

PREMIUM RUSH

by

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EXT MANHATTAN DAY

The skyline, seen from a lowish angle. A body tumbles through the air, slow-motion, right over our heads.

WILEE is lean and lithe, in great shape, but way more scars than anybody should have at twenty-six. He floats so effortlessly, weightless, it's a beautiful, peaceful moment --

-- until gravity grabs him, speeds him up, and SPIKES him to the pavement, CRUNCHING onto his back in the middle of Seventh Avenue, SMACKING his head against hard city street.

HORNS BLARE, there's a SIREN in the distance somewhere, there's chaos all around and we move down slowly toward Wilee, whose leg is bent at an odd angle under him. He GASPS, trying to get air, can't find much. Over his broken body, the only main title we'll see:

PREMIUM RUSH

Wilee turns his head. Sees a bent, spinning bike tire a few feet away. His dead horse. As the tire turns slowly, SQUEAKING, a VOICE comes over -- not from here, from somewhere far away. In his head, maybe. A woman's voice:

VOICE (O.S.)

Aren't you afraid of dying?

Loud, THUMPING music rises up and --

INT JOCKO'S ROCKET SHIP NIGHT

-- we're in Jocko's Rocket Ship, a tiny East Village bar crowded with BIKE MESSENGERS. There's a raucous, drunken party underway, and a crudely stencilled banner over the bar that reads "FIFTH ANNUAL NYBMA ALLEYCAT RACE."

Wilee leans against the bar, in rapt conversation with VANESSA, mid-twenties, jeans and a sleeveless tee shirt and her share of arm tats. Eyes that don't look away, even when you want them to.

WILEE

(answering her question)

I'm here, aren't I? Allah provides.

VANESSA

That's not what they mean by that.

WILEE

The Buddhists say when your number's up, your number's up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

I don't think the Buddha ever said anything remotely like that.

WILEE

Point is, they believe in luck.

VANESSA

They absolutely do not. The *Taoists* believed in luck, the Buddha rejected all that and insisted on cause and effect. I thought you said you were a philosophy major.

WILEE

I may not have attended every *single* class...

She LAUGHS, finds him charming.

A CHEER rises up from nearby, as a DREADLOCKED MESSENGER stands on the bar with a microphone.

ACROSS THE BAR,

DREAD

A'right, a'right, your attention please, it's time for the winner of the Fifth Annual New York Bike Messenger Association Wildcat Race!

More CHEERS.

DREAD (cont'd)

Grand prize is a hundred bucks and Felipe's bike!

WILD CHEERS. Somebody wheels the bike up to the bar.

AT THE BAR,

Wilee continues to Vanessa.

WILEE

Sure I'm afraid of dying. But the rush I get when I slip out of something I got no right to survive? There's no feeling on earth like it.

(shy and nervy at the same time)

With the possible exception of looking at you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gives him a raised eyebrow, she's heard that kind of thing before, but he *delivers* it so well.

That SQUEAKING sound comes back, the one we've heard before, and suddenly we're back --

EXT STREET DAY

-- on the pavement, staring at Wilee's slowly spinning, lopsided bike wheel. (We might recognize it as Felipe's bike, from the bar.)

Wilee's eyes are losing focus, he's going unconscious. VOICES SHOUT in the background, people are moving toward him, but the sound fades and distorts --

-- and his eyes close.

IN THE BLACK,

a TICKING sound. Another title:

NINETY-THREE MINUTES EARLIER

EXT MANHATTAN DAY

The TICKING gets louder, over a shot of the whole island, from the south. For a second. Literally.

EXT NEW YORK SKYLINE DAY

Closer, just the skyline. For another second.

EXT MIDTOWN DAY

Closer still, a busy-as-hell midtown intersection. For another second. No time to waste admiring the scenery.

EXT INTERSECTION DAY

A PAIR OF FEET. Balanced on bike pedals.

The bike's a fixed gear, brakeless mess of tubes and tape. Ugly, but it flies. It quivers, upright, as its rider holds it in a track stand, balanced there on two wheels, both feet on the pedals, frozen, idling, expert.

The movie just sits here for a few seconds, paused, waiting, everything silent, only that ticking sound, which is getting louder and louder.

Wilee, on the bike, darts his eyes up to the red light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then to the left, to the slowing crosstown traffic. To the right, to the IRRITATING PEDESTRIANS as they finish getting their fat asses out of his way.

The feet twitch on the pedals, the light turns green --

-- and the TICKING explodes into music.

Wilee's bike bursts forward, not quite as fast as the cars but nimbler, sliding between them and into the maelstrom, headed uptown on Sixth Avenue.

It's coming up on rush hour and the traffic is dense, but Wilee weaves his way in and out, slowed by no man or machine.

A Fresh Direct truck THUNDERS up the center lane, he slips in behind it, drafts for a second to rest his thighs --

-- then hits the pedals again and rockets up alongside it, passing it.

He cuts to the right lane, but a cab hits its brakes and a tragedy unfolds in front of him, fast. It goes like this:

1) Cab brake lights.

2) Cab's available light goes on, so naturally, a second later,

3) The right rear door opens as an UNTHINKING PASSENGER starts to get out.

Wilee's eyes zoom in on the open door, his worst nightmare --

-- but he squeezes right, just barely enough room between the cab and the parked car next to it so he can avoid getting doored.

He glances at his watch. Nearly five o'clock. Looks back up, sees the traffic has closed on him a bit, and there's a cab on his left that's about to make a right turn from two lanes over.

His eyes widen -- danger.

The cab starts to move -- no signal, of course.

Wilee veers slightly to the right, lets a big truck graze his hip to hold his position. He's running out of space.

He glances ahead of him -- the light's turned yellow. This makes it worse.

The cab's closing him off and he'd rather not give up his position, so he stands on the pedals, hitting the gas furiously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He squirts out between the cab and the truck like a watermelon seed, the truck horn BLARES as the cab tries unsuccessfully to cut it off.

Wilee's out in front of the danger now, which is all fine, except --
-- he's in the middle of the intersection.

THE IMAGES SLOW TO A CRAWL,

and we go into Wilee's point of view, where the now-barely-moving traffic around him all seems to be closing in on him. As he whips his head around, we see what he sees:

TO HIS LEFT -- a WALL OF TRAFFIC at the red light that is about to come toward him, and it's dense, doesn't look like there's a hole in it.

BEHIND HIM -- the cab that missed its turn and the truck, still BLARING ITS HORN, both headed straight for him, the DRIVERS not looking at him, too busy shouting at each other.

AHEAD OF HIM -- an SUV not ten feet ahead, and its brake lights flash red, that thing's going to slow down, he'll smash into the back of it in a split-second.

AND TO THE RIGHT OF THE SUV -- a UPS DELIVERY GUY pushing a trolley loaded with boxes blocking access to the curb. The dolly is tilted back at a 45 degree angle.

Wilee squints his eyes, his sight zipping back and forth to each immovable obstacle, and he's screwed, right?

But then he sees that stack of boxes, and a tiny triangular open space caused by the 45 degree angle. That part of the frame *brightens* ever so slightly, and we'll see this a few times in the movie -- this is Wilee's BIKE-O-VISION®.

He hits the pedals again, getting just the burst of speed he needs, he gains on the SUV --

-- leans hard to his right, *right over at a 45 degree angle* --

-- and just barely squeezes through the triangle-shaped space between the SUV and the dolly.

SUDDENLY BACK AT REGULAR SPEED AGAIN,

we're with Wilee as he bursts out the other side of the hole and back into traffic.

Didn't even faze him.

AT A CORNER,

he hops the bike up onto the sidewalk, cuts it between A BUNCH OF PEDESTRIANS.

EXT OFFICE BUILDING DAY

CLANG! Chains his bike to a planter in front of an office building. Walks briskly toward the building, hitting redial on his cell phone. Goes straight to voice mail, and a YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE:

VANESSA (O.S.)
Hey it's me leave a message if you
want but I never check 'em.

BEEP. Wilee hangs up in irritation.

INT BUILDING LOBBY DAY

WHAM! Pushes through a turnstile in the building lobby.

INT OFFICE RECEPTION AREA DAY

SLAP! Drops a manila envelope on the counter in the reception area of an office, spins it around to face the CUTE RECEPTIONIST.

WILEE
Ya gotta sign.

As she signs, she looks up at him, a flirty half-smile --

RECEPTIONIST
Need a phone number too?

WILEE
Like a hole in the head.

Ouch. Somebody's having a bad day. He looks around for something.

WILEE (cont'd)
You had a pickup too?

RECEPTIONIST
You already got it.

WILEE
I'm positive I did not.

RECEPTIONIST
No, somebody from your company.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE
(angering)
What'd he look like?

RECEPTIONIST
He, um -- was --

She gestures vaguely around her mouth.

WILEE
A toothless carnival freak?

RECEPTIONIST
Yeah!

CUT TO:

EXT CROSSTOWN STREET DAY

Muscular calves lead into a pair of black bike shoes, and above that are what are officially called "big-ass thighs," tucked into a pair of tight black bike shorts.

MANNY rides a black bike through heavy traffic. His face, once handsome, is now beat to shit, and missing its two front teeth.

His cell phone RINGS and he answers it, pressing a button on a Bluetooth.

MANNY
Manny's office, this is Manny.

On the phone, we hear Wilee's outraged VOICE.

WILEE (O.S.)
What do you think you're doing?!

MANNY
Runnin reds and killin peds, how bow
choo?

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE BUILDING,

Wilee runs out the revolving doors and heads for his bike, also talking on an earpiece.

WILEE
You jumped my route, you vulture.

MANNY (O.S.)
I had a dropoff. It was sitting
right there. So sue me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE

That's *my* tag!

He unchains his bike.

MANNY (O.S.)

Then how come it's in *my* bag?

WILEE

I'm coming to get it.

He hops on, starts pedaling.

ON THE STREET,

Manny hangs a sharp left onto Seventh Avenue, headed downtown.

MANNY

I don't think you got the rockets,
Wilee. Manny's too fast.

WILEE (O.S.)

GIVE ME BACK MY TAG!

MANNY

Knock knock.

WILEE (O.S.)

What are you, five?

MANNY

Here's how fast I am -- knock knock.

WILEE (O.S.)

Who's-

MANNY

(fast, cutting him off)

MANNY! Bye byeeeeee!

He touches the headset and --

ON THE CROSSTOWN STREET,

-- hangs up on Wilee, who's now on his bike, riding crosstown.

WILEE

Shit.

His phone immediately RINGS again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE (cont'd)
(answering)
WHAT?

On that, we cut abruptly to --

INT DISPATCH OFFICE DAY

-- a tiny, cramped, poorly-ventilated office in a building in midtown. FARHAD, caffeinated and irritated, wears a headset and sits at an L-shaped table, between a couple other OPERATORS and DISPATCHERS.

FARHAD
(Middle Eastern accent)
Wilee, I got pickup for you.

EXT STREET DAY

Wilee rides and talks.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED BETWEEN STREET AND OFFICE.)

WILEE
I had a pickup, a big fat gravy bone,
and you let Manny jump it.

FARHAD
You're all who I got. Is nice long
run.

WILEE
Forget it. I'm bonkin hard, I need
fuel.

FARHAD
Come on to me!

WILEE
That's not what you want to say,
Farhad.

FARHAD
Gotta be deliver in ninety minutes.
They ask for you by name.

WILEE
Who did?

FARHAD
Some lady, I don't know people. I
give you twenty extra.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE

Long run, this time of day, you're
making a hundred twenty at least.
Give me seventy-five.

FARHAD

You are screwing it to me!

WILEE

I'm hungry and I'm tired and I'm
having an extremely shitty day, so
either tell me where I'm going or-

FARHAD

116 and Broadway, Columbia Law
Building, main office. And don't
screw up.

Wilee leans hard to the right, turning uptown onto 7th Avenue,
which sounds fine --

FARHAD (cont'd)

This is Premium Rush.

-- except 7th goes downtown. HORNS BLARE, BRAKES SQUEAL and we --

CUT TO:

EXT COLUMBIA CAMPUS DAY

-- jump to the Columbia Campus, an idyll of green and quiet uptown.
Wilee, on his bike, zips through the gates on 116th, past a guard
shack where a GUARD is giving directions to a GUY IN A SUIT. The
Guard leans past the guy and yells --

GUARD

Walk that thing!

-- Wilee ignores him, weaves in and out of a few STUDENTS, and --

CLANG! Chains his bike to a post. Hits redial on his cell phone
once more, hears Vanessa's message, and --

WILEE

(into phone)

Okay, I am actually leaving a voice
mail message, do you know how
demeaning that is? Just call me.

He hangs up, sees a passing STUDENT, roughly his age and sort of
dressed the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE (cont'd)
Hey, where's the Law School?

STUDENT
First year?

WILEE
Huh?

STUDENT
Hang in there, it's a bitch at first
but it gets easier.

WILEE
Sage advice, Mr. Hand. Where's the
building?

STUDENT
What you want to do is go down that
walkway --

Mid-sentence, we jump to --

INT LAW SCHOOL BUILDING DAY

-- the inside of the law school building, a long, institutional
corridor. Wilee fast-walks down the hallway, toward a set of
double doors at the far end. On the frosted glass -- COLUMBIA
LAW SCHOOL.

NIMA, a young Asian woman in her early twenties, waits just outside
the doors. She's nervous. Clutches a thin envelope in her hands.

Make that *both* hands. She's holding it tight, so tight her
fingertips are turning white. She recognizes Wilee, forces a
smile as he approaches.

WILEE
Oh, hey Nima. They got you working
over here now?

She nods, distracted, looking around.

WILEE (cont'd)
That it?

She nods, holds up the envelope.

NIMA
It must be there by six o'clock.
Deliver only to Sister Chen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE

Where am I going?

NIMA

Chinatown. 147 Doyers. Is that going to be difficult?

He glances up at a clock on the wall. It's 4:33.

WILEE

Would be for some.

He digs a form out of his bag and fills in the address.

NIMA

It's a tiny street, very hard to see at first, you have to-

WILEE

I'll find it.

NIMA

I know you will. I asked for you because you are the most reliable.

Writing on the form, he fails to catch the intensity in her voice or gaze. He chuckles to himself as he writes.

WILEE

Not everybody'd agree with that, but okay. Time now is 4:33.

He writes the time in and turns the form around for her to sign.

WILEE (cont'd)

Sign here and print your name under it please.

She takes the pen he's holding out and signs the form. She writes slowly, carefully, making perfect letters.

He takes a moment, noticing her as she writes. Her hand is shaking.

He glances up at her face. She's nervous.

Scared, even.

But the moment's over in a second, and she's pushing the completed form back at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIMA

Must be by six o'clock. If it's early, that's even better. It's extremely important.

WILEE

Always is.

He tears off the top sheet of the form and hands it to her, shoves the other half of the form in his pocket.

He waits. She looks at him -- what?

WILEE (cont'd)

Gonna need the envelope.

Ah. Right. She seems reluctant to hand it over --

-- but she does, and Wilee's gone in a second, shoving it into his messenger bag.

We go with him, down the right-hand corridor, and he chances a look back over his shoulder at Nima.

She's still looking at him.

From the other direction, we hear a VOICE calling out from the left-hand corridor --

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! Oh hey, THERE you are!

-- we whip back to Nima as she turns to look at the source of the voice, but before we can see who it is we go --

CUT TO:

EXT LAW BUILDING DAY

-- outside with Wilee again as he hurries down the steps of the law building and heads toward his bike, moving at a semi-trot.

He taps an address into his iPhone and we zoom in fast on

GOOGLE MAPS,

as a map of the United States fills the screen. We zip up to the left-hand corner as letters tap into the address blank under "Get Directions."

UNDER POINT A -- 116th and Broadway types out (fast), and

UNDER POINT B -- 147 Doyers St., Manhattan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We zip back out as the map ROARS in on the east coast, then New York then Manhattan and --

A BRIGHT PURPLE LINE

zig-zags down the map, starting up at 116th and Broadway and racing through the streets of Manhattan all the way down to Doyers Street in Chinatown, on the lower east side.

It's the path of the movie, and the moment we digest it we're moving again, we zip up to

STREET VIEW,

which clicks and immediately takes us into a tiled set of images of a crooked, narrow street in Chinatown, still photos taken on a spring day. They shimmer full-screen, a dozen images digitized together into one big diorama, and a

BIG YELLOW ANIMATED PIN

with the letter B in the middle of it comes down and STICKS into a building with the street address 147 pulsing over it, above a sign that advertises it as the "Nam Wah Tea Parlor."

So *that's* where we're going.

We ZIP BACK OUT to --

THE CAMPUS AGAIN,

as Wilee CLICKS the phone off and slips it back into his pocket. (The whole search took about 4 seconds.)

As he nears his bike, he sees TWO STUDENTS coming out of another building, carrying burritos. His eyes zoom in on the food.

A quick check of his watch, then he hangs a hard left, darts into the building --

A JUMP CUT LATER,

-- and he comes out again, now carrying a burrito of his own, wrapped in paper and foil. He takes a bite as he reaches his bike, which is chained to a lamppost.

He unlocks the big Kryptonite chain, and as he's roping it around his waist, a VOICE calls from behind him. (We might recognize it as the voice from the hallway inside the law school.)

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! Excuse me! Messenger guy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wilee turns. A good-looking guy, fortyish, in a subtle pinstripe suit and unsubtle lavender shirt, is striding toward him, flushed, big smile on his face. We may or may not notice he's the guy who was talking to the Security Guard at the main gate when Wilee rode in. His name, no matter what he says, is BOBBY MONDAY.

His left cheek is red and slightly swollen.

MONDAY

Whew! Glad I caught you!

Wilee throws a leg over his bike.

WILEE

Yeah?

MONDAY

That envelope you just picked up.
Gotta ask for it back.

WILEE

Who are you?

MONDAY

Forrest J. Ackerman, head of campus security. The woman who gave you that envelope, she's not authorized to use the school's account. Internal matter I'm investigating, not your problem.

He holds his hand out.

MONDAY (cont'd)

Can I have the envelope please?

WILEE

Uh...

MONDAY

Bit of a time thing too, so --

He wiggles his fingers -- hand it over. But still all smiles.

WILEE

Yeah, the thing is, once it goes in the bag it's gotta stay in the bag unless I hear from my dispatcher.

Ravenous, Wilee takes advantage of this momentary delay to take a big bite of the burrito.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONDAY

Fine, call him, I'll talk to him. I got the receipt right here.

He digs the receipt out of his pocket and shows it to Wilee.

WILEE

Nima give you that?

MONDAY

Who?

WILEE

Nima. You don't know the *name* of the woman you're investigating?

MONDAY

Yeah, Nima, right, I didn't hear what you said.

Wilee doesn't believe him.

WILEE

Look man, they call the company "Security Courier." The security part is that once people give us their shit, we don't just hand it out to random strangers on the street, you get it?

Monday drops his head and rubs his temples, trying to keep his composure.

WILEE (cont'd)

And as you can see, I just spent seven dollars on a delicious Urban Food Log, so if you wanna take a step to the side and let me eat, that'd be great.

He starts to pedal forward. But Monday cuts him off, putting a hand on his handlebars and standing directly in front of the bike.

MONDAY

What's your name?

WILEE

Wilee.

He puts the accent on the second syllable.

MONDAY

Wile E.? Like the coyote?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE

Yeah.

MONDAY

That's cute. You got a real name?
Family? Girlfriend? People who
give a shit if they see you again?

WILEE

Who are you, man?

Monday leans in, lowers his voice.

MONDAY

I'm the guy you don't fuck with.

A moment of eye contact as Wilee sizes up the threat level.

Decides it's rather high.

WILEE

Hold my log?

He holds out the burrito, Monday takes it reflexively, removing his hand from the handlebars, and as he does Wilee's face starts to move away from him --

-- as he pedals *backwards* on his fixed-gear bike, slipping away.

Monday tosses the burrito and lunges forward, but Wilee keeps going backwards, and sideways now, in a long graceful reverse 360, leaving Monday spinning, grabbing at air.

Wilee hops up on the pedals and switches directions, headed forward, away from Monday, holding one hand back over his shoulder --

MONDAY

Hey!

-- as he flips him the bird.

WILEE

Have a nice day, Douchebag.

EXT 116TH & BROADWAY DAY

Wilee zips out the walkway that leads from the Columbia campus, past the same guard shack --

GUARD

WALK THAT THING!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- slices through an approaching GAGGLE OF STUDENTS, and rolls out into Broadway, right between two double-parked cars.

We follow him for a second as he starts down Broadway (the wrong way, this side of the boulevard goes uptown), then we WHIP PAN back to see --

-- Monday, as he runs past the guard shack in time to catch a glimpse of Wilee headed downtown.

ON BOARD THE BIKE,

Wilee pedals downtown, cutting through traffic. His cell phone RINGS, a distinctive ring tone, and he paws for it, pulls it out of his pocket and checks the number. It's the one he'd hoped it was, and he hits a button on his Bluetooth.

WILEE

You know why you called?

INT VANESSA'S OFFICE DAY

VANESSA sits behind the desk in a smallish office in a nice building in midtown. It's a junior exec's office, one step above the copy room. But it's hers alone. We recognize her as the woman from the bar in the opening, but she looks completely different now -- a skirt and blouse instead of tee shirt and jeans, and tattoos strategically covered for the office.

She's turned in the chair, facing out the window.

VANESSA

Why?

WILEE

Because you got a fever.

(INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM AS NEEDED.)

VANESSA

I called because --

WILEE

And the only prescription is more Wilee.

VANESSA

-- because I'm an adult, and I return phone calls.

WILEE

How was the party?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

Humiliating. You know what, I gotta go.

WILEE

Wait.

She waits.

WILEE (cont'd)

It was a dick move. There's no excuse for that level of dickishness.

VANESSA

You are who you are. Better to know it now than later.

WILEE

Ah c'mon, don't talk like that. What do you want, you want me to be more normal? I'll be normal.

VANESSA

I didn't ask you to be normal.

WILEE

I'll buy a rabbit! I'll get some furniture from Pottery Barn, and we'll have our friends over for Game Night, and when I can't sleep I'll come downstairs in my pajamas and pour a big glass of milk and cut myself a slice of that cake you make and-

She's laughing, in spite of herself.

WILEE (cont'd)

Come over tonight. The rabbit misses you.

VANESSA

No.

WILEE

Fine, I'll come to your place.

VANESSA

I don't know what matters to you.

For a moment, he just pedals. No answer for that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA (cont'd)
I don't know if anything does.

Before he can reply, there is a ROARING sound from behind him, he darts a look over his shoulder --

-- and sees A CAR'S FRONT GRILL headed right at him.

He swerves at the last second, cutting off an SUV that's forced to hit the brakes (and therefore BLARE its horn).

WILEE
I gotta go.

VANESSA
Of course you do.

WILEE
No, for real, call you later.

He hits the button to hang up as the car, a late model four door sedan, ROARS into view alongside him. Bobby Monday is behind the wheel, his window open.

Wilee turns, SHOUTS at him.

WILEE (cont'd)
DOUCHEBAG? WHAT THE HELL'S THE MATTER
WITH YOU?!

MONDAY
GIVE ME THE ENVELOPE!

WILEE
GO TO HELL!

Traffic slows around them, and Wilee looks up fast, realizing that can only mean --

-- the light is yellow.

His eyes scan the intersection and he hits the pedals harder.

The light turns red but he keeps going, blasting into the intersection just ahead of the oncoming traffic.

IN MONDAY'S CAR,

he lays on the horn and SCREECHES into the intersection too, causing chaos.

ON THE BIKE,

Wilee cuts into the middle of the boulevard, where a set of elevated train tracks separates the north and southbound lanes.

IN THE CAR,

Monday swerves, cutting underneath the trestles to give chase.

ON THE BIKE,

Wilee's pedaling hard, but there's a slight uphill and, really, he doesn't have a chance against eight cylinders.

He looks back over his shoulder and sees the front grill again, closing in on him fast.

But there's more to his plan than just cutting under the train tracks, he looks up ahead and his eyes light up as he sees what he came here for.

TWO CEMENT PILLARS, set close together, put here for the very purpose of keeping cars out of here.

Wilee sucks in tight --

-- WHOOSHES through the narrow space between the pillars, and --

IN THE CAR,

Monday sees the obstacle at the last second and STOMPS on the brakes, fishtailing to a stop just short of crushing the whole left side of the car.

He hits the gas again, cutting back out onto Broadway.

EXT BROADWAY AND 105TH DAY

Wilee's humping it down Broadway fast, on a downhill now, but he knows better than to think he's won just yet.

And sure enough, over the rise comes the ROAR of an engine and Monday's car reappears, doing 50 down the middle of the street, weaving in and out of traffic.

Wilee hits the pedals hard and catches up to a cab, grabbing hold of the door handle and letting the car do the work while he thinks for a moment and catches his breath.

He looks left. Looks right. Monday's half a block away now. Just as he draws close --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE

Okay FourWheels, let's see you bring
that sled over here.

-- Wilee lets go of the cab, cuts it hard to the left --

-- PEDESTRIANS SCREAM at him from the median, but he serpentine
right through them, practically rubbing shoulders but not slowing
down --

-- and he cuts into the uptown lane, headed the wrong way.

As cars HONK, he snakes his way down, supremely confident.

IN MONDAY'S CAR,

he doesn't dare pull *that* stunt, but he moves over all the way to
the left lane and SHOUTS out the window at Wilee, who's ten feet
away across the median, headed in the same direction.

MONDAY

GIVE ME THE GOD DAMN ENVELOPE!

WILEE

NO!

MONDAY

WHAT DO YOU GIVE A SHIT?! GIVE IT
TO ME, YOU PRICK!

ON THE BIKE,

Wilee sees worsening conditions ahead. The intersection is jammed.

He cuts left, toward the side street --

-- POPS ROCK ONTO THE SIDEWALK --

-- zips under an awning, around a hot dog cart, and toward a hand-
holding COUPLE, who momentarily uncouple, he goes right between
them --

EXT 95TH STREET DAY

-- and he bounces out onto 95th Street, an impossible turn that
Monday can't possibly keep up with.

95th Street goes the opposite way, but a minor thing like that
never stopped Wilee, and he threads his way through the traffic,
now headed away from Broadway.

On the sidewalk, he whizzes past a BIKE COP, writing a ticket to
a FOOD DELIVERY GUY on a bike of his own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's a superbly conditioned, densely muscled piece of work, this Bike Cop, and if there's one thing he hates, it's bike messengers.

RIP! Goes the ticket, and the Cop jumps on his bike.

INT MONDAY'S CAR DAY

Monday, HONKING his way through the intersection of Broadway and 95th, sees Wilee as he disappears into the traffic on 95th.

He hits the gas and hangs a sharp left on 94th, BLASTING through that intersection and through the crosswalk, now headed crosstown, one block south of Wilee.

He catches the green at Amsterdam and cranes his head to the left in time to see --

-- Wilee, one block to the north, flying through *that* intersection, still headed east.

Monday accelerates and continues into the next block. Up ahead, he sees a sign --

-- 24 HOUR PARKING.

His eyes light up and he heads for it, cranking the wheel sharply to the left at the driveway. The car's engine ROARS --

INT PARKING GARAGE DAY

-- and the undercarriage throws sparks as Monday's car BLASTS into the underground garage.

ATTENDANTS scatter as the car rips through and *keeps going*, because Monday knows the streets and he knows this garage cuts --

-- ALL THE WAY THROUGH THE BLOCK --

-- and he's racing up again, toward daylight on the far side of the garage without ever slowing down and back out onto --

EXT 95TH STREET DAY

-- 95th Street, where his car lunges into the middle of the block and --

ON WILEE'S BIKE

-- Wilee sees the car suddenly materialize in front of him, all two tons of steel all of a sudden and he's got exactly no time to react, and it's especially hard when you don't have any brakes, but he turns the wheel hard, and the bike stops, BANGING into the side of the car, which is good --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- but Wilee's body keeps going, because, you know, physics is physics, but the thing is maybe he KNEW that was going to happen, because he rolls neatly over the hood of the now-stopped car --

-- and lands on his feet on the far side, dropping to the ground next to the right front wheel.

Monday is out of the car in a second, but --

WILEE'S CROUCHED, LOOKING UNDER THE CAR AT MONDAY'S FEET --

-- and when the feet go left, toward the back of the car --

-- Wilee goes right, scrambling across the pavement, around the front of the car. As he passes under the hood, he pulls his phone from his pocket, opens it, CLICKS A PICTURE for some reason --

-- Monday hears the sound and turns --

-- but Wilee's already snatching up his bike and he's back on it in a second, heading back into the garage.

MONDAY

SHIT!

He jumps back in the car, no time to turn it around so he just throws it in reverse.

INT PARKING GARAGE DAY

The Attendants, getting together to discuss what the fuck just happened to them, leap back again as Wilee blasts through the garage on his bike, and while they're digesting THAT --

-- that crazy fucker in the sedan comes back for another pass, this time ROARING through the garage *backwards*, for God's sake and --

EXT 94TH STREET DAY

-- Wilee pedals out of the garage and into 94th Street, headed east.

Moments later, Monday backs the car out of the garage, *fast*, hits the brakes, and spins the front end neatly around so it's pointing in the right direction.

Hits the gas.

ON BOARD THE BIKE,

Wilee can't believe the guy is back already, and he's running out of moves, not to mention getting pretty God damn tired.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pedals hard again and hangs a right onto --

EXT COLUMBUS AVENUE DAY

-- Columbus Avenue, which is never jammed with traffic when you need it to be.

He pedals furiously, headed downtown, and he's got a hill, which is good, but looking back over his shoulder he sees Monday's car again, headed toward him and closing fast.

Wilee turns back, he's cutting between a cab and the curb lane, but suddenly a quick series of images repeats itself and we realize we've seen this before, his worst nightmare is about to happen RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW, and Wilee HISSES in his breath as --

1) The cab's brake lights go on, and

2) The available light goes on, and

3) The cab's door SWINGS open right in front of him, he's about to get doored, no possible way out of this one, there's no space between the door and the car next to it --

-- BUT! --

-- Wilee leans forward, as far as humanly possible without tipping the bike over --

-- stretches out his right arm --

-- and SLAMS the door shut in the UNTHINKING PASSENGER'S face just as the bike draws close --

-- and he blows by the cab.

He looks back, giddy, happy to be alive, but a CAR HORN jars him back to reality and when he turns around again his face falls because he really does get the worst news possible now.

HE'S RUNNING A RED LIGHT.

You know, it's not so much the legal implications.

It's the yellow cab that's six feet away from his right hip.

And the delivery truck that's in the next lane, completely blocking that escape route.

And the THREE SCHOOLGIRLS in the crosswalk to his immediate left, cutting off that angle as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And the BIKE COP, who is just now emerging from a side street and locking up his own brakes, to avoid getting killed himself.

Everything slows to a crawl again, maybe one one-hundredth of real time, as we go back into --

BIKE-O-VISION®.

We assess the situation from several angles in one fluid shot, looking for a way out of this, but it seems like a solid wall of trouble.

Even from above, the situation looks bleak, but then we drop back down, into Wilee's eye --

-- AS HIS PUPILS DILATE --

-- and we see what he sees, in the frozen tableau.

IT'S A NARROW PATH.

It lights up slightly, just a touch brighter than the rest of the frame around it, as Wilee's brain follows a path that cuts left, just in front of the Schoolgirls and past the delivery truck's front tire --

-- then zigs to the right, into an open space --

-- but runs directly into a WOMAN WITH A BABY CARRIAGE in the opposite crosswalk.

So the vision-path backs up, finds a sharp *left* zig that avoids Baby Carriage Woman and reveals a clear pathway into a wide-open Columbus Avenue.

We retreat, fast, along the path, back into Wilee's eye --

AND INTO REAL TIME AGAIN

as everything hits real speed and Wilee, on the bike, follows that exact path, sharply to the left, zigging to the right, then missing the baby carriage by zigging back to the left --

-- and he rides away fast, pedaling down Columbus as, behind him --

MONDAY'S CAR

SCREECHES to a halt as the intersection is thrown into hopeless gridlock and HONKING HORNS, and a taxi spins and SLAMS into the broad side of a delivery truck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Bike Cop, who spun hard and bit pavement to avoid the wreck in the intersection, leaps to his feet, but can only watch as Wilee rides away.

Monday starts to get out of his car, but sees the Bike Cop and gets back in, lying low as --

--the Bike Cop leaps back on his bike and rides a few feet after Wilee. But Wilee's nowhere to be seen, and there's a wreck to sort out behind him, and a DOZEN PASSERS-BY yelling about the mayhem that bike messenger just created.

Bike Cop narrows his eyes.

He's going to get that guy.

CUT TO:

EXT WEST 82ND STREET DAY

Wilee turns west onto 82nd Street between Columbus and Amsterdam, a leafy residential block. He hauls his bike up on a curb, moving fast and with purpose.

Pissed off.

CLANG!

His chain wraps around a post and his lock SNAPS into place.

He stomps into a squat cinder block building with lifeless windows. Pan over with him to see words on the side of the building --

N.Y.P.D. 20th PRECINCT

Hey, that's not a bad idea.

INT PRECINCT HOUSE DAY

Wilee comes into the precinct house and pauses in the doorway, momentarily taken aback by the presence of so many cops. Not a natural environment for him.

He crosses the crowded waiting room to a window on the far side. A POLICEWOMAN sits behind Plexiglass.

Wilee leans over and tries to talk through the pass-through slot.

WILEE

Okay, this douchebag?

POLICEWOMAN

I can hear you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE

(straightens)

Somebody tried to rob me and then
run me down with his car.

POLICEWOMAN

Are you injured?

WILEE

No.

POLICEWOMAN

You want to file a complaint?

WILEE

No, I want you to arrest him and
drop a pellet on his ass, he's a God
damn menace!

POLICEWOMAN

Have a seat and somebody'll be right
out to take your statement.

Wilee digs his phone out of his pocket, flips it open and starts
scrolling, to show her something.

WILEE

I got a picture. Of his license
plate number.

Ah! So *that's* what he took a picture of. Smart.

POLICEWOMAN

That's great. Have a seat and
somebody will-

WILEE

Yeah, all right.

He turns and goes to one of the empty plastic chairs in the waiting
room. Drops into it.

Looks around, unnerved.

He sees a vending machine on the other side of the room, sandwiches
and stuff. His eyes zoom in on the food.

He gets up and goes to it, digging for dollar bills in his pockets.

He studies the contents of the machine. Soggy tuna seems like
the best option, so he feeds in a couple bucks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the reflection of the glass, we see the front door of the precinct house open, spilling light into the place. A blurry silhouette enters --

-- the sandwich starts to move forward --

-- the silhouette comes forward into the light and the reflection pops into focus --

-- Wilee sees it and GASPS --

-- AS BOBBY MONDAY WALKS INTO THE PRECINCT HOUSE.

The sandwich THUDS into the bin.

Wilee turns slowly, stunned to see the crazy fucker who chased him.

He turns, tries to catch the eye of the Policewoman behind the glass, raises a hand to point, but TWO DETECTIVES from the other side of the room see Monday first --

-- and break into huge grins.

DETECTIVE 1
Hey, what do you know?

DETECTIVE 2
Mr. Monday graces us with his presence!

MONDAY
Sorry I'm late, your wife had a lot of unusual requests today.

DETECTIVE 2
Yeah? She still got that rash?

They laugh, all buddies all the time.

Wilee turns back to face the vending machine, hiding himself, thinking hard.

He pulls his cell phone from his pocket with a shaking hand.

He scrolls to a feature and hits a button. A picture pops up.

It's a close shot of a New York State license plate, taken from the front of the car. And there, in bright blue type across the top, are four bold letters:

N.Y.P.D.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wilee dares a look back at Monday. He's got his hands on his hips, which has pulled his coat back, revealing the badge and gun on his belt.

And he's between Wilee and the door. Wilee looks up at the clock on the wall.

It's 4:47.

ACROSS THE ROOM,

we see Wilee in focus in the background, and Monday out-of-focus in the foreground, telling a story. As he talks, the focus shifts, slowly, from Wilee in the background to Monday in the foreground.

DETECTIVE 1

What's the matter with your face,
Monday?

Monday puts a hand on his left cheek, the reddish, swollen one.

MONDAY

Goddam tooth went abscess on me, the
vicious little bastard. I go to the
dentist, son of a bitch makes me
wait an hour and a half --

We hear a strange, deep THUD, but nobody seems to notice it.

MONDAY (cont'd)

-- and finally gets me in the chair,
takes one look at the thing, and
just rips it out of my head. That's
why I'm late.

That THUD again, louder this time, and accompanied by a human
voice GROANING in pain and we --

CUT TO:

EXT CHINATOWN - ALLEY DAY

-- cut abruptly to a shot of Monday, on his knees in a dirty,
narrow alley in Chinatown. He's breathing hard, holding his
midsection in pain. (The left side of his face is neither red
nor swollen now.)

A legend:

TWO HOURS AND SIX MINUTES EARLIER

Monday looks up. An ENORMOUS ASIAN GOON stands over him, holding
a copy of the Yellow Pages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A SECOND GOON stands behind him, as backup. The Goon swings the phone book one more time --

-- and SMASHES it across the left side of Monday's face. His head spins, there's a horrible CRACKING sound --

-- and a tooth flies out of Monday's mouth, SKITTERING across the pavement.

Monday staggers on his knees, but doesn't go down. He spits blood and picks up his tooth, furious.

MONDAY

That's my TOOTH, you piece of shit!
I said nothing permanent!

A RATTLING SOUND rises up on the soundtrack and --

INT MR. LIN'S DAY

-- a hand BANGS a silver dice cup down on a felt-green poker table in a hot, crowded back room. Two tables, locks, cameras, some Asian SECURITY MEN.

Another legend:

FOURTEEN MINUTES BEFORE THAT

Monday sits at the poker table with FIVE OTHER PLAYERS. He checks his watch, anxious.

It's 2:27.

The DEALER looks at him.

DEALER

Everything okay, Bobby?

MONDAY

Gotta get to work is all.

He looks down at his chips. There is a large stack of them in the betting circle in front of him, and a smaller stack closer to him. The rest of it.

The Dealer isn't dealing cards, he sorts large black lacquered tiles similar to dominoes into individual piles, four tiles each. The tiles have dots on them, from two to twelve in number, in various combinations and patterns. The game is fast, noisy, and indecipherable to us. Monday is the only non-Asian at the table.

An OLD GUY behind glass in an office seems to be watching him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A HEAVY GUY ON A FOLDING CHAIR sits at the edge of the room, chair tilted back against the wall, reading a Michael Crichton novel.

Using a long flat wooden paddle, the Dealer distributes the groups of tiles to each of the players and they pick them up.

The Players shuffle their tiles around, arranging them into a square, two vertical, two horizontal. There are an infinite number of combinations, and a good deal of re-arranging that happens very fast. The TILE CLICKING alone is enough to drive you out of your mind.

Monday lays his down, straightening the edges of the tiles obsessively. He nods, bobs in his seat, feels like he's got a winner.

The Dealer BARKS something in Asian, flips his own tiles over, arranges them so fast his hands are a blur --

-- and there are MOANS of horror around the table.

DEALER

Monster hand!

MONDAY

Jesus Christ Jesus God of course you
have to no Jesus kidding me asshole
KIDDING God shit NO!

And like that his money is swept away.

Monday looks around, as if for divine intervention in such a crime. Only the dogs on velvet look back at him.

A quick series of images now, as panic sets in --

- 1) He shoves his few remaining chips into the betting circle.
- 2) Dice cup RATTLE RATTLE WHA-BAM!
- 3) Tiles shuffled/dealt/arranged.
- 4) Monday's tiles in front, two vertical, two horizontal.
- 5) GROANS of horror as the Dealer reveals his tiles.
- 6) The SWEEP of a hand, and
- 7) Monday's chips are gone.

Again, the whole sequence took about four seconds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now, without taking so much as a moment to think about it, Monday twists around in his chair and calls to the FLOOR MANAGER, a well-dressed Asian-American guy in his thirties:

MONDAY (cont'd)

Rebuy.

The Floor Manager turns, looks at the old guy behind the glass in the tiny office. MR. LIN is around sixty.

He gives the Floor Manager a barely detectable negative shake of his head and turns away.

MONDAY (cont'd)

REBUY!

The Floor Manager straightens his tie, squares his shoulders, and comes over to Monday's table. Not looking forward to this. He bends over solicitously.

FLOOR MANAGER

(no accent)

Let me get you a Coke, Bobby.

MONDAY

I need five k, what's the problem?

FLOOR MANAGER

Mr. Lin is concerned.

MONDAY

(getting up)

Oh is he? Mr. Lin wasn't too God damn worried when I solved his little security problem, though, was he? He bent over backwards to get his bullshit game juiced in with a cop, well, he's got it, and all I'm asking for is a little consideration.

The Floor Manager is attempting to steer him away from the other tables, but in the small space there is no privacy.

FLOOR MANAGER

It's up to seventeen, Bobby.

MONDAY

Which happens to be my lucky number.

FLOOR MANAGER

This isn't your game, man, Anglos don't have the math for Pai Gow Tile. Mr. Lin thinks-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONDAY

What? What does he think? He can't
get shut down just because a cop
owes him a few dollars?

FLOOR MANAGER

C'mon, you don't want to talk like
that.

MONDAY

The Station, 72nd Street, Brooklyn
Players, they all went down eventually --
(shouting at the back room)
They all go down, Charlie Chan!

FLOOR MANAGER

Maybe you should get some fresh air.

MONDAY

You go walk in the park, I want a
rebuy!

The Floor Manager twitches his head, come closer. They take a
few steps away from the tables, and the Floor Manager lowers his
voice to nearly a whisper.

FLOOR MANAGER

This isn't from me, right?

MONDAY

Yeah?

FLOOR MANAGER

If you really need cash -- you know
that bitch snakehead my sister works
for?

MONDAY

Over Nam Wah?

FLOOR MANAGER

Yeah. She said they got a serious
ticket coming down from a hawaladar
in Morningside tonight.

MONDAY

How serious?

FLOOR MANAGER

More money than you need. I can get
you an address, maybe you get there
first? You handle it right, Mr. Lin
might take the ticket as payment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONDAY

Do I look like a chain-snatcher to
you?

The Floor Manager puts his hands up and backs away, forget it.

MONDAY (cont'd)

Is that what you think, I'm some
purse-grabber, I'm a God damn THIEF?

FLOOR MANAGER

Just trying to help. Be a big boy,
Monday. Go to the Shy and settle us
up. Mr. Lin gets his seventeen,
you're right back in.

Monday looks at him, then at the Guy in the Folding Chair at the
edge of the room. He sighs.

MONDAY

Shit.

MOMENTS LATER,

the chair legs hit the floor with a BANG and Folding Chair Guy
stands up.

MONDAY (cont'd)

How many points on the vig?

FOLDING CHAIR

Twenty.

MONDAY

Killin me.

FOLDING CHAIR

Don't take it.

MONDAY

What is this, loan sharks don't make
loans anymore? How heavy's the money?

FOLDING CHAIR

Extremely.

MONDAY

Shit.

FOLDING CHAIR

Don't take it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONDAY

Give it to me.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER,

three neat bundles of hundred dollar bills (170 of them, to be exact) go into an envelope and Folding Chair hands the envelope to Monday.

Monday takes it, but Folding Chair holds on for a second, an extra bit of eye contact as a warning -- do not fuck this up.

Monday gives it a sharp tug and turns away, holding the money in his hand. Feeling good about it.

Mr. Lin watches from the booth.

The Floor Manager is smiling -- c'mon back, all is forgiven. He holds out a hand for the envelope. But instead of giving it to him --

-- Monday turns and walks out.

EXT CHINATOWN - STREET DAY

Monday bounds down the stairs from the second floor Pai Gow parlor and blinks at the harsh midday light. He's on a narrow, crooked street in Chinatown.

He walks straight across the street, opens a door, and heads down a dark staircase.

Behind him, the Floor Manager comes down the stairs, followed closely by Folding Chair.

FLOOR MANAGER

He took it across the street.

FOLDING CHAIR

I have now seen it all.

FLOOR MANAGER

He actually took it across the street.

INT BASEMENT PAI GOW ROOM DAY

All three stacks of hundreds are now in a betting circle on a table in a slightly larger poker room.

Monday stands in front of them, sweating. The long paddle extends his tiles to him. He picks them up and studies them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

You don't have to know anything about this game to know how badly this sucks, you just have to look at the faces of the CROWD behind Monday who are sneaking a peek at his tiles and MUTTERING to each other.

Monday flexes his jaw a few times. Does his best to arrange the shit in some form of winning fashion. But he knows it's futile.

The Dealer starts to flip over his own tiles. Before he's even done, Monday gets up from the table. Smooths his hair and straightens his tie. Knowing perfectly well what's about to happen.

He starts to walk away as the Dealer arranges his tiles, and the crowd around him erupts in GASPS and SHOUTS:

CROWD
MONSTER HAND!

Monday looks back over his shoulder, to catch one last glimpse of "his" money as the Dealer scoops it up, hands it to a 2nd FLOOR MANAGER --

-- who walks it across the room quickly to an ASIAN WOMAN in her fifties who's eating her lunch at a small table in the back. She puts the money in a small metal box --

-- SLAMS it shut, and like that, we jump abruptly to --

EXT CHINATOWN - ALLEY DAY

-- those Yellow Pages as they SMACK across Monday's face, sending his tooth flying out of his mouth (the scene we saw before).

Monday picks up the tooth, livid, and gets to his feet, SHOUTING at the Asian Goons.

MONDAY
That's my *tooth*, you piece of shit,
I said nothing permanent!

The Goons look at each other -- did we fuck up?

MONDAY (cont'd)
There are God damn RULES!, you think
none of that shit applies anymore?!
I take a lump or two if I step over
the line, but you think I'm gonna
grow new teeth at my age?!

GOON
Mr. Lin say-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monday KICKS the Goon in the balls as hard as he can.

MONDAY

Mr. Lin say! Mr. Lin! Is Mr. Lin
in charge now?!

The Second Goon comes at him, but Monday has his gun out in a split-second, flips it around in his hand --

-- and CRACKS the Goon across the face with the butt end, sending him crumpling to the ground --

-- where he delivers a savage kick to HIS balls, just to even things up. The Second Goon falls to the ground.

MONDAY (cont'd)

Is Mr. Lin President of the United
States?!

Blind with rage, he kicks the First Goon in the side of the head --

MONDAY (cont'd)

I am a cop! YOU. DO NOT. *DO THIS!*

-- grabs him by the collar, drags him on his stomach over to the curb, drops his head on it --

-- the Second Goon looks up from the ground, sees what's about to happen, tries to SHOUT to stop --

-- *but Monday stomps on the back of the First Goon's neck.*

Everything goes still.

Nobody moves. But the First Goon twitches. GAGS.

Monday regains his calm. Straightens his hair. He looks over at the Second Goon.

MONDAY (cont'd)

Get your buddy over to St. Vincent's.

He walks out of the alley.

EXT CHINATOWN - STREET DAY

Monday staggers out the mouth of the alley, touching his cheek, now red and swollen, as when we first saw it. He stops at a storefront window, checks his reflection.

Runs one shaking hand through his hair. Again, till he gets it just right. Touches his cheek and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Folding Chair appears behind him.

FOLDING CHAIR
Fourteen minutes.

Monday turns.

FOLDING CHAIR (cont'd)
I timed it. That's how long it took
you to soak yourself in gasoline and
light it on fire.

MONDAY
These hard guys holding your paper.
They from Mulberry Street? Cause I
got a relationship there.

FOLDING CHAIR
(shakes his head)
Nyet. Brighton Beach.

MONDAY
(winces)
That's too bad.

INT STAIRCASE DAY

Monday appears at the bottom of the narrow staircase that leads
up to Mr. Lin's.

The Floor Manager stands at the top.

IN THE STAIRCASE,

Monday climbs, stops two steps below the Floor Manager.

MONDAY
That ticket you were talking about?
I'm gonna need the address.

CUT TO:

INT 20TH PRECINCT DAY

Suddenly, we're back on Wilee's face, flushed and sweaty, nervous,
pinned down near the vending machine in the 20th Precinct, right
where we left him before the flashback started.

Detective Monday is still just across the room from him, not ten
feet away, exactly between Wilee and the front door.

Monday's still talking with the other two Detectives, the ones he
greeted when he first came in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wilee looks behind him, sees a door marked MEN --

INT MEN'S ROOM DAY

-- and slips through it. The bathroom's empty.

He goes into a stall, locks it behind him, and puts his feet up on the seat.

He thinks for a second. Flips his messenger bag around so it's on his lap, and opens it up.

Pulls out the envelope Nima gave him.

He holds it up to the light. Can't tell what's in it, but whatever it is, it's small, the outline about the size of a movie stub.

Fuck it, if this is what's gotten him into this, he's finding out what it is.

He puts a finger under the flap of the envelope and TEARS gently.

Opens it up, and pulls out the item.

It *is* in fact a movie stub. The name of the movie was "Dark Windows."

The 7:45 show, if that matters.

And, drawn in boldface on the stub, with a big fat Sharpie --

-- *is a smiley face.*

WILEE

Okay, seriously, what the *fuck*?!

THE BATHROOM DOOR OPENS.

Wilee sucks in his breath.

Whoever it is lumbers past the stall --

-- opens the door to the next one --

-- and drops down onto the toilet seat.

Wilee shoves the ticket back into the envelope, envelope goes back into the bag, and he bolts out of there.

INT PRECINCT HOUSE DAY

Wilee slips out the door of the bathroom and hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monday is on the *other* side of the room now, talking to somebody in an open doorway that leads to the squad room.

Which means the front door is clear.

Wilee doesn't hesitate, just darts forward, steams out the door --

EXT 82ND STREET DAY

-- and comes out the front of the police station.

He's halfway to his bike when a movement from off to the right catches his eye, he hesitates --

-- and the BIKE COP we saw earlier coasts to a stop next to Wilee's bike.

BIKE COP
(recognizing the bike)
Son of a bitch!

He touches the bike, confirms it's the guy he's been looking for.

He looks up, but Wilee is no longer in front of the station house.

IN THE DRIVEWAY,

we go to Wilee's point of view as he lurks just out of sight, behind a pillar in the driveway that leads to the parking lot behind the precinct house.

He watches the Bike Cop as he looks both ways, up and down the block, searching for Wilee.

Wilee's stuck right where he is for the moment.

INT PRECINCT HOUSE DAY

Inside the station, the other two Detectives are putting their coats on.

DETECTIVE 2
Ready to go, Monday?

MONDAY
Yeah, sure.

They head for the front door.

EXT 82ND STREET DAY

In the driveway, Wilee watches as the Bike Cop climbs back on his bike, still searching, and does a long, slow semi-circle around

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wilee's bike before heading off down the block in the other direction.

Wilee looks both ways, takes a deep breath, and is about to step out from the driveway --

-- when the front door of the precinct house opens and Monday comes outside, followed by the other two Detectives.

Wilee freezes where he is.

The *first* thing Monday's eyes fall on is Wilee's bike, chained to the lamppost directly in front of the station.

He freezes. Cocks his head. *That's* weird.

He looks sharply to his right and left.

Wilee's nowhere to be seen.

DETECTIVE 1

Monday? You comin?

Monday turns around, looks at the station house.

MONDAY

Yeah, I -- I gotta make a call.
Meet you guys there.

He turns and hurries back inside.

The Two Detectives shrug and head for the parking lot --

-- passing Wilee as he darts out from his spot, goes straight to his bike --

CLANG! The chain comes off.

SNAP! Wilee locks it back around his waist.

He practically leaps onto his bike and hits the pedals, headed east on 82nd toward Columbus and freedom and --

-- *THE BIKE COP.*

They practically collide.

BIKE COP

Hey! C'mere!

But Wilee's gone already, flying down 82nd Street and hanging a sharp left up onto the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Bike Cop follows.

INT STATION HOUSE DAY

Monday races into the station house, eyes searching the place, thinking Wilee's inside.

He sees the men's room.

INT BATHROOM DAY

Monday SLAMS through the door of the men's room, BANGS open stall doors, finds nothing.

His cell phone RINGS. He checks the number and answers.

MONDAY

I'm workin' on it!

We recognize the voice -- it's the Floor Manager from Mr. Lin's.

FLOOR MANAGER (O.S.)

The guy's dead.

MONDAY

Huh?

INT MR. LIN'S DAY

The Floor Manager is on a cell phone, in a corner of Mr. Lin's Pai Gow room. Play has been suspended at the tables, and there's a small crowd of ASIAN MEN in highly animated conversation. Mr. Lin is seething with rage.

FLOOR MANAGER

The guy you beat up, Monday. He didn't even make the ride to the hospital.

INT BATHROOM DAY

In the bathroom, Monday leans against a sink, the color draining from his face.

MONDAY

Shit.

FLOOR MANAGER (O.S.)

You got a knack for making it worse, you know that?

MONDAY

Let me talk to Mr. Lin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLOOR MANAGER (O.S.)
That's not a good idea right now.

MONDAY
I can make amends.

FLOOR MANAGER (O.S.)
Start with the money. Get that ticket
and bring it to his shop on 38th.
You've got one hour.

CLICK. He's hung up.

Monday is frozen for a second, then EXPLODES in a burst of rage --

MONDAY
MOTHERFU-

EXT COLUMBUS AVENUE - SIDEWALK DAY

-- that we can practically hear outside. Back on the street,
Wilee threads it through the PEDESTRIANS on the sidewalk, past
Ray's Pizza and the stroller traffic pouring out of Kidville.

The Bike Cop's not far behind. He's pissed, and closing fast.

Wilee yanks it off the curb and into --

COLUMBUS AVENUE

-- which is, you know, busy. Traffic pours downtown, all green
lights, wouldn't you know it, and Wilee threads it all.

But the Bike Cop is just as nuts as Wilee and presses on, fast.

The traffic blows at, by, and around us as they go straight across
the avenue.

Wilee hops it back up onto the curb and is headed straight toward
a storefront, no sign of slowing down, but the door to that
storefront is open, thank God, because he plows right into --

INT GROCERY STORE DAY

-- the main aisle of a tiny, family-owned grocery store.

PATRONS SCREAM, a cat leaps for its life, and Wilee twists the
bike down the aisle, toward the back, toward an open door there.

The Bike Cop, just a split-second behind, leaps off his bike,
runs it through the store, trying to maintain some semblance of
respect for the law.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIKE COP
POLICE! COMIN THROUGH! OUTTA THE
WAY!

At the back of the store, Wilee sees what he hoped he would, an open door that leads to the back alley.

He yanks his bike up on its back tire --

EXT ALLEYWAY DAY

-- and bounces down the back steps, landing in the back alley, already leaning hard to turn to the right.

He pedals away, just a second ahead of --

-- the Bike Cop, who races out the back door, jumps back on his bike, and takes off after him.

EXT 81ST STREET DAY

Wilee blasts out of the alley and flies across 81st Street, busy as hell at this hour.

HORNS and BRAKES, of course, plus an ANGRY DOORMAN from one of the nice buildings there.

Wilee keeps pedaling, into a driveway and down the foot-path that leads to --

EXT PLANETARIUM DAY

-- the Planetarium, its front lined with yellow school buses.

Wilee serpentines through the crowd of KIDS, who start yelling and CHEERING for him as they realize he's being chased by a Bike Cop.

Wilee hits a narrow service path, goes through an open gate --

EXT NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM DAY

-- and comes out on a driveway underneath the front entrance of the Natural History Museum.

He's up on the pedals, pushing as hard as he can as he blasts out just underneath the main stairs.

He keeps moving, heading toward another line of school buses, these are in front, and they're moving out.

BEHIND HIM,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

the Bike Cop emerges just a second or two later from the service driveway, and sees Wilee make a skid turn between two of the school buses.

He follows him through --

EXT CENTRAL PARK WEST DAY

-- and a deafening horn BLARES as he finds himself in a busy lane of Central Park West, nearly flattened by a delivery truck.

SHOUTS and SCREAMS and HORNS and suddenly, Wilee is gone.

The Bike Cop, whose bike went right out from under him, runs into the middle of the street, looking up and down in both directions, but Wilee is nowhere to be seen.

Because --

JUST UP THE BLOCK,

-- Wilee clings to an open window on the side of a yellow bus, letting it drag him away uptown to the JEERS and CHEERS of the FIFTY TEN YEAR OLDS on board.

Wilee takes a deep breath.

That was a close one. As he collects himself, he pulls his Bluetooth out of his pocket, puts it in his ear, and TAPS a button. After a moment:

FARHAD (O.S.)

Dispatch.

WILEE

What did you do to me?! What the hell am I carrying around?!

INT DISPATCH OFFICE DAY

Farhad's in the courier dispatch office.

FARHAD

Wilee? Where are you? Did you deliver?

WILEE (O.S.)

Hell no, you son of a bitch, and I'm not gonna!

EXT STREET DAY

Wilee's still holding onto the bus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE

You want this thing delivered, give it to Manny, I'm done with it!

FARHAD (O.S.)

I haven't heard from Manny in an hour, I got nobody else.

WILEE

Listen, you tool, I almost got my ass killed three times in the last twenty minutes! I do not carry drug shit or whatever the hell this --

FARHAD (O.S.)

Is not drugs! Can't be drugs, is from Columbia.

WILEE

Whatever it is, it's worth a shitload of something to somebody. If you can't tell me what it is, put me on the phone with somebody who-

Struck by a thought, he looks up. Checks his bearings.

WILEE (cont'd)

Never mind, I'll call you back.

He lets go of the bus window, cuts sharply over behind it, and cruises down a side street.

CUT TO:

INT OFFICE BUILDING DAY

BING! Elevator doors open on an upper floor with expensive office space. Wilee hurries off the elevator and goes to the RECEPTIONIST, holding the envelope in one hand.

WILEE

You got a Vanessa Wallace?

RECEPTIONIST

I can sign.

She reaches for it, but Wilee pulls it back from her.

WILEE

Registered. Has to be her.

The Receptionist picks up a phone and --

A MINUTE LATER,

Wilee, still in the reception area, hears the CLICKING SOUND of heels on tile floor. He turns.

Vanessa is walking toward him with a "what the hell are you doing here?" look on her face. The CLICKING gets louder, rhythmic --

EXT STREET NIGHT

-- and continues over a CLOSE SHOT of a different pair of heels, walking quickly down a sidewalk at night.

Vanessa's in the heels, dressed for an event, and Wilee's alongside her, in his version of black tie. They're hurrying down the street near the Winter Garden. Bright lights up ahead, and the dark forms of other COUPLES headed in the same direction.

THREE DAYS AGO

Wilee and Vanessa are laughing, his hands all over her, his face buried in her neck.

VANESSA

Easy, Tiger. I thought we got this out of your system.

WILEE

The system wants more. The system needs constant attention.

Vanessa SHRIEKS as his nuzzling hits a ticklish spot. A few heads turn. Vanessa lowers her voice.

VANESSA

This is a work event, keep it down.

WILEE

Too late!

She looks puzzled, then follows his gaze down. She rolls her eyes.

VANESSA

Oh my God. Make it stop!

WILEE

I don't tell it what to do.

VANESSA

Think of your mom or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They're laughing as they get closer to the doors. The lights are bright inside, the place is done up for quite a fancy affair.

In front of them, TWO COUPLES get out of a cab. They're all very well-dressed, well-groomed, and immediately greet a half a dozen more SWELLS.

Wilee notices the men's clothes. Beautiful tuxedos left and right. He looks down at his own outfit -- it's suit-like, none of it purchased at the same time, but the best he could throw together. He looks cool, but out of place.

They pass a newsstand and she turns toward it.

VANESSA (cont'd)
Need Altoids.

She picks up a package and goes to pay for them.

While he waits, Wilee looks around some more, at the crowd headed into the event.

He wipes his forehead. Getting uncomfortable.

He looks at Vanessa as she pays for the Altoids -- gorgeous, put-together, without flaw.

There's a stack of free copies of the Village Voice next to the newsstand. Wilee grabs one as Vanessa comes back, popping a mint in her mouth.

They start walking again. He's reading.

VANESSA (cont'd)
What are you doing?

WILEE
Checking out the personals for you.

VANESSA
(laughs)
Why?

WILEE
Here's one -- "Investment banker seeks professional. I am personable, fit, and funny."

VANESSA
(playing along)
I could love a banker. I'm a banker, I like me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE

You could work out together. Drink green tea, go down to the Atlantis for the weekend and get the couple's ass wax.

VANESSA

My grandmother always said it's just as easy to love a rich man as a poor man.

WILEE

Easier, I'd think. 'Cept there are fewer of 'em.

(reading again)

"Bike messenger seeks mate. Self-destructive man about town seeks smoking hot beauty queen willing to throw away some of her precious time."

VANESSA

That's the nicest thing you've ever said to me.

WILEE

Don't do it, he'll break your heart.

VANESSA

Why are you so anxious to get rid of me?

WILEE

Because I'm your friend and I care about your future.

He's pushing the joke too far, and she doesn't like it.

She takes the paper and tosses it in a trash can.

VANESSA

Okay. That's enough.

She puts an arm around him again, but now there's a growing tension. They've reached the entrance to the party.

Wilee stops short of the doors.

WILEE

You know what? I'm gonna meet you later.

VANESSA

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE
I'm not really feelin' this.

VANESSA
You're not *feeling* it?

WILEE
(gestures)
The whole corporate bullshit.

He starts backing away, a step at a time. She follows, lowering her voice.

VANESSA
You're -- you're kidding, right? I told people you were coming. Wilee, this is my *job*.

WILEE
Yeah, you know people, it'll be cool. Open bar. Have a good time.

He turns and starts to walk away.

WILEE (cont'd)
Call me when it's over.

And he's gone. She's aghast and --

CUT TO:

INT VANESSA'S OFFICE DAY

BAM! Back in the present, Vanessa closes the door on her tiny office, turns to Wilee.

VANESSA
What are you doing here?

WILEE
I'm not trying to get weird. I need help with a problem and I didn't know who else to ask.

VANESSA
Silly me. I thought you might be coming to apologize.

WILEE
I already tried that. Didn't fly.

VANESSA
Wasn't much of an apology.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls out the envelope and takes the ticket stub out. Puts it on the desk in front of her.

WILEE

Can you tell me what this is?

VANESSA

(looks at it)

A movie stub with a smiley face on it.

WILEE

Yeah, I get that part, what else could it be? Why would somebody want to kill to get it? Is it worth money?

VANESSA

Where are you supposed to take it?

WILEE

An address in Chinatown.

VANESSA

Chinatown. Who gave it to you?

WILEE

Some woman at Columbia Law School.

VANESSA

Was she Asian too?

WILEE

Yeah.

She thinks for a moment.

VANESSA

Have you ever heard of Hawala?

(he shakes his head)

It's an underground system of banking. It's a way of moving large amounts of money overseas without having to use our banks, which they don't trust. They deposit the money in one place and pay it out in another to whoever holds this ticket. If you know where to take this thing, it's exactly like carrying cash. It could be worth a hundred dollars or millions. If I were you I would get as far away from it as possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE

Throw it away?

VANESSA

They'll just come after you to find it again.

She pushes it toward him with a pencil.

VANESSA (cont'd)

Take it back where you got it.

He picks it up, puts it back in the envelope. He looks at her.

She looks back.

WILEE

Nice office. Big view.

VANESSA

It's all right.

WILEE

You can do a lot better.

VANESSA

Than what?

WILEE

C'mon. You're all *THIS* --
(her office, the view)
-- and I'm -- *THIS* --
(his ragged shirt)
-- and --

He grabs her and kisses her. She's hesitant at first, but it goes on, and she responds.

He's the first to stop. He holds onto her for a moment --

WILEE (cont'd)

I'm sorry I let you down.

-- then pulls away and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT VANESSA'S OFFICE LOBBY DAY

Wilee walks through the reception area, talking on his Bluetooth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE

Farhad. Call Columbia. Tell 'em
their envelope's coming back.

He JABS the down button on the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT PRECINCT HOUSE DAY

At a metal desk in a corner of the squad room back at the 20th Precinct, Bobby Monday sits at the edge of his chair, bouncing a leg, trying to think his way out of this one.

He has an idea. Pulls a wrinkled slip of paper from his pocket and smoothes it on the desk in front of him.

We recognize the paper, it's the order form from the messenger service, the one he showed Wilee outside the Law School -- SECURITY COURIER is stenciled at the top.

There's a phone number below it. He punches it into his cell phone, waits while it rings. After a moment:

MONDAY

Yeah, hi. I'm calling from Columbia
Law School about an order you just
picked up.

The person on the other end asks a question.

MONDAY (cont'd)

Order number, yeah, I --
(searching the form)
-- I do, right here. Order number
223-1970.

He sits back. This is going to work. As a TICKING sound rises up on the soundtrack --

MONDAY (cont'd)

I'm gonna need to change the delivery
address for that envelope.

-- he looks up at the clock on the wall.

It's 5:09.

The TICKING gets louder, really loud now, and as we move in full-frame on the clock the image JUMP CUTS, the hands just leap back in time to --

CUT TO:

INT COLUMBIA LAW SCHOOL - MAIN OFFICE DAY

-- a similar clock, the TICKING bridging the cut to it, and now it says it's 1:59, the big red sweep second hand ten seconds short of 2:00. A legend:

THREE HOURS AND TEN MINUTES EARLIER

Nima, the young Asian woman who gave Wilee the envelope, stares up at the clock from a desk in the entryway to the law department. Nervous as hell, waiting to get out of there like a sprinter in the blocks.

The second hand reaches 2:00, she jumps up from the desk, grabs her bag, CALLS to a co-worker (DEBRA).

NIMA

Taking my lunch, see you in a bit.

She stops, forced-casual, as if she just thought of it.

NIMA (cont'd)

Oh Debra, I have to run an errand,
do you think you could cover the
phones if I'm a little late?

DEBRA

No problem.

CUT TO:

EXT COLUMBIA CAMPUS DAY

Nima hurries off campus and crosses Broadway.

EXT RESIDENTIAL STREET DAY

Nima comes down a residential block in the lower-income housing near the school. She runs up a front stoop, unlocks the door --

INT STAIRWELL DAY

-- and runs up the stairs to a fifth floor walk-up.

INT NIMA'S APARTMENT DAY

Several locks KA-CHUNK open on the door and Nima runs into a smallish studio apartment.

It's neatly kept, but spare as hell and not the best building. Still, it's clean and feels like home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a single bed on one side of the room, and as Nima goes to it and reaches under it, we notice a second bed on the other wall, a smaller one, with a guard rail on one side.

Looks brand new, un-slept in. Not even made up, but there's a bag from a bedding store on top of it.

Nima, on her knees, pulls an old strong-box from under the bed.

Takes a key that hangs on a chain around her neck and opens it.

There is a shitload of cash inside.

Neat stacks of twenties, fifties, and hundreds. Hard to estimate, but conservatively let's say fifty thousand dollars.

The stacks are all bundled and tied with thin string. She starts lifting them out, one by one, counting to herself as she does, and transferring them to a Blimpie bag.

A FEW MINUTES LATER,

she lifts the Blimpie bag, now tied at the top, and puts it in an old backpack.

She ZIPS it shut, swings the backpack up onto her back --

-- ZIP! ZIP! --

-- and tightens the shoulder straps. Somebody'd have to rip that thing off her if they want it.

CUT TO:

EXT STREET - NIMA'S NEIGHBORHOOD DAY

CLOSE ON the backpack, which Nima wears as she hurries down the street in her neighborhood.

She looks back over her shoulder, makes sure she isn't followed, and crosses the street.

We move ahead of her, see where she's going. It's a storefront, the Gold Coast Nail Salon. We linger as she goes inside --

-- and see a four door sedan pull up across the street.

Bobby Monday is behind the wheel.

He checks the address of the salon against a slip of paper he holds in one hand. He puts the car in park.

INT GOLD COAST NAIL SALON DAY

Nima comes inside. The place is all Asian workers, mostly non-Asian clientele. Nima speaks Chinese to a NAIL WORKER near the door.

NIMA
(subtitled)
I'm looking for Mr. Leung?

The Nail Worker just looks up at her and shrugs.

Nima is momentarily thrown.

But an OLDER MAN giving a 5-minute backrub sees her distress and knows what she's there for.

He nods toward a back door with a HUGE SECURITY GUARD standing in front of it.

Nima walks in the direction of the nod, eyeing the Guard as she approaches. She reaches him and he just looks at her.

NIMA (cont'd)
(subtitled)
Mr. Leung?

The Guard looks her up and down.

NIMA (cont'd)
I have everything with me.

She starts to pull her backpack off her shoulders, but he puts a hand out -- not here.

He takes out a key ring, unlocks the door to the back room, and lets her through.

INT NAIL SALON - BACK ROOM DAY

A short while later. MR. LEUNG, an Asian man in his forties, sits behind a desk. Just behind him is a smallish Asian man in a dark suit, playing Sudoku in a book of puzzles. SUDOKU MAN may not say anything, but you notice him.

Nima's money is on the desk in front of him and he's counting it for what seems like the third time. He counts in Fujian, a Chinese dialect, which isn't subtitled, but the rest of their conversation is.

MR. LEUNG
A lot of money for a young lady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIMA

Took me two years. I work three jobs.

MR. LEUNG

The American dream.

NIMA

Is to work three jobs?

MR. LEUNG

These days? Yes.

He reaches into a drawer and pulls out a handful of seemingly unrelated items -- food delivery receipts, old used envelopes, post-it notes, and --

-- movie ticket stubs.

He picks one in particular, the one we saw before, for the 7:45 showing of "Dark Windows."

He takes a thick black Sharpie, draws two dots for eyes, and a wide smile beneath it, turning it into the stub we saw in Wilee's hand in the bathroom at the police station.

Still keeping the stub on his side of the table, he takes a black and white marbled composition notebook from his drawer and opens it. The book is filled with page after page of columns in tiny print.

He goes to the current page and writes the details of this transaction, whatever the hell it is.

Closes the book and puts it away.

Then slides the stub across the desk to Lima, treating it like a holy relic.

She reaches for it, but he holds it back.

MR. LEUNG (cont'd)

Mr. Leung does not give guarantees or money back. You understand? If you have problems --

He scrawls a number on a business card and hands it to her.

MR. LEUNG (cont'd)

You call this number.

She takes it. She gives a look at Sudoku Man, who catches her eyes for a moment, then goes back to his puzzle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. LEUNG (cont'd)

This is for a *shetou*?

NIMA

Yes.

MR. LEUNG

Which one?

NIMA

Sister Chen.

MR. LEUNG

Go straight there. Make no stops.

NIMA

Okay.

MR. LEUNG

This is not your village, this city is not nice and friendly and everyone watches out for you. Many people would rob you if they know what you have. Did you tell anyone you come to Mr. Leung today?

NIMA

(thinks)

Only one.

MR. LEUNG

That is one too many.

NIMA

She's my friend.

MR. LEUNG

It usually is. If she knows you are coming, someone else may know. They may be watching for you.

NIMA

She wouldn't tell anyone.

MR. LEUNG

Is there anyone else who can deliver it for you? Someone they won't recognize?

NIMA

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. LEUNG

Think about it.

He puts the ticket in an envelope, licks the flaps, seals it on his desk, and hands it to her.

MR. LEUNG (cont'd)

Good luck.

CUT TO:

EXT NAIL SALON DAY

Nima comes out of the nail salon and starts down the street, looking both ways before starting off.

She walks west.

Across the street, Monday's sedan starts up, driving away from her for half a block before doing a long, slow U-turn and trolling behind her.

She looks back, noticing the turn, and quickens her pace.

She checks out the side-view mirror of a car. Sees Monday is definitely following her.

She's getting unnerved. She looks at her watch. This is taking longer than expected.

Monday's car ROARS past her and she breathes a momentary sigh of relief --

-- until it pulls over, half a block ahead, waiting for her. She's cornered. Starts to panic.

But then she gets an idea. She pulls out her cell phone. Scrolls through, looking for a number. She finds it, punches the button to dial it.

VOICE (O.S.)

Security Courier.

NIMA

(super-pleasant office
voice)

Hello, it's Nima from the Columbia
Law School.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey Nima, what's up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIMA

I have a pick-up from our office,
it'll be ready in about ten minutes.

VOICE (O.S.)

Where we going?

She fumbles in her bag, pulls out a slip of paper with an address on it.

NIMA

147 Doyers in Chinatown. Cross street
is Pell. Better make it Premium
Rush. Has to be there by six o'clock.
Absolutely no later. You have a
certain messenger, he's very good --
Wilee. Can you send him please?

VOICE (O.S.)

I'll see if he's free. If he's not,
don't worry, all our messengers are-

NIMA

No. It has to be Wilee. No one
else.

Up ahead, she sees Monday has gotten out of his car and is walking towards her, thirty yards away now. He looks around, to see if anybody's watching.

VOICE (O.S.)

See what I can do.

Nima hangs up quickly, looks up the block in the other direction, and sees a city bus coming.

She hurries to the bus stop as the bus pulls in. She gets on.

CUT TO:

EXT 116TH AND BROADWAY DAY

The bus ROARS away, depositing Nima outside Columbia's main gate.

She steps through the gate, passes the guard shack, and walks onto the campus.

BEHIND HER,

Monday's car pulls a U-turn across the boulevard, double-parking just in front of the main entrance to the University, just outside the gate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON CAMPUS,

Nima knows he's there, and still following her. She thinks fast, and, just past the guard shack, as a KNOT OF STUDENTS passes between her and the car --

-- she ducks down a narrow walkway, a super-sharp right turn.

BEHIND HER,

Monday strides past the guard shack, just a few seconds behind Nima. He reaches the open quad, but she's gone. He lost her.

He doubles back, to the Guard Shack, shows his badge to the Guard. (We may realize Monday was the Guy in the Suit in the beginning who was talking to the Guard.)

MONDAY

N.Y.P.D. Young Asian woman, maybe
twenty-two years old, just walked
past. you know where I can find
her?

Behind him, a MESSENGER ON A BIKE flies by, the Guard leans past Monday, yelling --

GUARD

WALK THAT THING!

-- but the Bike Messenger ignores him. (It's Wilee, of course, and we've seen this moment before.)

INT LAW SCHOOL BUILDING DAY

Monday, starting to look desperate, has shown his badge to a small group of STUDENTS in a corridor in the law school building and is describing someone.

MONDAY

About five three, five four. Guard
said he thought she worked in the
law school.

STUDENT

Oh yeah, she works in the main office.
You go down this hall-

And as he points, we cut abruptly to --

INT LAW SCHOOL - MAIN OFFICE DAY

-- a clock on a wall. It's 4:26.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nima hurries back into the main office as Debra, who's now sitting at the main desk, still covering the phones, gets up, looking daggers at Nima.

DEBRA

In case I'm a FEW minutes late?

NIMA

I am so sorry, I apologize, everything was-

DEBRA

Whatever. Snider was looking for you.

NIMA

What'd you tell him?

DEBRA

I lied exquisitely.

ON THE WALL,

the clock CLICKS forward to 4:32.

INT LAW SCHOOL - HALLWAY DAY

RIP!

In the hallway, Wilee tears the customer copy of the receipt off his pad and hands it to Nima. He shoves his copy in his pocket. (This is the scene from the beginning.)

He looks at Nima, waiting. She looks at him -- what?

WILEE

Gonna need the envelope.

Ah. Right. Her hand practically shaking (and now we know why), she hands it over to Wilee, who takes it and is gone in a second, shoving it into his messenger bag.

She watches him go, her face filling with hope, but before she can get too lost in those thoughts --

MONDAY (O.S.)

Hey! Oh hey, THERE you are!

She turns and looks the other way, sees Detective Monday walking toward her, a big smile on his face.

She furrows her brow, do I know you?, and he reaches her just as Wilee disappears around the other corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monday does not see Wilee, focuses all his attention on Nima. Turns on his charm high-beams as he gives her a quick flash of badge, not long enough for her to register a number or name, just the glint of the gold.

MONDAY (cont'd)

Forrest J. Ackerman, Internal Revenue Service. Wire fraud investigation unit.

NIMA

Yes?

MONDAY

I'm afraid you got yourself in a bit of trouble.

NIMA

I don't know what you're talking about.

MONDAY

You realize that using an illegal system of money transfer circumvents about eighteen different United States banking regulations?

She's too terrified to answer, but also knows that the longer she keeps him talking, the further away Wilee gets.

NIMA

I'm not sure I understand.

MONDAY

Relax, it's not you that's facing jail time. These hawaladars, they're known to prey on unsuspecting illegal immigrants.

NIMA

I'm not illegal.

MONDAY

We don't have to get into that.

NIMA

I have a green card.

MONDAY

With you?

NIMA

At home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONDAY

See, it's supposed to be with you at all times. Leave it at home, that's a good way to get yourself deported. But there's no need for us to go down and talk about this at immigration, that's totally unnecessary. We can settle it right here. I just need to see the envelope he gave you, please.

NIMA

I don't understand.

MONDAY

(losing patience)

What don't you understand?

NIMA

Why someone who says he's an I.R.S. agent has a New York City police detective's badge.

Hey, Nima's got some *balls*.

Monday smiles, glances quickly to the right, to the left --

-- shoves her through the door to an empty classroom behind her --

INT CLASSROOM DAY

-- and *SLAPS* her across the face.

He puts his thick fingers around her throat and shoves her up against a wall, pinning her there.

MONDAY

You know what the HR shrink said I have? "Impulse control issues." Like you need a college degree to figure that out. I'm telling you this so you understand that it's in your best interests not to lie to me or waste my time, but to give me the God damn envelope before I lose my shit and rip your throat out. Clear enough?

She's choking, unable to move. She squeezes her hands in fear, and as she does the paper she still holds in her right hand CRINKLES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monday hears the sound and looks down. Still holding her by the throat with one hand, he snatches up the paper with the other.

MONDAY (cont'd)
What did you do?

He flips the paper around, looks at it.

MONDAY (cont'd)
What the hell did you do?!

EXT COLUMBIA CAMPUS DAY

Flushed, Monday rushes out of the law building and searches the sidewalks, looking for Wilee.

Up ahead, he sees him, carrying his burrito, unchaining his bike.

A WHOOSHING SOUND rises up on the soundtrack as Monday rushes up to Wilee --

MONDAY
Hey! Excuse me! Messenger guy!

-- the WHOOSHING gets louder, it's water, and --

CUT TO:

INT BATHROOM - LAW SCHOOL DAY

-- we go close on a wall clock. It's 5:17. Back in the present.

We whip off the wall clock and down to a sink in the ladies room in the law school building, where Nima is splashing water on her face, trying to wipe away the anxiety and the red marks where Monday slapped and choked her.

She dries her face, someone opens the door behind her, we whip over in time to see A GUY walking down the hall outside the door, and we recognize that guy, it's --

INT LAW SCHOOL - HALLWAY DAY

-- WILEE, battered, irritated, and cursing under his breath. We hurry down the hallway with him, toward the double doors of the law school at the far end.

He reaches the doors to the law school, breezes through, and --

INT LAW SCHOOL - MAIN OFFICE DAY

-- goes straight to the main desk. Nima isn't there. From nearby:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBRA (O.S.)

Wilee, my own man.

Wilee turns. Debra's face brightens when she sees him -- she likes him.

He drops the battered, torn envelope that contains the ticket onto the desk in front of her.

DEBRA (cont'd)

What's this?

WILEE

The worst pickup I've ever had, bar none.

DEBRA

You *opened* it?

Wilee, in no mood, sees a tape dispenser in arm's reach, so he grabs a hunk, tears it off, and tapes the battered envelope shut again.

WILEE

There.

He drops the now-repaired envelope back on her desk. Debra holds it up by a corner like it's a dead rodent.

DEBRA

What am I supposed to do with it?

WILEE

Not my problem. I don't need the aggro.

He turns and heads out.

INT LAW SCHOOL - HALLWAY DAY

Nima comes out the door of the ladies' room. In the distance, she sees Wilee's figure as he comes out the door of the main office.

She blinks, that can't be him. But it is. She starts toward him, just as doors on both sides of the corridor open as a lecture ends and STUDENTS swarm out.

Nima swims her way upstream against the crowd, keeping an eye on Wilee's messenger bag as he walks away from her.

She catches up to him and grabs hold of his bag, spinning him around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIMA
What are you doing here?

WILEE
Nima! Hey, you know what?

NIMA
You can't have delivered already,
it's not possible.

WILEE
It's very uncool to use a messenger
service to do your illegal bullshit.

He starts walking away. She follows him. As they talk, we rack focus to the office doors behind them, in time to see a BLACK-CLAD MESSENGER hurry in through them, unseen by either Nima or Wilee.

NIMA
What are you talking about? Where
is my envelope?

WILEE
I mean, it's hard enough out there
in the death maze.

NIMA
WHERE IS IT?!

WILEE
I just dropped it off at your front
desk.

Behind them, the Black-Clad Messenger leaves the office and heads off in the opposite direction, a battered envelope at one hand.

Nima turns and races back down the corridor toward the office, just missing him.

Wilee turns and rings for the elevator, shaking his head.

INT LAW SCHOOL - MAIN OFFICE DAY

Nima hurries into the office, trying to hold it together as best she can. Goes straight to Debra at the main desk.

NIMA
Did a messenger just drop off an
envelope?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEBRA

Yeah and another one just came and
picked it up. Freaky guy. No front
teeth.

NIMA

What?!

DEBRA

Asked for my phone number.
(shudders)
Eeeeyahh.

Vanessa picks up a fresh receipt from the desk in front of her,
but Nima snatches it out of her hand and reads the dropoff address
herself.

GO CLOSE ON --

BETTER CHOICE FABRICS
26 W. 38th St.

Nima looks up in horror.

NIMA

Where is this address?

DEBRA

I don't know. He had the form filled
out when he got here.

NIMA

Who told them to change the address?!

She turns and runs out.

INT LAW SCHOOL - HALLWAY DAY

BING!

Elevator doors open and Wilee steps on. Behind him, Nima races
down the hallway, catches the elevator just before the doors close.

INT ELEVATOR DAY

Nima steps onto the crowded elevator. Wilee is a few people away,
against the wall.

It's packed. At least a dozen people.

Wilee looks at Nima as the elevator starts its slow journey down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nima stares straight ahead. She gives off an aura of fear and worry so frantic it could bring down the walls around her.

The elevator stops on the fifth floor. Most of the other passengers get off, leaving just Nima, Wilee, an OLD WOMAN, a STUDENT with an iPod, and a MAINTENANCE GUY.

Nima checks her watch. She rocks back and forth. Would pace if she could.

Wilee keeps watching her. Really thinking about her now.

The elevator stops again and the last of the people get out, leaving them alone.

They ride in silence for a moment. Nima wipes away a tear with the back of her hand.

A look of worry crosses Wilee's face. Did I do the wrong thing?

He can't help himself, he reaches out, toward her elbow. Just touches it.

WILEE

Hey.

She pulls her arm away. Turns away from him.

She wipes her cheeks, takes a deep breath, trying to pull it together. Looks at the pink messenger receipt she holds in one hand.

WILEE (cont'd)

You get your envelope back?

She shakes her head no, has no interest in continuing this conversation. She looks back down at the receipt in her hands.

Wilee looks at it too.

WILEE (cont'd)

Somebody else picked it up?

She nods.

NIMA

But it's going to the wrong place.

WILEE

Why?

NIMA

What do you care?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The elevator doors open and she hurries out.

INT LAW SCHOOL - LOBBY DAY

In the lobby, Nima heads for the front doors but is overcome by emotion. She steps off to the side, hiding her face.

Wilee, leaving, glances back over his shoulder, worried about her. He stops. Thinks.

Really does not want to go back there and talk to her. But finds himself taking a few tentative steps in her direction anyway.

He reaches her. She's turned away. He speaks softly.

WILEE

What's the money for?

She turns and looks at him. Does not have a lot of options.

NIMA

A *shetou*. A snakehead.

WILEE

What's that?

NIMA

A kind of importer.

WILEE

What are you importing?

She digs through her purse, comes up with her wallet. Pulls out a small square.

Hands it to Wilee.

It's a photograph.

Of a three year old boy.

NIMA

My son.

Wilee looks at the picture. The kid is heartbreaking.

He looks back up at her teary eyes. He sighs.

WILEE

Nima... why'd you have to go and ask
for me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NIMA
Because I trust you.

He looks at her, and she stares back at him.

WILEE
Ah *shit*.

CUT TO:

EXT COLUMBIA - CAMPUS DAY

BAM! Wilee hurries out the front doors of the law building, clutching the new messenger receipt in one hand.

CLOSE ON Wilee's feet as he hurries down the main steps of the campus, fast.

INT LAW BUILDING - LOBBY DAY

Nima, still in the lobby of the building, has another thought. She pulls out her cell phone, checks a number off a business card, and dials.

INT MR. LEUNG'S OFFICE DAY

A cell phone on a desk RINGS. Mr. Leung, the hawaladar who gave Nima the ticket, answers (in Fujian).

Nearby, Sudoku Man looks up from his puzzle.

EXT COLUMBIA CAMPUS DAY

KA-CHANG! Wilee whips the chain off his bike and flips it around.

Punches an address into his iPhone and we go immediately to --

-- ANOTHER GOOGLE MAP IMAGE.

Things move even faster this time than they did last time.

The map of Manhattan zooms in close on the Columbia campus, then the cursor zips up to the upper left and enters "26 W. 38th St.", then

THE BRIGHT PURPLE LINE APPEARS

and zig-zags its way from Columbia, down Broadway, through the city and to the destination, then the cursor darts over to "Street View" and CLICKS it, taking us fast into another set of tiled images of a busy crosstown street in midtown, the garment district, still photos digitized together into a diorama of one section of street in particular and that

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIG YELLOW ANIMATED PIN

with the letter B in the middle of it comes down and STICKS into a building with a number 26 pulsing over it, above a sign that reads "Better Choice Fabrics."

That was fast, and just the way we saw it last time, but this time there's another feature.

The image ZIPS BACK OUT to the map and two words flash --

ALTERNATE ROUTE

-- and *another purple line appears*, this time tracing a route that leads through Central Park before ending up in the same place.

We ZIP OUT and are --

EXT STREET DAY

-- on Broadway, with Wilee, riding with one hand while studying his phone with the other.

WILEE

Which way you goin, Manny?

EXT BROADWAY DAY

Further down Broadway, we're CLOSE ON a bike as it blurs through traffic.

Manny, the messenger who jumped Wilee's route in the beginning, rides a Parlee Z1. Carbon fiber everything, from the HED wheels and Zipp cranks to the time-trial bars. Red flames are pinstriped on the downtube and where the headtube badge is supposed to be, Manny has painted the head of Satan himself.

Manny reaches a blocked intersection, back-pedals himself around in a gorgeous reverse 180, then stands and hits the gas and snakes around it to the other side of the median, heading downtown against the traffic. He is a *strong* fucking rider.

His phone, which is in a pouch on his bicep, BUZZES.

He picks it up, checks the screen. There's a text:

MANNY CALL ME URGENT WILEE

Manny lets out one short contemptuous laugh, more like a bark, and starts to put his phone away.

But it BUZZES again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at the screen:

SERIOUSLY ASSHOLE CALL ME \$ INVOLVED

CUT TO:

EXT BROADWAY DAY

A few blocks behind, Wilee's phone RINGS and he hits the button on his Bluetooth.

WILEE

Where you at?

EXT STREET DAY

Manny pumps hard on his bike, headed downtown.

(INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM AS NEEDED, BOTH ON BROADWAY HEADED DOWNTOWN, WILEE A FEW BLOCKS BEHIND.)

MANNY

Corner of Broadway and Kiss My Ass.
What do you want?

WILEE

I need that envelope you just picked up.

MANNY

Blow me.

WILEE

You don't know what it is.

MANNY

I know exactly what it is, it's a hundred dollars if I get it there by six.

WILEE

Farhad's giving you a hundred? I was only getting seventy-five!

MANNY

Speed costs money, Pussy.

He CLICKS and hangs up.

He CLICKS and hangs up. Wilee re-dials. Manny answers.

MANNY (cont'd)

Manny's office, this is Manny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE

Pull over and give it to me.

MANNY

Okay Pussy, I'll wait right here.
There. I just stopped at 103rd.

But with that he takes a sharp left turn onto 106th.

WILEE

Bullshit, you're still moving, I can
hear the wind!

MANNY

Yeah, Manny goes *fast*. You should
try it. Feels goooooood.

WILEE

Yes, Manny is fast. Manny is very
fast. But you gotta-

CLICK. Manny's hung up.

WILEE (cont'd)

Shit!

But his phone rings again. He answers.

WILEE (cont'd)

Listen, you filthy douche-nozzle --

INT VANESSA'S OFFICE DAY

Vanessa is in her office, on the phone.

VANESSA

Ew.

EXT STREET DAY

Not who Wilee expected.

WILEE

Sorry! Can I call you back?

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED.)

VANESSA

What's going on? Did you take the
ticket back?

WILEE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA

Good.

WILEE

But now I'm chasing it down Broadway.

VANESSA

What?

WILEE

Long story. Really gotta call you back.

VANESSA

Have you ever done one thing that made a fucking ounce of sense?

WILEE

Not intentionally.

VANESSA

Wilee, there are people who will *kill* for that thing.

WILEE

Yeah, that's definitely the downside.

VANESSA

Stop. Just turn around.

WILEE

I can't. I gotta deliver this thing.

VANESSA

Why?

WILEE

I just -- I need to come through for somebody. I gotta go.

And he hangs up, hits REDIAL.

EXT BROADWAY DAY

Manny is still on his bike, racing down Broadway. His phone RINGS and he answers it. (INTERCUT.)

MANNY

Manny's office, this is-

WILEE

This is serious shit, Manny! I want that envelope!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANNY

What are you gonna do, Wilee, catch
me? I don't think so. Not on
that hog. Parlee baby, custom-cut
carbon fiber --

WILEE

I'm begging you.

MANNY

My bike fit me like a *NaturaLamb*!

WILEE

MANNY!

MANNY

Byyyyyeeee!

Manny reaches for the disconnect button on his Bluetooth, but
just before his finger gets there --

-- a SIREN BLARES behind him as an ambulance WHIZZES past on the
busy street, and on the sound we go to --

EXT BROADWAY DAY

-- Wilee, on his bike, hearing the SIREN in his earpiece for a
second before it abruptly cuts off, but now he hears it in reality,
coming from somewhere to his left --

-- he turns his head --

-- and sees a BLAZE OF LIGHTS on 106th Street, headed away from
him, just a glimpse of the ambulance, but it's enough to tell him
what he needs to know, and in a second --

-- he's up on his pedals, shifting his weight to pull a perfect
spinning bunny hop and all at once he's headed in the other
direction --

-- grabs cover from a JAYWALKER --

-- and hauls it into 106th Street.

EXT 106TH STREET DAY

Manny, two blocks ahead, looks back over his shoulder and sees
Wilee, just a block behind him, closing.

Manny hits the gas, headed toward a green patch straight ahead.

FROM HIGH OVERHEAD,

we see Manny's black figure, racing down the side street, with Wilee just three quarters of a block behind.

We rise up higher, looking ahead of them to see what Manny's pedaling so furiously to reach.

IT'S CENTRAL PARK.

With the huge ribbon that is Park Drive encircling it.

EXT CENTRAL PARK WEST DAY

Wilee, pushing hard, blasts across Central Park West and explodes into the park.

EXT CENTRAL PARK - ACCESS ROAD DAY

CLOSE ON a wheel spinning so fast it blurs.

Manny pounds it up the access road and merges onto the Park Drive, dodging in and out of the slower-moving pleasure BIKERS. There are no cars on the Park Drive today.

WHIP BACK TO A HUNDRED YARDS BEHIND HIM,

and see Wilee, bent over the handlebars, giving it everything he's got.

Manny's a hundred yards ahead, and moving fast up a long uphill.

Wilee bears down and starts to hit it, hard.

We're in a bike race.

And one thing's clear, as we jump out to take a look at the distance between them --

-- *Wilee is faster.* He SHOUTS ahead to Manny.

WILEE

Manny, I'll give you the hundred dollars!

The distance closes.

MANNY

Manny can't hear you, Manny's moving too fast.

Manny tosses a look back over his shoulder, sees Wilee's gaining on him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE

C'mon, you don't want to drag your
hefty ass all the way up this hill!

He pumps harder, closing. He's thirty feet back.

MANNY

(to himself)

Skinny little-engine-that-could
motherf-

BEHIND HIM,

Wilee's twenty feet back. Then ten.

WILEE

One fifty!

Manny reaches the top of the hill, darts one more look back, sees
Wilee's just five feet behind him.

He throws his weight and twists the handlebars, his back tire
swims, slowing him momentarily --

-- Wilee has to swerve to avoid him --

-- and Manny drops back into his slipstream, hitting the gas again
when he's just off Wilee's back tire.

WILEE (cont'd)

(shouting back)

I want that envelope!

MANNY

C'mon man, you know the drill, what
goes in the bag --

Manny doesn't answer, just reaches out, grabs hold of Wilee's
seat --

MANNY (cont'd)

-- stays in the bag.

-- and YANKS.

Wilee swerves, nearly goes down, and Manny rockets past him,
hitting the gas again.

Wilee's body goes over the handlebars, but he keeps his grip on
them and actually manages to keep his bike upright.

He is, however, careening off the Drive, and Manny's now blasting
down the hill at top speed, opening up a sizable gap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANNY (cont'd)
Gravity, you is my friend again.

WILEE
SHIT!

Behind him, he sees a PARK POLICE CAR coming.

He gets an idea.

INT PARK POLICE CAR DAY

The COP in the car is listening to the radio, not paying much attention.

OUT HIS BACK WINDOW,

we see Wilee closing in on the car, pedaling hard.

EXT PARK DRIVE DAY

CLOSE ON the back bumper of the car, where A HAND is stretching toward the rack over the license plate.

Wilee pushes hard, catches up, grabs hold of the rack --

-- and ducks down low, laying himself flat out on his bike as the police car pulls him along.

IN THE CAR,

the Cop looks up into his rearview, sensing something, but he can't see anything in the rear view.

ON THE BIKE,

Wilee can see the Cop in the side view, which means the Cop can see him if he looks that way.

He pulls himself hard to the right as --

IN THE POLICE CAR,

-- the Cop looks at the side view. Nothing there.

UP AHEAD,

Manny looks back, sees the police car coming, and Wilee lets go just as he passes, pulling up alongside Manny --

WILEE
Steel is real, Spandex!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- and BANGS into him hard, forcing him off the road and onto --

EXT CENTRAL PARK - FOOTPATHS DAY

-- a footpath down in the 80s.

WILEE

Look at you, all twinkied up like
some weekend warrior!

PARK LOVERS dive out of the way as the bikes ROCKET through the park, now just a few feet apart.

TWO COPS on foot see them go by and SHOUT, but too low and slow to do anything about it.

But one of them pulls out a radio.

UP AHEAD,

Wilee's right in Manny's slipstream now, staying exactly with him as they blow up hills and down, curving hard right and left, shooting through the narrow, PEDESTRIAN-filled spaces at nightmare speed.

CUT TO:

INT 20TH PRECINCT DAY

A GUY'S LEFT LEG is torn up with road rash. It's the Bike Cop, the one who wiped out chasing Wilee earlier, and he's bandaging himself in the precinct house. A VOICE calls from nearby him.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey Walker!

The Bike Cop looks up.

BIKE COP

What?

The FRONT DESK COP is on the radio.

FRONT DESK COP

Your bike freak! Yellow taped bike,
red jersey?

BIKE COP

Yeah?

FRONT DESK COP

He's at it again! Central Park,
headed south!

EXT 20TH PRECINCT DAY

The Bike Cop hits his bike and takes off, headed downtown.

CUT TO:

EXT CENTRAL PARK - RAMBLE DAY

Manny and Wilee, practically locked together now, blast down the narrow path surrounding Belvedere Castle.

Manny is just ahead of Wilee, and swerves at the last second --
-- to avoid a tree.

Wilee didn't see it, seems like a head-on crash is imminent, but he keeps pedaling, yanks back on the handlebars at the last second --

-- ROLLS THE BIKE HALFWAY UP THE TREE --

-- flips over in an inverted 360, and lands on both tires, intact.

He stands on the pedals and pounds after Manny again, closing fast as they approach the Ramble.

A FLIGHT OF STONE STEPS

looms in front of them, and Manny yanks his whole bike right up off the ground, *FLIES* over the steps, and lands smartly at the bottom.

Wilee, just behind him, is impressed.

WILEE

Shit!

Wilee pulls up onto one wheel (to avoid bending the shit out of his front rim) and bounces down the steps, not as lightweight as Manny, but he gets to the bottom.

Just behind him again, they race across a footbridge and come out --

EXT CENTRAL PARK - PARK DRIVE DAY

-- on Park Drive again.

Up ahead, the entrance to 7th Avenue is visible, and Manny has a slight lead as they head for it.

Wilee's still hot on his heels -- but he's tiring.

Slipping back, starting to lose Manny's wheel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANNY

You bonkin? You need a cheeseburger
or somethin, can't stay on my wheel!

Manny turns back ahead, and his eyes zoom in on something --

-- A WET PATCH ON THE ROAD.

He swerves to the right, Wilee automatically follows him toward it, and at the last second he goes left again, leaving Wilee exposed to --

A WET MANHOLE COVER.

Deadly. Things slow down as Wilee's tire hits the cover and he spins --

-- Manny looks back and laughs --

-- and Wilee's bike just flies out from under him.

He manages to land on his feet, but the bike does two somersaults over Park Drive before coming to a stop.

Wilee runs to it as Manny keeps going.

CUT TO:

EXT CENTRAL PARK SOUTH DAY

Manny blasts out of the park, past the HORSE AND BUGGIES, and heads south on 7th Avenue.

We look back, waiting for Wilee. For a moment, nothing. But then, through the cloud of steam coming from one of those cat-in-the-hat exhaust pipes --

-- WILEE RIDES AGAIN. Wreathed in smoke and riding like a son of a bitch.

He blasts across Central Park South, causing a CACOPHONY OF HORNS --

A BLOCK AWAY

-- that the Bike Cop hears as he pedals hard on the Park Drive.

He turns, headed in that direction.

EXT 7TH AVENUE DAY

Wilee presses hard, going after Manny, chasing him down 7th Avenue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In quick cuts, street signs blow by -- 58th, 57th, 56th, 55th -- the blocks pass in split-seconds.

CUT TO:

EXT 38TH STREET DAY

WHIP DOWN off the sign for 38th Street as Bobby Monday arrives outside number 26, home of Better Choice Fabrics.

Monday checks his watch, anxious.

CUT TO:

EXT 7TH AVENUE DAY

We're in somebody's point of view, and we're flying down 7th Avenue, weaving in and out of dense rush hour traffic.

It's so fast it's almost nauseating, and, really, is it even possible that we're not hitting these cars?

Manny and Wilee press forward, going as fast as humanly possible, and then a little bit faster.

More street signs in jump cuts -- 41st, 40th, 39th, then 38th! --

-- Manny turns hard to the right, Wilee right behind him, but suddenly, Manny's eyes pop open wide, and so do Wilee's, as they both see --

-- A GARBAGE TRUCK PARKED RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM.

It's lifting a dumpster with one of those automatic arms, the dumpster's maybe three feet off the ground, but it's RISING --

-- and, as one, Wilee and Manny both swing out over the sides of their bikes, riding the things SIDE-SADDLE, the bikes just barely clear the bottom edge of the rising dumpster --

-- and come out safely on the other side.

UP AHEAD,

Monday sees the bikes coming and smiles.

He takes a step into the street, the bikes draw close, slowing, there's no way out of this one --

-- except a VICIOUS YELL comes from behind Monday --

-- and a shape BLURS PAST him, coming up from behind him --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- as the Bike Cop blasts into frame, headed straight for Wilee --
-- who sees it coming, swerves --
-- and the Bike Cop *SLAMS* into Manny.

They crunch together painfully and crumple to the ground.

MONDAY
(to the Bike Cop)
Who the hell are you?!

The Bike Cop's not even scratched, he's on his feet immediately.

Ten yards away, Wilee spins his bike around in another 180 and sizes up the situation quickly.

Manny's on the ground, the Bike Cop's headed toward him, and Monday's in between.

BUT MANNY'S MESSENGER BAG IS LYING ON THE SIDEWALK.

Wilee leaps onto his pedals and rides right through them --

-- scooping up the bag --

-- and taking off again. But a POLICE CAR is coming toward him on 38th, SIREN blaring.

So Wilee cuts sharply left, into a narrow alley.

EXT ALLEY DAY

And you know, this is the first bad decision Wilee's made all day.

Because the alley is a dead-end.

He gets to the solid wall at the far end, sees the heavily barred doors on both sides.

Spins to a stop. Thinks for a minute, clutching Manny's messenger bag.

EXT 38TH STREET DAY

Out on 38th Street, Monday SHOUTS to the Bike Cop, pointing to Manny.

MONDAY
Cuff that shithead!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He runs to the mouth of the alley, which is twenty feet away, then ten, then five --

-- then WILEE BURSTS OUT OF IT, PEDALING AS HARD AS HE CAN --

-- but Monday lunges, reaching out one desperate hand, he gets hold of the strap to Wilee's messenger bag --

-- and it TEARS!

Wilee's staggered, but still rolling, as the bag RIPS and comes off in Monday's hand.

Wilee keeps pedaling, looking back over his shoulder, wondering if he should go back and fight for the thing, or just count himself lucky that he's still free and alive, but then he hears a HIGH-PITCHED BEEPING sound, he turns --

-- sees a delivery truck backing up in front of him --

-- he swerves hard to the right, cuts neatly around the truck --

EXT 7TH AVENUE DAY

-- AND RIDES RIGHT INTO THE MIDDLE OF SEVENTH AVENUE RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC.

This doesn't really count as a bad decision, since the truck had obscured his view, but still -- it's a predicament.

As they do in these situations, the images slow to a crawl as Wilee's Bike-O-Vision® kicks in, pulls away from him, and assesses the situation.

The taxis about to kill him.

The Pedestrians he'd rather not kill.

The semi-truck that cannot be argued with.

Narrow paths light up, little alleys through the chaos --

-- but this time they all shut down.

One after another, faster and faster, the escape routes all close off, blocked by a car, or a person, or a truck, or cement.

The only sound is a low, THROBBING BASS, must be coming from somebody's open window, a stereo turned up loud.

The action starts to speed up again, the traffic moves, but no, wait, Wilee hasn't found a way out of this one yet, and you know what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's not gonna this time.

A TAXI SLAMS INTO HIM AT THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.

He's catapulted off his bike.

He sails into the air, and we've seen this shot before, the movie opened with it, this is where we came in. He flies slowly through the air over 7th Avenue, turning a somersault over the cars and the people and the mayhem, and then all at once REAL TIME takes over.

He CRUNCHES painfully to the pavement, his head CRACKS the street sharply, he stares at his slowly spinning bike wheel.

That THROBBING BASS gets louder, we now hear the song that goes with it too, we go all the way in on his eye and --

CUT TO:

INT JOCKO'S ROCKET SHIP NIGHT

-- we're in Jocko's Rocket Ship, the East Village bar we saw in the beginning of the movie. It's the same scene we saw in the opening, the night of the party, with the big banner over the bar that says "FIFTH ANNUAL NYBMA ALLEYCAT RACE."

The THUMPING MUSIC we heard from the car window was coming from here. The Dreadlocked Messenger stands on the bar with a microphone.

DREAD

-- the winner of the Fifth Annual
New York Bike Messenger Association
Wildcat Race! Grand prize is a
hundred bucks and Felipe's bike!

WILD CHEERS. Somebody wheels the bike up to the bar.

NEARBY,

Wilee is at the bar, talking to Vanessa, who's in jeans and a tee shirt, the way she was when we first saw her. She and Wilee are finishing the conversation we saw earlier:

WILEE

But the rush I get when I slip out
of something I got no right to
survive? There's no feeling on earth
like it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE (cont'd)
(shy and nervy at the same
time)
With the possible exception of looking
at you.

UP ON THE BAR,

Dread continues, talking about the bike.

DREAD
This beautiful scar factory weighs
in at 2.9 pounds, you heard me right,
a lugged steel frame under three
pounds --

NEARBY,

Vanessa looks at Wilee -- she's charmed, but not a pushover.

WILEE
Listen. I don't want you to give me
your number.

VANESSA
Is that right?

WILEE
But if I give you mine, is there a
chance in hell you'll use it?

AT THE BAR,

DREAD
-- to the winner for the third
consecutive year, the original bumper
surfer, the Coyote Man -- *WI-LEEEE!!!*

The Crowd APPLAUDS wildly and people turn to Wilee, clapping him
on the back, trying to push him up there to get his bike.

He fights to stay where he is, talking to Vanessa.

VANESSA
I don't know, I might. If I think
you're my type.

WILEE
I'm your type! I'm totally your
type! What else do you need to know?
Would it help to see me naked?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VANESSA
Just answer one question.

WILEE
Anything.

VANESSA
Can I trust you?

WILEE
I've never missed a delivery in my
life, of course you can!

But she meant it.

VANESSA
Can I?

He catches her eyes. Holds them.

WILEE
Yes.

He's dragged away by the crowd to get his bike, the THUMPING BASS
resumes, and suddenly --

CUT TO:

EXT STREET DAY

-- all at once, with a ROAR, the SOUNDS of the city come back.

We're moving, flat on our back staring up at the tall buildings,
in the present again. SIRENS, YELLING, HORNS around us, but we
can't see them.

A PARAMEDIC leans into frame, looks down at us.

PARAMEDIC
You back?

He pulls out a penlight, bends down and shines it in our eyes.

ON THE STRETCHER,

Wilee blinks. He's strapped to a stretcher, a long abrasion on
one cheek, clothes torn, looks like utter hell.

But he's alive. And coherent enough to say:

WILEE
Where's my bike?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARAMEDIC

Yeah, you're back.

Wilee tries to sit up, but he's strapped down.

WILEE

My bike, man, where is it?!

PARAMEDIC

Relax.

Ambulance doors open, the gurney legs collapse as they BANG into the rear bumper and the Paramedics slide the thing into --

INT AMBULANCE DAY

-- the back of the ambulance.

Wilee's highly agitated now, fumbling at the straps, trying to sit up, to catch one more glimpse of the accident scene out the open back doors of the ambulance.

WILEE

My BIKE, I'm not leaving without my
God damn BIKE!

PARAMEDIC

You got other problems right now.

And he jumps in, SLAMMING the doors behind him. Wilee's near hysteria, tears in his eyes.

WILEE

C'mon, just let me out for a-

There's a THUMP on the back door and it opens again. The Paramedic turns and talks to somebody outside, but we can't see who it is.

He turns and looks back at Wilee. A scowl. He turns back to the person outside, MUTTERS in agreement, then jumps out of the ambulance.

BOBBY MONDAY climbs in in his place. All smiles.

WILEE (cont'd)

What are you doing?!

MONDAY

We need to chat.

He SLAMS the back doors. The Paramedic has gone around and gotten in front, leaving Wilee and Monday alone. Wilee cranes his head around, desperate to not be left alone with Monday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE

Where'd that guy go? HEY! HEY,
BUDDY!

But the Paramedic, in the front seat, just stares straight ahead.

MONDAY

He's not your buddy.

Monday sits down next to Wilee.

MONDAY (cont'd)

You're one of those crazy bike
assholes. You know how much time
these guys waste scraping you
shitheads off the street? This whole
city hates you.

He THUMPS on the divider, and the ambulance starts to roll.

WILEE

Where's my bike?

MONDAY

Where's the ticket?

WILEE

It's in my bag.

MONDAY

Bullshit, I searched your bag, it
isn't there, and it's not in your
pockets either. Time for you to
quit dickin around, you got involved
with some people with real problems,
real deadlines, life and death shit.
What is this to you?

Wilee doesn't answer.

MONDAY (cont'd)

The slope that gave you the ticket,
she tell you some sad story? Eighteen
cousins in Fujian that wanna come to
Chinatown and dish out Mongolian
beef with snow peas? Well, life's
hard, turns out they can't come.

WILEE

It's for her *kid*, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONDAY

Don't get yourself in a lather.
They're Fuqs. These days you find a
body in the trunk of a car down by
the river, chances are it's a Fuq.

WILEE

She saved for three years for this.

MONDAY

Do I bother her with *my* problems?
She can save for another three years,
I got about three *minutes*. Where's
the ticket?

Wilee stares at him. Doesn't answer.

Monday looks down, at the straps that run across Wilee's chest
and midsection.

MONDAY (cont'd)

Two broken ribs? That's gotta sting.
You better be careful, you don't
want to go bouncing around in here.

He takes a hold of the strap that runs across Wilee's chest and
pulls it tighter --

-- and Wilee GROANS in pain.

MONDAY (cont'd)

I'm sorry, is that uncomfortable?

WILEE

(spitting it out)
Douchebag.

MONDAY

You know, I don't much care for the
term "douchebag." People throw it
around like crazy these days, like
it's suddenly okay. You know what
else they say now? "Suck it." I
heard it on TV the other night, eight-
thirty, middle of prime time, kids
could be watching, guy says "Suck
it," everybody laughs, ha ha ha.
How is that appropriate?

Wilee doesn't answer, just breathes hard and fast, trying to manage
the pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONDAY (cont'd)

I'm gonna ask you some questions,
and you're going to give me one word
answers -- yes or no. Even a bagboy
should be able to handle that. First
question. Do you know where the
ticket is?

No reply from Wilee. Monday tightens the strap again.

WILEE

(GASPING)

This is not protecting --

MONDAY

Do you know where it is?

WILEE

(almost no air)

-- OR serving.

Monday tightens the strap again. Wilee would like to HOWL in pain, but he contains it. He looks around frantically, searching for some way, any way out of this.

Monday SIGHS. Points to the strap.

MONDAY

All right, this one? That's across
your chest.

He gestures lower, to the one across Wilee's midsection.

MONDAY (cont'd)

But *that* one is across your ribs.
If I pull on *that* one -- can you
imagine how much it would hurt?

WILEE

Yes.

MONDAY

I don't think you can.

Like lightning, his hand darts down and gives a quick tug on the strap across Wilee's ribs.

Wilee SCREAMS in pain, the Paramedics in the front both turn and look back through the glass, and Monday gives them a look so ferocious they turn around again immediately.

He moves, so that he's up near Wilee's head, his back blocking the view of the Paramedics.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puts one hand on the strap over Wilee's ribs, and leans down, speaking softly in his ear.

MONDAY (cont'd)

One more wrong answer and I snap
your ribs like toothpicks.

He tightens his grip on the strap.

MONDAY (cont'd)

Do you know where the ticket is?

WILEE

Yes.

MONDAY

Will you give it to me?

WILEE

(pause)

Yes.

MONDAY

Good man.

WILEE

But I want my bike first.

MONDAY

Are you *negotiating*?

WILEE

Yeah, and you're out of time. You think you can lean on me once we get to the hospital? This is it, man, my one and only offer. I want my bike. That's all. I don't care about anything or anybody else. Get me my bike and I'll get you the ticket.

Monday looks at him, thinking. Finally nods.

MONDAY

How do we do that?

WILEE

Bring me Manny.

CUT TO:

EXT IMPOUND YARD DUSK

Flying low over the Hudson River, choppy and dark as daylight fades.

17 MINUTES TILL SIX

The city's impound yard looms at the edge of the river in the 30s, a hulking, rusty warehouse two blocks long.

As we come over the top of the building, Monday's unmarked police car pulls through the gate and CRUNCHES to a halt in front of the main entrance.

Monday gets out of the driver's seat, comes around to the rear passenger door, and opens it to let Wilee out.

Wilee climbs out, in obvious pain. Monday SLAMS the door.

Wilee looks up at the rusty blue facade. Paint-chipped letters over the main door -- "IMPOUNDS."

He glances around. COPS all over the place. Gates, fences, don't want anybody stealing their car back.

MONDAY

Here they come.

He's looking at the main gate, the one off the West Side Highway.

A SQUAD CAR pulls in.

IN THE SQUAD CAR,

a UNIFORMED COP drives. Manny rides in the back, none too happy about this turn of events.

The Guard at the main gate raises the bar and admits them.

AT THE MAIN BUILDING,

Wilee sees them coming, and it's made him nervous.

MONDAY

You sure he's got it?

WILEE

I told you, it's in my bag. When we
smacked into each other, he got my
bag and I got his.

The car's drawing closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILEE (cont'd)
I want my bike first.

Monday turns to a passing UNIFORM.

MONDAY
Take him inside to get his bike.
But bring him back.

Wilee heads into the warehouse with the Uniform as the squad car carrying Manny comes to a stop.

INT IMPOUND BUILDING DUSK

Hundreds and hundreds of cars are parked in and around the giant impound warehouse, some up on racks that reach three stories high.

The Uniform leads Wilee to a section on the far side that has a couple dozen bikes and miscellaneous other kinds of wheeled transportation.

UNIFORM
If it came in in the last hour, it'd
be at the end of this aisle.

Wilee starts down the aisle.

Looks back over his shoulder.

THROUGH THE BIG OPEN DOORS,

he sees Manny led out the back of the squad car, in handcuffs.

Monday approaches him, questions him.

Manny shrugs, doesn't know what Monday's talking about. The Uniformed Cop who drove the car opens the front door, takes a messenger bag off the seat.

IN THE WAREHOUSE,

Wilee moves quickly through the row of bikes, looking for his.

He's moving fast now, up to something.

His eyes light up -- he finds his bike. He looks back again.

THROUGH THE OPEN DOORS,

Wilee sees Monday rifling through the contents of the messenger bag, not finding what he's looking for.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He upends the bag, dumps the contents on the ground, kicks through them.

Nothing.

BACK IN THE WAREHOUSE,

Wilee pulls his bike halfway out of the rack, flips a lever on the side of the seat post and pulls the seat off, revealing --

-- the envelope, rolled up and stuffed into the seat tube!

We zoom in fast on the envelope, and we CUT HARD TO --

EXT THE DEAD-END ALLEY DAY

-- an image we've seen before, it's Wilee, back on his bike, spinning away, having just scooped up Manny's messenger bag from the ground.

He turns hard off 38th Street and hauls ass into an alley, only to discover, belatedly, that it ends in a solid wall.

His bike SKIDS to a stop at the end of the alley while he thinks, desperately, of what he will do next.

This is where we cut away the first time we saw this scene, but this time we keep watching as Wilee gets his Great Idea.

He rips open Manny's messenger bag, pulls the envelope out, rolls it up tight --

-- UNSNAPS his seat lock, pulls the seat off, shoves the rolled up envelope down into the seat tube --

-- jams the seat back on --

-- rides out of the alley --

-- and is nearly clotheslined by Monday, who grabs at the strap of the messenger bag.

The strap TEARS (once again, we're at the part we've seen, except this time from a different angle), Monday gets the bag, but Wilee manages to spin away into traffic.

Another HARD CUT, this time back to --

INT IMPOUND WAREHOUSE DUSK

-- the impound warehouse, where Wilee snatches the rolled-up envelope out of the seat tube, shoves it in his pocket, and shoves the seat back in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THROUGH THE BIG OPEN DOORS,

we see Monday turn sharply, away from Manny, and YELL into the warehouse.

MONDAY

HEY!

IN THE WAREHOUSE,

Wilee doesn't even turn, he knows his time is up, but now he's got his *bike* back, man, all he has to do is hop on.

He lays both hands on it, pulls it out of the rack --

-- and almost dies.

It's been crushed.

The rear wheel is completely collapsed, and the frame is badly twisted. It isn't rideable. Not even close.

Wilee looks up. Monday's striding into the warehouse, SHOUTING to the Uniform who escorted Wilee inside.

MONDAY

Get a hold of that little shit!

The Uniform turns and starts toward Wilee, but Wilee goes in the other direction, deeper into the rows of impounds.

He gets low, crabwalks around a corner, but that's a dead end.

He looks up, into the second row of the bike rack that held his own.

His eyes light up at something.

He climbs, up into the rack of cars over his head.

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY,

Monday comes around the corner, running now, and reaches the bike section of the warehouse.

The Uniform is alone in the aisle, just coming back from the dead end where he looked for Wilee.

MONDAY

Where is he?!

ABOVE THEM,

Wilee scurries alongside a car up in the second level of the rack.

Below, he can see Monday and the Uniform, searching the place for him.

They turn to look in one direction, leaving him momentarily free to --

-- leap from the rack he's on to the rack across the aisle, a distance of maybe five feet.

Monday and the Uniform hear the sound and turn, hurry back, looking up now.

But Wilee has found what he was looking for, the thing he saw from down below.

It's black, and flamey.

And has Satan's face on it.

MANNY'S BIKE.

DOWN IN THE AISLE,

Monday and the uniform come racing up to the aisle of bikes, just as one of the bikes flies out from above them.

They drop to their knees, and just in time, as --

-- *Manny's wheels SLAM into their backs* --

-- as the bike drops from above, Wilee on board.

It bounces off their backs, onto the floor of the warehouse, Wilee puts it into a skid turn, backs out of the aisle in a one-wheeled backwards 90-degree turn --

-- and takes off toward the main doors.

Monday leaps to his feet, YELLS to the Cop near the door.

MONDAY
STOP HIM STOP HIM STOP HIM!!

TWO COPS near the doors come running out in front of Wilee, who veers sharply to the right --

-- YANKS the bike up into the air --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- and lands both wheels on a cement ridge that runs along one wall, five feet up.

He rides hard, and at an angle, barely clinging to the ledge, as the Cops give chase, but he's faster and better and stays out of their reach.

There is, however, a wall coming, and ANOTHER COP coming out of an office door at the end of it, so Wilee has no choice but to YANK IT INTO THE AIR AGAIN --

-- roll briefly over the top of the door --

-- defy gravity a tiny bit longer on the outer lip of a two-story car rack --

-- before SLAMMING to the ground in one of the aisles, out of their grasp.

AT THE MAIN DOOR,

a COP hits the CLOSE button on the main door and it starts GRINDING shut.

And it is the *only* door in this place, so when that thing closes, this chase is over.

IN WILEE'S AISLE,

he sees the door closing, strobing through cars as he's moving down the aisle.

This is it.

Unfortunately, between him and the door, there are HALF A DOZEN COPS closing in from all directions.

Only one place to go.

Up.

Wilee hits the gas, hard, riding straight at the Cops, and just before he reaches the first of them, he bends his legs, yanks back hard on the wheel --

-- and YANKS the bike up onto the first floor of a car rack.

He rides ten feet on that, YANKS again --

-- and gets to the second level.

The big main door will be closed in four seconds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON TOP OF THE CARS,

Wilee YANKS again, he's on the third and highest level now.

And the door will be closed in three seconds.

Wilee rides as hard as he can, right off the end of the third floor rack --

-- bounces off the second floor, rides off of that --

-- SLAMS off the roof of a police van --

-- the door will be closed in a second now, the Cops are just behind him --

-- and he rides off the roof of the van --

EXT IMPOUND YARD NIGHT

-- and flies out the door of the warehouse just before it SLAMS shut with a deafening THUD that echoes from here to New Jersey.

The Cops are still inside, we can hear them SHOUTING at each other to open the door, meaning the only person out here who actually witnessed the whole thing --

-- was Manny.

WILEE

Manny, this bitch *flies*!

Manny SCREAMS in horror as Wilee passes him --

MANNY

You scratch one fiber of carbon and
Manny will come for you!

-- but Wilee's already gone.

MANNY (cont'd)

Manny will haunt your slow-ass dreams!

Wilee cuts around the main gate and leans hard to the right, turning south and --

EXT BIKE PATH NIGHT

-- flying down the bike path that runs along the western edge of the island, sailing past the river as night falls.

He digs in his pocket, finds his Bluetooth, and puts it in.

INT VANESSA'S OFFICE NIGHT

The skyline is starting to light up out the window of Vanessa's office. She's staring out the window, looking down at the streets, worried.

Her cell phone RINGS and she snatches it up.

VANESSA

Where are you? Are you all right?

EXT BIKE PATH NIGHT

Wilee's flying down the bike path.

WILEE

I need you to do something for me.

We pull abruptly away, up into the air above Wilee, then above the West Side, then above Manhattan, and as the sound drains away and the aerial image animates, we realize we're in another --

GOOGLE MAPS IMAGE,

-- and this one's not Wilee on his phone, it's just us, just for our own information as we go into the final chase.

The purple line re-draws, this time from 34th Street at the river, zig-zagging down the West Side Highway, across Canal, through the twisted streets of Chinatown, and stopping at a short, curving, L-shaped street on the eastern edge -- Doyers Street.

As the pin points the way, a SONG comes up, drowning out everything else, and it's beautiful and loud and heavy on the guitars (we recommend U2's Moment of Surrender, but what do we know), and as the song plays --

CUT TO:

EXT HUDSON RIVER BIKE PATH NIGHT

-- the blurred image of a spinning front wheel fills the frame.

Pulling back a little, we see Wilee, punishing his battered body, driving the bike south as fast as he can.

And Wilee can go very, very fast. He ZIPS in and out of the pleasure-bikers, at least twice as fast, ten times as agile.

(Again, no sound this time, only music. LOUD music.)

EXT IMPOUND YARD NIGHT

Monday leaps into his car, SLAMS the door, this time he puts the light on the dashboard and FLICKS a switch.

Tears out of the yard and onto the West Side Highway.

Knows where he's going.

INT CANAL STREET SUBWAY STATION NIGHT

A train BLASTS into the Canal Street station, the doors WHOOSH open --

-- and Nima gets off, moving as fast as she can. Her feet hit the steps, and as they do --

CUT TO:

INT SHIPPING PORT - CHINA DAY

-- we cut to TWO OTHER PAIRS OF FEET, unfamiliar ones, but also climbing a set of stairs, this time in the rain.

The feet belong to an OLD WOMAN and a YOUNG BOY -- very young, three years old. We've seen him before, in a picture.

He's Nima's son.

They're with TWO HUNDRED OTHER PASSENGERS, climbing a staircase from a basement holding area at a shipping port somewhere far away.

All the Passengers are Asian, and it's daytime here, and pouring rain.

The boy is holding a small toy airplane aloft, letting the wind turn its propeller in the breeze while he stares at it, lost in boyish fantasy.

As they near the top of the stairs, we see a mid-sized passenger ship, waiting at a dock.

And a checkpoint before that.

The Grandmother and the Boy move slowly forward, we go back to their feet as they reach the top of the stairs and --

CUT TO:

EXT SUBWAY STATION NIGHT

-- find ourselves close on Nima's feet as she reaches the top of the stairs, comes outside, into the New York City night, we rise up above her and find we are --

-- in the middle of Chinatown.

CUT TO:

EXT BROADWAY NIGHT

A sedan with tinted windows cruises downtown.

INT SEDAN NIGHT

CLOSE ON a Sudoku puzzle as the last answer is filled in.

Sudoku Man, riding in the back of the car, closes the magazine, smooths it in his lap, and looks out the window.

CUT TO:

INT MONDAY'S CAR NIGHT

In Monday's car, he's hauling ass through the city. His phone RINGS, he looks at the numbers, curses, answers it:

MONDAY

Yeah. I got it. I got it. Tell him I got it. He can send whoever he wants, *I have the money.*

He pulls the now-frayed messenger receipt from his pocket and reads from it.

MONDAY (cont'd)

147 Doyers Street. Cross street is Pell. Five minutes.

He hangs up. Drives faster.

CUT TO:

EXT JOCKO'S ROCKET SHIP NIGHT

Outside the East Village bar where Wilee first met Vanessa. A swarm of BIKE MESSENGERS and their bikes are gathered in front, everybody getting off of work, some still on their bikes, doing tricks, others standing around talking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A cab SQUEALS to a halt across the street and Vanessa gets out, runs across the street toward them.

CUT TO:

EXT BIKE PATH NIGHT

Wilee cuts hard off the bike path and plunges into rush-hour traffic on Canal Street.

IN HIS POINT OF VIEW,

we fly through the traffic, snaking in and out of cars stuck in their tracks. The MUSIC blares.

EXT CHINATOWN NIGHT

Wilee cuts off of Canal, hangs a sharp right on Mott.

Flies through the crowd in Chinatown, still heading south.

But now he's clutching his ribs. Pulls his hand away from his shirt -- it's soaked with blood.

He's running out of gas.

CUT TO:

EXT DOYERS STREET NIGHT

So *this* is Doyers Street. As we saw on the map, it's a short, curving, L-shaped street, a block and a half long at the most.

Lightly peopled at this time of night.

At the north end of the street, Wilee's bike skid-turns onto the street and he nearly wipes out a few PEDESTRIANS.

This time, he's not as quick to bounce back. He staggers off the bike, and it falls to the ground under him.

He starts limping up the short crest, headed toward the middle of the block.

Clutching his side in pain.

WHIP TO THE OTHER END OF THE STREET,

where Monday's car SCREECHES to a stop.

Monday gets out and SLAMS the door.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BLOCK,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wilee, staring down, holding his side, limps toward his final destination.

147. The Nam Wah Tea Parlor.

We've seen it in pictures, now here it is.

And as Wilee reaches the place and raises his head to check the address --

-- he sees Monday standing right in front of it.

Wilee stops. Out of moves.

Monday steps forward, till he's right in front of Wilee.

MONDAY

You know how people say "There's
enough to go around for everybody?"
Well, that's the thing of it.

Wilee looks at him, breathing hard, spent.

MONDAY (cont'd)

There just isn't.

One last time, Monday holds out his hand.

MONDAY (cont'd)

Give me the ticket, Wilee.

Wilee hears a sound, looks behind him.

Nima has appeared at the other end of the street and is walking towards them, eyes wide.

Monday brushes his coat open, revealing the butt end of his service revolver.

MONDAY (cont'd)

Thing about these Fuqs? They never,
ever testify. So who's to say you
didn't lunge at me?

Wilee just looks at him, thinking hard.

MONDAY (cont'd)

Give. Me. The ticket.

He puts his hand lightly on the gun.

Wilee cocks his head, hearing something. A WHIRRING sound, somewhere in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks back at Monday, the ghost of a smile on his face.

Monday furrows his brow, confused -- what the fuck? -- because now he hears the WHIRRING sound too, and he looks to one end of the street, where it's getting louder, and then to the other end of the street, because now it's coming from there too, and --

-- A BLACK CLOUD OF CYCLISTS APPEARS AT THE END OF THE STREET.

WILEE

Suck it, Douchebag.

As Monday's face falls, the bikes SWARM up the short hill and WHIRR around them, there must be twenty of them, thirty, maybe forty --

-- and now ANOTHER CLOUD OF BIKERS appears from the other end of the street!

In seconds, they're everywhere, buzzing around, in front of, in back of, and in between Wilee and Monday, who spins around, nearly knocked over and then held upright by a nightmare of BIKE MESSENGERS.

Wilee sees his shot, and he takes it.

He staggers forward, into the Nam Wah Tea Parlor, and THAT SAME MUSIC RISES UP AGAIN as --

-- Wilee's feet start up a dingy, narrow staircase to the second floor.

INT NAM WAH TEA PARLOR NIGHT

Wilee looks up, sees a door at the top, and a BURLY ASIAN MAN guarding the door, and as he reaches the top, the Burly Asian Man puts a hand out flat, into his chest, stopping him, and we go close on the hand and --

EXT PORT - CHINA DAY

-- CUT TO another hand, also placed in someone's chest to stop them.

We're at that busy port again, where the Grandma has been stopped at the checkpoint, the ship visible so close in the background, the rain pouring hard.

The OFFICIALS at the checkpoint stop her, they stop the Boy, and wave other Passengers through, to go around them.

The Grandmother and the Boy are frightened, confused, but we cut away from them, and back to --

INT NAM WAH - 2ND FLOOR NIGHT

-- THAT ENVELOPE, the one we've been following for so long now, as it crosses a room, clutched in Wilee's hand, a trickle of blood leaking over his knuckles.

Wilee's in the second floor office, above Nam Wah, crossing the room to a desk on the far side, where SISTER CHENG, an Asian woman in dark glasses, sits behind a desk.

He puts the envelope down in front of her.

She opens it.

And the movie stub falls out on the desk.

She looks at it.

Looks at him.

And picks up a cell phone.

INT PORT - CHINA DAY

CLOSE ON another cell phone, this one at that checkpoint in China.

The Official gets the word.

Gestures.

And the Grandmother and the Boy are allowed to pass.

They head for the ship, and the Grandmother pulls out a cell phone of her own.

EXT DOYERS STREET NIGHT

As the bikes still swarm and WHOOSH in the street, a cell phone rings.

Nima answers it, but we can't hear her words (that MUSIC again).

But relief floods her face and she falls to her knees, SOBBING in the street.

NEARBY,

Monday sees her. Thinks about that. He turns to walk away.

And sees TWO HUGE PASTY-FACED THUGS waiting for him at the end of the block. The Shylock he borrowed the money from is behind them (we called him Folding Chair).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Monday's face falls. He turns around, to head in the opposite direction, but at that end of the block, MR. LIN'S THUG appears, now backed by A NEW ENFORCER to replace the one Monday killed.

Monday stops, caught in the middle.

FROM OVERHEAD,

we see the two groups of thugs close in on him from both sides.

IN THE STREET,

Monday reaches to his hip, brushing his jacket to the side to show his gun in its holster.

He turns toward the thugs as they approach -- full of bluster.

MONDAY

What? What? I'm a cop, zipperheads,
what do you think you're gonna-

POP.

It's a quiet pop. Not even a firecracker, more like a knuckle cracking.

Monday blinks.

The thugs stop in their tracks, staring at Monday, who just looks puzzled.

He turns around.

Behind him, all he sees is a Sudoku puzzle book, smoking slightly around a small round hole in the middle.

MONDAY (cont'd)

Wait...

Sudoku Man lowers the book, turns, and walks away, pocketing a small-caliber weapon and disappearing into the crowd.

Hawala takes care of itself.

Monday turns around again, to face the Thugs, who are already hurrying away as they figure out what just happened.

MONDAY (cont'd)

... a minute, just... let me think a
second...

A TRICKLE OF BLOOD leaks out of Monday's hairline and runs down his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Confused, he turns, staggers a few steps to a storefront, sees his reflection in a window. He runs a hand through his hair, straightening it --

-- the trickle of blood turns into a stream, he leans against the building --

MONDAY (cont'd)

Monster hand.

-- and slithers down it, dead.

BACK AT NAM WAH,

Wilee limps down the stairs from the second floor office.

He sees Nima, standing in the middle of the street. She smiles her thanks, and he smiles back.

Wilee turns to his right, and sees another familiar face, through the haze of still-whirring bikes.

It's Vanessa.

He limps toward her, staggering the last few feet.

He falls into her arms, and she notices his blood-stained shirt and hands, the scrapes and gashes on his arms and legs.

NIMA

Oh my God, are you okay?

WILEE

Just a little road rash. I'll live.

NIMA

Did you deliver?

WILEE

Always do.

He kisses her. She kisses back.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT CITY STREET DAY

A bike, moving down the avenue.

It's Wilee's bike, patched and re-bent and un-mangled. Hanging together, and barely, like the man who's riding it. He glides in and out of traffic with ease and grace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A TAXI swerves hard from the left, Wilee simply loops around it and out of the way.

An SUV comes at him hard from the right, he dodges that just as easily.

Wilee stands up straight on his pedals, throws his head back and his arms out to the side in pure joy and freedom.

As he flies downtown, an ENORMOUS WHITE TRUCK WHOOSHES behind him, completely filling the frame, and we --

CUT TO BLACK.