looks at Fish - emotionally spent. And now brutal truth:

LOGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I can't lose this kid, Fish.

**

Fish nods. He has never seen Logan like this.

**

FISH

Dwayne has a girlfriend.

**
**

EXT. COMPTON - NIGHT

**

East Glencoe Street. Southside Crip stronghold. If Bonfire of the Vanities had happened here - you never would have heard the tale of Sherman McCoy. The Chemical Brothers "Leave Home" begins to pound. Lyrics: *"The brothers are gonna work it out, the brothers are gonna work it out."*

LOGAN + FISH + LUTHER + MIGRAINE

stalk down East Glencoe street to the shock of residents. Logan carries his nine millimeter, Luther and Migraine, two hard-core, tatoo laden bouncers from Fish's club, stalk toward the apartment building like the four horsemen of the Apocalypse.

AN APARTMENT DOOR COMES CRASHING DOWN!

**

Logan, Luther and Migraine storm the house, guns raised.

INT. THERESA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A YOUNG LATINO WOMAN, THERESA, leaps up from the couch where she was watching TV.

LOGAN

FBI! Hands in the air. Do it NOW!

Theresa is on the floor quickly. She puts her hands behind her head without being asked. Logan cuffs her. Checks the scene. Secures the apartment. Logan pulls her up. Sits her on the couch. Facing him.

THERESA

You ripped my shoe. Jimmy Choo's. Three hundred seventy-five dollars at Barney's. You wanna see the receipt, bitch!

Logan looks at her, as if to say "I've had a day...ok?"

THERESA (CONT'D)

Dwayne ain't here!

Logan and Theresa hear something outside. It's...singing.

FISH (O.S.)

(singing)

Bad boys...bad boys...whatcha gonna do,
whatcha gonna do when they come for
you...

Fish walks in. Luther and Migraine laugh. Logan looks at him.

LOGAN

Thought you were gonna wait in the car.

FISH

Nah, I had to see this. You know. From the other side. The good guy side.

(re: the kicked in door)

Damn! Just like they do it on Cops.

(examines door)

This was a good door too. Oak.

Theresa sees Fish. Everyone in Compton knows who Fish is.

THERESA

Wait. Whhh...what are you doing here?

FISH

Be happy. Not every day you get ghetto royalty up in your crib.

Logan looks at his friend of thirty years. Stunned.

LOGAN

Did you say Ghetto Royalty?

FISH

I'm like a black Kennedy in this hood.

THERESA

You're FBI, right?

Logan nods. Adjusts his cast, in pain.

THERESA (cont'd)

Do you know who that is?

Logan nods. All too well.

THERESA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Fish Johnson's in my apartment and you're arresting my ass?

**

LOGAN

Not arresting you.

THERESA

Well, what the hell you call this, community outreach?

LOGAN

Theresa. You're gonna do us a favor.

INT. KIDNAPPER'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Dwayne is looking right at the face of Ricky Castillo. Just looking at this little boy. His cell rings. He answers it.

INTERCUT:

DWAYNE
(looks at caller ID)
Hey, baby.

INT. THERESA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Luther, the bouncer, is on Theresa's phone.

LUTHER
This Dwayne?

DWAYNE
Who the hell is this?

LUTHER
You saw the number come up on your caller ID, right? So you know where I'm calling from, right? Now look here. Theresa ain't your girl no more. She's mine. That's right. I'm her daddy now!

Fish is laughing quietly in the corner. He can't believe this.

LUTHER (CONT'D) (cont'd) **
You got punked. You come near her, you come near her place, and I will rest in peace your black ass.

Luther hangs up.

THERESA
He's gonna kill all of you!

LUTHER
Let's talk about me. Was I good?

FISH **
You were fine.

Logan glances down at his watch: **5 hours, 4 minutes remaining** **

LOGAN
It better work.

INT. KIDNAPPER'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Bent on vengeance, Dwayne storms through the room.

LONNIE
Where you going?

DWAYNE
I'll be back in time for the drop.

INT. THERESA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lights are out. Theresa is sitting on the couch watching TV with Fish. Logan, Luther and Migraine are waiting in hiding. Logan's cell rings.

LOGAN
Logan.

INT. FBI CRIME LAB - NIGHT - INTERCUT:

Michael Brenner is hunched over an INFRARED SCOPE.

BRENNER
Matt, it's Michael.

LOGAN
Need you to be quick, Michael.

BRENNER
Traced the chemical we found at the park. It's from an LCF Lubricant Stick.

LOGAN
LCF? What's that?

BRENNER
Stands for Low Coefficient Friction. It's used to lubricate the wheels of subway cars.

LOGAN
Subway cars?

BRENNER
Rare. Two ways you get this on your shoe. Working at Kelson Technologies in Philadelphia where they make it. Or walking a subway track.

LOGAN
Gotta be keeping the kid underground. Subway tunnel. Train station. Thanks Michael.

**
**
**
**

Outside, a CAR SKIDS to a stop.

EXT. THERESA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

**

Dwayne stalks toward the front door. Gun in hand.

He sees the SILHOUETTES of THERESA and A MAN sitting on the couch. He kicks in the door which is just hanging from the hinges. It comes CRASHING DOWN!

DWAYNE
GET UP FOOL!

Two things happen. One: Dwayne sees that the man on the couch is Fish. Two: Two shotguns and a Beretta are pointed right at him. Dwayne drops his gun.

LOGAN
No time for an interrogation.

Logan pistol whips him. Dwayne goes down.

LOGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You're going to answer my question.

**
**

Logan pulls him up. Throws him against the wall. Logan pulls his six-shot snub nose thirty-eight from an ankle holster.

LOGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Or I'm going to paint the walls with
the back of your head.

**

He opens the barrel. Turns it over. The bullets fall out. Hit the floor. He puts one bullet back in. Holds the gun up for Dwayne to see. Spins the barrel. Points it at Dwayne.

LOGAN (cont'd)
Where's the boy?

DWAYNE
I don't know.

Logan pulls the trigger, CLICK! Dwayne winces.

LOGAN
Where's the boy?

Logan pulls the trigger, CLICK! Dwayne starts to shake.

LOGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
WHERE'S THE BOY!

**

Logan, possessed, pulls the trigger. CLICK! CLICK!

MATT! FISH DWAYNE
UNION-STATION SUBWAY TERMINAL.
MACHINE ROOM. MACHINE ROOM! **

INT. KIDNAPPER'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Lonnie is angrily pacing back and forth. He walks to a door, opens it inward as:

A SUBWAY TRAIN

Races past at one hundred twenty miles an hour, sending a wave of air over him. Lonnie relishes in the cool, momentary breeze. Though we've been in this room before, this is the first time we reveal it to be:

A SUBWAY TERMINAL'S MACHINE ROOM:

A massive room with large motors and machines that power the trains on this line.

Mitch is in the corner sitting at a card table, studying his laptop screen that is linked to the Cayman Island bank. **

LONNIE **
They transferred that money yet? **

MITCH **
There's still a couple of hours left. **

LONNIE **
Where the hell is Dwayne? **

INT. THERESA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT **

Dwayne is handcuffed and sitting across from Fish, Luther and Migraine. **

Logan walks past Dwayne, hands the .38 To Fish.

Logan dials on his cell as he walks out of the house.

Fish looks at the gun. "What am I supposed to do with this?" He opens the barrel, there are no bullets inside.

DWAYNE
What?

FISH
(re: the gun)
It's empty.

INT. VAN ORTON ESTATE - NIGHT

Ellie Ryan is upstairs looking at INTEL reports when her cell rings.

ELLIE RYAN

Ryan.

EXT. COMPTON - NIGHT

Logan walks onto East Glencoe Street. **INTERCUT:**

LOGAN

It's me. I've got Dwayne Williams in custody.

Fish comes to the doorway. Lights a cigar. Looks at Logan.

ELLIE RYAN

What? How? With what backup?

LOGAN

(eyes on Fish)
I had backup.

Logan looks at his watch - **3 hours, 21 minutes remaining.**

LOGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

**

(a beat, then)

I know where Ricky is. Scramble HRT, get 'em mobilized. We're gonna have to do the tactical plan on the fly.

**

ELLIE RYAN

We're on it.

LOGAN

Ellie. There's one more thing.

We hold on Ellie's face as she processes the horror of what Logan is telling her. She hangs up the phone.

INT. VAN ORTON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maria, Roberto, Van Orton, and Helen are sitting in the kitchen.

Ellie walks in, flanked by Quinn and Follis.

ELLIE RYAN

Mister and Missus Castillo. Could you stand up, please?

The Van Ortons look at the Castillos. What's going on? Maria and Roberto stand. **

ELLIE RYAN (cont'd)
Roberto and Maria Castillo, you are
under arrest for your participation in
the abduction of your son Ricky
Castillo.

Quinn frisks him, then cuffs him. Follis frisks, then cuffs her.

HELEN VAN ORTON
No. This is a mistake. Maria, Roberto,
tell them that this is a mistake.

But their faces betray them. This is not a mistake.

ELLIE RYAN (cont'd)
You have the right to remain
silent, anything that you say,
can and will be used against
you in a court of law.

VAN ORTON
We let you into our home! You
cared for our son. You sick
son of a bitch, you did this! **

ELLIE RYAN
Do you understand these rights that
I've just explained to you?

MARIA
They were supposed to take
Jason. They were never
supposed to hurt him!

HELEN VAN ORTON
GET OUT!

**

MARIA
No one was going to get hurt.

Helen slaps Maria across the face--

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The FBI's HRT (Hostage Rescue Team) TACTICAL TRUCK is racing through the streets of downtown LA.

INT. HRT TRUCK - REAR OF TRUCK - NIGHT

NINE MEMBERS OF THE HRT TACTICAL TEAM are getting suited up in their tactical gear. KEVLAR VESTS. MP-5 MACHINE GUNS. NIGHT VISION GOGGLES. Logan is suiting up as well and addressing them. LAMINATED MUG SHOTS of Lonnie and Mitch are passed around.

**

LOGAN

We're after these men. Lonnie Squall. Thirty-seven years old. Armed robbery. Assault. Attempted murder. He is armed. Mitch Callister. Thirty-two. Only charges are federal communication charges. Assume he is also armed. If you are under threat, you will end that threat.

**

**

**

**

INT. HRT TRUCK - FRONT OF TRUCK - NIGHT

Ellie Ryan is in the passenger seat, listening on a cell phone.

ELLIE RYAN

(listening)

Thank you.

Ryan walks into--

INT. HRT TRUCK - REAR OF TRUCK - NIGHT

Ellie watches Logan addressing the HRT TEAM. HRT COMMANDER McCluskey doesn't like this break in the chain-of-command.

LOGAN

The tunnel we're going into has catwalks, emergency door exits, and hatches. He could be anywhere. Stay away from the third rail, it's got five hundred thousand volts running through it. Dwayne told Lonnie that he would be back before the deadline. That's sixteen minutes from right now. Our first priority is the safe return of Ricky Castillo. If a hostage situation develops, you will not fire unless I give you the green light. Does everyone understand that?

HRT members nod.

Logan looks at his watch: 16 minutes nine seconds remaining

Ellie approaches Logan as he finishes suiting up.

ELLIE RYAN

Drug tested Roberto and Maria. Their system was polluted with Beta-blockers and Valium. They could have gotten their names wrong and the machine's needle wouldn't have spiked.

LOGAN

What's the connection?

ELLIE RYAN

Roberto and Lonnie go back twenty years. They were in juvi together as kids. Lonnie on B&E. Roberto on grand theft. Roberto had no record as an adult, and since all juvenile records are sealed at eighteen, it didn't flag when we ran him through NCIC.

HRT commander McClusky is conferring with his men.

LOGAN

Childhood felon friends get together to abduct a six year old child. You know they planned this thing living right under the Van Orton's roof. Van Orton's let these people into their home for six years, their kids became best friends, they trusted them, they loved them -- nobody knows anybody anymore.

ELLIE RYAN

I've seen darkness, cases we work, you see darkness. You work a case like this, you think of the kid first, always. But as a parent, you think of the parents too. You think, how they're feeling, what they're going through --because that's their child.

LOGAN

What's rule one at the Academy?

ELLIE RYAN

Everybody's a suspect.

LOGAN

Right. So when you start out, you're alert, you work with that as an operating philosophy for a couple of years until after a while you're just empty inside. You're empty 'cause who wants to live in a world where everybody's a suspect -- you bring that attitude home, it tears at you, you become bitter -- so you change it, you say, that's not the world I live in, that's not how I'm going to live my life. Then something like this happens. Then you feel worse than stupid, you feel naive.

(a beat)

Everybody's a suspect.

HRT commander McClusky eyes Ryan, as if to say "tell him."

ELLIE RYAN

Look Matt, you found them, your work's done. Let HRT take this guy down. It's what they do.

**

Logan looks at both of them.

LOGAN

I'm finishing this.

(a beat)

I'm asking you to let me finish this.

**

**

Slowly, she nods.

**

EXT. UNION STATION - NIGHT

Amtrack and Metro trains both run here. HRT truck pulls up. Logan, Ellie Ryan and the HRT TEAM rush out. Down the concrete steps into:

INT. UNION STATION - NIGHT

Metro-line platform. Logan and HRT run down the platform.

LOGAN

I need three men. The rest of you fracture, close down the exits. No one gets in or out. Let's move.

Logan and THREE HRT MEMBERS (SAL, DANNY AND JIMMY) rush toward the northwest corner door marked: "DANGER. TRACK PERSONNEL ONLY." They key the lock with a special pick and open it. In the b.g. we see the remaining HRT members sealing the exits.

INT. LOS ANGELES METRO RAIL SYSTEM - NIGHT

Darkness. NIGHT VISION GOGGLES are activated. Everything in the world becomes green. A sound. A loud, ear-piercing rumble! Then a hint of something else. The worst thing for night vision goggles. Light. Coming hard and fast. Slowly the white glow illuminates the endlessly cavernous tunnel. The light blinds the night vision goggles. Matt lifts his off just as:

A SUBWAY TRAIN

Rockets through the tube tunnel with a wicked whipping sound.

LOGAN + HRT TEAM

Hug the walls for their lives as the train passes inches from their faces. They hold on to a metal catwalk, careful not to get sucked up in the air wake of the passing train. Just as it arrived, in an instant, the train is gone.

LOGAN + HRT TEAM

Share a look. That was close. Too close. They lower their goggles and once again the deep, dark cavernous tunnel is illuminated in a deep, rich green.

THE TRACKS (UNDER GREEN NIGHT VISION)

They walk down the tracks. HRT SAL trips on track debris. Shit. He's falling! Fifty pounds of equipment and Kevlar pulling him down. Logan grabs him just before he falls onto the live third rail. A beat. Too close again. He looks at Logan, gratefully. Logan nods.

Logan glances at his watch: 9 minutes, 31 seconds remaining.

LOGAN + HRT TEAM (UNDER GREEN NIGHT VISION)

Stalk down the dark track. Up ahead, they see the steel double doors of the tunnel's machine room. Logan signals. They split, fracturing. Logan + HRT SAL on one side. HRT'S DANNY AND JIMMY on the other.

INT. KIDNAPPER'S HIDEOUT - MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

Dark and loud. Massive machines turning over to run the trains. Lonnie, gun in hand, is still pacing back and forth, near the two steel double doors.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

**

Mitch is loading a gun two feet from Ricky.

**

MITCH

**

(as he loads each bullet)

**

Look kid, you're probably too young to understand this but -- I don't want to do what I'm fixing to do.

**

**

(a beat)

**

(MORE)

**

MITCH (cont'd)

Sometimes you just gotta do things you
don't want.

**
**

**EXT. KIDNAPPER'S HIDEOUT - MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT (UNDER GREEN
NIGHT VISION)**

**

HRT Danny carefully attaches a special SWAT/HRT air compression system to the door jam. He starts pumping. The air shoots into the jam, slowly and quietly pushing the door open.

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

Which would work perfectly except for Lonnie's proximity to the door. He sees it slice open like a pair of softly opened scissors. He sees the muzzle of an MP5 machine gun. Shit. He hides behind one of the large machines.

**
**

Logan, and HRT's Sal, Danny and Jimmy pour into the room, as the enter they move their goggles up on top of their heads.

LOGAN'S POV:

He sweeps the industrial wasteland. Nothing but machines.

LONNIE

Starts turning on machines, raising the noise level to an ear-splitting level. This is his home. He knows every way in and out. He puts his gun in his waistband and flicks open A BUTTERFLY KNIFE.

LOGAN

Looks around. Nods to the HRT's. Split up. Logan stalks forward.

HRT SAL

Is prowling through the large machine room. He hears something. Stalks toward it.

LONNIE

Is hidden in a wall hatch, his body concealed behind a sheet of metal.

HRT SAL

Stalks toward the noise.

LONNIE

Can see Sal. Sal is just about to see him when Sal abruptly turns, feeling something behind him.

SAL

Is right, it's Danny. Sal breathes a sigh of relief as

LONNIE

Emerges from the darkness, jamming the butterfly knife into the back of Sal's neck, crumbling him to the ground. Right before Danny's eyes.

DANNY

Opens Fire! Machine gun bullets rip up the walls but Lonnie has dropped through a manhole cover into a sub-floor. Gone from sight in an instant.

LOGAN

Rushes to the gun fire, gun drawn, finds Sal on the floor. He checks him for life. None. He shakes his head to Danny and Jimmy.

LOGAN

(quietly to Danny)

Stay here so he can't double back.

Danny stays behind as Logan and Jimmy drop down into the sub-floor.

**
**

INT. RICKY'S ROOM - NIGHT

**

The machines are so deafening Mitch has failed to hear the gunfire. He looks at his watch. 3 minutes, 11 seconds.

**
**

INT. TUNNEL SUB-FLOOR - NIGHT

Lonnie is hiding above a door. On the other side of the room.

LOGAN + JIMMY

Quickly put their night vision goggles back in place and separate, prowling through the darkness on separate paths, guns at the ready, frightened and determined.

LONNIE

Watches as Jimmy stalks through the room, hungry to avenge his fallen friend. Lonnie quietly draws his gun as he hangs above the door.

JIMMY

Is looking everywhere nervously, left, right...up, down. Was that something? He looks up again. Wait. A black silhouette positioned above the door. A face. Lonnie's face. Jimmy goes to fire. The last thing he sees is Lonnie smile because Lonnie flicks on the bright florescent lights in the room. The screen flashes white. Out of darkness, Jimmy is completely blind! Jimmy races to peel off his goggles but it's too late. Lonnie opens fire! Again! Again! Jimmy is shot twice, wounded badly.

LOGAN

Rushes to the scene, pulling off his night vision goggles, sees Lonnie climbing up a narrow emergency ladder to the floor above.

LOGAN

Opens fire! Again! Again! His last shot hits Lonnie in the back of the shoulder, wounding him badly as Lonnie disappears upstairs.

LOGAN
(checking Jimmy)
Call for backup. You're gonna make it.

Logan glances at his watch: 1 minute 21 seconds remaining... **

LOGAN
Races after Lonnie. Climbing the ladder to an unknown fate. He reaches the top. He's on the floor where he began but on another side, in another room. And he's alone.

INT. RICKY'S ROOM - NIGHT **

Mitch slowly raises the gun in Ricky's direction. His hand trembles. He's struggling. Taking deep breaths. Working up the courage to pull the trigger. Lonnie rushes into the room, eyes Mitch. **

LONNIE **
Shoot him! **

EXT. RICKY'S ROOM - NIGHT **

Logan hears something. It sounds like...television. In the deep darkness, Logan stalks toward the sliver of light seen under the cracks in the doorway. **

EXT. RICKY'S ROOM - NIGHT **

Logan's gun hand trembles as he moves toward the doors. His mind starts working. Working against him. Trapped in this darkness, facing possible death, and worse still, failure, the nightmare of two years ago returns to claw at him as we once again *FLASHCUT TO:* **

EXT. BARN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) **

FLASHLIGHTS slice through the darkness like lasers as Logan rushes to the large tool shed. The door is bolted. Logan shoots it off. Frantically he opens the shed door. **

LOGAN **
NO! **

INT. RICKY'S ROOM - NIGHT **

LONNIE **
Do it! **

MITCH **
I can't! **

INT. TUNNEL SUB-FLOOR - NIGHT

**

Logan snaps out of the flashback. He can't go through this again. Not again, not another kid. He finds the courage.

**

Logan races to the door.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

**

Lonnie raises his gun to do the job no one else will when:

**

EXT. ROOM - NIGHT

**

Logan kicks the door open!

**

LONNIE TURNS

**

FIRES! Again! Again! Again!

**

LOGAN

**

Ducks behind the door, preparing to return fire as:

**

HRT DANNY

Rushes through the narrow machine corridors, running toward the gunfire.

LONNIE

**

Races out of a sliding emergency door, jumping into the tunnel tracks where he takes off running as the door automatically slams shut behind him.

**

LOGAN

dives into the room, prepares to fire but Lonnie is gone.

**

RICKY

Taped in the sitting position to a chair with duct tape. He's not moving. Logan rushes to him. Looks at him. No. Not again. Ricky's eyes open. He struggles to free himself.

LOGAN

**

Are you okay? Ricky...talk to me.

RICKY

I wanna go home.

LOGAN

You're going home.

Logan just looks at him. At this moment, Ricky is everything in his life. Suddenly out of the darkness -

**

**

MITCH appears and is about to shoot Logan dead when

**

LOGAN **

sees a sliver of shadow on the wall, turns and fires! Again! **

MITCH **

falls to the ground. Dead. **

DANNY **

Arrives, sweeps the room. Sees Logan. Logan pulls out a knife, **
cuts the tape away. Ricky is free. **

LOGAN (cont'd) **

You're going home, Ricky. **

(to HRT Danny) **

Call for backup. Shoot anything that **
comes through that door until it arrives. **

Logan opens the sliding door and jumps onto the track. In the **
distance, forty yards ahead he sees Lonnie running away. **

LOGAN

Races after him. Firing!

LONNIE

Jumps onto a five-foot high catwalk. He misses the jump.
Falls. His gun drops, falls into a grate.

ON LOGAN

Running for all he's worth, closing the gap...

LONNIE

Sees Logan approaching. He needs his gun. Got to get it. He
reaches down. Can't reach it.

LOGAN

Pushing himself beyond human limits.

LONNIE

Wants to kill this son-of-a-bitch. He reaches down. Further.
He fingers the gun. Gets it. Goes to raise the gun when--

LOGAN

Arrives and pistol whips him.

LONNIE

Goes down, hard. He pushes himself up. Logan's fist crashes
into his face. Lonnie knees Logan in the groin. Logan goes
down. Lonnie whips out his butterfly knife. Swings, going for
Logan's throat. Misses. A rumble is heard in the distance.
Lonnie swings again. This one catches flesh, slicing into
Logan's shoulder. The rumble grows louder. Logan elbows Lonnie
in the face, breaking his nose. Lonnie drops the knife.

Logan swings for Lonnie. Misses. Lonnie kicks Logan's knee out. Logan crumbles to the ground. The rumble grows louder. Lonnie looks for his gun. It's still in the grate in the track. The rumble grows louder, closer. Logan starts to push himself up. A train is fastly approaching. As Logan pushes himself up, Lonnie savagely steps on Logan's cast, crushing his already broken arm. Logan screams in ungodly pain. Lonnie looks. He can beat the train. He can do it. Logan is on the ground, battered and broken. No fight left in him. Lonnie dives for the gun. He is going to kill this fucker if it's the last thing he does.

The train approaches like a bullet. Lonnie gets the gun. Logan gets to his feet. Lonnie raises his gun. Logan goes for his ankle holster. Gets his gun. But it's too late. Lonnie's got the jump on him. Logan knows it's over. He's dead. Lonnie fingers the trigger, bringing about the inevitable reality when:

THE SUBWAY TRAIN

Races past, hitting Lonnie full force, two hundred thousand tons of steel at 120 miles an hour.

LOGAN

Flattens his body against the wall as the train races past him, inches from his face. The train clears. Logan is left there, gun in hand.

EXT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

A HALF DOZEN HRT men are guarding the mouth of the tunnel leading into the subway platform. They see the SILHOUETTE OF A MAN approaching, staggering, gun in hand.

HRT COMMANDER MCCLUSKY
DROP YOUR WEAPON!

But the silhouette keeps coming, still staggering.

HRT COMMANDER MCCLUSKY (cont'd)
DROP YOUR WEAPON OR WE WILL OPEN FIRE!

The silhouette keeps coming, staggering badly.

HRT COMMANDER MCCLUSKY (cont'd)
PREPARE TO FIRE!

Slowly the silhouette reveals itself.

ELLIE RYAN
HOLD YOUR FIRE!

Logan walks out of the tunnel, a silly smile across his battered face. **

**

HRT COMMANDER MCCLUSKY
Jesus, Matt! The boy's okay. Did you get
Lonnie?

**

LOGAN
Train got Lonnie. They can scrape him
off at the next station.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NEAR UCLA - AERIAL POV - NIGHT

SIX LAPD MOTORCYCLES, sirens wailing, ESCORT A BLACK FBI
SUBURBAN TRUCK down Sunset Boulevard.

EXT. SKY ABOVE SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

THE Channel 2 NEWS HELICOPTER is filming the motorcade as it
makes its way to Bel Air. We hear a familiar voice.

**

LAURA DIAZ (V.O.)
This is Laura Diaz and we are in the
air above Los Angeles in the Channel
Two chopper bringing you the end of an
incredible real-life drama.

**

**

**

INT. FBI SUBURBAN TRUCK - NIGHT

In the back, Logan sits beside Ricky. Logan looks at Ricky.
Smiles. Slowly Ricky smiles back. Ellie Ryan watches from the
front seat as Logan pulls a blanket over Ricky's shoulders.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The motorcade turns onto Stone Canyon Road.

INT. VAN ORTON ESTATE - NIGHT

The Van Orton's watch the motorcade pull into the driveway on
TV. They rush out of the house with Jason.

EXT. VAN ORTON ESTATE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The Van Orton's run out of the house. Logan opens the door.
Ricky climbs out of the car.

JASON
RICKY!

Helen Van Orton scoops Ricky into her arms and holds him tight.

WILLIAM VAN ORTON
Thank you.

Logan nods. Ricky's home, maybe not to a conventional home with
his own parents but he's home with a family that loves him.

RICKY
Where's my mommy?

As Helen Van Orton kneels to talk with Ricky, Logan walks away.

Slowly we hear a light piano intro as Bob Dylan's classic "To Make You Feel My Love," sung by Billy Joel, begins to play.

Logan staggers toward his car which is parked on the street. Ellie Ryan rushes up behind him.

LOGAN
What's going to happen to the boy?

ELLIE RYAN
The Van Orton's want to adopt him.
He'll grow up with his best friend.

Song: When the rain is blowing in your face. And the whole world is on your case. I could offer you a warm embrace. To make you feel my love.

ELLIE RYAN (cont'd) **
You look happy. **

LOGAN **
We won today. **

ELLIE RYAN **
Let me take you to the Hospital. **

Song: When evening shadows and the stars appear. And there is no way to watch your tears. I could hold you for a million years. To make you feel my love.

Logan continues staggering toward his car.

ELLIE RYAN (CONT'D) (cont'd) **
You can't even walk.

LOGAN **
That's alright. I'll drive. It's LA.

Logan reaches his car. Keys the lock. Slides in, painfully.

INT. LOGAN'S MUSTANG - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

Logan's driving, his battered face in the rear view mirror.

Song: I know you haven't made your mind up yet. But I would never do you wrong. I've known it from the moment that we met. No doubt in my mind where you belong.

EXT. DIANA'S HOUSE - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

Logan struggles out of his car. His face is bruised and battered. His lip cut. His walk is slow. He's in enormous pain. Logan walks down the sidewalk, approaching the house.

Song: I'd go hungry, I'd go black and blue. I'd go crawling down the avenue. There's nothing that I wouldn't do. To make you feel my love.

Logan struggles up the sidewalk to the front door. Knocks. He rings the doorbell. Upstairs a light flickers on. A long beat. The door opens. Steve stands there, in a robe. Logan is a battered, bruised and broken mess.

STEVE

Jesus, Matt. Are you alright?

LOGAN

Can I see my son?

Steve pushes the door open further. And now Diana sees him. She gasps at the damage that Logan's in. Her eyes close, as if somehow the act itself could remove all of his pain. She opens her eyes now. Diana stares at him for an eternity. And he right back at her.

LOGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Can I see our son, Diana? Please.

**

Diana pushes open the door. Logan walks past them.

Song: The storms are raging on the rollin' sea. And on the highway of regret.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

Logan stands in the doorway of Billy's bedroom. He looks at him. He's safe. This is all he wanted to know. But now he needs more. Logan walks over, sits on the edge of the bed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DIANA'S HOUSE - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

Steve walks upstairs. Diana pushes her back against the wall. Rubs her eyes. A long beat. She walks toward Billy's room.

Song: Winds of change are blowing wild n free. You ain't seen nothing like me yet.

INT. BILLY'S BEDROOM - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

Diana stands in the doorway. We hold on her face. Anger turns to confusion and then we watch, remarkably, the release of it all as the smallest, quietest smile appears on her face. She is looking at Billy fast asleep in his father's arms.

*Song: I Could make you happy, make your dreams come true.
Nothing that I wouldn't do.*

And Diana pulls a warm blanket over them both, tucking them in. Sitting on the edge of the bed as father and son sleep, she is there, once again, with them.

Song: To make you feel my love.

Steve appears in the doorway to witness this reunion. To witness that for this one night, this one fragile moment in time, Logan, Diana and Billy are together once again as a family.

T H E E N D