

# DRIVE

WRITTEN  
BY  
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BASED ON THE NOVEL  
BY  
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WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT – 07.23.10

1 EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF L.A. STREETS AND FREEWAYS - NIGHT. 1

Car lights glitter down below, flickering across the endless network of streets and freeways that span the L.A. basin. From above, the city looks like an electronic grid. Or a sparkling maze. The tiny pinpricks of red and white light move in different directions, but never seem to find a way out. Over the images, we hear a flat, emotionless voice through a telephone: \*

DRIVER O/S \*

...hundred thousand streets in this city, you don't need to know the route. You give me a time and place, I give you a five minute window. Those five minutes I'm yours. Whatever goes down I'm yours. Minute either side you're on your own...

2 INT. LOW RENT APARTMENT/ KOREATOWN/ L.A. - NIGHT. 2

A map of downtown L.A. is spread out on a bed, dozens of different routes marked in pencil. The voice continues - \*

DRIVER O/S \*

...One last thing. You won't be able to reach me at this number again...

DRIVER hangs up the phone. He folds his map of LA and slips it in his duffel bag. A few clothes and other essentials are neatly packed inside. He zips the bag shut and takes one last look at a cheap TV set. On screen, a movie is playing. On a radio, the LA Clippers are taking a pounding from the New York Knicks. \*

3 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT/ APARTMENT/ KOREATOWN - NIGHT. 3

Driver strides through a dimly lit car park, carrying his duffel bag. A YOUNG COUPLE emerge from their car after a late night out. Driver lowers his eyes, avoiding their gaze as he makes his way towards a sleek black Camaro \*

4 INT/EXT. DRIVER'S CAR/ ALVARADO - NIGHT. 4

The Clippers-Knicks game plays on the car radio now. Driver is only half listening, focused on the road. We see his face in the passing neon lights. Feline good looks. Impassive blue eyes. Something almost melancholy in his unwavering gaze. He drives carefully, letting other cars overtake. \*

5 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 5

Driver glides into the parking lot of another low-rent apartment block.

6 INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK/ APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 6 \*

Clutching his duffel bag Driver heads towards the car park elevator. Hurrying out in the opposite direction he sees a pretty GIRL in her 20's wearing a waitress outfit. Their eyes meet briefly, before Driver walks on. \*

7 INT. APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 7

Driver heads down the hallway and unlocks the door to his new apartment. It's not all that different from his last one. Clean, sparse, and anonymous. He doesn't even bother to walk in. He tosses his duffel bag inside and locks the door again. \*

8 INT/EXT. DRIVER'S CAR/ SILVER LAKE BOULEVARD - NIGHT 8

Driver's back on the road, the basketball game still playing on the radio. He drives past a row of brightly lit Mexican food shacks on Silver Lake Boulevard and turns into a run down garage lit up with a neon sign - *Shannon's Custom Kings - vintage cars*.

9 INT. SHANNON'S GARAGE/ SILVER LAKE BOULEVARD - NIGHT. 9

SHANNON, the owner of the garage, has a distinctive limp. Driver follows him past rows of vintage cars. \*

SHANNON

...Plain Jane cheap like you asked for but with a hundred and sixty horsepower inside. You get any sleep?

DRIVER

Not this week.

As Shannon grins we feel the familiarity between them.

SHANNON

I can offer you some Halcyon.

DRIVER

Won't work.

They head past more cars -- Fords, Dodges, Buicks -- until they arrive at a plain looking hatchback. \*

SHANNON

There she is. Silver Impala. Most popular car in the state of California... \*

Driver casts his eyes over the unimpressive vehicle then holds out his hand for the keys. \*

10 INT/EXT. SILVER IMPALA/ TOY DISTRICT/ DOWNTOWN L.A. - NIGHT. 10 \*

The basketball game is approaching the end of the third quarter. Driver's behind the wheel of the Honda now, cruising past rows of dingy toy stores on 3rd Street. He glances at his watch. It's 9:50. He checks his mirror then turns into a side street. \*

11 INT/ EXT. HONDA/ ELECTRONICS SUPERSTORE/ DOWNTOWN - NIGHT. 11 \*

A vast electronics superstore dominates the deserted street. Under the pale yellow glow of the street lamps, Driver sees signs advertising a '*huge blow out weekend sale*'. He pulls over, making sure he has a good view of the entrance. On the radio, the basketball commentator is getting more excited.

BASKETBALL COMMENTARY

...This is some comeback from the Clippers!  
Only a few minutes ago they looked dead and  
buried!...

Driver reaches under the seat and pulls out a small handheld scanner. He switches it on, tuning it to the right frequency. Crackling police dispatches are interspersed with the basketball commentary now.

POLICE SCANNER

...9 Adam 81, what is your current  
location?...Repeat, what is your current  
location?...

\*  
\*

BASKETBALL COMMENTARY

...Another unbelievable three pointer from  
Davis and the Clippers are within five!...

Inside the store, everything is dark and silent -- then suddenly the alarm screams to life. Driver looks up, betraying just a hint of surprise -- this wasn't supposed to happen.

BASKETBALL COMMENTARY

...Time out Knicks...

Two masked MEN burst out of the building. One of them clutches a bulging hold-all while the other covers the door with a shotgun. BOOM. He fires into the store, the muzzle flash lighting up the darkness.

Again we catch a flicker of irritation on Driver's face -- this wasn't supposed to happen either. He hits the gas, sooner than he would have wanted. In one smooth movement the Impala sweeps towards the entrance. Driver steers with one hand then reaches behind the seat and pushes open the rear door with his other hand. \*

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

The masked men slide in the back seat and Driver floors the gas, taking off at speed. In his rear view mirror he sees a SECURITY GUARD run out of the building, aiming a gun. Driver slaloms out of the gates as the security guard opens fire.

12 INT/ EXT. SILVER IMPALA/ STREETS/ DOWNTOWN - NIGHT.

12

Driver thunders over the 1st Street bridge towards Boyle Heights, then eases his foot off the gas, slowing to a steady speed. In the back seat the two armed robbers rip off their masks, looking pumped up with adrenalin. Driver studies them disapprovingly in his rear view mirror, then swerves right on Mission Street as his police scanner crackles to life.

## POLICE SCANNER

...Attention all units...211...Superstore on Traction Avenue...Suspects headed Eastbound on 1st Street...Driving a white hatchback...

Driver swings sharply into 4th Street now, crossing the L.A. River again, heading back in the same direction he came.

## POLICE SCANNER

...Airships dispatched...Downtown and Boyle Heights...All units standby. Repeat, all units standby...

Up ahead, the lights of Downtown L.A. glitter against the night sky. Hovering between the neon green glow of the skyscrapers Driver sees the red and white glint of a police helicopter. He switches off his headlights, turning left on Santa Fe Avenue.

13 INT/EXT. IMPALA/ALLEYWAYS/INDUSTRIAL AREA/DOWNTOWN - NIGHT. 13

The armed robbers watch in tense silence as Driver weaves in and out of the industrial alleyways with his lights switched off. It's as if he's trying to find his way out of the maze or probing to see if there's anyone out there.

## POLICE SCANNER

...1 Baker 11, headed south on Boyle Avenue...No sign of suspects...Repeat, no sign of suspects...

The armed robbers look relieved when suddenly a police car glides past at the end of the alleyway, its lights also off. It's like catching a glimpse of a passing shark's fin. Driver taps the brakes gently, his car sliding to a stop. He stays there a moment, then eases the Impala forward, turning in the same direction as the black-and-white.

\*

14 INT/EXT. IMPALA/ LA RIVER INDUSTRIAL AREA/ DOWNTOWN - NIGHT. 14 \*

It's a high-risk strategy but Driver follows the black-and-white at a distance, hidden in the darkness, knowing other squad cars won't be checking the same route. The police car makes its way through the dimly lit industrial zone, unaware it's being shadowed. Driver turns his car radio up a whisper.

BASKETBALL COMMENTARY

...And for the first time in the game the Clippers have the lead. 71 to 69. Seven to go in the Fourth here at the Staples Centre...

Driver turns the sound back down. Up ahead, the police car swings left, disappearing from view. Driver slows down too, anticipating the next obstacle. He doesn't have long to wait. In the distance he suddenly sees the piercing beam of a police chopper's search-lights, sweeping the area one more time.

Driver floors the gas, speeding straight towards the approaching helicopter. The armed robbers are too stunned to protest. They just sit there, watching the sweeping searchlights getting closer and closer.

Then suddenly it becomes clear what Driver's doing. Up ahead, there's a small underpass below the 7th Street bridge. Driver slides the car under the safety of the bridge just before the chopper's searchlights spot them.

15 INT/EXT. IMPALA/ UNDERPASS/ LA RIVER INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT.15 \*

The roar of the helicopter thunders overhead. The underpass is crammed with dirty mattresses and shopping carts. Sleeping HOBOS can be seen under dirty blankets. Driver waits for the echo of the helicopter to fade, then moves forward again.

16 INT/EXT. IMPALA/ OLYMPIC BOULEVARD/ DOWNTOWN - NIGHT. 16 \*

Gloomy yellow street-lamps shine down on the industrial zone. Rows of delivery trucks are parked outside the meat-packing factories. Driver cruises cautiously down the deserted street. The crackling of the police scanner and the droning of the basketball commentary add to the tension. Finally up ahead he sees car-lights streaming back and forth on Broadway.

DRIVER

Get down...

The armed robbers lie flat on the back seat, paying Driver more respect now.

17 INT/EXT. IMPALA CIVIC/ BROADWAY/ DOWNTOWN - NIGHT. 17 \*

There's a steady flow of traffic on Broadway. Driver falls in behind the other cars. On the radio, the basketball game is still playing.

BASKETBALL COMMENTARY

...Three thirteen left on the clock.  
Dunleavy calls a time out and it's the  
Clippers by one...

The passing head-lamps light up Driver's face. There's not a trace of emotion in his eyes -- even when he spots a patrol car approaching in the opposite direction.

BASKETBALL COMMENTARY

...Buckle up your seat belts Clippers fans.  
This game really is too close to call...

The two cars pass each other slowly. Driver sees the cops in the Black-and-White peering at the Honda as they head past. He turns down the basketball game and focuses on the scanner.

POLICE SCANNER

...This is 1 David 16...Silver Impala  
headed South on Broadway and  
Pico...Couldn't get a look at her license  
plates...Appears to be only one occupant...

\*

In the back seat, the armed robbers wait nervously for the police dispatch to respond.

POLICE SCANNER

...1 David 16...why don't you check her  
out...

As soon as he hears this Driver swerves sharply into the next street.

18 INT/ EXT. IMPALA/ SIDESTREET OFF BROADWAY/ DOWNTOWN - NIGHT. 18 \*

Driver guns around the block now, building up speed.

POLICE SCANNER

...This is 1 David 16...We lost the suspect  
somewhere between Broadway and  
Grand...Possible evasive action...Request  
airship and additional units...

19 INT/ EXT. HONDA/ WEST PICO BOULEVARD/ DOWNTOWN - NIGHT. 19

Driver bursts out onto Pico now. A squad car headed in the opposite direction slows down as it sees him but is caught up in the flow of traffic, unable to turn round and give chase.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE SCANNER

...1 David 11...suspect headed West on Pico...

Driver threads his way through the vehicles in front of him, so smooth and effortless it's hard to tell how fast he's going. He glances up as he hears the dull rumble of a police chopper overhead. The helicopter is almost directly above him, swinging its search-beam back and forth to get a lock on his position.

Driver pushes the car as fast as it will go, but there's no way of outrunning the chopper. Blue light floods the asphalt around him as he guns down Figueroa.

POLICE SCANNER

All units...pursuit in progress...silver Impala...Headed North on Figueroa...

\*  
\*

Even now Driver doesn't panic, turning his attention back to the basketball game.

BASKETBALL COMMENTARY

Thornton pulls up from behind the arc, misses. Rebound New York. One eighteen to play...

Driver swerves sharply towards the sparkling lights of the Staples Centre.

20 INT/EXT. IMPALA/ STAPLES CENTRE/ PARKING LOT - NIGHT. 20 \*

The terraced parking lot looms up ahead. A sign above the barrier says '*Season Ticket Holders Only*'. Driver punches in a ticket and roars into the parking lot.

21 INT. IMPALA/ STAPLES CENTRE PARKING LOT - NIGHT. 21 \*

The Impala screeches from one level to the next. With a game going on, the parking lot is almost full. Finally Driver pulls into a free parking space.

BASKETBALL COMMENTARY

...Thirty seconds remaining and all the Knicks have to do is run out the clock...

For all their professionalism, the armed robbers look tense, realizing they're cornered. Driver listens calmly to the overlapping basketball game and police scanner.

POLICE SCANNER

...Repeat, suspect headed towards the Staples Centre...White Honda Civic...



## BASKETBALL COMMENTARY

...Davis steals. Passes to Gordon. Last chance for the Clippers...

Driver glances in his side mirror. Behind him, dozens of FANS are already streaming out into the parking lot before the game is over, hoping to avoid the inevitable traffic.

## BASKETBALL COMMENTARY

...Gordon back to Davis...Davis for three...This is unbelievable!...

The jubilant commentary continues, but Driver isn't listening anymore. The game has served its purpose. Hundreds of fans flood into the parking lot now. Dozens of cars pull out of their parking places. Within seconds the parking lot is a seething mass of blaring vehicles.

## BASKETBALL COMMENTARY

...What a remarkable comeback...Outplayed for most of the game, the Clippers have shown incredible resilience...

Driver glances at the armed robbers and nods. It's time. They climb out of the car, merging in with the crowd. Driver watches them disappear, then slips on a Clipper's cap. \*

\*  
\*

22 EXT. STAPLES CENTRE/ DOWNTOWN L.A. - NIGHT.

22

Outside, the streets around the Staples Centre are clogged with traffic. Slowly we begin to PULL OUT. Beneath us, we see that dozens of the cars in the chaos are silver Impalas. We hear police sirens and glimpse flashing gumballs, but the endless walls of hemmed-in cars block the Black-and-Whites. We keep climbing, gazing down at the hundreds of different shaped, different sized vehicles, and realize that somewhere below Driver is making his getaway. \*

\*  
\*

DISSOLVE TO:

23 EXT. BUFFET TABLE/ FILM SET/ SAN PEDRO/ LOS ANGELES - DAY.

23

Driver's face is fixed ahead, sunglasses hiding his eyes. As we PULL OUT we see to our surprise that he's wearing a policeman's uniform. It's only as we pull out further that we see several other 'POLICE OFFICERS' sitting in the same fold up chairs, reading car magazines and scripts as they're powdered by the MAKE-UP GIRLS, and realize we're on a movie set. \*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Driver glances up from his script and sees another STUNTMAN being fitted with an eerily convincing SFX mask. The stuntman looks identical to the STAR of the movie who stands nearby. \*

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

9.  
23

23 CONTINUED:

3RD ASSISTANT DIRECTOR O/S

I need you guys to sign this waiver...

Driver takes the form along with all the other stuntmen and signs it without a glance.

24 EXT. FILM SET/ SAN PEDRO/ LOS ANGELES - DAY. 24

Shannon is discussing a car stunt with another AD, using two toy cars on the hood of a cop car to demonstrate the danger.

SHANNON

...He taps the fender any faster than fifty not only will she roll, she'll roll all the way to Baja...

Driver heads off, disinterested in the negotiations.

SHANNON

A high risk stunt like that's worth at least a thousand five.

AD

They won't go higher than a thousand.

SHANNON

Done.

For all his charm we sense something of the hustler about Shannon.

25 EXT. CRAFT TABLE/ FILM SET/ SAN PEDRO/ LOS ANGELES - DAY. 25

Driver approaches a buffet table laid out with food. He's about to help himself when one of the CATERING STAFF stops him.

CATERER

Sorry, that's for the stars...

26 INT/ EXT. POLICE CAR/ FILM SET/ SAN PEDRO - DAY. 26

Driver sits at the wheel of the Black-and-White while a STUNT SUPERVISOR checks his harness. Shannon leans into the window with a smile.

SHANNON

I managed to get them up to five hundred...

Driver doesn't seem to care, focussed on the job. He unstraps the safety harness and clips on his seat belt instead.

2ND UNIT DIRECTOR O/S

Camera ready, sound ready...

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

Shannon joins the rest of the crew, looking on.

2ND UNIT DIRECTOR  
...ACTION!...

Driver floors the gas, screeching out of the alleyway. He swerves between several oil drums then straightens up on the main road.

In his rear view mirror he sees a black Dodge Charger appear on cue, bearing down on him.

Driver slows to forty, like he's supposed to, but the black Charger keeps coming at speed.

Driver's eyes stay fixed on his rear view mirror, judging the other car's speed and angle of approach to perfection.

The Charger slams into the back of Driver's car at sixty miles an hour, hitting him just above the left rear wheel.

Driver's reactions are quick as lightning, counter-steering as his Black-and-White goes careening off the road. He keeps the car upright long enough to slow it down before it finally flips end over end.

Up ahead, the Charger skids to a showy stop.

2ND UNIT DIRECTOR O/S  
...And CUT!...

Some clapping and cheering breaks out, but most the crew \*  
couldn't care less, returning to their cell-phones and shot \*  
lists. Only Shannon seems interested in Driver, limping over and \*  
helping him out of his battered Black-and-White.

SHANNON  
Nice work, officer...

Driver spits out some fake candyglass from the shattered  
windscreen.

27 INT. NINO'S PIZZERIA/ WESTWOOD - DAY. 27 \*

A New York style pizza-by-the-slice restaurant. A WAITER takes a \*  
delivery of Chinese food at the door and carries it over to a \*  
table where Shannon is sitting with an old friend, BERNIE ROSE. \*

WAITER \*  
Here you go, Mr. Rose. \*  
(Taking out the white boxes) \*  
Egg rolls, chicken chow mein, five flavor \*  
shrimp and Peking duck. \*

(CONTINUED)

BERNIE ROSE \*  
Did they remember the chop sticks? \*

WAITER \*  
Doesn't look like it, sir. Let me run and \*  
get the guy. \*

From the way the waiter hurries off we get a sense of Bernie's \*  
power and authority. He turns back to Shannon, resuming their \*  
conversation. \*

BERNIE ROSE \*  
...You run a perfectly good business. Why \*  
would you want to change now? \*

SHANNON \*  
You know how much my business made last \*  
year? Thirty Grand. Takes me six months to \*  
build a car and a couple of seconds for \*  
these jerks to write it off on a stunt that \*  
doesn't even make it into the movie. \*

Bernie shakes his head but clearly has a soft spot for Shannon. \*

BERNIE ROSE \*  
How much do you need? \*

SHANNON \*  
Let me talk you through it first.

BERNIE ROSE \*  
That sounds like a lot. \*

SHANNON \*  
Doesn't have to be. The big money teams \*  
burn through three, four million a year but \*  
that's 'cause they're using half a dozen \*  
test drivers and a stable of cars. \*

BERNIE ROSE \*  
I don't know anything about motor racing \*  
but I assume there's a reason for that? \*

SHANNON \*  
Sure, but it's not the only way. All I need \*  
is a hard-used stock car. We start off with \*  
the small-town action then work our way up. \*  
There's close to two thousand events out \*  
there and once we make the Show we're \*  
talking millions.

BERNIE ROSE \*  
'Millions'? Since when did you become a \*  
dreamer? \*

(CONTINUED)

SHANNON

There's a fortune to be made. Sponsorship.  
TV deals. We'll even name the team after  
you.

Bernie looks at his friend in mild exasperation then turns away  
as the waiter returns with a handful of chop sticks.

BERNIE ROSE

Thank you, Ron. You sure you don't want any  
of this?

SHANNON

No, thanks.

Bernie waits for the waiter to leave then continues.

BERNIE ROSE

You still haven't given me a number?

Shannon hesitates but only for a second.

SHANNON

Four hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

Bernie Rose can't help grinning at his nerve.

SHANNON

Look, I wouldn't come to you unless I was  
sure about this.

BERNIE ROSE

Come on, Shannon, don't hustle a hustler.  
How can you be sure? What have you got  
these big money teams don't have?

SHANNON

I got a driver.

BERNIE ROSE

You just told me they had half a dozen  
drivers.

SHANNON

Not like this one.

He stares at his friend with quiet conviction.

SHANNON

I been working with this guy a long time -  
I've never seen anything like it. I had the  
money I'd back him myself...

Bernie Rose considers him quietly.

(CONTINUED)

BERNIE ROSE

But you don't have the money?...

\*

SHANNON

Everything I own is in metal. I had to sell my bullet car the other day just to pay the gas bill. I'm telling you, Bernie, put this kid behind a wheel there's nothing he can't do.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BERNIE ROSE

And what happens to my money if this kid gets hit by a bus?

\*  
\*  
\*

Shannon's about to reply when they're interrupted by a big bull of a man with a gruff voice.

\*

NINO

What are you doing eating Chink food in my restaurant?

\*  
\*  
\*

BERNIE ROSE

Our restaurant, Nino. If you served decent pizza I wouldn't have to send out.

(Introducing Shannon)

You remember, Shannon. He arranged all the cars for us when we were shooting those pictures down in Phoenix.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NINO

You mean those fuck movies. Yeah, I remember. How you doing?

\*  
\*  
\*

Shannon doesn't like Nino but stands up respectfully, shaking his hand and offering him his seat. Nino barely acknowledges him, taking the seat without a word of thanks.

\*  
\*  
\*

BERNIE ROSE

(Dismissing Shannon gently)

I want to meet him first...

\*  
\*

28 INT. ELEVATOR/ APARTMENT BLOCK/ ECHO PARK - MORNING.

28

\*

Driver stands in the elevator as it climbs slowly. It reaches the ground floor then the doors slide open. Driver finds himself face to face with the pretty girl he saw the other night. She looks a little startled to see him, then recovers

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PRETTY GIRL (IRENE)

Hi...

\*

She joins him in the elevator, carrying a grocery bag with some milk and Fruit Loops cereal.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER  
Which floor, ma'am?...

IRENE  
Fourth please...

Driver presses the fourth floor button even though it's already lit. The doors shut and the elevator starts to climb. Driver stares out quietly. Irene looks awkward in the silence, feeling like she should say something.

IRENE  
This is the slowest elevator in LA...

Driver smiles softly but says nothing. Irene finds the silence even more awkward now. She looks relieved as the elevator doors finally open. Driver steps aside to let her out first.

IRENE  
Thank you...

29 INT. CORRIDOR/ APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - MORNING. 29

Driver and Irene walk down the corridor in the same direction, only a few feet apart. She seems more aware of his presence than he is of hers. She reaches the door to her apartment first.

IRENE  
Goodbye...

DRIVER  
Goodbye, ma'am...

Driver looks at her just long enough not to seem impolite, then continues down the corridor, not even glancing back.

30 EXT. DIRT TRACK NEAR MONTECITO - DAY. 30

Bright sunlight. In the distance we see a trail of dust moving across the flatland. Everything is silent, then slowly the hum of an engine rises as the stock car turns towards us. It shimmers in the heat waves, the noise of its engine getting louder as it picks up speed.

Shannon stands with his friend Bernie Rose at the edge of the makeshift track, staring at the glittering car with its colorful signage advertising everything from Snickers to Cheerios.

BERNIE ROSE  
Looks like a flying candy bar. You're gonna have to tell me if that's fast or slow 'cause I got no idea...

Shannon smiles to himself.

30 CONTINUED:

SHANNON  
It ain't slow...

31 INT. RACE CAR/ PRACTICE TRACK NEAR MONTECITO - DAY. 31

Even in the cramped space of the roll cage there's something effortless about the way Driver controls the car. His eyes are fixed in concentration, his body tensing only slightly as he lifts his foot off the gas and turns the wheel.

32 EXT. SAUGUS SPEEDWAY - DAY. 32 \*

The glinting vehicle is lost in a cloud of dust, then reappears again, moving even faster now. The STOCK CAR'S OWNER, a bearded hot-rodder with a t-shirt that says, "*Drive it like you stole it*", joins Shannon with a confident smile.

STOCK CAR OWNER  
Told you she was a beauty...

SHANNON  
(Playing hard to get)  
Maybe where you come from...

Bernie Rose pays no attention to their banter, his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the stock car as it finally slows to a stop. \*

33 EXT. RACE CAR/ SAUGUS SPEEDWAY - DAY. 33 \*

Driver climbs out of the car. As he looks up he sees Shannon limping over with the stock car's owner, a couple of MECHANICS, and Bernie Rose.

SHANNON  
Looks a little long in the tooth to me. \*  
Think we should we take her home?... \*

Driver shrugs. Shannon grins, turning to Bernie now. \*

SHANNON  
Bernie, this is the driver I been telling  
you about...

One look at Bernie Rose and Driver senses the power and authority behind his deceptively gentle eyes. \*

SHANNON  
Bernie's thinking of investing in our race  
team...

The old mobster holds out his hand, meeting Driver's gaze.

DRIVER  
My hands are a little dirty. \*

(CONTINUED)



33 CONTINUED:

BERNIE ROSE

Don't worry. So are mine...

He gives Driver a big grin and a warm handshake, sizing him up. \*  
Driver smiles politely, gazing back at him. The stock car's \*  
owner interrupts the moment between them, holding a stop watch. \*

STOCK CAR OWNER

Couldn't see much wrong with that. You beat  
the fastest lap by more than half a second.

DRIVER

You might wanna take a look at the \*  
suspension before we go again. \*  
(Turning back to Bernie)  
Nice to meet you...

Bernie's still studying him. \*

BERNIE ROSE

You too...

Their eyes stay on each other, then Driver follows the stock car \*  
owner and his mechanics back to the car. Bernie Rose stares \*  
after him quietly, thinking to himself. Shannon can feel he's \*  
getting interested. \*

SHANNON

You gonna give me the four? \*

BERNIE ROSE

I'll give you three for seventy percent... \*

34 INT. SUPERMARKET/ ECHO PARK - SUNSET. 34

Tinny supermarket music plays in the background. Driver walks \*  
past the vast selection of instant coffee brands, bemused by the \*  
choice. Suddenly he notices something out of the corner of his \*  
eye. At the far end of the aisle his pretty neighbor, Irene, is \*  
browsing through the confectionery section. Standing next to her \*  
is a young boy of six or seven, (BENICIO). He grabs a multi-pack \*  
of snickers and puts it in Irene's shopping basket. Irene calmly \*  
picks it out, replaces it on the shelf, and takes a single \*  
snicker bar for him instead. As Driver watches them, the boy \*  
turns around and notices him. Driver heads down another aisle \*  
before Irene sees him too, keeping to himself to himself. \*

35 EXT. CAR PARK/ SUPERMARKET - SUNSET. 35

Driver heads out of the supermarket with a small bag of \*  
groceries when he spots Irene and Benicio again in the car park. \*  
Irene sits in a battered Oldsmobile, trying to start the engine. \*  
She tries several times then gets out in frustration, opening \*  
the hood and peering at the engine she has no idea how to fix.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

Benicio peers in too, trying to be helpful. Driver hesitates, all his instincts telling him to continue to his car and drive away, but as he feels Irene's increasing frustration he can't help himself, finally heading over to help. \*

36 INT. KITCHEN/ IRENE'S APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - SUNSET. 36 \*

Driver carries Irene's grocery bags into the kitchen for her. \*

IRENE \*

Thanks. Every time we take the car to the store it breaks down... \*

Benicio hovers by his mother, still staring at Driver. \*

IRENE \*

Would you like a beer? \*

DRIVER \*

No, I should get back. \*

IRENE \*

Let me get you a glass of water at least. \*

There's nothing pushy about her manner. She's just being polite. Driver finds it hard to say no. \*

37 INT. LIVING ROOM/ IRENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT. 37 \*

Irene's living room is the same size as Driver's but it's decorated in warm, vibrant colors, as distinctive as his is anonymous. \*

IRENE \*

You just move to LA? \*

DRIVER \*

No, I been here a while.

IRENE \*

And before that?

DRIVER \*

Here and there...

IRENE \*

(A gentle smile)  
Too many questions, huh?...

Driver smiles back awkwardly, not sure how else to respond.

IRENE \*

Soon as you finish your water you're free to go...

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

It's only when she grins that he realizes she's joking. She looks at him a moment, then turns away as Benicio calls out from his bedroom. \*

BENICIO OFFSCREEN \*

Mama?!... \*

IRENE \*

(Apologizing)

I'll be right back...

She walks off, disappearing into the bedroom. Driver has a sip of water, glancing around the living room as he waits for her to return. He notices a few photographs on a side table. Most of them are of Benicio and Irene, but one of them shows the little boy standing next to a handsome Latino man with tattoos -- the two of them posing next to a life-size Mickey Mouse at Disneyland. \*

Irene walks back into the living room, pausing as she sees Driver gazing at the photographs. He turns around. \*

IRENE \*

I'm sorry about that. He couldn't find his pyjamas... \*

(Trying to sound casual)

That's his father in the picture. The one with the tattoos not the big ears...

Driver smiles, taking another look at the photograph.

DRIVER

What's he do?

IRENE \*

Lately he's been into charity work, helping provide jobs for state workers...

Driver doesn't understand.

IRENE \*

He's in jail... \*

He looks at her and realizes she isn't joking.

DRIVER

I'm sorry.

IRENE \*

(Changing the subject) \*

What do you do? \*

Driver hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

DRIVER

I drive.

IRENE

Like a limo driver?

DRIVER

No, for the movies...

IRENE

(Incredulously)

You mean all those car chases and stuff?

He nods, a little embarrassed.

IRENE

Isn't that dangerous?

He seems thrown by her concern.

DRIVER

It's just part-time. Most days I work in a garage.

IRENE

Where?

DRIVER

Silver Lake and 3rd.

IRENE

You should tell Benicio you're a stunt guy.

DRIVER

He interested in that kind of stuff?

IRENE

Aren't all little boys?

She smiles softly and he realizes she's teasing him.

BENICIO O/S

Mama, I can't find my toothpaste...

The little boy stands in the doorway in his pyjamas, eyeing Driver warily.

IRENE

Honey, it's where it always is.

BENICIO

I looked.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

IRENE

Look again...

Driver finishes his glass of water, anxious to leave now. Irene looks back at him as her son disappears.

IRENE

You want another glass of water?

DRIVER

I should get going...

He catches the disappointment in her eyes, but she covers it with another good humored smile.

IRENE

Well, thank you for helping me with everything.

DRIVER

Thank you for the drink...

She takes his empty glass and walks him to the door.

38 EXT/INT. STREET/ DRIVER'S APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - DAY. 38

Passing traffic roars by on the busy street. Irene and Benicio are walking home from the bus stop, chatting happily. They look like they've just come back from the beach, Irene carrying a basket full of towels, Benicio clutching a dusty soccer ball.

Driver watches them from the window of his apartment, blowing gently on a cup of coffee.

39 INT/ EXT. DRIVER'S CAR/ HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT. 39

The reflection of passing neon rolls down the Camaro's windshield. Driver's cruising down Hollywood Boulevard, shut off from the world outside, listening to 'Purple Rain'. The HOOKERS and HIPSTERS have taken over the streets while up above airbrushed movie stars stare down from their lofty billboards.

40 EXT. PARKING LOT/ MINI MALL - DAWN. 40

It's early morning and Driver's been driving all night, unable to sleep. He heads across the parking lot towards a garishly lit mini-mall. Up ahead a small group of GANGBANGERS are hanging out with intent. They see him coming and look over intimidatingly. Driver's only reaction is to bunch his car keys in his hand, the longest key sliding between his second and third fingers like a weapon. The gangbangers don't see it but the unflinching look in his eyes unnerves them and they look away, letting him pass.

41 EXT/ INT. BUFFALO BAR AND GRILL/ LA - DAWN. 41 \*

Jukebox music plays in the bar and grill. Driver sits on his own, working his way through a plate of bacon and eggs. \*

BEARDED REDNECK OFFSCREEN \*

Mind if I cut in?... \*

Driver looks up and sees a burly REDNECK with an unkempt beard and a wrestler's physique. The redneck slides into the seat opposite him. \*

BEARDED REDNECK \*

You're Shannon's buddy, right? We met last year. You drove me and my brother back from Palm Springs... \*

Driver stares into the redneck's coked-up eyes, then looks back down at his food. \*

BEARDED REDNECK \*

Next run we hired another wheelman - I spent six months in jail, my brother got himself killed... \*

(He grins through yellowing teeth) \*

He wasn't much, mind you, just family... \*

Driver doesn't seem to hear him. \*

BEARDED REDNECK \*

Thing is - \*

DRIVER \*

I'm not interested... \*

Driver looks up quietly, fixing him with his icy gaze. The Redneck's smile slowly fades. He considers his response for a moment, then decides against it, standing up. \*

BEARDED REDNECK \*

Well, it's good to see you again... \*

Driver carries on eating as if the man didn't exist. \*

42 EXT. FORECOURT/ SHANNON'S GARAGE - DAY. 42 \*

The loud stutter of an unhealthy engine. Shannon sits in the second hand race car he bought in Montecito, revving the engine. \*

SHANNON \*

Sounds like a goddamn M-16... \*

Driver smiles, popping the hood. As Shannon limps out of the vehicle he sees a battered Oldsmobile drive into the forecourt. \*

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

He takes one look at the owner, then runs his hand through his white hair, breaking into a friendly smile.

SHANNON

Gorgeous day just got even nicer. How can I help you, ma'am?

WOMAN'S VOICE O/S

I've got a problem with my car.

SHANNON O/S

I can imagine. That thing must be older than I am...

Driver turns around in surprise now, recognizing Irene's voice. \*

IRENE \*

Hi...

DRIVER

Hi...

A mischievous smile lights up Shannon's face as he watches them. \*

SHANNON

You boys and girls know each other?

IRENE \*

We're neighbors.

SHANNON

I see...

Driver ignores the sly look in the old man's eyes.

SHANNON

So what seems to be the problem, ma'am?

IRENE \*

Either it doesn't start or it stalls. I tried to fix it myself and it was okay for a while but then the same thing happened. \*

SHANNON

Well, why don't we park her over there and take a look... \*

Driver is still watching Irene quietly. \*

IRENE \*

I can come back later if you're busy...

SHANNON

He's busy, I'm not...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

Shannon gives Driver another sly look as he takes her car keys.

43 EXT. SHANNON'S GARAGE/ SILVER LAKE BOULEVARD - DAY.

43

\*

The Oldsmobile's engine looks like it hasn't been serviced in years. Shannon is bent over the hood.

\*

SHANNON

...Just my opinion, but I think you should consider buying a new car...

IRENE

(With gentle irony)  
That would be great...

\*

\*

\*

She glances round and sees Benicio standing in the forecourt with Driver, watching him work on his own car now. Driver's so busy tuning the engine he hardly notices the boy. His lack of interest finally gets a rise out of Benicio.

\*

\*

\*

\*

BENICIO

That thing won't ever work.

\*

DRIVER

(Without looking round)  
You think?

Benicio watches him sullenly, more intrigued than he lets on.

\*

BENICIO

Let's go for a drive then.

\*

DRIVER

Better ask your mom...

\*

Benicio considers a moment, then turns and calls out to Irene.

\*

BENICIO

Mama, can I go for a drive in the car?!

\*

Irene looks over in surprise, not sure what to say.

\*

44 INT/ EXT. DRIVER'S CAR/ SILVERLAKE BOULEVARD - DAY.

44

\*

Driver and Benicio sit in the Camaro, driving in silence.

\*

DRIVER

Your mom said you like movies?

\*

BENICIO

Sometimes.

\*

DRIVER

Ever see the Terminator?

(CONTINUED)



44 CONTINUED:

BENICIO  
No.

DRIVER  
Grease?

Benicio nods.

DRIVER  
Wanna see where it was shot?

45 INT. SHANNON'S GARAGE/ SILVER LAKE BOULEVARD - DAY. 45

Shannon's got his tool kit out, examining the Olds. Irene looks at the forecourt but there's no sign of Driver and her son.

IRENE  
How long has he been working for you?

SHANNON  
Don't worry, ma'am, your son'll be fine.

IRENE  
That's not what I meant...

Shannon smiles to himself, sensing her interest in Driver.

SHANNON  
We been together about five years now. He showed up out of the blue one day, no references or nothin', asking me for a job. I offered him half the wages I normally pay and he didn't even blink. Been exploiting him ever since...  
(He grins)  
Only thing he knows is cars...

46 INT/ EXT. DRIVER'S CAR/ LA RIVER - DAY. 46

The car roars along the drainage canals. In the passenger seat Benicio looks tense but exhilarated. The car glides past a landscape of abandoned shopping carts, garbage bags, and shredded tires, picking up speed all the time.

47 EXT. LA RIVER - DAY. 47

Driver's parked the car now in an area of the drainage canal which looks like an oasis. He leans against the vehicle, soft rock playing on his radio as he watches Benicio climb a tree.

48 INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ SILVERLAKE - NIGHT. 48

Benicio is asleep in the back of Driver's car now. Driver's giving him and Irene a ride back to their apartment.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

Irene looks at Driver, waiting for him to say something, but he keeps his eyes fixed on the road. \*

49 INT. BENICIO'S BEDROOM/ IRENE'S APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT.49 \*

Cradling the sleeping Benicio in his arms Driver lays him down on his bed. Irene takes off her son's clothes and puts on his pyjamas, careful not to wake him. Driver slips out of the room, uncomfortable with the intimate moment between mother and son. \*

50 INT. LIVING ROOM/ IRENE'S APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 50 \*

Irene walks out of the bedroom, smiling at Driver gratefully. \*

IRENE \*

Thank you for today. He had a great time... \*

DRIVER

I'm glad...

He stares back at her in the silence, both of them looking a little uncertain.

IRENE \*

...And I'm sorry if I put you on the spot, you know, just showing up like that...

DRIVER

Don't worry...

Her eyes stay fixed on his, the attraction palpable.

IRENE \*

It's not always easy to meet people when you're on your own with a child. Usually everyone runs a mile. I guess they think it's more trouble than it's worth...

Driver hesitates, sensing she's sounding him out.

DRIVER

It's no trouble...

She smiles awkwardly, waiting to see what will happen next. Driver finally breaks the tension, making a tentative move towards the door. Irene opens it for him, looking up into his eyes. Driver knows he could kiss her, wants to, but something inside holds him back. Instead he just offers his help. \*

DRIVER

You need a ride anywhere over the weekend I'm not doing much...

51 EXT. DENTISTS/ NORTH HOLLYWOOD - DAY. 51 \*

Irene emerges with Benicio from the dentists. The little boy is clutching his mouth, making a show of being in pain. Irene teases him gently as they walk. Driver waits for them in his car, watching them quietly. \*

52 INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ ECHO PARK - SUNSET. 52 \*

Soft rock plays on the car radio. Irene sits in the passenger seat with a smile. Driver looks at her curiously as he drives, no idea why she's grinning. Benicio suddenly leans forward and changes the radio to a different station -- hard rock blaring out. Driver lets it go for a moment, then changes it back. Benicio responds, until it becomes a game, Irene laughing now. \*

53 EXT. SHANNON'S GARAGE/ SILVER LAKE BOULEVARD - DAY. 53

The roar of machinery. Driver and Shannon are both working on the stock car. \*

SHANNON

...I still can't believe I bought this piece of shit... \*

He grins, looking up at Driver. \*

SHANNON

I thought maybe we'd take her for a run Thursday or Friday. \*

DRIVER

I can't make Friday. \*

SHANNON

Yeah? Why's that? \*

DRIVER

I told Irene I'd drive her to Burbank. \*

SHANNON

*Irene, huh?* \*

(Teasing him)

You're seeing quite a lot of the young lady... \*

DRIVER

You're taking a long time to fix her car... \*

54 INT. LIVING ROOM/ IRENE'S APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 54 \*

On the TV, an animated version of El Santo the wrestler is playing in Spanish, the masked hero confronting an evil scientist, the screen flickering from color to black and white. \*

(CONTINUED)

Driver and Benicio sit on the couch, watching the cartoon. From their relaxed body language it's clear some time has passed and they know each other a little better. \*

DRIVER  
What's he saying? \*

BENICIO  
He's telling him if he doesn't leave the earth alone he'll fight him. \*

Irene calls out from her bedroom. \*

IRENE O/S  
I'm almost ready... \*

Driver looks back at the screen. Werewolves appear now, surrounding El Santo. \*

DRIVER  
Looks like he miscalculated. \*

BENICIO  
He's okay. \*

Just as the fight begins the color on the TV screen flickers. \*

DRIVER  
I'm gonna show you a trick... \*

Benicio watches curiously as Driver gets off the couch and kneels beside the TV. \*

DRIVER  
This is pretty complicated. You watching? \*

Benicio nods. Driver suddenly gives the TV set a hard smack and the interference stops. \*

DRIVER  
Think you can remember that?... \*

Benicio grins. Driver smiles back then looks away as he hears the phone ring. Irene walks out of her bedroom, dressed in her waitress's uniform, and answers it. \*

IRENE  
Hello?...Yes?...Yes, this is she... \*

Driver sees the look of surprise on Irene's face as she listens to the voice on the other end. The doorbell suddenly rings. Irene catches Driver's eye and asks him to open it. He heads over, checks the spy-hole, then opens the door. A YOUNG WOMAN who's sitting for Benicio walks in, looking at Driver curiously. \*

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG WOMAN (IRENE'S FRIEND)

Hi...

\*  
\*

DRIVER

Hello...

\*  
\*

BENICIO

Hi Cindy...

\*  
\*

Irene's friend heads past Driver and scolds Benicio affectionately.

\*

IRENE'S FRIEND

It's 8:30. Teeth. Pyjamas. TV off.

\*

BENICIO

It's not the TV. It's a DVD...

\*  
\*

Driver looks back at Irene now. She puts down the phone, forcing a smile but still looking distracted.

\*

55 INT/ EXT. DRIVER'S CAR/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT.

55

Irene sits next to Driver in the passenger seat, staring out of the window at the glittering fountain in Echo Park.

\*

DRIVER

Shannon swears he'll have your car ready by tomorrow.

IRENE

(A rueful smile)  
He said that last week...

\*

Driver smiles back softly, keeping his eye on the road.

IRENE

I've never come this way before...

\*

DRIVER

It's a short cut...

IRENE

The park looks pretty at night...

\*

She looks at Driver, watching him quietly, then looks away again.

DRIVER

You okay?...

Irene takes a long time to answer, still staring out of the window.

\*

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

IRENE

That was my husband's lawyer on the phone.  
He's getting an early release...

She tries to sound casual. Driver takes the news quietly, even though it hits him like a sledgehammer.

DRIVER

That's great...

IRENE

I'm glad for Benicio. It's been hard for  
him without his father...

Driver knows she's trying to explain herself but doesn't say anything, driving in silence.

Up ahead the traffic lights turn red and the car slows to a stop.

Inside, the silence is unbearable. Irene pauses, then looks at Driver. He's even more handsome in the shadowy half-light, something achingly lonely and melancholy about his stillness.

She hesitates, then moves her hand towards his, brushing the back of his hand, then slipping her fingers between his.

The gesture is tiny but charged with emotion. They both stare out in silence, fingers clasped, then Irene gently withdraws her hand, as if nothing's happened.

Outside the lights change to green.

56 INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - SUNSET.

56

An eruption of laughter and celebration. A sign in Spanish over the door says, *Welcome home Papa*. Inside the apartment there's a party going on -- Cuban music, balloons and streamers, the din of conversation. Irene's charismatic husband, STANDARD, has been released from jail and all his FRIENDS and FAMILY are here to celebrate. Holding his son Benicio in his arms he makes a thank you speech to his guests.

STANDARD

...I'm touched and grateful that you're all  
here -- even though I know it's for Irene's  
cooking and nothing to do with me...

There's a chorus of playful agreement from the guests. Standing beside him Irene looks a little awkward.

STANDARD

...Anyhow, now that I've completed my MBA  
in catering from Chino Business School...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

STANDARD (cont'd)

(More laughter)

I'm finally ready to open the restaurant  
Irene and I have been talking about for all  
these years...

(More cheers)

It's gonna be the classiest Cuban joint in  
LA and none of you are invited...

Hoots of derision. Irene pulls away from her husband gently as  
he tries to kiss her.

57 INT. DRIVER'S BEDROOM/ APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 57

A black and white movie plays on TV. Driver lies on his bed,  
gazing at the screen, listening to the sound of the party  
echoing down the corridor.

58 INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 58

It's nighttime and the party's in full swing. Irene makes her  
way through the crowd, looking for Benicio. She sees him with  
Standard and some of his FRIENDS. Standard has his arm around  
his son. He offers him a sip of beer, then laughs affectionately  
as the boy pulls a face.

IRENE

What are you doing?

Standard looks up at his wife with a gentle smile.

STANDARD

Kid's got a drinking problem.

IRENE

He's seven years old.

STANDARD

Shit, he told me he was eight...

Benicio grins, but Irene's in no mood for jokes.

IRENE

They can't smoke in the corridor.

STANDARD

There's nowhere else for them to go. You  
want me to kick 'em out I'll kick 'em out.

IRENE

Why don't you put your son to bed...

Standard watches her walk off, wondering what's wrong.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

STANDARD

(Ruffling his son's hair)  
She mad at you or me?...

59 INT. DRIVER'S BEDROOM/ APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 59

The noise of the party is finally too much for Driver. He climbs off the bed, switches off the TV, then slips on his jacket.

60 INT. CORRIDOR/ APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 60

A crowd of guests have spilled out into the corridor to smoke. Irene edges her way through the crush, telling them to go back inside as politely as she can.

IRENE

...Please, I need to shut the door...You  
can smoke downstairs...

She starts to look frustrated when suddenly she sees Driver emerge from his apartment at the end of the corridor. She hesitates, then sets off towards him, forgetting about her rowdy guests. Driver locks his door when he hears her voice.

IRENE O/S

Hey...

He turns around and sees her standing there with a smile.

IRENE

I'm sorry about the noise. I was going to  
leave a note under your door warning you we  
were having a party.

DRIVER

(He stares back at her)  
Don't worry. I won't complain.

IRENE

I wish you would. Maybe the cops'd show up  
and send everybody home...

Their eyes stay on each other, the music pounding in the  
background.

IRENE

The car works great by the way. It hasn't  
stalled once.

DRIVER

I'm glad.

IRENE

Listen, if you're hungry I've cooked -

(CONTINUED)



STANDARD O/S \*

Hey!... \*

They both look round and see Standard edging past the guests in the corridor, heading towards them with a can of beer in his hand. Instinctively Driver tenses, ready for a confrontation, but Standard breaks into a friendly smile. \*

STANDARD \*

You're our new neighbor, right? Benicio's told me all about you... \*

Driver seems unsure how to respond. \*

DRIVER \*

He's a great kid. \*

STANDARD \*

He's got a great mother. I can't take any of the credit... \*

Standard slips his arm around Irene now, still smiling at Driver. \*

STANDARD \*

He tells me you drive for the movies? \*

DRIVER \*

That's right. \*

STANDARD \*

Must be pretty good? \*

DRIVER \*

I get by. \*

STANDARD \*

Not like a nine to five gig, huh? Lot of free time on your hands... \*

He's still smiling but there's a slight edge to his voice. Irene starts to look uncomfortable. \*

IRENE \*

We should get everyone inside - \*

STANDARD \*

Why don't you join us for a drink? \*

DRIVER \*

I've got some things to do. \*

STANDARD \*

At this hour of night? \*

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

IRENE  
Standard, he's busy. Let's go...

Standard doesn't move, still sizing Driver up.

STANDARD  
If you change your mind you know where to  
find us. I'm gonna go dance with my wife...

He holds Irene closer, then leads her off with a smile. Driver  
watches them go, feeling much more inside than he shows.

61 EXT/ INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ LA - NIGHT.

Brooding movie stars look down from the billboards. Driver is in  
his car again, soft rock playing on the radio.

62 INT. IRENE'S APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - DAY.

Standard is helping his son get ready for school, the two of  
them happy to be together again. Irene watches them from the  
doorway.

63 EXT/ INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ LA - DAY.

Anonymous streets roll by, Driver driving aimlessly.

64 INT. CHUCK E. CHEESE RESTAURANT/ LA - NIGHT.

Standard, Irene and Benicio are having dinner at a Chuck E.  
Cheese restaurant. We still sense the distance between Standard  
and Irene, but Benicio seems completely unaware of it, talking  
excitedly as he eats his pizza. Standard reaches out and takes  
Irene's hand gently as he listens to his son.

65 INT. DRIVERS'S CAR/ LA - NIGHT.

Driver turns his car sharply into yet another street, still  
unable to get Irene out of his mind.

66 INT. SHANNON'S GARAGE/ SILVER LAKE BOULEVARD - DAY.

A noise of hammering. The corporate signage has been scraped off  
the race car and the seats ripped out. Bernie Rose has bought  
his partner Nino to the garage to take a look at his investment.

NINO  
...You paid three hundred fucking grand for  
this?

BERNIE ROSE  
That's just the shell. You start with the  
shell, then you build the frame, then the  
motor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BERNIE ROSE (cont'd)  
 (Pointing to an engine nearby) \*  
 I paid three hundred for that. The money \*  
 goes on the inside not the outside. \*

NINO \*  
 Fuck that! If I'm gonna blow three hundred \*  
 I wanna make sure everyone can see it! \*

Shannon smiles at the old friends' banter, limping after them. \*

NINO \*  
 (Pointing to a Thunderbird) \*  
 You should've bought a pussy car like that. \*

BERNIE ROSE \*  
 You buy it. Shannon sell him the car... \*

At the far end of the garage Driver hears them laughing, too \*  
 busy working on his car to pay any attention. Shannon opens the \*  
 door of the Thunderbird and invites Nino to take a seat. \*

SHANNON \*  
 Try her out. She's more comfortable than a \*  
 water bed. \*

NINO \*  
 So's my wife. Same size too. I'm gonna look \*  
 like a faggot sitting in this thing... \*

Bernie Rose shakes his head at his partner's crude humor then \*  
 looks away, observing Driver quietly. \*

Driver applies a blow torch to his car, so absorbed in his work \*  
 he doesn't hear Bernie Rose approach. \*

BERNIE ROSE O/S \*  
 How you doing?... \*

Driver hears him and turns off the blow torch, standing up \*  
 respectfully. Bernie Rose gives him a friendly smile. \*

BERNIE ROSE \*  
 How long before our first race? \*

DRIVER \*  
 Few more weeks. \*

BERNIE ROSE \*  
 You gonna be ready? \*

There's something gently challenging in his gaze. \*

DRIVER \*  
 I hope so... \*

(CONTINUED)

BERNIE ROSE

Cautious man. Like myself. Don't wanna make  
promises you can't keep...

Driver smiles but doesn't say anything. Bernie Rose finds him as  
hard to talk to as everyone else. Across the garage, Shannon  
sits in the T-Bird with Nino, revving the engine for him to  
admire. Bernie watches him affectionately.

BERNIE ROSE

He ever tell you how we met?

Driver shakes his head.

BERNIE ROSE

I did some producing back in the 80's.  
Interesting pictures. Kind of European.  
Shannon arranged the cars for us and did  
all the stunts. I knew he was overcharging  
me but I loved having him around. His next  
business venture he tried the same thing  
with some friends of mine and they broke  
both his legs. He never had much luck...

He's about to continue when they're interrupted by a familiar  
voice.

STANDARD O/S

Hey!...

Driver turns around and sees Irene's husband, Standard, heading  
towards him with an eager smile.

STANDARD

You got a second? I just wanted to ask you -

BERNIE ROSE

We're talking...

Bernie Rose's voice is full of quiet menace and authority.  
Standard stops in his tracks, instinctively sensing this is  
someone you don't mess with.

STANDARD

Sorry.

DRIVER

Give me a minute.

STANDARD

I'll wait outside...

Bernie Rose watches him leave.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (3)

BERNIE ROSE

Why is it you can always tell a prick a  
mile off?

He turns back to Driver with a smile, resuming their  
conversation.

BERNIE ROSE

The reason I'm telling you this is because  
he's got a lot invested in you. So do I...

Their eyes stay on each other with just a hint of tension.

BERNIE ROSE

Anything you need just let me know...

Driver nods. Bernie Rose studies him a moment, then finally  
smiles and walks away.

67 EXT. SHANNON'S GARAGE/ SILVER LAKE BOULEVARD - DAY.

67

Driver's joined Standard in the forecourt of the garage, the  
midday sun blazing down on them.

STANDARD

...I didn't realize you'd fixed our car.  
How much do I owe you?

DRIVER

Don't worry about it.

STANDARD

No, I insist...

He pulls out his wallet, waiting for Driver to name his price.

DRIVER

Call it fifty.

STANDARD

Friends and family discount, huh?

He smiles, not unpleasantly.

STANDARD

I appreciate what you did for my wife and  
kid when I was away...

Driver looks at him warily but Standard seems sincere.

STANDARD

You must think I'm an asshole?

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER \*  
I wouldn't know. \*

STANDARD \*  
Well, I am. Luckiest guy in the world to \*  
have those two and I screwed it up. Six \*  
goddamn months for credit card fraud... \*  
(His remorse sounds genuine) \*  
I'm still sleeping on the couch but at \*  
least I got a second chance... \*

He grins again but there's clearly something on his mind. \*

STANDARD \*  
You ever done any other kind of driving? \*  
Besides the movies? \*

DRIVER \*  
Why? \*

Standard hesitates, then finally comes out with it. \*

STANDARD \*  
A guy I met in the joint's looking for a \*  
driver. He'd pay pretty well... \*

Driver knows exactly what he's saying but doesn't respond. \*

STANDARD \*  
It's a pawn shop way out in the valley. \*  
Practically no risk - \*

DRIVER \*  
(Gently) \*  
Now I think you're an asshole... \*

Standard grins, taking it on the chin. \*

STANDARD \*  
You're probably right... \*

Their eyes stay on each other when Shannon emerges from the \*  
garage with Bernie Rose and Nino, calling out. \*

SHANNON \*  
Hey, kid! Come say goodbye, the money \*  
people are leaving!... \*

Standard's still staring at Driver, beginning to regret he \*  
mentioned the job to him. \*

STANDARD \*  
I'd be grateful if you didn't mention this \*  
to Irene. You understand?... \*

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

Driver holds his gaze, noticing the anxious look in his eyes and the beads of sweat on his forehead, then walks off. \*

68 INT/EXT. DRIVER'S CAR/ MEXICAN RESTAURANT/ DOWNTOWN - NIGHT. 68 \*

Passing traffic blurs past. Through the windows of a Mexican restaurant we see Irene at work, serving tables in her waitress's uniform. Driver's parked across the street, watching her from his car. He hesitates, looking conflicted, then finally climbs out of the car. \*

69 INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT/ BROADWAY/ DOWNTOWN L.A. - NIGHT. 69 \*

Irene walks out of the kitchen with a tray of food, then stops as she sees Driver sitting at a booth. She looks surprised to see him, but pleased, serving her table then heading over. \*

IRENE \*

Hi... \*

DRIVER \*

Hi... \*

Their eyes stay on each other, oblivious to the noise. \*

IRENE \*

We haven't seen you around in a while. You must have been pretty busy?...

DRIVER \*

You look pretty busy yourself...

She smiles, glancing at the tables she's supposed to serve. \*

IRENE \*

What can I get you? \*

DRIVER \*

I already ate. I just wanted to see how you were? \*

His concern touches her and makes her uncomfortable at the same time. \*

IRENE \*

We're okay. Standard thinks he may have found a job so I can give up my night shift. Spend more time with Benicio... \*

Driver stares back at her quietly. \*

IRENE \*

He misses you... \*

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

From the way she says it she could almost be talking about herself.

IRENE

He keeps asking me to invite you for dinner...

DRIVER

I'd like that...

His gentle gaze is finally too much for her. She grins, excusing herself.

IRENE

I've got to serve some tacos...

It's only when she has her back turned that we see how hard this is for her. Driver watches her walk away.

70 INT. KITCHEN/ MEXICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT. 70

Irene piles some plates of tacos on her tray, bracing herself to go back out and face Driver -- but when she walks out again he's no longer there.

71 INT/ EXT. DRIVER'S CAR/ APARTMENT BLOCK/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 71

Driver leans out of his car window and inserts a key to open the gates of the underground car park.

72 INT/ EXT. DRIVER'S CAR/ UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - NIGHT. 72

As Driver descends into the darkness of the car park, he suddenly sees a group of SHADOWY FIGURES walking in the opposite direction, heading up the ramp. There are half a dozen of them, tough looking MEXICANS with prison tattoos, one of them being pushed in a wheelchair. As they stride past Driver's car a couple of them glance in his direction. They look much tougher than regular gangbangers, cool and intimidating.

Driver cruises past them and winds his way further down the car park. Suddenly he notices something else in the shadows. A figure lies sprawled against one of the pillars. A smaller figure kneels a few feet away. Driver stops his car now, climbing out to see what's happened.

The prone figure groans in pain. As Driver approaches he realizes it's Standard. His face is covered in blood and he clutches his ribs. The smaller figure is Benicio. He stares at his father helplessly, then looks up at Driver in tears. Driver kneels beside Standard, checking nothing's broken.

DRIVER

Can you move?

(CONTINUED)



72 CONTINUED:

STANDARD  
Where's Benicio?

DRIVER  
He's right here...

Driver glances at Benicio. He looks completely shaken by the beating his father's taken. Standard raises his head painfully and looks at his son.

STANDARD  
It's okay, Benicio. I'm okay...

Driver watches the boy struggling to hold back his tears.

STANDARD  
Don't say anything to your mother, you understand? This is between you and me.

Benicio nods, too choked-up to speak. Standard turns to Driver.

STANDARD  
Can I use your bathroom to clean up? I don't want Irene to come home and see me like this...

73 INT. BATHROOM/ DRIVER'S APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT.

73

Standard is bent over the sink, splashing cold water on his face. As he checks his battered face in the mirror he notices how neatly Driver's laid out his toothbrush, shaving cream, and razor. He turns around and Driver hands him a towel.

STANDARD  
Thanks, man. I'm getting blood everywhere...

He dabs his face painfully, then looks at Driver.

STANDARD  
You ever been inside?

DRIVER  
Why?

STANDARD  
Way you lay out your stuff in the bathroom. This place even looks like a cell..

He tries to smile but it only makes his jaw hurt worse.

STANDARD  
Fucking punks took me by surprise...

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

Driver watches him quietly. \*

DRIVER \*  
Fucking punks didn't look like they needed \*  
to... \*

Standard stops and looks at him in surprise. \*

STANDARD \*  
You saw them, huh?... \*

Driver doesn't reply, waiting for him to continue. \*

STANDARD \*  
What did you say you were inside for? \*

DRIVER \*  
I didn't. \*

Standard pauses, wondering whether to confide in him. \*

STANDARD \*  
They were connected to a prison gang in \*  
Chino. I owed some protection money in the \*  
joint... \*

Driver begins to sense how anxious he is. \*

DRIVER \*  
What are you gonna tell Irene? \*

STANDARD \*  
I'll think of something. \*

DRIVER \*  
How much do you owe? \*

Standard hesitates, sounding tense. \*

STANDARD \*  
They want twenty thousand... \*

He stares at Driver. \*

STANDARD \*  
I don't pay up they threatened to hurt \*  
Irene and Benicio... \*

Driver stares back at him, more concerned than he shows. \*

DRIVER \*  
If you're worried about them why don't you \*  
send them away? \*

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

STANDARD

It won't make a difference. They'll find them. They're fucking crazy, man. You saw what they did to me in front of my son...

He sounds frustrated, angry with himself.

STANDARD

I fucked up, I don't even know how. My only way out is the job I was telling you about. The guy won't give it to me unless I find a driver...

He looks at Driver now, stripped of all his pride.

STANDARD

I've never done anything like this before. I don't know who else to ask...

Driver stares at his bruised and battered face.

DRIVER

You're gonna have to find some other way to pay them back...

He turns and walks out of the bathroom.

74 INT. LIVING ROOM/ DRIVER'S APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 74

Benicio is watching a baseball game on TV. Driver walks out, then stops and looks at him.

DRIVER

You okay?

The little boy nods without turning round, still frightened.

DRIVER

You want something to drink?

Benicio shakes his head, trying to hide his tears. Standard's emerged from the bathroom now, watching them quietly, sensing Driver's concern for his son. Driver hears him but doesn't turn around. Standard feels him wavering and makes one more appeal.

STANDARD

Just meet the guy, okay? Listen to what he has to say. If you don't like it walk away.

Driver keeps staring at Benicio then turns and looks at him. Standard holds his gaze.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

STANDARD

I'm not asking for me. I know how close you  
were to Irene and Benicio when I was away -

DRIVER

Don't try and play me -

STANDARD

It's the only way I know how to protect my  
family...

He stares at Driver unapologetically, then looks at his son.

STANDARD

Come on, Benicio. Let's go...

75 DRIVER'S POV/ CORRIDOR/ IRENE'S APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT.75

At the far end of the corridor we see Standard unlocking the  
door to his apartment. He's about to get it open when Irene  
opens it from the inside, staring at his face in shock.

IRENE

Oh my God!...

Driver sees Irene usher her husband and her son into the  
apartment in concern. He stands there for a moment, watching  
them from his doorway, then closes the door.

76 INT. LOW RENT BAR/ HOLLYWOOD/ SUNSET AND HIGHLAND - DAY. 76

Driver sits with Standard in a low rent bar now. Sitting  
opposite them in the booth are COOK, the guy organizing the  
score, a fleshy looking Albanian -- and his girlfriend, BLANCHE,  
a stunning blonde with short cropped hair.

COOK

...Last thing I need on this job is another  
amateur...

Driver doesn't respond while Standard's all eager smiles.

STANDARD

You wait till you see him drive...

Cook doesn't seem to hear him, still studying Driver. So is  
Blanche, oozing sex with her sullen expression.

COOK

You look like you're hard to work with?

DRIVER

Not if we understand each other.

(CONTINUED)

COOK

What's to understand? It's my score. Either you sign on or you don't.

DRIVER

Then I don't.

Standard grins, as if to suggest Driver's joking. Blanche smirks, raising her hand to summon a waiter.

\*  
\*

COOK

Put your hand down.

\*

BLANCHE

I want another Coke.

COOK

Not now. We're discussing business...

(His eyes still fixed on Driver)

I guess Standard'll have to go somewhere else.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

STANDARD

He didn't mean it like that, man...

Standard looks worried, trying to diffuse the tension.

COOK

So, what does he mean?

DRIVER

I drive. That's all I do. I don't sit in while you're planning the score or running it down. You tell me where we start, where we're headed, where we'll be going afterwards. I don't take part, I don't know anyone, I don't carry weapons, I drive...

Standard seems surprised by Driver's professional patter. So does Cook. Even Blanche is impressed.

\*

COOK

Attitude like that must cost you a lot of work.

DRIVER

It's not attitude, it's principle.

COOK

Okay, but if we're going in heavy so are you.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

DRIVER

No deal. I need to start shooting I figure  
you don't know what you're doing...

Standard's sweating now but Cook smiles softly. He writes a  
number down on a piece of paper and slides it across the table. \*

COOK

You don't want to participate, there it is.  
Fee for service. We keep it simple...

Driver takes one look at the number he's written and gets up.

DRIVER

Sorry to have wasted your time...

Standard's about to have a heart attack.

STANDARD

Hey, sit down, man. We can figure this out.

COOK

He's right. I'm just fucking with you.

Driver hesitates, all his instincts telling him to walk away,  
but he stays where he is.

COOK

Four of us on the team, we split five ways. \*  
Three shares for me and Blanche. One each \*  
for you guys. That work?... \*

Driver stares back at him in silence, thinking about Irene and  
Benicio, then finally nods. \*

77 EXT. PARKING LOT/ EAST LA - DAY. 77 \*

The midday sun beats down on a maze of cars. Driver strolls past  
the rows of glittering vehicles until he spots an older model \*  
vehicle. He makes sure no-one's watching then kneels down and \*  
expertly unscrews the license plates. \*

78 INT. LIVING ROOM/ IRENE'S APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 78 \*

Driver sits at the dinner table with Standard, Irene and Benicio \*  
now. Standard's in high spirits, beaming at his wife.

STANDARD

...I was such a jerk the first time we met. \*  
We're at this party and I see the most  
beautiful girl I ever laid eyes on and I  
walk over and say, 'Hello Miss, my name's  
Standard Guzman'. She takes one look at me  
and asks, 'Where's the deluxe version?'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STANDARD (cont'd)

(He laughs)

It took me like a minute to get it...

Irene smiles awkwardly, glancing at Driver. Benicio grins, eager to please his dad. \*

STANDARD

You don't get it either do you, Benicio? \*

Hope you didn't inherit your Papa's brains. \*

He ruffles his son's hair then pours himself another shot of tequila. Irene notices he's drinking, turning to Driver. \*

IRENE

Would you like some more chicken? \*

DRIVER

Thanks...

Their eyes stay on each as she serves him. Standard sees the look between them but his only reaction is to drain his glass and tuck into his food. \*

STANDARD

Now this is what I call a *deluxe* chicken. \*

Irene and I are gonna open a restaurant \*

together once I find the money. That's why \*

she's working in that Mexican joint. Figure \*

out how it's done. She's got more ambition \*

than anyone I know, more smarts too... \*

(He raises his glass) \*

We're gonna drive all those fucking \*

Mexicans out of business - \*

IRENE

Standard - \*

STANDARD

Excuse my language, Benicio... \*

IRENE

(Changing the subject) \*

How's the movie going?... \*

DRIVER

They finished shooting... \*

Irene looks at Standard as he pours himself another drink. \*

IRENE

Don't you think that's enough? \*

(CONTINUED)

STANDARD \*

Come on, we're celebrating. I've got my \*  
family around me and our new friend... \*

He raises his glass to Driver now. Driver senses how nervous he \*  
is about the job ahead, and how uncomfortable he is depending on \*  
someone his wife clearly admires. \*

IRENE \*

Are you working on anything else? \*

STANDARD \*

Stop asking the poor guy all these \*  
questions - \*

IRENE \*

(Losing patience)

Then why don't you go ahead and talk for \*  
all of us. \*

STANDARD \*

All right, I will. This time next week I'm \*  
gonna take you and Benicio away with me... \*

Irene stops and looks at him in surprise. \*

STANDARD \*

Where you wanna go, Benicio?... \*

His quiet confidence concerns her even more. \*

BENICIO \*

Disneyland. \*

STANDARD \*

Forget Disneyland. I'm gonna take you and \*  
your mother away from this bullshit city - \*

IRENE \*

Benicio, it's time for bed - \*

STANDARD \*

Your papa's got it all figured out - \*

IRENE \*

Benicio, you heard me - \*

STANDARD \*

It's okay. I'll take him... \*

Standard gets up from the table, lifting Benicio up in his arms \*  
and carrying him back to his bedroom. Driver watches them. Even \*  
in this kind of mood Standard's clearly devoted to his son. \*  
Irene waits until they're gone, then turns back to Driver. \*

(CONTINUED)



78 CONTINUED: (3)

IRENE

I'm sorry.

DRIVER

Don't worry...

She hesitates, torn, then looks up at him again, needing to confide in someone.

IRENE

Every time he makes that speech about taking me and Benicio away from here he's in some kind of trouble...

Driver sees the deep concern in her eyes and feels even more conflicted. Irene gets up, clearing away some plates.

79 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT/ APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 79

Driver strides through the parking lot and climbs in his car.

80 INT. CAR/ UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 80

Driver sits in the car as if it's his retreat from the world. He stares out, then turns on a stop watch, listening to it tick, finding his balance again in the familiarity of the ritual.

81 EXT. PAWN SHOP/ TARAZANA/ LA - DAY. 81

The pawn shop is nothing much to look at from the outside, another anonymous LA store front. Driver's parked the car a hundred yards from the entrance, his police scanner crackling. Standard sits beside him in the passenger seat, looking tense.

DRIVER

You don't have to do this.

STANDARD

(Forcing a smile)

What are you talking about?

He tries to make light of it but doesn't sound convincing. Out of his window he sees Blanche cross the street and enter the pawn shop, looking even more nervous now.

STANDARD

Irene and Benicio think the world of you, you know that, right?...

Driver looks at him curiously, sensing his anxiety.

STANDARD

Say something happens to me, you think you could find a way to take care of them?...

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

As Standard looks at him, Driver sees the fear in his eyes. \*

DRIVER

It's not too late... \*

Standard considers a moment, then shakes his head ruefully. \*

STANDARD

I gotta do this for them... \*

He forces a smile, slips on his sunglasses, then finally opens the door.

DRIVER

You got three minutes... \*

STANDARD

(Grinning)

I'll see you in two... \*

Driver watches him cross the street with a strong sense of foreboding. Standard checks his watch and enters the pawn shop. Driver checks his own watch. It's 15:00. He casts his eyes around the street, observing the smallest details -- the number plates of other vehicles; the windows of overlooking buildings. \*

The white hot sun blazes down, shining on the pawn shop windows, hiding everything inside. \*

The police scanner crackles but picks up no activity. Driver checks his watch again. It's 15:01. He starts the engine, and sets off, cruising slowly past the pawn shop, heading for the corner where he told Standard he'd be waiting. \*

He pulls over by the curb when suddenly he notices something. Parked a hundred yards down the road he sees another vehicle glinting in the sunlight. To the ordinary eye it's no different from the other cars parked nearby, but to Driver it stands out. For one, it's a Roush Mustang. Secondly, it has reinforced bumpers and racing tires. \*

Driver's watch shows 15:02 now. He looks away from the Mustang, gazing at the doors of the pawn shop, expecting Standard and Blanche to burst out at any moment. \*

But there's no sign of them.

The seconds tick away. 15:03. Driver hesitates, all his instincts telling him to drive off, but he stays where he is, thinking of Irene. \*

Suddenly he sees Standard and Blanche emerge from the pawn shop, Standard clutching a big black gym bag in his hand. \*

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

He smiles at Driver as he approaches when suddenly he hears the crack of gunshots behind him. Driver sees the look of panic in his eyes as he spins around.

A GUY IN A SUIT strides out of the pawn shop. Crouching low in an expert firing position he squeezes off several shots. The force of the bullets sends Standard flying. \*

Driver sees him hit the sidewalk, arterial blood pumping from his neck. Blanche screams, grabbing the gym bag and leaping into the back of the Dodge. Driver hesitates, takes one last look at Standard's lifeless body, then hits the gas as more gunshots crack behind him. \*

As the Dodge Spirit roars down the street, the Roush Mustang suddenly comes to life, pulling out of its parking place.

82 INT/ EXT. CAR/ STREET/ TARZANA/ LA - DAY. 82 \*

Driver glances in his rear-view mirror and sees the Mustang on his tail. It doesn't seem to be trying to close the gap, just following at a discreet distance. In the back seat, Blanche zips open the gym bag, then stares in shock. \*

BLANCHE

...Shit...Shit, there wasn't supposed to be this much money!... \*

There are literally stacks of hundred dollar bills crammed inside the gym bag. Driver catches her reaction in the mirror, but his attention is focussed on the Mustang. Up ahead, at an intersection, the lights turn red. Driver thinks about running them, but decides against it, braking sharply. The Mustang draws up beside him, its windows glinting in the sunlight. \*

BLANCHE

Move for Chrissakes!...

Driver ignores her, still watching the Mustang out of the corner of his eye. The lights change to green but Driver doesn't move. Nor does the Mustang. Behind them, other cars start honking their horns. Suddenly Driver roars off, swerving left at speed. \*

The Mustang reacts, realizing now that Driver knows it's after him, screeching off in pursuit. \*

Driver floors the gas. On speed and power his vehicle may be no match for the Mustang, but in traffic the odds are even. He weaves his way past the slower cars, putting obstacles between himself and the Mustang. The pursuing car matches him move for move, staying on his tail. \*

In the back seat, Blanche looks terrified, buckling herself in. \*

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

Driver sees an exit sign coming up in the opposite lane, but doesn't slow down, studying the oncoming vehicles. In the distance he sees an approaching truck. We can almost hear the ticking in his head as he times his move to perfection. Suddenly he spins the wheel and drifts across the entire width of the road, narrowly avoiding the onrushing cars, screeching into the exit on the opposite lane. The Mustang reacts, trying to pull off the same manoeuvre, but the onrushing truck ploughs through it, ramming it into oblivion. \*

83 EXT. MOTEL/ LA - DAY. 83 \*

Purple neon spills onto the forecourt of a seedy motel.

84 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY. 84

The black gym bag lies open on a double bed, full to the brim with stacks of cash. Blanche sits on the bed, looking pale. \*

DRIVER

How much did Cook tell you you could expect to net?

BLANCHE

Forty Grand... \*

She glances at the bag, staring at how much more money there is. Driver switches on the cheap TV set with the remote, flicking through the news channels. There's no mention of the robbery yet. He zips up the bag and heads out. \*

DRIVER

Stay here. Don't answer the door...

Blanche nods, too shaken to protest.

85 EXT. MOTEL/ LA - DAY. 85 \*

Driver hesitates, then dials a number on his cell-phone. Benicio answers. \*

BENICIO'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*

Hello?...

Driver hears the tremor in his voice.

DRIVER

Benicio?... \*

BENICIO'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*

Yeah?...

DRIVER

Is your mom there?...

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

There's an uncomfortable silence. Driver can feel the little boy trying to hold it together.

BENICIO'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*  
 She's gone with the police. My dad was hurt  
 in an accident...

Driver pauses, feeling guilty. \*

DRIVER  
 Who's staying with you?

BENICIO'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*  
 Cindy. \*

DRIVER  
 (A beat)  
 Tell your mom I'll call later...

86 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY.

86

A soap opera plays on the TV. Driver walks back into the motel room. Blanche lies on the bed, looking more relaxed. Driver picks up the remote and flicks through the channels until he finally finds a breaking news story on the robbery. There is a police mug-shot of Standard on screen. \*

TV REPORT \*  
 ...The armed robber was pronounced dead at  
 the scene. He was identified as Standard  
 Guzman of Echo Park, Los Angeles...

Driver listens to the report in silence. Blanche seems upset again, confronted with the reality of what's happened.

TV REPORT \*  
 ...Other details are unclear but the owner  
 of the establishment, Leo Biaggio, told  
 reporters that the robber had no  
 accomplices and that he'd tried to steal  
 several items of valuable jewelry. In other  
 news... \*

Driver switches off the TV, staring at the blank screen in surprise. He turns to Blanche.

DRIVER  
 The guy saw you grab the bag and jump in  
 the car -- why would he say there were no  
 accomplices?

BLANCHE  
 I've no idea.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

Any idea there'd be another car waiting?

This time she takes a fraction too long to answer.

BLANCHE

I told you everything -

DRIVER

You heard the report -- no accomplices, no money missing -- someone's trying to make a bullshit story stick and right now you and I are a big inconvenience! Now either you're part of the set-up or you're next in line!

\*

Blanche shakes her head, turning away from him. Driver suddenly slaps her -- hard.

\*

\*

DRIVER

You think I won't hurt you?

\*

\*

He raises his hand to slap her again and this time she talks, tears welling in her eyes.

\*

\*

BLANCHE

...Cook told me another car would hold us up...but he never said anything about this much money or anyone getting killed...

\*

\*

\*

Driver stares at her quietly, beginning to put the pieces together in his head.

DRIVER

You were gonna rip us off and split the take?

She nods guiltily.

DRIVER

How long have you known him?

BLANCHE

Couple months. We were fooling around. I've never been mixed up in anything like this -

DRIVER

You know his real name?

BLANCHE

He told me it was Chris, but I just called him Cook.

\*

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

DRIVER

You're going to take me to him right now,  
you understand?

\*  
\*  
\*

She nods, terrified, tears running down her face.

\*

BLANCHE

....Can I go wash up?...

\*

Driver nods distractedly, his mind racing. Blanche heads over to the bathroom. As she disappears inside Driver notices something on the bed where she's just been lying. It's her cell phone. Still flipped open as if she's called someone recently.

\*

Driver reaches for the cell phone when he notices the silhouette of a MAN crossing the curtains. Someone's outside. The door handle of the motel room starts to turn, slowly -- then suddenly there's the roar of a shotgun from the bathroom.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Driver reacts in an instant, rushing towards the bathroom door. He has to barge it open, something obstructing his way.

\*

87 INT. BATHROOM/ MOTEL ROOM - DAY.

87

Driver almost trips over Blanche's sprawled body as he bursts through. One quick glance and he knows she's dead - half her head blown off. Another quick glance and he sees her killer, a big burly HITMAN, trying to climb through the same bathroom window where he just shot her.

Driver moves like lightning, grabbing the man's arms before he can get off another shot and pulling him through the window. The hitman lands heavily in a sea of broken glass, cutting his forehead open, blinded momentarily by the blood in his eyes.

Driver takes his opportunity and slams the man's face back into the glass strewn floor, stunning him for a few more seconds as they struggle. Crawling away, he grabs the towel rack and pulls the metal bar off the wall. Using it as a spear he impales the hitman and grabs his shotgun.

\*  
\*  
\*

88 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY.

88

In the bedroom, the 2nd HITMAN finally kicks the door open. Driver bursts through the bathroom door at the same time -- firing the 1st shooter's shotgun. The force of the blast picks up the 2nd hitman and flings him against the wall like a rag doll.

\*

The startling explosion of violence is over just as suddenly as it began. Driver slumps to the floor in exhaustion, his hand and his arm ripped open by the broken glass. There's blood splatter all over the wall. Neon lights from outside flashing on the dead man's face. But no panicked footsteps or sirens yet.

\*

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

Driver crawls over to the dead hitman and rifles through his pockets. All he finds are a set of car keys. \*

89 INT. OFFICE/ SHANNON'S GARAGE - EVENING. 89 \*

Shannon stands in his office, listening silently on the phone, looking like he's been punched in the gut. \*

SHANNON \*

Why didn't you tell me?... \*

All he hears is silence on the other end. \*

SHANNON \*

Well, I guess it's done now... \*

90 INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ STREETS OF LA - EVENING. 90 \*

Driver's in his car, steering with his good hand as he talks to Shannon on his cell-phone. (INTERCUT) \*

DRIVER \*

There was a car waiting for us. An 05 Roush Mustang. This guy Cook set up the grab from the start... \*

SHANNON \*

How big's the take?... \*

DRIVER \*

I don't know. Two, three million... \*

SHANNON \*

Jesus... \*

Shannon looks dazed by the thought of so much money. \*

SHANNON \*

You better bring it over. \*

DRIVER \*

I'm hurt. I need a doctor to patch me up... \*

SHANNON \*

I'll take care of it... \*

91 INT. OFFICE/ SHANNON'S GARAGE - NIGHT. 91 \*

An underworld doctor, "DOC", a shabbily dressed old man who looks well past his prime takes out a small bottle of scotch along with his surgical tools, preparing for Driver's arrival. Shannon watches him uncertainly then heads downstairs as he hears a car boot slam shut in the garage. \*



92 INT. SHANNON'S GARAGE - NIGHT. 92 \*

Shannon arrives downstairs to see Driver walking unsteadily towards him in the gloom. Shannon can't help glancing at his hands, expecting him to be carrying the bag with the money, but there's no sign of it. \*

93 INT. OFFICE/ SHANNON'S GARAGE/ SILVER LAKE BOULEVARD - NIGHT.93 \*

Scissoring Driver's blood soaked shirt away Doc examines the shards of glass embedded in his arm, then notices the deep scars running down his back. \*

DOC

...Looks like you got more metal inside you than a ten tonne truck... \*

(His hand shakes) \*

You'd be better off with a mechanic not a medic... \*

Driver looks up at him warily from Shannon's pull out bed. \*

DOC

Relax. Just having my fun with you... \*

Doc picks up his bottle of scotch from among his bowls of Peroxide and Betadine, takes a drink, then offers it to Driver. \*

DOC

Take a hit off that. Chances are you'll need it... \*

Driver shakes his head, closing his eyes. Shannon watches him quietly, concerned for him but also curious about the money. \*

SHANNON

What did you do with the cash? \*

DRIVER

It's safe. \*

Shannon hesitates, but can't help himself. \*

SHANNON

You want me to look after it for you? \*

Driver doesn't answer, gritting his teeth as Doc pulls out the largest shard of glass. \*

SHANNON

Just think what we could do with all that- \*

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

DRIVER

Two guys just tried to kill me. I want to find out who it belongs to first...

Shannon nods, coming back down to earth.

SHANNON

This guy Cook got a real name?...

DRIVER

Maybe Chris. Probably not...

SHANNON

I'll ask Bernie if he's heard of him...

Driver grimaces again as Doc pulls out another shard of glass.

SHANNON

I wish you'd talked to me first...

Driver doesn't reply, his eyes fixed on the ceiling.

SHANNON

Lotta guys fall for other mens' wives but you're the only one I know robs a joint to make it up to the husband...

94 INT. BERNIE ROSE'S APARTMENT - DAY.

94

An elegant apartment full of framed photographs of beautiful grandchildren and movie posters from Hollywood's golden age. Bernie is in his silk pyjamas, looking like he's just woken up.

BERNIE ROSE

You want some coffee?

SHANNON

No, thanks...

Shannon looks tense but tries to hide it. From next door they can hear the sound of raised voices. Bernie Rose grabs the TV remote and turns up the volume to drown out his neighbors.

BERNIE ROSE

They've been going at it ever since I moved in. It's a wonder they haven't killed each other...

(A beat)

So, what's your interest in gentlemen's clubs?

Shannon doesn't understand, looking confused.

(CONTINUED)

BERNIE ROSE

*Strip joints.* That's what your guy Cook  
does. Runs a place on La Cienega. Why're  
you curious about him all of a sudden? \*

Even though they're close, Shannon's wary of giving away too  
much information.

SHANNON

A friend of mine owes him some money. I was  
wondering if you knew him? \*

BERNIE ROSE

Sure I know him. He's a crazy Albanian. If  
I were your friend I'd pay up. \*

Bernie Rose pours himself a cup of coffee in the kitchenette. \*

BERNIE ROSE

How's our car by the way? \*

SHANNON

Great. We're all set for next month. \*

BERNIE ROSE

That's what you should worry about...

Shannon smiles back but Bernie senses how distracted he is. \*

BERNIE ROSE

You wake me up this early this friend must  
be a close friend? \*

SHANNON

(hesitating)  
Yeah... \*

BERNIE ROSE

You want my advice?...

Shannon holds his gaze, trying to hide his concern. \*

BERNIE ROSE

Don't take pills for other people's  
headaches... \*

Driver strides across the street with an open bottle of beer. At  
the end of a large parking lot he sees an ugly building  
advertising, *Girls, Girls, Girls*. As he approaches the strip  
club, he pours the beer from his bottle onto the tarmac. At the  
same time he takes out a cigarette. \*

And now we see why. A STRIPPER sits on the steps at the back entrance to the club, smoking. She looks up warily as Driver approaches. He holds up his cigarette and smiles.

DRIVER  
Got a light?...

She hands him her lit cigarette.

DRIVER  
Cook upstairs?...

She nods, relaxing a little. Driver hands back her cigarette, then walks calmly through the back door.

96 INT. HALL/ STAIRS/ STRIP JOINT - DAY. 96 \*

Through the 'stage' door Driver glimpses a bunch of half-naked STRIPPERS at the bar. There's a handful of CLIENTS watching a pole dance, but otherwise the place is empty. Driver puts out his burning cigarette on the wall and heads upstairs.

97 INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR/ STRIP JOINT - DAY. 97 \*

Driver heads down a long corridor now. A couple of STRIPPERS emerge from their changing room, looking surprised to see him, but he puts them at ease with another friendly smile.

DRIVER  
Cook moved office again?

STRIPPER  
That one over there...

Driver smiles gratefully, then heads towards an office at the end of the corridor. He knocks on the door. A voice calls back.

COOK O/S  
It's open...

Driver keeps turning the handle as if he can't get in.

COOK O/S  
It's open, goddamit!...

He hears Cook striding impatiently towards the door now. He waits, then suddenly kicks the door open, right in Cook's face.

Before Cook can recover, Driver storms into the office, smashing the empty bottle of beer across his skull. Cook collapses in a heap. Driver walks calmly to the door, locks it, then heads back to Cook, hauling him up from the floor. \*

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

He's about to hit him again, when suddenly he stops. Cook's bleeding from the fresh cut on his forehead, but he also has some other cuts and bruises on his face. Someone's clearly given him a beating since the robbery. As Driver stares at him curiously he begins to understand.

DRIVER

Should've figured you for a shill. Who were you fronting for?

COOK

Fuck you -

Driver slams his head against the wall.

DRIVER

Whose money am I holding?...

COOK

(Spitting out blood)

Don't worry. They'll come get it. You don't know who you're fucking with -

\*  
\*

Driver rams his fist into Cook's nose, busting it, then watches him crumple to the floor. He bends over the groaning man and rifles through his pockets. Finally he finds what he's looking for. Cook's cell phone. He scrolls down the call log and finds the same number appearing again and again.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

98 INT. NINO'S PIZZERIA - DAY.

98

\*

The kitchen is busy, CHEFS taking out hot pizzas and slicing them up in takeaway boxes. In the background we hear the phone ringing.

99 INT. BACK ROOM/ PIZZERIA - DAY.

99

\*

An impeccably dressed MAN IN A TAN SUIT answers the phone.

TAN SUIT

Hello?...I'm afraid we're closed. Could you call back after twelve...

100 EXT. PARKING LOT/ BURGER KING/ SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY.

100

(INTERCUT)

\*

Driver leans against his car, talking on Cook's cell phone.

\*

DRIVER

I could, but your boss won't be happy when he finds out you've kept him waiting...

\*

Tan Suit looks curious now.

\*

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

TAN SUIT \*  
Can I ask what this is about? \*

DRIVER  
I have something that belongs to him.

TAN SUIT \*  
And that would be?...

DRIVER  
Three million dollars...

There's a pause on the other line now.

TAN SUIT O/S  
Please hold...

101 INT. NINO'S PIZZERIA - DAY. 101 \*

Tan Suit walks into the dining area. A large bull of a man sits \*  
on his own in the empty restaurant with his back to us. It's \*  
only when he hears Tan Suit approach and turns around that we \*  
realize it's Nino, Bernie's partner. \*

102 EXT. PARKING LOT/ BURGER KING/ SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY. 102

(INTERCUT) \*

Driver hears a heavy chesty voice come on the line.

NINO O/S  
You have something of mine?...

Driver registers the quiet menace in the voice. \*

DRIVER  
Seems that way... \*

NINO  
And you're calling me why? You expect me to \*  
buy my stuff back from you?...

DRIVER  
I'm not selling. I give you a time and \*  
place, you come collect your stuff...

NINO  
And what do you get out of it?... \*

DRIVER  
Just that. Out of it. You put a muzzle on \*  
Cook, forget your zombies at the Motel, \*  
forget we ever had this conversation... \*

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

NINO  
Your partners happy with that?... \*

DRIVER  
I don't have partners... \*

Nino begins to relax now.

NINO  
You're not very good at this, are you?... \*

DRIVER  
At what I do, I'm the best. This isn't what  
I do. I'll call again with instructions...

Driver switches the cell phone off. \*

103 INT. BACK ROOM/ NINO'S PIZZERIA - DAY. 103 \*

Nino hangs up. Behind him we see that Tan Suit is also in the  
room, waiting for his orders. \*

104 INT. LIVING ROOM/ IRENE'S APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 104 \*

Irene is dressed for work, giving last minute instructions to  
her friend, Cindy. \*

IRENE  
...He can watch TV for another hour then  
it's bedtime... \*

She's interrupted by the buzzer. She walks over and opens the  
door then stops in surprise. Driver stands there. \*

DRIVER  
You got a minute?... \*

She stares at him in a daze. \*

IRENE  
Where have you been?... \*

He stares back at her in guilty silence. She looks confused,  
gazing at him curiously when a small voice interrupts. \*

BENICIO O/S  
Hey... \*

Driver looks over at the little boy. \*

DRIVER  
Hey... \*

(CONTINUED)

Irene begins to see the guilt in his eyes as he stares at Benicio and slowly it hits her. She stares in disbelief, reeling. \*

DRIVER  
I'm sorry about your father...

Benicio nods, acknowledging his sympathy. Driver keeps gazing at the boy but can't find any more words of comfort. He looks back at Irene. \*

DRIVER  
Can I give you a ride?

She stares at him in dismay, close to tears. \*

IRENE  
The car's working fine. \*

DRIVER  
Then let me walk you down... \*

She wants to say no but can't. \*

105 INT. CORRIDOR/ APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 105

Driver and Irene head down the corridor in silence. \*

IRENE  
Why?... \*

He misunderstands, thinking she's talking about Standard. \*

DRIVER  
He was into one of the prison gangs for a lot of money. He was trying to protect you. \*

IRENE  
Great job... \*

She walks faster now, striding towards the elevator. Driver keeps up with her. \*

DRIVER  
I still have the money. Whatever you need. You can pay off the people he owed - \*

She turns on him furiously. \*

IRENE  
What are you, a bank? I work for a living. I don't need your widow's pension! \*



105 CONTINUED:

Her eyes well up with tears, staring at him in anger and frustration. \*

IRENE  
Just tell me one thing. How did he talk you into it? \*

DRIVER  
He didn't talk me into anything. I've been doing this my whole life. It's what I do... \*

She stares at him in deep disappointment. \*

IRENE  
Stupid me... \*

She turns away when the elevator bell rings. The doors open, revealing TAN SUIT. Neither Driver or Irene recognizes him but we do. He smiles, pretending to look confused. \*

TAN SUIT  
Sorry, I'm supposed to be going down... \*

IRENE  
So are we... \*

She steps into the elevator. Driver follows her in. \*

TAN SUIT  
Which floor? \*

DRIVER  
Car park, please... \*

Tan Suit presses the button and the doors slide shut. \*

106 INT. ELEVATOR/ APARTMENT BLOCK/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 106

Driver and Irene ride down in silence, their eyes fixed on each other. Tan Suit watches them quietly, considering a move, but Driver glances at him and he smiles, biding his time. The lights on the panel descend. The elevator bell finally rings as they reach the lower level. Tan Suit hesitates, but Driver waits for him to go first. He nods goodnight and heads off into the darkness of the parking lot. Driver follows Irene, the two of them heading in the opposite direction. \*

107 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT/ APARTMENT/ ECHO PARK - NIGHT. 107

The overhead lights flicker, the huge underground car park hidden in shadow. Driver walks alongside Irene in guilty silence. In the distance Tan Suit's footsteps slowly fade. \*

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

DRIVER

I want you to come with me...

Irene can't believe what she's hearing.

IRENE

What are you talking about?

DRIVER

You and Benicio...

She's almost too stunned to speak, walking even faster now.

IRENE

You're crazy. I don't even know you.

DRIVER

You will. Once I straighten out this thing  
I'm getting out for good. We'll go some  
place. Anywhere you want.

She shakes her head, fighting her feelings for him.

IRENE

It doesn't work like that.

DRIVER

Why not?

She finally stops and looks at him.

IRENE

Because people like you never get out. And  
I don't want my son to grow up like that...

She holds his gaze with regret. Driver's about to respond when  
suddenly he catches a fleeting movement out of the corner of his  
eye.

A beat -- then he suddenly lunges -- grabbing Irene and pulling  
her to the ground. In the same instant Tan Suit appears out of  
the darkness, opening fire with his automatic.

Bullets spark as they hit the concrete floor and the other  
parked vehicles. Driver drags Irene behind a car now, covering  
her with his body as Tan Suit fires another burst.

More sparks light up the darkness, the bullets penetrating the  
car with ease, narrowly missing Driver and Irene.

Driver moves again, dragging the terrified Irene behind him. Tan  
Suit loses sight of them in the darkness, striding past rows of  
parked cars.

(CONTINUED)

Driver turns to Irene as they take cover behind a pillar. She looks terrified -- not just of Tan Suit but of him. It's as if all her worst fears have been confirmed. \*

Driver stares back at her, then hears Tan Suit's footsteps approaching.

DRIVER

Stay here...

He looks at her apologetically, then gets to his feet and runs, trying to draw Tan Suit's fire. \*

Tan Suit hears him and opens up again, more bullets lighting up the darkness. Driver keeps moving. Tan Suit strides after him, reloading, when suddenly his gun jams. \*

Crouching behind another vehicle, Driver sees this and takes his chance, darting out after his pursuer. Tan Suit sees him coming and runs, the hunter becoming the hunted now. \*

Still lying on the ground, Irene listens to their echoing footsteps. \*

Driver runs after Tan Suit through the darkness, gaining all the time. Tan Suit looks desperate now, tiring. He turns to face his pursuer but Driver's on him in a flash, hurling him against a car. \*

Tan Suit slams into the car, losing his balance. Driver grabs him, swinging him around, smashing him into another car. \*

Irene's watching from the shadows, stunned by the violence. She picks herself up and runs towards the elevator. \*

Driver keeps slamming Tan Suit against the car, beating the resistance out of him. As his body begins to slump, Driver grabs him by the throat and rams his head into a car window. \*

The glass splinters with blood, the force of the blow shattering Tan Suit's skull. \*

Driver looks around for Irene now and sees her standing in the elevator, framed against the light. \*

She stares back at him, but makes no attempt to step out. \*

Driver stands there, his hands covered in Tan Suit's blood. The elevator doors finally close, hiding Irene from view. \*

108 INT. SHANNON'S GARAGE/ SILVER LAKE BOULEVARD - NIGHT. 108 \*

A phone rings. Shannon answers it anxiously. \*

(CONTINUED)

SHANNON \*  
You set the meet? \*

DRIVER'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*  
There isn't gonna be a meet. They're more \*  
interested in covering their tracks than \*  
getting their money back... \*

SHANNON \*  
(Puzzled) \*  
What do you mean? \*

DRIVER'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*  
They came after me. Who did you talk to? \*

Shannon takes a moment to reply, looking dazed. \*

SHANNON \*  
I called Bernie...asked if he could help. \*  
Him and Nino go way back. I told him you \*  
weren't interested in the money, that you \*  
only did it for the girl... \*  
(Sincerely) \*  
I wanted to make sure once you returned the \*  
money that was the end of it. \*

DRIVER'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*  
I need a car - \*

SHANNON \*  
Let me try again. These guys probably \*  
didn't listen to him - \*

DRIVER'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*  
It's too late... \*

Shannon says nothing now, knowing Driver's right. \*

DRIVER'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*  
I'll need clean plates and a fake VIN. \*

SHANNON \*  
It'll take me a few hours to find a \*  
salvaged car for the VIN. \*

DRIVER'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*  
Leave it for me at the end of the block. \*

Shannon considers, looking over at his race car with regret. \*

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

SHANNON

...How did this happen? We should be in  
Charlotte or Daytona drinking champagne out  
of trophies and getting laid by pit  
lizards...

There's a brief silence, then the line goes dead.

109 EXT. NINO'S PIZZERIA - DAY.

109

The roar of passing traffic. There are a few tables outside,  
several of Nino's bodyguards drinking espressos.

110 INT. NINO'S PIZZERIA - DAY.

110

Bernie Rose looks furious.

BERNIE ROSE

...I already gave you my advice. You should  
have taken your money and left this guy  
alone.

Nino and the bruised and battered Cook sit opposite him, the  
only people in the restaurant.

NINO

It's not that simple, Bernie.

BERNIE ROSE

Not now that it's bounced up in your face.

COOK

Mr. Paolozzi, I owe you this guy. Just give  
me the okay and I'll -

BERNIE ROSE

You like taking orders, go shut the blinds.

Cook is taken aback.

BERNIE ROSE

Sun's in my eyes...

Nino doesn't look at him, a clear indication he should do as  
he's told. Cook stands up, humiliated, and walks over to the  
windows. Bernie Rose waits for Nino to explain.

NINO

...The money belonged to a half assed  
wiseguy from Philly. I had a tip-off he was  
keeping the three million in a pawn shop  
and was gonna invest it here in LA, try to  
run a rival operation. I wanted to teach  
him a lesson...

(CONTINUED)

The lights in the restaurant gradually fade as Cook shuts the blinds.

BERNIE ROSE  
You stole from the East Coast mob? \*

NINO  
I told you, he's just a punk -

BERNIE ROSE  
And where did this punk find three million dollars? You ever consider he may have consulted some higher-ups? You even bother to check? -

NINO  
I don't give a fuck who gave him their blessing. This is my city -

BERNIE ROSE  
Your city? This is a big city, pal, and last time I checked we were partners! \*

NINO  
We are partners -

BERNIE ROSE  
Then why the fuck didn't you come to me before you set up your dummy robbery or before you decided to hire this fucking amateur to rip off a made guy?!... \*

Cook sits back down at the table, having closed the blinds. Nino looks embarrassed for once. \*

NINO  
This was off to the side, Bernie. I didn't wanna involve you.

BERNIE ROSE  
Well, now you fucked up I am involved. \*

Anyone finds out you've stolen from the family they'll kill both of us - \*

NINO  
What family? These fucks still call me a kike to my face. I'm fifty nine years old, they pinch my cheek, treat me like a fuckin' kid. They're the reason we left New York in the first place. Decrepit old men waving us over to their dinner and domino tables to complain. \*

BERNIE ROSE

Those old men gave us the funds to move out here.

\*

NINO

And I made them a lotta money. I made you a lotta money too.

BERNIE ROSE

The money always flows up, Nino. You know that.

\*  
\*

For the first time Nino's tough guy act slips and he looks scared.

\*  
\*

NINO

That's why this driver has to go. Him and your friend Shannon are the only two people who can tie me to the robbery.

\*  
\*  
\*

BERNIE ROSE

What about this prick?...

He doesn't even bother to look at Cook.

COOK

Mr. Paolozzi -

NINO

Shut up...

The two friends stare at each other as if Cook didn't exist.

NINO

I shoulda' come to you first, Bernie. I know that. We're a team...

\*

He stares at Bernie Rose apologetically, appealing to their life long friendship.

NINO

Look, I'll pay you the three hundred you spent on the race car.

\*  
\*  
\*

BERNIE ROSE

It's not about the money, Nino. It's about the fact that you've given me no choice...

\*  
\*  
\*

He stares out quietly, torn.

\*

BERNIE ROSE

All right, I'll take him down...

Nino nods in gratitude.

\*

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (3)

BERNIE ROSE  
(To Cook)  
Pass the salt...

Cook hesitates, tired of taking shit from the old man, but thinks better of saying no and reaches for the salt shaker.

Quick as lightning, Bernie Rose drives the stainless steel fork into the back of his neck, the force of the blow almost slamming Cook's face into the table. Bernie Rose twists and grinds the fork deeper for good measure, then with one powerful sweep of his arm clears Cook off the table.

Cook's not dead yet, just writhing on the floor, choking on his own blood. Bernie Rose keeps his eyes fixed on Nino.

BERNIE ROSE  
Your turn to clean up after me...

111 INT. SHANNON'S GARAGE/ SILVER LAKE BOULEVARD - DAY. 111

Shannon is sprawled across the front seat of a car, replacing the vehicle's VIN number with a screwdriver. Suddenly he hears the metallic clang of the garage door opening. He looks up curiously, then climbs out, expecting Driver. Instead he sees Bernie Rose, standing beside the stock car, gazing back at him.

BERNIE ROSE  
All these priceless cars, you should get better locks...

SHANNON  
Door's always open to you...

Bernie Rose steps forward, his hands in his coat pockets.

BERNIE ROSE  
I'm looking for your driver.

SHANNON  
You break in like this I figure it's bad news.

BERNIE ROSE  
It's bad luck. Two thousand bank licks in this city a year, he had to pick the wrong one.

SHANNON  
He tried to put it right.

(CONTINUED)



BERNIE ROSE

Picked the wrong guy for that too. My partner's a belligerent asshole with his back against the wall...

\*

He stops, facing Shannon.

\*

BERNIE ROSE

Right now so am I. I don't take care of this I'm in big trouble...

\*

\*

\*

He stares at his old friend gently.

\*

BERNIE ROSE

Any idea where he is?

\*

\*

SHANNON

Probably across the border by now. Mexico. Belize. That's where I'd go...

\*

Bernie Rose smiles, not believing a word.

BERNIE ROSE

He just walked out on you after everything you've done for him?

\*

SHANNON

That's gratitude for you, I guess.

\*

BERNIE ROSE

He didn't leave the money with you either?

\*

\*

SHANNON

Would I still be here?...

\*

\*

Bernie Rose can't help grinning, fond of Shannon despite everything.

\*

\*

BERNIE ROSE

I ever tell you how long Nino and I been friends? Since we were six. Only Jewish kids in a neighborhood of wops. Long as I can remember he was getting me into trouble and I was getting him out of scrapes...

\*

\*

\*

\*

He looks almost apologetic.

BERNIE ROSE

Anyone else I'd take your side...

SHANNON

Anyone else I'd do the same...

Bernie Rose watches him with a mixture of affection and regret.

\*

(CONTINUED)

BERNIE ROSE

What's this fucking kid to you anyway?

Shannon shrugs, no idea himself.

BERNIE ROSE

I leave here without finding out where he is, there'll be others coming after me. I guarantee they'll be too stupid to figure out you won't talk and drag this out unnecessarily...

SHANNON

Then I'm glad you got here first...

Bernie Rose holds his gaze sadly, then looks away, admiring the shiny stock car.

BERNIE ROSE

You know, it's too bad, I think we would've made something of this business...

SHANNON

Nah, I'd have fucked it up too...

Shannon smiles, finally reconciled with himself. Bernie Rose grins, stepping forward to hug his friend. They embrace for a moment, then suddenly Shannon recoils, as if he's been stung.

We see now that his shirt sleeve is covered in blood, his vein cut all the way from his elbow to his wrist. He looks dazed, paralysed with shock.

Bernie Rose holds a switch knife in his hand, the blade wet with Shannon's blood. He takes Shannon gently by the arm and sits him down against the boot of the stock car.

BERNIE ROSE

You won't feel a thing. Close your eyes and you'll fall asleep...

Shannon stares out numbly, the life slowly ebbing out of him. Bernie Rose kneels down beside him, covers his eyes with one hand, then nicks his jugular with the other.

Sunlight glints on the parked vehicles by the curb. Driver cruises down Silver Lake Boulevard to pick up his clean car. He slows down as he approaches the sign for Shannon's Custom Kings, glancing out of the window to see if anyone's staking out the garage. Satisfied there's no-one there, he turns the car around.

- 113 INT. SHANNON'S GARAGE/ SILVER LAKE BOULEVARD - DAY. 113  
 Driver pulls open the garage door and sees the rows of vintage cars shimmering in the shafts of sunlight. As he heads past the vehicles he suddenly spots a figure slumped against the stock car. Shannon's eyes have been closed, his head resting gently against the boot of the car. \*
- Driver kneels down and lifts him up in his arms, holding him for a second, then lays him down on the floor. He turns back and opens the car boot now, revealing the black gym bag full of money. \*
- 114 EXT. SHANNON'S GARAGE/ SILVER LAKE BOULEVARD - DAY. 114  
 Driver's car roars out of the garage. \*
- 115 INT. NINO'S PIZZERIA - SUNSET. 115 \*  
 Nino stands in the kitchen, wearing a beautiful suit but no shoes or socks. We hold on the curious image for a moment, then reveal a beautifully dressed WOMAN polishing his shoes. And now we see more of Nino's MEN, also smartly dressed and accompanied by GORGEOUS WOMEN, getting ready for some kind of event. \*
- 116 EXT. NINO'S PIZZERIA - SUNSET. 116 \*  
 Two big Lincoln Towncars are parked outside. Across the road we recognize Driver's car. He opens the boot. When he closes it again we see that he's wearing the eerily convincing SFX mask he wore during the car stunt on the movie set. He crosses the road, entering the pizzeria. \*
- 117 INT. NINO'S PIZZERIA - SUNSET. 117 \*  
 Several of Nino's men look up as Driver enters but none of them recognize him. \*
- NINO'S GUY  
 We're closed... \*
- Driver stares past them at Nino in the kitchen, surrounded by more of his men. We feel his mind calculating then he walks out again. \*
- 118 EXT. NINO'S PIZZERIA - SUNSET. 118 \*  
 Nino emerges with his bodyguards now, heading towards one of the white Lincolns. \*
- NINO  
 (To one of his men)  
 I'm going to pick up my wife. I'll meet you there... \*

(CONTINUED)

- 118 CONTINUED: 118
- Across the road Driver climbs into his car, still wearing the mask. He starts his car, setting off after Nino's Lincoln. \*
- 119 INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ NINO'S PIZZERIA/ WESTWOOD - SUNSET. 119 \*
- Driver drifts in behind a couple of other cars, keeping them between himself and the Lincoln. \*
- 120 EXT. STREETS - SUNSET. 120 \*
- The sunlight is fading fast. The neon cityscape has come to life and the streets are a sea of glittering lights.
- 121 INT. NINO'S CAR/ STREETS - SUNSET. 121 \*
- The CHAUFFEUR checks his mirror as he turns into another street, seeing only the anonymous glare of headlights behind him. \*
- 122 INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ STREETS - SUNSET. 122 \*
- Driver slows down and lets another car turn in front of him, keeping it between himself and Nino's car. \*
- 123 EXT. STREETS - SUNSET. 123 \*
- The streets are less crowded in this residential area. As the car in front of Driver pulls into its front drive, Driver takes the next turning, making sure the Lincoln doesn't spot him. \*
- 124 INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ PARALLEL STREET - SUNSET. 124 \*
- Driver cruises along another residential street. At every intersection we glimpse the Lincoln heading in the same direction down a parallel street. \*
- 125 EXT. SAN VINCENTE BOULEVARD/ BRENTWOOD - SUNSET. 125 \*
- The Lincoln turns back into traffic on San Vincente. \*
- 126 INT. NINO'S CAR/ SAN VINCENTE BOULEVARD - SUNSET. 126
- Nino's talking on a cell phone in the back seat.
- NINO  
...Sure, Carlo, I'll send him your  
regards...
- 127 INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ SAN VINCENTE BOULEVARD - SUNSET. 127 \*
- Driver merges in with the traffic, weaving between the cars in front of him until he has Nino's Lincoln back in his sights. \*

- 128 EXT. AERIAL VIEW/ SAN VINCENTE BOULEVARD - SUNSET. 128  
The sun has almost set, the red backlights of the cars blinking in the fading light.
- 129 INT. NINO'S CAR/ SAN VINCENTE/ 7TH STREET - SUNSET. 129 \*  
Nino's car turns into 7th Street. \*
- 130 INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ SAN VINCENTE/ 7TH STREET - SUNSET. 130 \*  
This time there are no other vehicles turning into the same street. Driver has no choice, settling in behind the Lincoln. \*
- 131 INT. NINO'S CAR/ 7TH STREET/ PACIFIC PALISADES - SUNSET. 131 \*  
The chauffeur glances in his rear-view mirror and spots Driver's car for the first time. For now he doesn't give it much thought. \*  
In the back seat Nino finally says goodbye on the phone. \*
- NINO  
...Nice talking to you too...  
(As he hangs up)  
Asshole...
- 132 EXT. ENTRADA DRIVE/ PACIFIC PALISADES - SUNSET. 132  
Both cars head into Entrada Drive. \*
- 133 INT. NINO'S CAR/ ENTRADA DRIVE/ PACIFIC PALISADES - SUNSET. 133 \*  
The chauffeur checks his mirror again and notices Driver's car still on his tail. Just as a precaution he slows down, seeing if the pursuing car will overtake. \*
- 134 INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ ENTRADA DRIVE - SUNSET. 134 \*  
Driver has to decide in an instant whether to take up the invitation. He overtakes the Lincoln, speeding ahead. \*
- 135 INT. NINO'S CAR/ ENTRADA DRIVE/ PACIFIC PALISADES - SUNSET. 135 \*  
Nino's chauffeur sees Driver's car disappear up ahead, relaxing now. \*
- 136 INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ WEST CHANNEL ROAD/ PCH - SUNSET. 136 \*  
Driver puts his foot on the gas, taking sharp turns on small side streets, driving fast around the block until he's back on the Lincoln's tail, keeping a safe distance now. \*
- 137 INT. NINO'S CAR/ W.CHANNEL RD./ PCH - SUNSET. 137 \*  
Nino's chauffeur turns right into the Pacific Coast Highway. \*

- 138 INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - SUNSET. 138 \*
- Driver follows the Lincoln at a distance, keeping the winding corners of the PCH between himself and his prey. \*
- 139 EXT. AERIAL VIEW/ PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - SUNSET/NIGHT. 139
- From above we see Driver's car gliding along the open highway, the rising hills on one side, the churning ocean on the other, no vehicles in sight. \*
- 140 INT. NINO'S CAR/ PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT. 140
- In the back seat Nino dials another number on his cell-phone. \*
- NINO  
...Bernie, it's me...
- 141 EXT. AERIAL VIEW/ PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT. 141
- The headlights of Driver's car sweep ahead of it on the open road. From above it looks like a shark closing in on its prey. \*
- 142 INT. BERNIE ROSE'S APARTMENT/ LA - NIGHT. 142 \*
- Bernie Rose stands by the window, listening to the phone in silence. \*
- 143 INT. NINO'S CAR/ PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT. 143
- Nino sounds apologetic.
- NINO  
...Look, about that thing today...I'm  
sorry. I know how much you liked the guy... \*
- In his rear view mirror the chauffeur sees the headlights of the car behind getting closer. \*
- 144 INT. DRIVER'S CHALLENGER/ PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT. 144
- Driver stares ahead, his eyes fixed on the Lincoln's backlights.
- 145 INT. BERNIE ROSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT. 145 \*
- Bernie Rose doesn't speak, looking weary. \*
- NINO O/S  
Bernie?... \*
- BERNIE ROSE  
Yeah?... \*

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

NINO O/S

I know I fucked up but I love you...

\*

Bernie shakes his head, the same old apologies.

\*

146 INT. NINO'S CAR/ PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT. 146

In the front seat Nino's chauffeur checks his mirror curiously.

NINO

When this is over I'll make it up to you, I swear...

The lights of the car behind have vanished.

147 EXT. AERIAL VIEW/ PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT. 147

Even from above we can't see Driver's car with its lights off - no idea how close it is to Nino's car.

\*

148 INT. BERNIE ROSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT. 148

Even though he's still angry, Bernie can't help forgiving his childhood friend.

\*

\*

BERNIE ROSE

How many times I heard that before...

149 INT. NINO'S CAR/ PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT. 149

Nino grins.

NINO

I lost count -

Suddenly blazing headlights explode to life behind him.

150 INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT. 150

Driver rams the Lincoln at over a hundred miles an hour, hitting it just above the left rear wheel.

\*

\*

151 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT. 151

The impact is momentous. The huge Continental is lifted up in the air and spun round at the same time. It slams back into the tarmac then flips end over end for a hundred yards.

152 INT. BERNIE ROSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT. 152

Bernie Rose is left holding the phone as the line goes dead.

\*

- 153 INT. DRIVER'S CAR/ PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT. 153 \*
- The collision has barely knocked Driver off course. His car skids to a stop near the overturned wreck. \*
- 154 INT. NINO'S CAR/ PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT. 154
- Among the carnage, we see Nino, bloodied but still alive. He unbuckles his seat belt and crawls out of the twisted wreck.
- 155 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT. 155
- Driver gets out of his car, calmly walking over to the pulverized Lincoln. He sees Nino stumbling off towards the beach but doesn't hurry after him yet. He checks to make sure the other passengers are dead, then heads on. \*
- 156 EXT. BEACH/ OCEAN/ PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT. 156
- Nino stumbles through the sand, running for his life now. He looks behind him and sees Driver calmly pursuing him. He keeps running, but he's badly injured, slowing all the time. Fear clouds reason and he staggers towards the crashing waves.
- Driver slows down as he watches the gangster wade into the ocean, a pathetic last attempt to evade him. The crashing waves and the undertow are an impenetrable wall. Every time Nino tries to wade out further, the ocean drags him back.
- Driver stares at his trapped prey. Nino's attempts become more and more feeble as the ocean exhausts him and snuffs out any hope of escape. Finally he retreats back into the shallow water, barely able to keep his footing. He turns around and faces Driver, the crashing waves still smashing into his back. \*
- They stay like that for a moment. Gazing at each other. Driver silhouetted against the white sand. Nino trapped in the ocean. Then Driver wades out into the water. Nino has no fight left in him, staring at the masked man. Driver stares back at him then grabs him by the throat, forcing his head under the water. Nino splutters as Driver lets him up again. \*
- NINO \*
- It was Bernie...Bernie Rose killed your friend not me... \*
- Driver shoves his face back under the water, keeping it there until Nino's body finally stops thrashing. \*
- 157 INT. BERNIE ROSE'S APARTMENT/ BEL AIR - NIGHT. 157 \*
- A phone shrills. Bernie Rose answers it. \*

(CONTINUED)



BERNIE ROSE \*  
Nino? \*

DRIVER'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*  
He's dead. \*  
(A beat) \*  
I still have three million dollars that \*  
doesn't belong to me... \*

Bernie Rose stares in silence. From next door the sound of his \*  
neighbors arguing filters through. \*

DRIVER'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*  
You interested? \*

BERNIE ROSE \*  
Sure. \*

DRIVER'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*  
Then we should meet. Somewhere public... \*

Bernie stares ahead, the noise of his neighbors' argument \*  
growing louder. \*

BERNIE ROSE \*  
You know a place called the China Belle -- \*  
corner of Santa Monica and Lincoln? \*

DRIVER'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*  
I can find it. \*

BERNIE'S VOICE ON THE PHONE \*  
I'll see you there at one. \*

Bernie hears the line go dead. He looks numb at first, then as \*  
the noise of his neighbors arguing continues we see the anger in \*  
his eyes. Suddenly he turns towards the door and storms out. \*

158 EXT. CORRIDOR/ BERNIE ROSE'S NEIGHBORS' APARTMENT - DAY. 158 \*

A loud rapping on the door. Bernie Rose's neighbor, a mean \*  
looking OLD GUY opens it irritably. \*

HUSBAND \*  
Yeah? \*

BERNIE ROSE \*  
Bernie Rose, next apartment over - \*

HUSBAND \*  
Yeah, I know, what's up? I'm kind of busy \*  
here. \*

BERNIE ROSE

I heard...

There's something menacing in the old mobster's eyes now. The husband moves to close the door but Bernie jams it open with his elbow, shoves him aside, then looks over at the wife.

BERNIE ROSE

You all right, Shonda?

She nods without meeting his eyes.

HUSBAND

Get the hell out of my -

Bernie doesn't give him time to finish, clamping a powerful hand on his throat, taking out all his anger on him.

BERNIE ROSE

I'm a patient man, Lenny, not much for getting in other people's way. What I figure is, we've all got our own lives, right? And the right to be left alone?

(Squeezing harder)

So I sit next door for almost a year now listening to what goes down in here and I keep thinking, hey, they'll work it out. You gonna work it out, Lenny?

He jerks the husband's neck forward, making him nod.

BERNIE ROSE

You're lucky to have her, lucky she's put up with you this long. Lucky I've put up with you. She has good reason: she loves you. I don't have any reason at all.

He lets go of the terrified man and storms out again.

159 INT/EXT. DRIVER'S CAR/ LINCOLN BOULEVARD - DAY.

159

Waves of traffic blur past. From across the street Driver watches a blue Honda Prelude pull into the restaurant parking lot. Bernie Rose climbs out. On his own. Driver sees him head into the restaurant, then starts his own car, heading towards the same parking lot.

160 INT. CHINA BELLE RESTAURANT/ LINCOLN BOULEVARD - DAY.

160

A large Chinese restaurant. Driver walks in and sees Bernie Rose sitting at a table, pouring himself a glass of wine. He's dressed for the occasion, wearing a jacket and tie. He sees Driver and gets to his feet, holding out his hand. Driver shakes it, and sits down.

(CONTINUED)

BERNIE ROSE  
Care for a glass?...

Driver stares at him across the table.

DRIVER  
Thanks...

Bernie Rose pours him a glass of red wine from the bottle.

BERNIE ROSE  
I can recommend the duck. Hell, I can  
recommend everything -- Walnut prawns,  
shredded beef, Velvet chicken -- but the  
duck's to die for...

\*  
\*

He delivers the last line with a pointed smile.

DRIVER  
Duck sounds good...

Bernie Rose calls over their WAITRESS.

BERNIE ROSE  
The Peking duck, please. For both of us.

\*

WAITRESS  
Anything else?

DRIVER  
Not for me.

BERNIE ROSE  
Me neither...

He waits for the waitress to leave, then turns back to Driver.

BERNIE ROSE  
You've been on a roll. Cut yourself quite a  
swath out there.

DRIVER  
I never asked for any of it.

BERNIE ROSE  
We usually don't. But it comes down on our  
heads regardless. Just look at Shannon...

\*

Driver holds his gaze, the tension palpable, laughter and  
conversation drifting over from the other tables.

\*

BERNIE ROSE  
We both let him down, huh?...

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

Driver says nothing, staring back at him.

\*

BERNIE ROSE  
Anyway it's water under the bridge now.  
Question is where does that leave us?

DRIVER  
That's up to you.

BERNIE ROSE  
You bring the cash?

Driver nods. Bernie Rose studies him quietly.

BERNIE ROSE  
Tell me something, how does someone with no  
interest in money get mixed up in a heist?

\*

DRIVER  
I could answer that I wouldn't be here now.

BERNIE ROSE  
Shannon told me it was because of the girl.

Driver hesitates, looking uneasy for the first time.

BERNIE ROSE  
Don't worry, nobody else knows. You still  
see her?

\*

DRIVER  
She's not interested.

BERNIE ROSE  
She's got her head screwed on right. I got  
three ex-wives, six kids and twelve  
grandchildren. Not one of them speaks to me  
now...

\*

He smiles, looking into Driver's eyes with just a hint of  
sympathy.

\*

\*

BERNIE ROSE  
So, what's our deal?

\*

\*

DRIVER  
I give you the money, you leave town, go  
back East, tell the people it belongs to  
I'm dead. You don't I'll kill you too...

\*

\*

\*

\*

Bernie Rose can't help grinning at his nerve.

\*

BERNIE ROSE

I'd be glad to leave this dump, that's for sure. I even miss the rain...

(He looks at Driver gently)

How about you? You gonna ride off into the sunset?

DRIVER

That's the plan.

BERNIE ROSE

Thing about plans is they never work out the way you expect them to. You should know that better than anyone...

Their eyes are fixed on each other, deadly enemies but kindred spirits of a kind.

BERNIE ROSE

..We shake hands, say goodbye, you're going to be looking over your shoulder the whole time. Doesn't matter if there's no-one there, you'll think there is. Whatever dreams you have, whatever plans, you might as well forget 'em, because this is what it's gonna be like till the day you die...

(A beat)

Trust me, I know...

DRIVER

What do you suggest I do?...

Bernie Rose shrugs.

BERNIE ROSE

First time I heard about you, Shannon told me you drove. Fast. That's a start...

He keeps staring at Driver, then smiles softly.

BERNIE ROSE

Either that or you choke on the duck...

161 EXT. PARKING LOT/ LINCOLN BOULEVARD - DAY.

161

Driver's car is parked at the back of the parking lot, half hidden by a fenced area for garbage. Driver pops the trunk, taking out the black gym bag with the cash. Bernie Rose doesn't even look at it, still admiring the car.

BERNIE ROSE

How much does something like this cost?

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

DRIVER

Nine, ten thousand. If you can find one that still runs.

BERNIE ROSE

Maybe I'll take yours. Part of our deal.

DRIVER

Wouldn't recommend it. Every time you turn the wheel it's a fight.

BERNIE ROSE

I got enough of those on my hands...

He grins, then holds out his hand for the gym bag.

BERNIE ROSE

Guess we won't be seeing each other again..

Driver reaches out to give him the bag. Suddenly Bernie's hand snakes out of his pocket, twisting a switch-blade into Driver's gut. He pulls it out, ready to stab again, but this time Driver catches his wrist, slowly forcing the knife up to his throat. \*

Their eyes are fixed on each other for a moment, with something like regret, then the blade pierces Bernie Rose's neck, sinking deeper and deeper. Driver holds the old man in his arms as he dies. They stay like that, locked in a fatal embrace, then Driver lowers Bernie Rose gently to the ground, out of sight.

Blood seeping through his shirt, Driver picks up the gym bag and puts it back in the trunk, slamming the door shut.

162 EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF A MUCH LARGER PARKING LOT/ LA - DAY. 162

We're looking down on an enormous parking lot, hundreds of different colored vehicles gleaming down below. Driver pulls into the lot, searching for a place to park. \*

163 EXT. LARGE PARKING LOT/ LA - DAY. 163

Driver climbs out of his car, wearing a jacket over his blood-soaked shirt. He walks to the back of the car, kneels down, and hides the keys behind the left rear wheel, drops of blood dripping on the tarmac beneath him. He gets up again, then sets off through the maze of parked vehicles, dialling a number on his cell-phone. \*

164 EXT. ECHO PARK - DAY. 164

Picnic food is spread out on a blanket. Irene piles some on Benicio's paper plate then answers her phone. \*

(INTERCUT) \*

(CONTINUED)



DRIVER'S VOICE ON THE PHONE  
There's a bag in the trunk with some money.  
Keys are under the left rear wheel...

IRENE  
What do you want me to do with it?...

Driver walks with difficulty, finding it hard to breathe.

DRIVER  
It's yours. It's safe to keep it. No-one's  
gonna come looking for you...

All around him the Chevys, Dodges, and Fords glitter in the  
sunlight.

Irene hears his labored breathing now, looking concerned.

IRENE  
I told you, I don't need your money...

Blood seeps through Driver's shirt, dripping on the tarmac.

DRIVER  
Then take it for Benicio...Get him out of  
here...  
(Grimacing in pain)  
Give him a chance...

Irene avoids Benicio's searching gaze, trying to fight her  
tears.

IRENE  
Are you okay?...

Driver's skin looks deathly pale, his eyes a haunting shade of  
blue. He keeps walking through the maze of cars, casting his  
eyes from one vehicle to the next, looking for the perfect ride.

DRIVER  
Just out of breath...

Finally he spots a beautiful white Camaro up ahead.

DRIVER  
How're you doing?...

For the first time we see the Echo Park fountain sparkling in  
the background.

IRENE  
Fine. I'm in the park with Benicio. We're  
having a picnic...

(CONTINUED)



164 CONTINUED: (3)

DRIVER'S VOICE ON THE PHONE

Say hi...

Irene can no longer hold back her tears, heartbroken. \*

Driver stops in front of the white Camaro, looking unsteady on his feet.

DRIVER

I gotta go Irene... \*

He pauses.

DRIVER

Meeting you was the best thing that ever happened to me... \*

Irene smiles sadly. \*

IRENE

It was nice to meet you too... \*

165 EXT. LARGE PARKING LOT/ LA - DAY.

165

From above we see the maze of vehicles stretching out forever -- Chevys, Chryslers, Fords -- the history of America on wheels. Driver switches off his cell-phone reluctantly then heads towards the Camaro.

166 INT. WHITE CAMARO/ LARGE PARKING LOT - DAY.

166

Driver climbs into the front seat of the Camaro, catching his breath. He sits there a moment, sheltering from the world outside, then pulls out a pocket knife, opening the blades until he finds the screwdriver. He starts with the left side of the steering column, then gets to work on the section below the turn signal. His face shows the strain, but his fingers are as steady as ever. A master at work. Finally he breaks into the ignition device, leaning back in the seat to take a rest. \*

167 EXT. AERIAL VIEW/ LARGE PARKING LOT - DAY.

167

We're gazing down at the white Camaro from above, waiting for it to move.

168 INT. WHITE CAMARO/ LARGE PARKING LOT - DAY.

168

Driver's face is completely still now. So are his eyes. He looks almost at peace. There's a long pause, then slowly he leans forward and turns on the ignition. As the engine comes to life, we CUT TO BLACK.