

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (1980)

The sun is white with heat. Everything seems to be moving a little slowly as we TRACK along the street. Noises seem far off -- hollow. This must be a dream.

We approach a liquor store. A man suddenly passes in front of us, heading rapidly for the store. We speed up, come close to him, to his back pocket.

As he reaches the door he reaches into the pocket and pulls out a stocking.

CRACK! A flash of white light brings us to:

INT. PRISON CELL - EARLY MORNING (PRESENT DAY)

In marked contrast to the too-bright street, it is dark, cramped. In the shadows, a man sits on the edge of his bed. We cannot see his face very well in the dark.

He stands up and we can get a better view of him. HARRY MONK is in his late thirties, athletic but thoughtful. Weary.

He begins unbuttoning his shirt.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON SHOWERS - MINUTES LATER

Like everything in this place, it is cold and dark. Black shadows raked across thick steel.

Monk stands under the shower, leaning against the wall. As before, his face betrays little. He lets the water run over his head. It is a moment before he realizes he's not alone.

An unsavory looking group of about six men stand several feet away, staring at him. At its head are the prodigious FLOYD and his addled junkie side-kick SHARKY. Unlike Monk, they are all dressed.

FLOYD

Harry.

MONK

Floyd.

FLOYD

You didn't think we were gonna let you leave without saying goodbye, did you?

MONK

(stepping forward)

Not really.

SHARKY
(giggling wildly)
You're nude! We're gonna kill you in the
nude! I'm gonna kill him too.

Floyd walks forward, stands face to face with Monk. He's got a few inches -- and several pounds of muscle -- on Monk.

FLOYD
It isn't right that you should just walk
out of here. Or walk anywhere.

MONK
Floyd...
(dead in the eye)
...Please don't hit me.

Somehow, he makes it sound like a threat. The crowd titters, as they begin to fan out around Monk.

Floyd WHIPS a powerful punch at Monk's face, but Monk moves with blinding speed, catching Floyd's fist. Floyd's eyes widen as Monk slowly begins to push Floyd's arm back.

JENKINS (O.S.)
We're not engaging in a fist fight, are we,
Mister Monk?

JENKINS is the prison guard. The very essence of scumbag. He stands by the door to the showers, smiling and swinging his nightstick.

MONK
I was wondering who threw this party.

JENKINS
Engaging in a fist fight -- well, that
would be grounds for revoking your parole,
now wouldn't it? God, my heart bleeds real
blood just thinking about it.

MONK
I'd like to see that one day.

JENKINS
(no longer smiling)
You're my fucking property, Monk. You're
nothing else. Fighting is a violation;
maybe we should just double your sentence.

Monk puts his hand down. He knows what's coming next.

MONK
I'm not fighting. Sir.

JENKINS

Good boy.

Floyd's fist SLAMS into Monk's face, sending Monk to his knees as blood peppers the shower wall. Monk breathes hard, tries to stand up. Floyd's foot catches him in the ribs, sending him back against the wall. He slides down, but manages to stay on his feet.

He walks slowly toward the door. Another inmate takes a swipe at him, and it becomes a sort of gauntlet, everybody getting in a hit as Monk moves toward the door. Finally Floyd lands a devastating kidney punch and Monk drops gasping to his knees.

He doubles over, shaking badly, but he doesn't go down.

Slowly, he gets up again and leaves the posse behind. They look very pleased with their work -- all except Floyd, who seems unsatisfied.

Monk reaches the door, battered but whole. He stops by Jenkins, who, though still cocky, shrinks a bit. Waits for Monk to make a move.

MONK

Your shoelace is untied.

Jenkins almost looks down, then starts back, raising his nightstick, looking truly frightened.

JENKINS

Just try that shit with me! Just try it!
Motherfucker!

Monk looks at him a moment, then passes out of the room without comment.

Jenkins looks a little sheepishly at the posse. After a moment, he looks down.

His shoelace is untied.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NEW YORK SKYLINE - MORNING

As we FLY over New York. A clear day, blue sky, brisk wind blowing. We head over the buildings, uptown. In the distance, the George Washington Bridge appears. We keep heading for it until it fills the frame.

ANGLE: AN ORANGE CONE

Being placed on the road. A workman is setting up a line of them, cutting off an entrance on the New Jersey side. Before he finishes, two large repair trucks drive onto the road. He waves at them and continues his work.

ANGLE: ORANGE SIGN

Underneath a sign for "George Washington Bridge" is a sign that says

LOWER LEVEL CLOSED FOR ROADWORK
PREPARE TO MERGE

ANGLE: REPAIR TRUCKS

Barreling across the empty lower level. The EQUIPMENT TRUCK continues on to the middle of the bridge. The other, a TRANSPORT TRUCK, stops by the first tower (NJ TOWER).

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

In it are about twenty five men, mostly dressed like workmen. They have somewhat military bearing, but their looseness of manner pegs them rather as mercenaries. They all wear small headsets, and half of them carry automatic weapons.

As soon as the truck stops, six men jump out the back. As the truck moves across to the NY tower, we follow the separate groups to their destinations:

-- Two men head back to the end of the lower level, setting up a perimeter, rolling out metal drums for a barricade.

-- Three men head up the stairs set within the tower to the upper level. Two of them carry large oblong metal cases, the third a duffel bag.

-- One man, carrying a duffel bag and a small suitcase, goes up the elevator that runs up the tower. It opens onto a metal platform. Beyond, a staircase twists up to the very top of the tower, 400 feet above the upper level. Up there is a tiny OFFICE.

Inside the office, the man pulls a rifle out of the duffel bag, begins loading it with explosive bullets.

As the transport truck reaches the NY tower, six more men follow the exact same procedure.

The truck then heads back to the middle of the bridge. It stops about fifty yards from the equipment truck. Fifty yards beyond that is a third, the VIDEO TRUCK. Beside it stands a patrol car and a couple of police motorcycles.

The rest of the men pour out of the transport truck and head for the equipment truck, where the police (imposters all) are opening the back door. They lower a heavy metal ramp, and begin bringing out a large SATELLITE DISH. One of them (WEAVER) proceeds to the video truck.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Much equipment inside the spacious vehicle, including video camera and an editing console with four screens over it. At the console sits TOBY, the vid-wiz, turning on equipment. He is supervised by BRENNAN, the second-in-command.

The first-in-command must be the guy standing in the shadows.

CLOSE UP: HIS HANDS

He is playing with a silver dollar. He holds it in one hand, drops it into his fist. Opens both hands: the dollar is gone.

Weaver enters.

WEAVER

We're bringing the dish out now.
Everyone's setting up.

BRENNAN

Good.

TOBY

(hands Weaver a paper)
Here's coordinates.

WEAVER

Thanks.

BRENNAN

(to the man in shadows)
We're gearing up. Word from the helipad
should be any time now.

He steps out of the shadows, grinning. CHI is a young, handsome Cantonese man. He is dressed in casual black that almost conceals taut, roped muscles. His eyes are a little too intense: they smile when his mouth doesn't.

CHI

That's sweet.

WEAVER
(leaving)
I'll pass these on.

CHI
Weaver.

Weaver stops. Chi approaches him gracefully. For all his mercenary bulk, Weaver is clearly nervous. Did he do something wrong?

Chi steps up to him and puts his hand to Weaver's ear. Pulling it away, he produces the silver dollar. Magic.

CHI
Thanks.

Weaver leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S CELL - MIDDAY

Monk is again sitting on his cot, feeling in his mouth for a loose tooth.

A guard approaches the cell. We see the shadows of the bars slide across the prisoner's face as the door opens.

GUARD
Monk. Now's the time.

Monk looks around at his cell a moment, then rises, heads silently out.

As he passes the other cells, we hear the usual calls:

OTHER PRISONERS
...Ha-RRY, way to go, man...
...Motherfucker...
...Pop a cherry for me, man...
...I'll be looking for you on the outside,
Bitch...

Passes Sharky, who's gripping the bars of his cell and giggling.

SHARKY
Harry... Harry's gonna die...

He passes without comment.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON GATES - A BIT LATER

He approaches the gate, dressed in the classic just-got-out-of-prison suit. He looks about as okay as you can in it. Jenkins stands by the gate, smiles at him. Not a warm smile.

JENKINS

I'll be seeing you, boy.

MONK

I don't think so.

Jenkins grabs him.

JENKINS

I got all my hate for guys like you, Monk. Act all quiet and repentant, Mr Zen-Kung-ass-Fu, parole board gets right down and sucks your dick. For what you did you should die behind the wire.

Monk pulls Jenkins' hand off him.

MONK

Maybe.

He walks to the curb where a taxi is waiting. He gets in.

JENKINS

I'll be seeing you...

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

The driver is a young Hispanic, Hernando. He turns the meter on as Monk shuts the door.

HERNANDO

Hey, man, freedom. Where you wanna go?

MONK

New York.

Hernando pulls out. Monk rolls down the window.

HERNANDO

You're a free man. Yeah, let that fresh air in, that's sweet. Probably give you cancer from the smog, though, right? So, where?

MONK

What?

HERNANDO

Where in New York?

MONK

Oh. I'm not sure.

HERNANDO

Just out of New Jersey, huh?

MONK

Do you know... is there still Mosedale's on 29th street? The bar? You ever heard of that place?

HERNANDO

Mosedale's?

MONK

Mosedale's.

HERNANDO

I don't know it, man. A lot of shit went under from the economy. How long were you in?

MONK

Fourteen.

HERNANDO

Fourteen years, shit, that's a long time! Probably in fourteen years everything's different, you know. You're inside prison and everything's moving or going under, probably your friends are all dead or they don't remember you -- or the ACT like they don't remember you, you know -- it's like you're an alien from another planet and shit. Then you can't get a job or anything cuz you're a felon that's done time, you can't even live in the world and your friends are all dead.

(stops himself)

Oh, hey, that's probably touchy with you, bad subject. You don't want to talk about that; I'm sensitive.

Beat.

HERNANDO

So, did you get fucked up the ass a lot of times? 'Cause I heard that goes on.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW JERSEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's a poor neighborhood. A middle aged woman, WANDA, sits on her stoop, watching her six year old daughter AIESHA play on her Hoppety-Hop.

A police car pulls up. Behind the wheel is patrolwoman AVERY BURNHAM, young, but by no means a rookie. Attractive despite her toughness (or more probably, because of it). She gets out of the car with her partner GENE FERRITER. He is a good deal older than her, and cranky as shit.

As they bring the quiet, dishevelled young woman JANET out of the back, Wanda is already rising, yelling at them.

WANDA

Don't you bring her in here! I don't have a sister! I don't have a sister! Cops are standing here with nobody! A stranger!

FERRITER

You gotta sister, alright? This is she. You want to stop yelling?

WANDA

Don't you tell me about my family tree! She is cut off!

AVERY

She needs a place to stay.

WANDA

Did I tell her to marry that animal? He's an animal! Why do you dump this on my door?

FERRITER

Oh, fer Chrissake --

AVERY

Ferriter, chill.

(to Wanda, patiently)

You got to work this out, okay? She needs you.

Wanda takes her sister in without ever losing volume.

WANDA

(to Janet)

Is he beating on you? I'm gonna get a hunting licence and kill the motherfucker! Put his head on my wall.

The screen door shuts behind them. Avery kneels down by Aiesha, who is sitting silently.

AVERY

Your Aunt Janet's not in any trouble.
She's just having a hard day, so you're
gonna be extra nice to her, okay?

AIESHA

I got a Hippety-Hop.

AVERY

My little boy has a Hippety-Hop, too, but
it's green.

AIESHA

Mine's red. I'm not a boy.

Avery smiles at her.

FERRITER

Hey, Burnham, I'm really glad you've found
someone of your intellectual level. Now
can we hit the fucking pavement?

AVERY

(to Aiesha)

See ya.

She stands, heads for the car.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO TRUCK - A BIT LATER

Brennan is on the cellular phone, listening.

BRENNAN

Yeah... Yeah. Bless you.

He folds up the phone and crosses to Chi, who is watching Toby
check the video equipment.

CHI

Can you patch in?

TOBY

There's no problem.

(into his headset)

Angle the dish twelve degrees south.

BRENNAN

Chi.

CHI

The package?

BRENNAN

Just touched down, being unloaded right now. Maybe an hour, with traffic.

CHI

I'm all aquiver.

(into his headset)

Jasper, Sykes, bring me good tidings.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Almost under the NY tower -- about thirty feet closer to shore. JASPER and the two others in workclothes have upended the oblong metal case on the pedestrian walkway. They are securing it, welding it to the railing.

JASPER

(into his headset)

We're very close. Just say the word.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME, NJ SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Where SYKES and his two have done the same.

SYKES

(into his headset)

Same here, just --

He stops as a young couple tries to pass him, heading off the bridge. He smiles vaguely at them, covering his headset. After they go:

SYKES

...Just a few more minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

JAMIE and KEITH stand looking over the edge of the bridge. Dressed in jeans and windbreakers, they look like fratboys. Keith carries a knapsack, Jamie an expression of barely suppressed terror.

KEITH

You're scared.

JAMIE

I'm not.

Keith puts a hand on Jamie's shoulder.

KEITH
It's good to be scared.

JAMIE
I'm not. I'm fine.

KEITH
Hey, you've done this before, buddy.

JAMIE
Well... not here.

KEITH
Hey, that's half the rush. Fear and adrenaline, they're exactly the same. Sort of. Anyway, they both make me puke. Come on.

JAMIE
Maybe this isn't a good time.

KEITH
This is the time. You'll be a man, my son.

JAMIE
But the lower level's closed.

KEITH
Not to us, buddy.
(stops, serious)
Hey. This is it. After this, you emerge. Your life begins. And the way of life...

He pulls a looped coil from his knapsack.

KEITH
... is bungee.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - A LITTLE LATER

Not surprisingly, Hernando is still talking.

HERNANDO
This was a really big guy, like three hundred fifty pounds, you know? Fat. And he's getting all pissed off 'cause his wife don't wanna watch that show, the 911 show - you ever see that? Do they got that show for convicts?

MONK

I didn't see it.

HERNANDO

That's a great show. But his wife don't want to watch, she wants to watch Geraldo, she's changing the channel, so he sits on her, you know, and --

(laughing)

-- she dies! He sits on her, he's so fat, and she can't breathe or nothin'. And my cousin said, "She should have called the 911". I like that. His fat ass on her... You never saw that show?

MONK

No.

HERNANDO

So what were you in for, man? I wanna know.

MONK

I murdered a cab driver.

HERNANDO

(chuckles)

Yeah, how come you did that?

MONK

He was kind of chatty.

HERNANDO

(good naturedly)

Oh, man, you're scaring me now! That's funny. You're okay.

(very amused)

Chatty...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Heading for the bridge. Avery is driving.

FERRITER

You are a piece of work, Burnham. This is the news of the day: you are a fucking piece of work.

AVERY

Are you gonna complain all day, Ferriter? The deed is done.

FERRITER

"Oh, sure, we'd love to take you to your sister's house. Oh, she lives in New Jersey? No problem! We got nothing better to do with our whole fucking day than cart deadbeats around. We're only cops!"

AVERY

Yeah, well, we leave her with her husband and comes the dawn it's a homicide.

FERRITER

Then it's somebody else's heartache, fine. You never get into a domestic, Burnham; what are you, a born-again rookie?

AVERY

Get off my tits, Ferriter.

FERRITER

(half-serious)

Is that kind of language really necessary?

She rolls her eyes, turns into the exit for the bridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL, NEW JERSEY TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Jamie and Keith approach the stairs to the lower level, Keith pulling a crowbar out of his bag. When he reaches the door, he pauses, smiling.

KEITH

Manifest destiny.

The door is unlocked and slightly ajar. They slip through.

They head down the stairs, circling the elevator 'shaft'. Jamie steps out onto the lower level. Before Keith has a chance to follow, a voice calls out.

POLICEMAN

Hey!

Jamie spins, sees a POLICEMAN not twenty feet behind him.

JAMIE

Uh, yes, officer?

He shoots a sidelong glance at Keith. Keith is out of sight of the cop; he puts his fingers to his lips: don't give me away.

POLICEMAN

This area is restricted. There's signs all over.

JAMIE

I'm sorry. I, uh, I'm sorry.

Keith almost cracks up at Jamie's bumbling response.

POLICEMAN

That's okay. It's just not safe for civilians. We got roadwork going on.

JAMIE

Oh.

(glancing at the workmen)

What's the satellite dish for?

There is a beat. Keith watches as Jamie's eyes go wide.

Four shots hit Jamie in the chest. Jamie falls backward, slumped awkwardly by the railing.

Keith doesn't move.

POLICEMAN

(into his headset)

Weaver, I got a body here, and will somebody tell Sykes to keep the door shut up there?

He is heading for the stairs. Silently, Keith slips between the girders to the outside of the stanchion. He clings rigidly to the tower, the ground 200 feet below him, as the 'cop' passes up the stairs.

POLICEMAN

Fuckin' kids...

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - MINUTES LATER

Hernando is turning on to the bridge. Traffic is thickening, though it still flows.

MONK

Lotta traffic.

HERNANDO

Yeah, some things don't change even in fourteen years. They closed the lower level is why. Repairs. They should just do that shit at night. Hey, you want to hear some music?

He flicks on the radio. Music blares out.

HERNANDO

You should catch all the latest shit. This is called rap music. It's a new thing.

He says it like a kindergarten teacher. Monk can't help a small smile.

MONK

I've heard of it.

HERNANDO

Let's see, what else... Reagan was president, and then Bush -- man, you're lucky you missed that shit. Apart from that, not much happened around here since you got busted. You know, just crime and shit. Same old New York.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW JERSEY TOWER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Our man up here, BONELL, is staring down at the entrance to the bridge with a pair of high powered binoculars.

BONELL

I got it!

He throws down the binocs, speaks into his headset as he hoists his rifle.

BONELL

The package has arrived. They're driving it onto the bridge. I say again --

BRENNAN (V.O. ON HEADSET)

We hear you. Prepare for phase two. Jordan, are you set?

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK TOWER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JORDAN has his identical rifle pointed at the other end of the bridge.

JORDAN

I'm ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL BY NEW JERSEY TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Sykes is watching the flow of traffic also, still standing with the other two by the oblong metal case.

SYKES

Just passed the first tower.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is moving about, performing small tasks. The imminence of the action has got the energy way up.

BRENNAN

Roger that. We go in about fifteen seconds. Everybody look sharp.

He points to Chi, indicating he is to take over. Chi is aglow with excitement. He beams.

He waits.

CHI

Showtime.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK TOWER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jordan squints through the gunsight.

ANGLE: GUNSIGHT VIEW

We see the tops and backs of cars as they head for New York. We train on a Jaguar zipping in and out of lanes, moving too fast.

We FIRE at the driver -- right through the roof.

ANGLE: THE JAG

Half the roof is blown off by the explosive bullet. The car spins out of control, FLIPS over -- SMASHES into an other car, another slams into it: a major pile up.

ANGLE: UPPER DECK BY NEW JERSEY TOWER

An eighteen wheeler is barreling along when its back left wheels get blown off. It skids, jack-knifes -- comes CRASHING down on its side and skids to a halt, blocking all four lanes going in its direction.

ANGLE: THE JAG

Cars still piling into one another, finally screeching to a halt right behind one another. Traffic stopped dead.

ANGLE: THE TRUCK

Same thing. Much rear-ending. Dead halt.

ANGLE: JORDAN

JORDAN

Yes!

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Screeches to a halt along with everyone else. Harry looks around inquisitively.

HERNANDO

What the fuck...

ANGLE: JASPER

JASPER

Perfect! Total standstill.

ANGLE: CHI

CHI

Score. Go second teams.

ANGLE: BONELL

BONELL

Did you see mine? Mine was the best! I got a truck!

ANGLE: SYKES

Like Jasper, he is between the accident (in his case, the upturned truck) and the tower. The cars by him have stopped, but they are not damaged.

He opens the metal case; it comes open upright like a traveling trunk. Inside it are spools of razor-wire, one on top of the other. Sykes and the others each pull one out, start walking backwards between the cars, spooling them out.

ANGLE: JASPER

He and his cronies do the same.

People in cars see them, but are too busy or confused to do anything about it.

They make it across to the other case, also standing open. They hook the ends of the wire to the pole inside the case and shut it on them, locking them in place.

They've built a fence.

Jasper runs back and shuts the other case as well. At the bottom of it he opens a panel and flips up a lever.

JASPER

Charged!

The others step back from the fence, as if suddenly afraid to touch it.

ANGLE: SYKES

Does the same.

SYKES

Charged.

ANGLE: CHI

CHI

Is it hot?

ANGLE: SYKES

He is watching the road.

A burly motorcyclist on a Harley is racing along between lanes. He fails to see the wire until it is too late; he drives right into it.

It practically EXPLODES in a shower of sparks. The biker's body hangs on it for a second or two, then drops to the ground, fried.

SYKES

It's hot.

One motorist, having just seen this, frantically backs his car away from the electrified fence, slamming into the car behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

HERNANDO

Shit. Must have been an accident or something.

Harry looks at the lanes heading in the other direction, which have also stopped.

MONK
Going both ways?

He thinks a moment, then opens his door. Slowly steps out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BY THE TAXI - CONTINUOUS

At head level, he can't see very much worth seeing: he is near the middle of the bridge, a good 500 yards from either accident. He steps onto the back of the taxi, thence to the roof.

As he stands on the roof looking, we see that one or two other people on various cars have done the same. For a moment it looks like these few people are alone, standing hundreds of feet apart on a shining metal field. From off in the distance, a tiny scream drifts by. A post-apocalyptic tableau.

ANGLE: NY TOWER

A flash in the office catches Monk's eye, but he can't make out what it is.

Seeing nothing conclusive, Monk walks off the cab and starts heading forward between the cars. He seems vaguely disturbed by all this.

HERNANDO
Hey! Where are you going?

MONK
(not stopping)
I'll be back.

HERNANDO .
I got my meter running, man!
(to himself)
Criminal types...

CUT TO:

INT. NY TOWER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jordan is looking at the upper level through his gunsight.

JORDAN
(into headset)
Hello hello, we have two actual police on the bridge, headed for my side. Let's do something about that.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL, APPROACHING NY TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Avery and Ferriter have gotten out of their squadcar and are headed toward the accident with the Jag.

FERRITER

Why can't people learn to fucking drive?

AVERY

I swear it sounded like something exploded.
Before the crash. You didn't hear
anything?

Two badguys, DEX and VINNIE, dressed in workman's clothes, come up from the tower stairway and run toward the cops. They look frantic.

DEX

You gotta come down here! We need help!

FERRITER

What's going on?

DEX

Please! It collapsed!

VINNIE

They're trapped down there! Jesus!

The cops follow them to the staircase. Vinnie leads the way, Dex brings up the rear. When everyone is just out of sight of the upper level, Ferriter stops, turns.

FERRITER

Avery, why don't you check out what's
happening up--

He stops. The goons are both pulling out guns.

FERRITER

Shit!

He goes for his own gun. Avery looks behind her, momentarily confused.

From behind her, Dex PLUGS Ferriter, who is almost drawn. Before he can aim at Avery she instinctively SLAMS his arm against the railing, drives the palm of her free hand into his nose.

Ferriter falls down onto Vinnie, who loses his shot at Avery.

Avery has stunned Dex and she grabs his arm, points the gun at Vinnie. Fires into his chest twice and he FLIES BACK onto the landing, dead.

Dex is coming back into focus, but before he can act she slams his wrist against the railing again, breaking it and sending the gun falling. He socks her hard, and she falls back on the steps, sliding down backwards.

He dives for her but EVEN SLIDING DOWN she draws, CHUGS THREE BULLETS INTO HIS CHEST before he lands on her.

She catches her breath, rolling Dex's body off her. For a moment she does nothing, just stares. Then she checks Ferriter, who is dead. She looks about her, uncomprehendingly. What is going on?

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL - A BIT LATER

Monk works his way through the cars, heading for the end of the bridge. His eyes are fixed firmly in front of him.

A woman runs past him, heading the other way. She is screaming, clutching a baby.

In a car near him, A bunch of young bruiser types sit glassy-eyed, uncharacteristically silent.

Monk slows down, stops.

About ten yards ahead of him, Jasper and the other two stand in front of their fence. They face the crowd dispassionately, heavy automatic weapons cradled in their arms. Jasper holds a Street Sweeper, a pugnosed sort of 'tommy shotgun'.

Behind them, the people that are free are abandoning their cars, running off the bridge.

Monk stares, focusing in on:

CLOSE UP: THE FENCE

A single strand of taut razor wire. We hear the slight HUM of electricity.

He stares at the wire, the sight obviously affecting him deeply. Unreasonably.

MONK

(softly)

Fuck me....

Jasper steps directly in front of him, eyeballing him. Monk looks like a troublemaker.

JASPER
You got a problem?

Monk stares at him a moment before speaking.

MONK
No.

JASPER
(points the Street Sweeper
at him)
You want one?

Another moment. Monk slowly fades back, away from the fence.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL, NEAR MONK'S CAB - A BIT LATER

Monk makes his way through the cars, still looking very disturbed. He finally veers over to the side, leans over the railing.

ANGLE: MONK'S POV

Looking down. Two hundred feet to the water.

He looks up, out at New York. The skyline stretches out before him.

He hears a cop approaching. He doesn't turn, but listens.

The cop is the same one that shot Jamie, and he is speaking into his headset. His name is CHEYKIN, though it's not on his badge.

CHEYKIN
It doesn't matter if they pay. The package
is worth ten times that...

Cheykin conceals his headset from the man who leans his head out of the car.

MAN IN CAR
Officer --

CHEYKIN
(without stopping)
Just stay in your car, sir, we'll get you
moving.

Monk is still staring out at the water when a hand GRABS him by the shoulder. He turns, confronted by Cheykin.

MONK

Officer?

CHEYKIN

You got a car, get back in it. Do you?

MONK

What?

CHEYKIN

Have a car. Are you hard of hearing? Did you drive onto the bridge?

MONK

Yes.

CHEYKIN

Turn around and get back in your car.

MONK

You a cop?

CHEYKIN

No, I'm a garbage collector with fashion sense. Are you retarded?

MONK

What's going on?

CHEYKIN

(pushing him)

Did I tell you to ask questions? Now, we got a situation here. Don't make it worse.

Hernando sticks his head out of his cab, some twenty feet away.

HERNANDO

Hey, man, whatchyou doing? Get in!

MONK

(to Cheykin)

What situation?

Cheykin is about to push some more, thinks better of it. Gets sincere.

CHEYKIN

I don't know. I don't know what's going on here any better than you do. But if everybody panics, it's gonna get worse pretty fast. So I'm asking you to cooperate.

Monk looks at the taxi. Safety.

HERNANDO
Come on, man.

MONK
All right.

CHEYKIN
Good. I'm sure this'll all be cleared up soon.

MONK
Okay. Thank you, officer...

He looks pointedly at:

ANGLE: THE POLICEMAN'S NAME BADGE.

Which says, "Jankewitz".

MONK
...Officer Cooper.

POLICEMAN
You're welcome.

A beat. Cheykin suddenly frowns, unsure. He looks down at his nametag, sees his mistake.

MONK
(smiling)
Gotchya.

And he turns and walks back toward the cab. Maybe Cheykin senses a threat in Monk, or maybe he's just pissed at being duped, but he goes for his gun.

Hernando's eyes go wide as Cheykin whips out his piece.

HERNANDO
Hey...

Warned, Monk stops, KICKS BACKWARD just as the piece is leveled at the back of his head. The gun flies away, skitters under a car. Our Monk is something of a martial artist.

He turns and faces Cheykin, who recovers quickly.

MONK
I'm not looking for trouble.

CHEYKIN
Welcome to it.

Cheykin comes at him, but Monk is faster and more graceful, dodging a fist and SLAMMING one into Cheykin's stomach.

HERNANDO

Jesus!

He ducks down, locking his doors.

HERNANDO

Forget you, man. No charge.

He turns off the meter.

Cheykin is still coming at him, powerful, and Monk stops dodging and goes for the hurt. A few solid blows and he grabs Cheykin by the throat, pinning him from behind.

A few other people in cars are seeing this, ducking, staring. One guy starts to get out of his car, as his girlfriend tugs on him to keep him in.

Monk drags Cheykin in between two trucks, where they aren't in plain view. Monk throws him up against the truck. He punches him again for good measure. Holds him, choking him.

Monk is upset.

MONK

What's going on? Who the fuck are you?
Talk to me...

CHEYKIN

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

MONK

What's the wire for? Look at me!

CHEYKIN

I'm gonna kill you, you fuck!

Monk speaks very slowly, punctuating his words by slamming Cheykin's head against the truck.

MONK

I don't want --

(slam!)

-- to play games --

(slam!)

-- I just want to go to New York.

AVERY

FREEZE!

She is about twenty feet away in shooting stance. extremely tense -- not to be messed with.

MONK

Fuck...

He lets go. Cheykin gets up and bolts in the oth

AVERY

Hey!

CHEYKIN

(obviously lying)

I'm going for back up!

She advances, never taking her eyes off Monk. Sh
He is breathing hard, still coming down from the
second ago.

MONK

Listen to me.

AVERY

Shut up!

MONK

He's not a --

She WHIPS him in the temple with her piece. He g
backwards and she hauls him up against the truck.
without lowering her piece.

AVERY

You stupid son of a bitch, you're gonna
tell me everything you --

MONK

He's not a cop!

She SLAMS his face against the truck.

AVERY

You want to bullshit me some more?

Slams it again. Puts the barrel of her gun again
Cocks it.

AVERY

Please. Piss me off.

He doesn't speak for a moment. He turns to look
trickling down his forehead.

MONK

You think he's going for back up?

This stops her a moment.

MONK

They got this place fenced off. The whole bridge.

AVERY

What are you talking about? Fenced? This is a bridge.

MONK

(over that last)

They're putting up barbed wire back there. Electric. Probably up there, too.

AVERY

They?

MONK

This isn't a bridge anymore. It's Stalag fucking 17.

AVERY

They.

MONK

I don't know! The guys with the guns. The ones at the fence are dressed like highway workers.

That registers. She still doesn't trust him, but she's losing some of her steam.

AVERY

You're not in on this? Then who are you?

MONK

I'm less than nobody, lady.

AVERY

(not satisfied)

Name.

MONK

Harry Monk.

AVERY

Why'd you get into it with that guy? If you're nobody.

MONK

He didn't like me. And I don't like being caged in.

Speaking of which, he turns, indicating his handcuffs. She ignores them, but at least she holsters her gun. Starts pulling him toward her car.

AVERY

Yeah, well, don't sweat it. You're gonna sit this one out in my spacious squadcar.

MONK

Don't do that.

AVERY

I don't have time to sort you out right now.

MONK

Look, I'm asking you --

A sudden leg sweep and she is off her feet, lands hard on her back as Monk ducks away between cars. He moves fast, rolling - comes up with his cuffed hands in front.

Avery gets up, pissed.

AVERY

Goddamnit!

A gun in her back. She turns to see Cheykin. With him is another goon, RAY. Ray has the gun.

AVERY

(to Cheykin)

I guess you went for back up.

CHEYKIN

(taking her gun)

To the stairs. Quietly. Gotta finish what the boys started.

She complies. They move close with her, the gun hidden from on-lookers.

AVERY

You gonna tell me what you guys are up to?

CHEYKIN

I'm gonna put a bullet in your spine, bitch. Nothing else.

They approach the stairs, Avery looking more and more tense. Sweating. Maybe she can make a move. She glances at Cheykin.

CHEYKIN
 (pressing the gun into
 her)
 It's not gonna happen.

He motions for her to go ahead of him down the stairs.

Monk practically FLIES at him, his leg SLAMMING Cheykin right down the steps.

Before Ray can aim, Avery is on him, grabbing his gun hand.

For a moment Monk looks down at Cheykin in a heap down the stairs.

MONK
 Gotchya.

Avery punches Ray brutally but can't shake the gun loose. Monk watches them a moment then gracefully moves next to them.

He turns his back on Ray and reaches over his head. He laces the cuffs under Ray's chin, pulling him off his feet and, back to back, choking him.

Ray drops the gun, grabbing at his throat. Monk pulls, turns - and expertly flips Ray over his back. Over the railing.

Ray falls two hundred feet, screaming all the way. Hits the water like a boulder.

Monk turns to Avery.

MONK
 Come on.

He moves quickly away, back into the crowd of cars. After a moment, she picks up Ray's gun and follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Weaver is looking over the edge, speaking into his headset.

WEAVER
 Someone went over -- I don't know -- Shit!
 It's Ray!

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Intercut with Weaver:

CHI

What?

BRENNAN

Jesus. We've lost three and we haven't even gone public yet.

WEAVER

Hey!

ANGLE: IN THE RIVER

Ray is still conscious, struggling to swim to shore.

WEAVER

Ray's still with us!

Chi and Brennan look at each other.

CHI

I don't think so.

WEAVER

He's swimming! I think he could make it.

CHI

I think if you look more carefully, Weaver, you'll see that he will sink.

Weaver stops, getting it. He takes out his pistol and empties the cartridge at Ray, who goes belly up in blood. Weaver quietly holsters his weapon.

WEAVER

My mistake. He sank.

BRENNAN

That's great. Now will somebody please find fucking Cheykin?

CHI

I don't remember cops being this talented. Do you?

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Avery and Monk have stopped near the middle of the bridge, feeling more or less safe.

MONK

Sorry I booked out. I saw 'em coming, I didn't have time to talk.

AVERY

The fucking Cavalry doesn't have to apologize, Monk. Jesus...

He holds out his hands. She unlocks the cuffs as they continue to talk.

AVERY

These guys killed my partner.

MONK

I'm sorry. I figure they don't want anyone else on this bridge playing with guns.

AVERY

Are they terrorists?

MONK

I don't know. They seem kind of...

AVERY

Perky?

MONK

Yeah.

An older woman sticks her head out of her car window.

OLDER WOMAN

Officer, what's happening here? There's nothing moving.

As Avery replies, Monk looks up at the top of the tower he saw the flash in, thinking.

AVERY

There's been an accident up ahead. It should be cleared in a little while.

OLDER WOMAN

Ooh. Can I go look?

AVERY

What?

MONK

(tugging her sleeve)

Hey.

OLDER WOMAN

I'm gonna go see.

AVERY

Stay in your car, ma'am.

MONK

Hey, um...

AVERY

(to Monk)

Officer Burnham.

(softening a tad)

Avery.

MONK

Yeah. If someone's targeting cops, you might want to think about changing clothes.

AVERY

Fine, I'll slip into the little cocktail number I keep in my squadcar.

OLDER WOMAN

I won't touch anything...

AVERY

Lady...

MONK

I think they got someone up in that tower. Anyway somebody's gonna notice you sooner or later.

AVERY

Your logic is astonishing, but where --

MONK

(pointing)

Maybe there.

ANGLE: A WINNEBAGO

About two hundred yards back, pointed toward New Jersey.

MONK

Come on.

He leads her to it.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO TRUCK - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE UP: CHEYKIN

He stares, frightened, for about a second before a FIST SMASHES into his face. He reels backwards, nose spurting.

CHEYKIN
OW! JESUS, OW!

Chi stands before him, wiping blood off his knuckles.

CHI
And you ran away.

CHEYKIN
They had the drop on us! There was two!
One of them was the cop.

CHI
You mentioned that.

CHEYKIN
The other guy's a psycho! You gotta
believe me! Brennan...

BRENNAN
(imitating his tone)
Cheykin...

CHEYKIN
Well, shit, what was I supposed to do?

CHI
You were supposed to KILL THEM. Do you
need this written down? It's a pretty
simple directive.
(to Brennan)
Just once, I'd like to work with
professionals, you know?

CHEYKIN
(under his breath)
Fucking Jap...

Chi stops. Smiles.

CHI
First of all, it's emotionally damaging to
use racial epithets to express anger. And
second...

His foot SLAMS incredibly fast into Cheykin's throat, knocking
him over and out. He lies at Chi's feet, barely breathing.

CHI
...I'm a Chink.
(to two other men)
When he wakes up, beat him up some more.
And find our two new friends.

BRENNAN

They could stir things up way too much.

CHI

So we'll do it for them. It's time people knew.

(into headset)

Kagen, Schwartz. We're going public, so stop stalling. Bring unto me the lamb.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL, BY THE WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Avery and Monk approach the large camper.

In it sits JOE and MAGGIE SMITH, both in their late sixties. Farm stock, wearing jeans, skin like leather. Joe's in the passenger seat; he rolls down his window as they approach.

JOE

Hey, officer, can you tell us what's going on?

AVERY

Yes. Can we speak to you inside?

JOE

Uh, yeah, come on in.

He goes back to open the door. They step in.

CUT TO:

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Handshaking ensues.

AVERY

I'm officer Burnham -- Avery.

JOE

Joe Smith. This is Maggie -- Avery's the first name?

MAGGIE

Hi.

AVERY

Yes, it is, hi.

MONK

Harry Monk.

JOE

Are you a policeman, too, Mr. Monk?

MONK

Not so you'd notice.

MAGGIE

We have a daughter named Annabelle. That's a pretty name, but I like Avery, too.

JOE

I'd think it'd be a boy, name like Avery.

AVERY

It's not. Is there a phone in here I could use?

MAGGIE

Just the CB. Would that help?

AVERY

I'll give it a shot.

She goes forward.

JOE

So, Mr Monk, do you know what's going on? It's awful strange. People running around, everything stopped up.

MAGGIE

We saw a fistfight.

MONK

Well, I don't think there's anything to worry about. Just some accidents, people over-reacting. She just -- we want to make sure nobody gets hurt.

MAGGIE

(very politely)

Well, now, that's bullshit, Mr Monk.

JOE

We're not stupid, son. I'll tell you something. Last time I had this feeling, I was in Florida and it was that whole Cuban missile deal. I didn't hear it on the TV, I just walked outside and... People know something's up, they just get a feeling. That end of the world feeling.

MAGGIE

I bet you'd like some coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT SEAT - A MINUTE LATER

Avery is trying to raise someone on the CB.

AVERY

Hello Hello, can anyone hear me, this is an emergency...

Nothing but static. She gives up, goes back.

CUT TO:

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Joe is still sitting with Monk, as Maggie pours coffee.

AVERY

I got nothing.

MONK

Could they be blocking the channels?

AVERY

Maybe. We should try somebody with a carphone.

(to Maggie)

Do you have a TV?

MAGGIE

Yes, we do.

AVERY

Leave it on.

JOE

You'll want those clothes before you go out. Right in back. You too, Harry, if they've seen you.

The two of them go in back and shut the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They start going through the drawers, picking out stuff.

AVERY

Nice couple. I guess you told them.

MONK

Told 'em what I knew, which is all of dick. I should have just stayed where I was.

AVERY

Prison?

Monk stops, startled.

MONK

I meant my taxi.

AVERY

You're just out today, I figure.

MONK

(recovering)

It's the suit, right?

AVERY

(nodding)

The suit. My brother has one just like it. Actually, he's had three. Plus you got... I don't know... the look. Like you been in for a while.

MONK

(pulling the jacket off)

Sweet piece of detecting.

AVERY

Well, how did you know I was a real cop? I could have been with what's-his-name.

MONK

That shooting stance --

(imitates it, hands

together and butt out)

-- that's cop. Looks like you got prostrate trouble. Very attractive.

She laughs. Pulls off her shirt. She's wearing a T-shirt underneath, no biggie, but it still stops Monk. No nice way to say it: for a moment he just stares.

She catches his eye. He looks down, embarrassed.

MONK

Sorry.

AVERY

That's okay, Monk. When it comes to women **every** guy acts like he just spent a year in prison.

MONK

Fourteen.

AVERY

Jesus, that's a stretch. What for?

Beat.

MONK

Littering.

AVERY

(accepting the dodge)

Yeah, I heard they were cracking down on that.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

We see Chi talking with Brennan.

TOBY (O.S.)

Chi! We're in.

CHI

Are we there? Excellent. Okay. Magic time!

He skips merrily across the room. As we follow him we see the VIDEO CAMERA and and before it, a sort of stage: that is, an overly lit portion of the room with a single chair in the middle.

Chi loosens himself up, jumping about like an annoying actor.

CHI

How now brown cow how now brown cow --
(to Toby)

Ready to patch it through?

TOBY

I'm all ready.

CHI

Okay. On me in five... four... three... two...

As he counts it down, the camera swings over to reveal eight year old JIMMY STEIN in the corner, looking somewhat confused. He is flanked by Kagen and Schwartz. His parents aren't around.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The two of them have changed, jeans and sweats, pretty fair fit.

AVERY

Not bad. What do you think?

MONK

You smell like old lady.

AVERY

(cracks up a bit)

Shhh!

Joe sticks his head in. They both look a little embarrassed.

JOE

Y'all better take a look at this.

CUT TO:

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE: TV

We see Chi sitting in his chair, with a news station number and "live" on the bottom of the screen. He is just getting started.

CHI

... Nobody gets off, nobody gets on -- the bridge is ours. Well, mine, really. Anybody who tries to get on it will be annihilated and feel free to try it out. You're probably wondering, "What's he gonna do with a bridge?" Well, I could blow it up. Yes, there are enough explosives on this bridge to topple the fucking thing -- can I say fucking on TV? -- and practically everyone on it will be dead before they hit the river. As you've already seen, there's quite a few people on the bridge right now. They'd like to go HOME. One hundred million gets them there. No pennies, please. When I have my money everyone will go free and I will magically disappear. It's very simple. And, as a token of my good faith, I'd like you to meet someone. Jimmy?

Jimmy steps into frame shyly.

CHI

You don't have to be shy. Can you tell the people where you are?

JIMMY

On the bridge.

CHI

That's right. And do you know who that man is over there?

Jimmy looks over and Chi whips out a pistol, puts it to the back of Jimmy's head.

We hear the GUNSHOT over Monk's face.

Silence. Monk, Avery both stare.

ANGLE: CHI

Alone in the frame now. Still holding the gun. Not smiling.

CHI

There's about four thousand other people on this bridge. A lot of them are kids.

The screen goes black. After a moment, the news anchors reappear. Both too stunned to speak.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Chi stands by the chair. His men, Toby, Brennan, all stand or sit watching. Nobody shows the slightest trace of emotion. Not a wince.

The bright light clicks off. Chi moves from his position over to the computer banks. As the scene progresses the boy's body is taken away and the floor cleaned up.

BRENNAN

(to Toby)

Did it go through clean?

TOBY

All three networks, clean and pretty.

BRENNAN

We'll wait half an hour for the cops to stop shitting themselves and get set up.

CHI

Good. Toby, keep your eye on the sky.

(to Brennan)

You know, I wanted a baby for that spot, but having the boy talk was a nice touch. Don't you think?

He smiles, winningly.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The camera REELS around a station in turmoil -- everyone is yelling, running around, phones ringing, etc. We follow Lt. NEWMER as he accosts the somewhat grayer detective DOBISCH, who is on the phone.

NEWMER

Dobisch, we go to the bridge. Deputy Chief'll meet us there.

DOBISCH

(into phone)

...the fuckin' FBI! Yes, it's theirs. It's fuckin' terrorists... I know they want money, I don't care if they want an enema; it's federal!

ANOTHER COP

(passes by, yelling)

Who's calling the mayor?

NEWMER

(to Dobisch)

Let's move, here!

DOBISCH

(into phone)

... Because! Because the fucking bridge crosses state lines! Because your mother is a man!

He slams down the phone. He and Newmer start out.

DOBISCH

SWAT boys want this one bad.

NEWMER

Hey, everybody gets a bite.

A young woman falls into step with them. Newmer addresses her.

NEWMER

I want New Jersey on my phone when we get there.

YOUNG WOMAN

They're mobilizing. We're arranging communications.

NEWMER

Don't let me down, sister.

He and Dobisch exit. The woman watches them for one second before going back to her duties.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF NEWS BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

As reporter JOANNE ALVAREZ is running toward the chopper with her cameraman.

ALVAREZ

Move it, boy. Come on!

They climb in.

CUT TO:

INT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

The PILOT turns to her as she scurries in and shuts the door.

PILOT

Ms. Alvarez, I'm Dwight.

ALVAREZ

Dwight, I want you to fly way too fast, get there first, I want you to fly way too close and risk all our lives unduly. This story will not happen again in your lifetime, understood?

PILOT

(turning back, smiling)
I like you, Ms Alvarez.

ALVAREZ

Fly.

They do.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Where the MAYOR is having drinks with a bunch of suits. A worried AIDE hurries to the Mayor's table. He crouches down by the Mayor, whispers to him.

AIDE

Mr Mayor, we have a major situation. Terrorists have taken over the George Washington Bridge.

MAYOR
What? What did you --

AIDE
Sir, terrorists have taken the bridge.

The Mayor stares at him a moment, confused.

MAYOR
Taken it where?

CUT TO:

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP: AVERY'S REVOLVER

As she slams the cylinder home, all bullets in.

JOE
Whatchya thinkin', Avery?

AVERY
A little recon. How many, where, target
'em for our people.

JOE
You think the man in the videotape is
definitely on this bridge?

MONK
It's a good bet. In a truck maybe, or
somewhere --

JOE
Well, the lower level is --

MONK\AVERY
--closed.

AVERY
Of course.

MONK
Well, that's a place to start.

AVERY
You know, you can still sit this one out,
Monk.

MONK
I disagree.

JOE

You two mess around with them, they'll start killing people.

AVERY

They already have.

She opens the door.

AVERY

(to Joe and Maggie)

You sit tight.

JOE

Of course. Good luck.

They exit the winnebago. As they do, we settle on Maggie. She is staring at the wall, too upset to speak.

CUT TO:

EXT. BY THE WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Monk stops, thinking.

MONK

A hundred million.

AVERY

I know. Pretty Goddamn greedy.

MONK

No, it's something... That phony cop, he said something before. Said they'd never get the money, but it was okay 'cause the package was worth a lot more. Ten times more.

AVERY

Meaning they got a little side bet going?

MONK

More than little. More like a billion.

AVERY

Right.

MONK

So what the fuck is on this bridge that's worth a billion dollars?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

ABE

Well, now, this is just terrible.

Meet the package. ABRAHAM HEALY is a small southern billionaire in his sixties. He has a crewcut and a sprightly, gregarious manner. Draw any parallels you like.

He sits in the back seat with MERVIN, his enormous bodyguard. A sort of homely white version of the Golem. Talks about as much, too. They have just watched the broadcast.

ABE

This is really -- this is a terrible situation. Did I tell you we should have taken one of the helicopters? Goddamn maniacs want a hundred million dollars just for being goddamn maniacs.

(leans forward, addresses the driver)

Lawrence, get on the phone, call the home office --

(handing him a card)

-- and call the CIA at this number, ask for Skippy...

(settling back)

...and they called me paranoid. Was I paranoid? I'm askin'.

(as Mervin checks his weapon)

Mervin, put that thing away; there isn't anyone to shoot at yet. Why can't they just EARN a hundred million dollars; this is America, for Christ's sake. Goddamn...

CUT TO:

INT. MUSCLE CAR - CONTINUOUS

A young BRUISER is sitting in his car with his friend. The radio is on.

RADIO

Everyone is advised to stay calm and wait for further bulletins.

He turns off the radio.

BRUISER

Fuckin' murderin' Chink bastards. They can't pull this. I'm not sittin' here waitin' for a bullet. Fuck it. I'm gonna kick some ass.

He throws open the door and steps out just as Avery and Monk are passing. Monk has his gun out.

MONK
(coldly)
Get in the car.

BRUISER
(quietly)
Thank you sir.

He gets back in and shuts the door, looking sheepishly at his friend.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Monk and Avery continue on, approaching the New Jersey stanchion.

MONK
Maybe we should rev some of those kids up,
get ourselves a posse.

AVERY
That's a stupid idea. We'd just get a
bunch of innocents killed.

MONK
You let me play.

AVERY
Yeah, well you're expendable. And you're
not an amateur.
(stops, turns to him)
I gotta know.

He waits a moment before replying.

MONK
Barfight. Didn't stop when I shoulda, and
he didn't get up.

AVERY
You got a violence kick? Is that why
you're helping me?

MONK
I didn't ask for this. I'm trying to get
to New York. Man says he's gonna blow me
up, I might not get there.

AVERY
Chances are he's bluffing. You'd still be
safer in your taxi.

MONK

Did you watch him shoot that boy?

AVERY

Don't give some avenging angel crap --

MONK

No. I mean, did you watch him. When he did it. Last time I saw that expression on a guy, he was holding a picture of miss July in his other hand. There's nobody on this bridge safe.

AVERY

All right. Just don't do anything stupid or cute. We're eyes and that's it.

MONK

You're the boss.

AVERY

That I am.

She checks her weapon distractedly as they walk on.

AVERY

My son's about that age.

MONK

What?

AVERY

Like that kid.

MONK

You got a son.

AVERY

Sean. He's six. Lives with his dad. Walter got custody 'cause he could afford better lawyers. And 'cause people don't shoot at him on a daily basis. Personally, I think that's an error of judgement.

(shoves her gun back in
her belt)

You got family?

MONK

Not so you'd notice.

They reach the NJ tower. Even though there are no bad guys in sight, Avery slows down, holds back Monk.

AVERY

We walk down there, we're ducks that sit.

MONK

True.

He looks about, moves to the side of the bridge.

MONK

Maybe I can climb it?

AVERY

Doesn't sound great...

He reaches the railing, puts his hand on it. Looks around to make sure he's not attracting attention before he peers over the edge.

CLOSE UP: MONK'S HAND

-- is suddenly GRABBED by another. Monk starts back, alarmed.

KEITH

Help...

Monk and Avery rush over to find Keith hanging on to the railing. He has worked his way just these few yards from the tower where Jamie was killed, inch by inch.

Monk and Avery hoist him up and over. He collapses, shaking.

KEITH

God, I thought I was gonna fall, I held on for an hour...

AVERY

What were you doing out there?

JAMIE

I hid. They shot Jamie... God, we went down... and... Oh, God...

MONK

Calm down, kid.

AVERY

You were on the lower level?

MONK

What did you see down there?

As he says this, Avery takes out her weapon, again abstractedly checking it. Keith looks terrified -- these are the killers!

KEITH

Oh, Jesus, no!

AVERY

What?

MONK

Kid?

KEITH

Please... God, please don't kill me, I don't care...

AVERY

Stay calm, stay calm, no one's gonna hurt you.

KEITH

I'm sorry, oh God, I'm so sorry.

MONK

Hey. Cool it.

KEITH

It's my fault... I didn't know.

(sobbing)

I don't want to die!

AVERY

No one is going to hurt you.

MONK

(exasperated)

I might.

AVERY

Monk, shut up.

(to Keith)

Listen, kid, I'm a cop. I know there's some killers on this bridge.

He's starting to calm down. These two are no danger to him.

KEITH

I was hanging on the side for an hour. I didn't know if they'd seen me. And there were more shots, I couldn't see...

AVERY

Who?

MONK

How many?

KEITH

Oh, God, Jamie...

AVERY
Did they kill him?

KEITH
(nodding)
I brought him down to the lower level. I
knew it was closed, but I -- I thought --

MONK
Why'd you go down there?

KEITH
Bungee.

Through his grief and terror, Keith shows an incongruous, wide-eyed enthusiasm for the sport. He produces the bungee cord from his bag.

MONK
What is 'bungee'?

KEITH
Bungee is the way of life.

AVERY
They were gonna jump off the bridge and
dangle on a cord.

MONK
Whatever happened to drugs?

AVERY
So you went down to the lower level, and
what did you see?

KEITH
I never made it down. I hid when Jamie saw
that cop, and, and the guy shot him...
there was a satellite dish, or something?

AVERY
(to Monk)
Well, that's definitely their turf.

MONK
Man, who are these guys?

AVERY
I need to know what's down there.

KEITH
I swear I didn't see anything!

MONK

(to Avery, ignoring Keith)
And we gotta find that package, 'cause once they get hold of it, who knows, could be 'adios'.

AVERY

Yeah.

MONK

Listen, I'm thinking I can get down there and even maybe get back.

AVERY

What are you gonna do? Can't just walk down the stairs.

Monk holds up the bungee cord.

MONK

I'll take the elevator. You might try to find the package... an armored car or whatever.

AVERY

That's a lot of ground to cover.

MONK

So get moving. Meet me in the middle.

AVERY

Why should you go down and not me?

MONK

'Cause I'm expendable.

KEITH

Hey, I don't have to do anything, do I?

MONK

Yeah, you come with me.

KEITH

I don't want to do anything dangerous.

MONK

Yeah, yeah...

AVERY

I still gotta phone my people, too.

MONK

Don't sweat it.

(looking out in the
distance)
Looks like it's gonna be a local call.

ANGLE: THE NEW JERSEY SHORE - MONK'S POV

FBI HELICOPTERS have appeared, are landing on the cliffs by the bridge.

Closer inspection of the shoreline reveals:

-- Police trucks pulling up, men pouring out.

-- SWAT troops scurrying down the sparsely wooded hills of the shore.

-- Men lining up along the overpass at the upper level exit with rifles.

ANGLE: LOWER LEVEL

-- Chi's perimeter guards are positioned behind a barricade of steel drums. They can see men taking positions a hundred yards away.

ANGLE: LOWER LEVEL, NEAR THE NEW YORK STANCHION

Weaver watches the New York shore.

WEAVER
(into his headset,
impressed)
Record time. Looks like we made them sit
up and listen.

ANGLE: NEW YORK SHORE

-- More helicopters. Cops and SWAT taking position under the stanchion (The New York tower stands on land, not in water).

-- The FBI have set up communications by the Lighthouse.

-- A police boat is speeding up by the shore toward the bridge.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWMER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He and Dobisch also take a moment to register the enormity of the mobilization, as Newmer pilots the car toward the center of the chaos.

DOBISCH
This is great. All we need now is a lion
tamer and some clowns.

NEWMER

We got you...

CUT TO:

EXT. NY SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Newmer and Dobisch pull up, hop out of their cruiser. They are met by FBI agent STAVROS.

DOBISCH

(looking up at the bridge)
Christ, we're right under them.

STAVROS

Agent Stavros, FBI.

NEWMER

Newmer, Dobisch.

STAVROS

We're set up by the Lighthouse.

They start for it, Stavros leading.

STAVROS

We'll be asking you to liaison with your men and to keep in touch with the New Jersey cops. Apart from that I hope we don't need you.

NEWMER

Works for me.

DOBISCH

Have you contacted this guy yet?

STAVROS

He called -- we're gonna try to patch him through here. National guard is on their way. We'll have him trapped on both sides. What kind of moron kidnaps a bridge?

Dobisch and Newmer exchange glances at Stavros' bravado.

DOBISCH

So this'll be pretty much by the book.

STAVROS

Yep.

DOBISCH

What is the standard procedure for taking the George Washington Bridge from a terrorist?

Stavros is stopped.

NEWMER

The smart morons are always the worst.

They reach Federal Agent DOUGLAS FRIEND, who is on the phone with Chi. A tape player is recording the conversation -- a couple of agents are listening to it on headphones.

FRIEND

Am I speaking to the man from the television? Can you tell me your name, or is there a name I can call you?

The conversation intercuts with Chi in:

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

CHI

Well, my mommy called me Chi.

Friend points to one of the agents, who nods and takes off his headphones, scurries off with the information. Newmer picks up the phones and listens in.

FRIEND

Well, Chi, I'm federal agent Friend. You can call me Doug if you like.

CHI

I really don't give a shit who you are, Doug. You got choppers nosing around. I want 'em grounded now or I start shooting more kids. Are you with me, Doug?

FRIEND

Chi, those aren't ours --

CHI

Don't you treat me like an idiot!

(into his headset)

Kagen! Are you up top? Kill someone.

Anyone! The feds are fucking me.

(to Friend)

I'm not some headwound with a pink slip and his old M16, get it? I'm the occupying fucking army.

FRIEND

Chi. Call him off. I'll bring them down.
Tell him to back off. No choppers.

(no answer)

Chi?

CHI

(into headset)

Kagen, hold up.

He looks up at the ceiling, thinking. After a moment:

CHI

The news.

FRIEND

What?

CHI

The TV choppers can stay. I want this all
down in living color. People should see
what I have done.

FRIEND

Okay.

CHI

But not too close.

FRIEND

Right. Now, Chi, we have to send
paramedics and firemen in to help the
people in the accidents.

CHI

Hey, that's your side of the border. Any
cops, though, any tricks -- we only aim at
civilians. You getting me my money?

FRIEND

Doing what we can. Make us feel good if
you let some people go...

CHI

No tickee no shirtee, Friend. You ought to
know that.

He hangs up. Friend looks at Newmer and Dobisch.

FRIEND

You NYPD?

NEWMER

What do you need?

FRIEND

Just put your men where we tell you and
keep them from doing anything brave.
(remembers)

And we need to stop any boats from coming
through.

NEWMER

Dobisch...

DOBISCH

Right.

He goes off.

NEWMER

You want frogmen? Anything like that?

FRIEND

They got men waiting for that. Practically
standard military deployment. So maybe
we're dealing with mercenaries, I don't
know. Personally I would like to charge in
there like Teddy Roosevelt --

(to the other man who was
on headphones)

-- but I'm betting you're gonna tell me not
to.

(introducing him to
Newmer)

Dr. Fielding.

DR FIELDING

He's not as stable as he likes to pretend.
He's playing the businessman, and he's
having fun with it, but he's more the Blaze
of Glory type. I think he'd blow.

FRIEND

And take half the people up there with him.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Avery walks quickly between the cars, looking for something.
Finally she spots:

ANGLE: BMW

With a double-breasted broker type nattering away into his CAR
PHONE.

Avery raps on the window, points to the phone. The broker
looks up, shakes his head curtly, and goes back to talking.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

BROKER

(into phone)

Long term, Bullshit. Pull out eighty shares before we close... no, I can't give you a signature, I've been kidnapped by terrorists, you half-wit. All right, I'll fax it.

Avery presses her badge up against the window. Still talking, the broker puts his middle finger up against the glass by way of response. The window SHATTERS in his face, Avery's arm reaching in and unlocking the door, pulling the broker out and taking his seat, by way of response.

She hangs up and dials another number.

CUT TO:

EXT. NY SHORE - MINUTES LATER

Dobisch is talking to a couple of uniforms, who nod. As they depart another comes up.

UNIFORM

Sergeant, we got a call.

DOBISCH

Who?

UNIFORM

On the bridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. A CLEARING NEAR THE SHORE.- A MINUTE LATER

More phones have been set up here back from the shore. Dobisch picks one up.

DOBISCH

This is sergeant Dobisch. Who's this?
Yeah... Okay, slow down.

Newmer comes up at a good clip.

DOBISCH

(into phone)

Hold on.

He covers the receiver with his hand.

NEWMER

Terrorists?

DOBISCH

One of ours. A woman, but she is a police.

Dobisch puts Avery on a speaker.

The scene INTERCUTS between the clearing and the BMW as they talk.

DOBISCH

... Okay, Lt Newmer is with me now... you say you're on the bridge, upper level...

NEWMER

What can you tell us about the terrorists?

AVERY

Not a bunch. They've got men at either end, maybe five at each entrance. Plenty more scattered around. And they're carrying very impressive hardware; uzis, street sweepers, and some stuff I've never seen. Costly.

NEWMER

We can see the men on the sides. What about below? Can you tell me anything about the activity on the lower level?

AVERY

Well, I got someone trying to find out about that now.

NEWMER

Who?

AVERY

A civilian. Harry Monk. He's an ex-con, just finished a term for second degree, I think. He helped me out.

Dobisch remembers first. He stares at Newmer, who looks puzzled for a moment before he gets it.

NEWMER

Again. Did you say Harold Monk? Just out of prison?

AVERY

This very day. Hell of a way to start --

DOBISCH

You stay the fuck away from him.

AVERY

I don't understand.

NEWMER

He's nobody. Forget him. If he starts anything, you can shoot him.

AVERY

The man's already taken out --

DOBISCH

(really pissed)

Do you understand an order? You stay away from him, PATROLMAN Burnham. If he dies, it'll be the best thing that's happened today.

AVERY

Why, 'cause he got in a barfight with some loser?

DOBISCH

Barfight my fucking ass! Harry Monk shot a cop.

Avery goes silent.

NEWMER

This was way before your time.

AVERY

(weakly)

He told me --

DOBISCH

Yeah, and you believed him.

(almost to himself)

I can't believe they let that piece of shit out. Fuckin' legal system.

NEWMER

Officer, you just keep your eyes open. You don't engage the enemy and you stay away from Monk. Just watch. Anything even remotely worth telling us, you call. Don't be shy.

(no reply)

Officer?

AVERY

Yes, sir.

DOBISCH

Harry Monk is an animal, Burnham. This I know.

She hangs up the phone, visibly upset.

AVERY

Shit...

Dobisch and Newmer start toward the lighthouse again.

DOBISCH

I ain't saying it's 'cause they let women on the force... unless someone asks me.

NEWMER

Monk. Jesus.

DOBISCH

Getting hooked up with that piece of shit... You think he's in this? Man, I only hope.

NEWMER

I don't know. He's small time.

DOBISCH

I was at the trial -- Hell, we all showed up, you know. Stan Kozak was a good police. Monk, shit, typical pumped up speed freak. Animal.

NEWMER

So what's his deal now?

Another COP runs up to them.

COP

We got a weird sighting, Sir.

NEWMER

What?

COP

Looks like someone's going over the side.

Newmer and Dobisch look at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL RAILING - CONTINUOUS

Monk, in fact, is going over the side, the bungee tied around his waist. Keith is with him, nervously looking around as he ties off a portion of the cord so Monk can't fall too far.

MONK

Stop looking so guilty. All you have to do is let me know if they're coming, it's a no-brainer.

KEITH

Just hurry up, okay?

MONK

Nobody's going to pay any attention to us.

His expression adds, "I hope."

Monk starts climbing down the side. It's hard: the upper level juts out, making it difficult to get a grip anywhere below. Checking that the bungee is secure, Monk lets go of the railing and falls a few feet, grabbing a support railing below and positioning himself behind it. He now has a clear view of the lower level.

ANGLE: THE LOWER LEVEL

It doesn't tell him much. Besides the three trucks dotting the approximate middle of the bridge and the satellite dish, there is not much information. A few men walk from truck to truck, a few more stand as lookouts, but no one he recognizes.

He takes it all in and then starts back up. It is harder than down. As he is painfully pulling himself up to the upper level railing, he hears something, turns.

MONK

Oh, Christ...

A news helicopter is standing some hundred yards behind him, the camera trained on him. Another approaches from further away.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Toby is sitting, still monitoring the vid screens.

TOBY

Uh, Chi? Wanna take a look at this?

Chi comes over, looks.

ANGLE: ON THE SCREEN

Is Channel 2 News. The visual is from the helicopter: a perfect shot of Monk.

REPORTER IN HELICOPTER

There appears to be someone doing some work
by the girders -- possibly bomb placement -

CHI

Where is that?

TOBY

North side. Near the middle, it looks
like.

CHI

(into headset)

Kagen? Schwartz?

CUT TO:

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Maggie are watching the same channel, looking worried.

JOE

Our boy's not too bright, is he?

CUT TO:

EXT. NY SHORE - CONTINUOUS

The sharpshooter who spotted Monk still has him in his sights.
Newmer and Dobisch are with him, looking through binocs.

NEWMER

Do you think it could be him? The girl
said --

DOBISCH

(to the sharpshooter)

Could you take him out at this distance?

NEWMER

(turns to Dobisch)

Not an issue.

(looking through his
binocs)

Not yet, anyway.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWS 4 HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

As they approach from the other side of the bridge, Alvarez
sees the other choppers beyond.

ALVAREZ
We're not the first!

She slaps Dwight in the back of the head.

ALVAREZ
I'm not impressed, Dwight.

He smiles, and suddenly DIVES, heading UNDER THE BRIDGE.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Monk is still straining to pull himself up.

MONK
This seemed like such a good idea. Kid!

ANGLE: KEITH

Looks about him, anxiously. Kagen and Schwartz are approaching from different directions, their purpose and destination fairly clear.

Keith bolts, weaving through traffic, putting as much distance as possible between him and the bungee.

ANGLE: MONK

Finally has the railing and is pulling himself up.

MONK
Are you gonna give me a hand, Kid? I'm --

Schwartz and Kagen pull him roughly up. Kagen disconnects the bungee from the railing with one hand.

MONK
(feebly)
I was just taking a leak.

Suddenly, far below Monk's feet, the NEWS4 CHOPPER APPEARS, hovering DIRECTLY BELOW HIM. Monk scrambles to get back on the bridge, but the two hold him.

Several cars back, Avery appears. She sees Monk with the other two and stops. For a moment, her eyes and Monk's lock. She doesn't move.

KAGEN
Here's one for the folks at home.

He PUNCHES Monk HARD in the face. Monk goes flying back, and down -- STRAIGHT TOWARD THE HELICOPTER ROTORS.

Avery gasps.

ANGLE: THE BUNGEE

It spools out behind him, finally CATCHES on the railings.

ANGLE: EVERYONE'S TV'S

See him fall on channels 2 and 7. Hear various gasps.

ANGLE: MONK

SCREAMING, he falls, falls -- and is SNAPPED BACK INCHES FROM THE BLADES. He goes shooting back up, hits the underside of the bridge painfully but manages to catch a railing. Hoists himself up to nestle under the bridge, shaking with fear and effort.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWS 4 CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

Oblivious to everything, Alvarez sets up a shot under the bridge.

ALVAREZ

(to the cameraman)

Yeah, get the police in there, two. Like to see the other channels get THIS angle.

DWIGHT

We aim to please.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Kagen and Schwartz have split. Avery is still in place, kicking herself. She sits, running her hands through her hair.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Monk is still shaken, but he's dealing now. He looks around at the latticed metal understructure of the bridge. It's endless, but maybe he can crawl off to the end.

He starts moving from girder to girder, but finds the Bungee an imposition. He lets go with one hand to try to untie it -- and it is YANKED from above.

Monk is caught off balance, and he falls again. This time the chopper pulls out in time, moving out to where the others are situated. Monk finds himself bouncing stupidly up and down as he is hauled in by Chi's men down on the lower level.

ANGLE: LOWER LEVEL

By the time they bring him up, he is extremely seasick. There are two of them, Weaver and Red. He nearly collapses against Weaver while Red trains his uzi on him.

WEAVER

Stand up, you prick.

He SUDDENLY GRABS Red's gun, pushing it away as his elbow nearly takes Weaver's chin off. He SLAMS his fist into Red's face, pulling the gun free, but dropping it as Red comes back at him. As Monk knocks out Red, another -- Doc -- runs up as well, reaching around for the rifle slung on his back.

Monk instantly grabs his end of the bungee, tangling it in Doc's feet. Doc goes down and Monk wraps the coil around his neck, pulling him up, choking him.

Which is when Chi arrives.

He is smiling, walking calmly into the fray. Doc uses the distraction to pull himself away, falling to his knees and gagging.

Monk faces Chi. The guns are too far to reach, so it's man to man.

CHI

May I have this dance?

They circle each other. Chi smiles. Monk doesn't. They circle some more.

MONK

I know you. You're the piece of shit that shot that kid.

CHI

Man, my fifteen minutes started early!
(indicating Monk to no one
in particular)
Even in the face of death, glued to the
set. Only in America.

Chi moves in. Monk has moves, he's good, but Chi is a blur. He lands a solid one in Monk's stomach.

CHI

Oh! That HAD to hurt!

They circle some more, sparring. Chi is impressed with his opponent, though he's really cat-and-mousing.

CHI

You're not the worst at this.

MONK

(deadpan)

I'm just happy to be here.

Laughing, Chi moves in overconfidently. Monk gets in a good blow to the back and Chi keels over momentarily. For a second Monk is holding Chi, and then somehow, with a subtle twist, Chi is holding Monk, painfully. And grinning so.

CHI

If you could be any kind of flower, what would you be?

Monk's look is unflinching, unamused.

MONK

(through pain, teeth
gritted)

A daisy.

CHI

Me too!

A SMASHING roundhouse to the head and Monk goes over and out.

CHI

(regarding his opponent)

Not bad for an old guy.

(to his recovering men)

Secure him in the transport truck. I want
to pick his brain.

Weaver, rubbing his chin forlornly, hands Chi the bungee cord. Chi takes it, smiling.

CHI

Only in America.

He heads back to the video truck, dropping the bungee beside it.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

He enters.

BRENNAN
Did you have fun?

CHI
That guy was a pro. It was neat.

TOBY
Shut up.

He is studying the vid screens. He turns up channel 7. Chi and Brennan listen in.

REPORTER IN NEWS 7 CHOPPER
All is more or less quiet here at the bridge...

CHI
That's good. That's a keeper.

TOBY
Right.

Toby continues fiddling with his machinery.

CUT TO:

EXT. NY SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Dobisch, Dr Fielding and the Feds are in conference.

DOBISCH
He's one of theirs: they pulled him up.

FRIEND
That's a whole lot of maybe.

DOBISCH
Or he's a guy that walked into it. Either way it says this is a shoddy op. I think if we go in, they won't be ready.

FRIEND
No.

DOBISCH
We gonna spend seven weeks negotiating before we burn 'em?

FRIEND
Hey, fuck you!

STAVROS
Lets cool it, here.

FIELDING

What we're dealing with in our Chi is just attention getting on a mammoth scale. That's why he wants the news cameras, even though they might give us information. It's the power, not the money. I think we're looking at a classic abuse profile; this guy has confused love and pain from a very early stage.

DOBISCH

Great. After he kills four thousand people, we can go beat up his parents.

FRIEND

Nobody likes you, Dobisch.

Newmer comes up to them carrying a few fax sheets.

NEWMER

We got him. He was in the New York file -- he's in everybody's file. Chi Sung, Cantonese... strong arm, mercenary... Did some 'heavy' work for the tongs out here till they cut him off. Too volatile. Has a nickname, too, in the less legitimate corners of the Chinese community. They call him "Wenyi".

FRIEND

What's it mean?

NEWMER

It means Plague.

(he looks up)

It means he kills everything he touches.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL - A BIT LATER.

Avery works her way between the cars, searching for the elusive package.

Around her, people exhibit various responses to their captivity. Most are quietly huddling in their cars. Some argue.

One group of teenagers is having an impromptu tailgate party, complete with hibachi and portable TV.

And of course one guy is going around washing windows with a dirty rag.

Several yards up, Avery spots Chi's men: five of them, led by Kagen. They are headed for THREE LIMOS that sit one behind the other. The middle limo is a humongous stretch: Abe's.

Avery takes position behind a car, waiting.

As the men approach the limos, the doors of the first one suddenly open and three of Abe's bodyguards pop up, toting handguns. Chi's men don't wait. They open fire, mowing them down. Abe's men only get off a few wild shots before they fall.

All around, people are ducking, screaming.

A guy pops out of the sunroof of the back limo, blasting two of Chi's men before Kagen takes him out.

A young woman in a Civic slumps over, a stray bullet in her head.

Avery keeps out of sight. She's not supposed to engage the enemy, and she certainly can't here.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Abe is leaning forward, haranguing the chauffeur.

ABE

What do you mean you can't get through?
Did you tell them who I am?

Mervin is taking out his piece again.

MERVIN

"The lord is my helper, and I will not fear
what man shall do unto me."

ABE

Dammit, Mervin, you're gonna get us killed.
Now just control yourself.

CUT TO:

EXT. BY THE LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The shooting over for the moment, Kagen goes to the Limo door and cautiously opens it.

Mervin steps out. He towers over Kagen, but he silently hands over his weapon.

Abe steps out next. Everybody towers over him.

AVERY
(to herself)
I know that guy...

KAGEN
Mr Healy, There's a man wants to see you.

ABE
Now there are politer ways of asking...
Mervin moves to go with them.

KAGEN
He wants to see you alone. Why don't we
leave Mount Rushmore here.

Abe motions to Mervin to stop. He turns to Kagen.

ABE
Well, let's see the man.

CUT TO:

VARIOUS REACTIONS

Across the city and beyond, people are watching the news.

ANGLE: ENGLEWOOD HOME

Family watching helicopter footage of the shoot-out on channel
2.

NEWS 2 REPORTER
Some kind of firefight -- I can't make out.

ANGLE: A WALL STREET TRADING FIRM

All eyes are on the news, as phones ring futilely.

ANGLE: MAYOR'S MANSION

He is watching channel 4 with his aides.

ANCHORMAN
Joanne, is there any indication of
affiliation -- are the terrorist wearing
any particular uniform, do they have a
flag?

ALVAREZ
Not up here. They seem to be an almost
haphazard group --

MAYOR

They're gonna blame this on me, too. I know it.

ANGLE: HARLEM STORE

In the background the TV blares as the shop keeper puts out a sign that reads: KOREAN BUSINESS. NOT CHINESE OWNED.

CUT TO:

EXT. NY SHORE - CONTINUOUS

A bit of chaos. Stavros comes up to the lighthouse.

STAVROS

They've stopped. A couple dead, I think.

FRIEND

Well, what the fuck is it?

(to Newmer and Dobisch)

If it's your lady cop pulling this she's gonna fry.

NEWMER

It ain't her. She'll do what we say.

FRIEND

And her friend?

DOBISCH

He's either one of theirs, or he's history.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY (1980)

The dream again. As we TRACK past the store, we can see a hold up inside, the man with the stocking over his head pointing a gun at a clerk and screaming.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP: THE ROBBER'S FACE

As he screams. We can see by now that it's Monk, but nothing like the Monk we know. He is pumped on adrenaline, sweating. Motions toward the register.

CLOSE UP: THE CLERK'S FACE

Terrified. His eyes slide briefly to the door.

Monk turns just as we hear the door jingle open and SEE RED AND BLUE WASH ACROSS MONK'S FACE --

CRACK!

White light as Monk slams heavily to the floor. He is tied to a chair.

WIDER ANGLE:

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - AFTERNOON (PRESENT DAY)

Chi is standing over Monk's prostrate form. Monk's eyes blink open.

CHI

Wakey wakey.

Two pairs of hands right Monk's chair, then move back.

MONK

What is this?

CHI

It's a pop quiz. You're going to tell me what you're doing here. And if you get the answer wrong...

(grinning)

... then you fail. What's your name?

MONK

Monk.

CHI

And my name is Chi.

MONK

I know what you are.

CHI

That's right. You watch my show. What are you doing on the bridge?

MONK

I'm just here is all.

CHI

No. No wash. A martial artist in league with the NYPD happens into the middle of my op.

(sings)

"Secret AGENT man! Secret AGENT man!"

(spoken)

No, I think we maybe had a leak somewhere.

MONK

It wasn't anywhere near me.

CHI

Oh, I wish you wouldn't lie. What were you doing with that rope before? Just spying?

MONK

Nothing.

CHI

What were you doing?

MONK

Bungee.

CHI

What?

MONK

Bungee is the way of life.

Chi kicks him in the face. Harry goes over backwards, half of one of the chair legs splintering off.

CHI

I like you. You're a fun guy.

The hands pick Harry up. He steadies himself on three legs, his nose dripping blood.

MONK

You're kind of boring.

CHI

One more time. What were --

MONK

Trying to escape.

CHI

I could well understand that. But you know, I think Cheykin's having some trouble believing it.

One of the pairs of hands steps into Monk's field of vision: it's Cheykin. He smiles at Monk.

Chi steps to the back of the truck, picks something up.

CHI

What about this cop? She's causing an awful lot of trouble. Where is she at?

MONK
Go fuck yourself.

CHI
Why, you're just as spunky as a girl
reporter.

Chi, crossing back toward Monk, reveals the thing he fetched:
an aerosol can labelled: NO RUST. He grabs Monk's head and
sprays some up Monk's bloody nose. Monk SCREAMS.

CHI
That'll hurt more later.

Monk stops screaming, stares at Chi, refusing to give him the
satisfaction.

CHI
(impressed)
You've been worked over before, Haven't
you? You are so interesting! I'll bet
you've done a little hard time, am I right?
Maybe a lot? What were you in for?

MONK
Mail fraud.

CHI
No no no, I'm sure it was a crime of
violence. I feel such a kinship toward
you.

MONK
I don't think I'm much like you.

CHI
You don't.

MONK
That vein in your forehead, the big one
that keeps pulsing, says "I'm crazy, I'm
crazy" over and over... I don't have that.

CHI
(eyeing him, almost
amused)
You get religion in the pen, Monk?

MONK
Just got older.

Enough. Chi's smile drains.

CHI

Who sent you, who tipped you, just tell me what your deal is. I guarantee you a quick and poignant death.

MONK

I was in a taxi on my way to New York. I got stuck in traffic. Your stupid hijack scheme just fucked up my whole day.

Chi gives him a good one across the face, almost distractedly. He grimaces as he stands, thinking.

MONK

You're gonna die here, you know that.

CHI

That's not exactly my plan.

MONK

They gotta have this bridge surrounded. You're pinned.

Chi turns to face him, makes a fist. Out of it he magically produces the silver dollar. He closes his hand and the dollar disappears, shows up in his other hand.

CHI

Don't believe everything you see.

Weaver rushes in.

WEAVER

He's here, we've got him.

CHI

Cool.

(to the others)

Watch him.

(to Monk)

We'll chat. We'll bond.

Monk stares at him.

MONK

You're gonna die.

CHI

(to Weaver)

He's so negative...

Monk watches them go. Cheykin's fist suddenly SLAMS into his face. Cheykin steps back, smiling at him.

CHEYKIN

Gotchya.

CUT TO:

INT. EQUIPMENT TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Chi strides in. Abe is standing in the middle of the 'room', flanked by goons. Chi smiles broadly.

CHI

Mr. Abraham Healy.

ABE

Mr. Fuckin' Psychotic.

CHI

Did they offer you coffee?

(he motions to one of his
men)

I've been looking forward to meeting you
for ever so long. You're kind of a
difficult guy to get hold of.

ABE

Is that what this is all about? Me? Seems
like an awful lot of trouble.

CHI

Well, if you can't bring the mountain to
Muhommad... actually, you're just my high
card. The cops aren't going to give me my
money -- they never do. Of course, they're
not on this bridge and you are. We both
know you can mobilize those kinds of funds
in an emergency. And we both know you
will.

ABE

How do we know that?.

CHI

I never met a man with a billion dollars
who was ready to die just yet.

The man hands Abe his coffee. He accepts it, takes a sip.

ABE

Why not just kidnap me, boy?

CHI

They'd freeze your funds. Watch all your
people. Now they've got something bigger
to worry about.

ABE

Smoke and mirrors.

CHI

Besides, this way is so much more fun.
It's just like a big party except there's
no dancing and everybody dies.

Healy stares at him a moment.

ABE

Your kind makes me sick.

CHI

Yeah, you'd know all about my kind. You've
been around. Distinguished service in
Vietnam, squadron commander. Da Nang,
Hue... Medals, medals, medals. Do you
remember a little village called Lo Thieu?
You don't remember? You should.

He is moving forward, slowly. No longer smiling.

CHI

You burned it to the ground, and you shot
the villagers when they ran out of their
huts. I was only nine years old, but I
still remember my mother's scream when she
got cut in half. I hear it every time I go
to sleep. How do YOU sleep, Mr. Healy? Do
you hear her screaming?

For a moment, they just lock eyes.

ABE

You're from China, son. You're about as
Vietnamese as I am.

CHI

(laughing good-naturedly)

Well, yeah, I just love doing that bit.
Anyway I will kill you if you don't pay me,
so let's get down to work.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW JERSEY, G.W.B. ADMINISTRATION BLDG - A BIT
LATER

The George Washington Bridge administration building is the
headquarters of the New Jersey side of this mess. Through the
chaos we see SGT YADVEN on the phone with Newmer.

YADVEN

Yeah, we're supposed to have vid of the whole bridge on this end, but it bugged out first thing this morning.

(pause)

I don't know how -- we're figuring that out. It ain't coming back, though.

(pause)

We got 'em covered, Newmer. We're right on 'em. They escape, it ain't gonna be through New Jersey.

CUT TO:

EXT. NY SHORE - CONTINUOUS

NEWMER

Is that a challenge, boy?

Dobisch beckons Newmer.

NEWMER

(into phone)

I'll be in touch.

He hangs up.

DOBISCH

We got Burnham on the line again.

They go to the phone. (INTERCUT with the BMW)

NEWMER

What was the shooting, Burnham?

AVERY

Badguys. I just watched them pull a guy out of a limo and take him down below. And I think it was Abe Healy.

NEWMER

Abraham Healy? The one that owns half the continental United States?

AVERY

Check.

DOBISCH

Great...

AVERY

He certainly had enough firepower -- well, not quite enough. I think this whole party may be for him.

NEWMER
Political?

DOBISCH
It's a switch.

AVERY
I don't know. What it isn't is
coincidence. They targeted him from the
start.

NEWMER
Good work. Was that your boy Monk on the
cord?

AVERY
(quiet)
It was.

NEWMER
He isn't dead. The terrorists pulled him
up.

AVERY
That means he could be --

NEWMER
It means he could be on their side. Or
they're curious about him. It doesn't mean
you give a shit.

AVERY
He saved my life.

DOBISCH
Yeah, Hitler was kind to puppies.

NEWMER
Even if he's okay, he's definitely
expendable.

AVERY
Funny... That's just what he said.

DOBISCH
Do your job, Burnham.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Monk sits in the middle of the room. Cheykin is in front, by the door. The other guy, Doc, sits on the floor right behind Monk. Neither one is paying much attention to Monk. He looks about him, looks down.

ANGLE: HIS LEFT LEG

The bonds seem to have slackened somewhat here. The back leg is broken half off, ending in a jagged point, and the ropes have slipped off a couple of loops.

Delicately, Monk moves his foot about till he can get it free. That's one limb, anyway. He looks up at his captors.

MONK

Cheykin...

CHEYKIN

Shut the fuck up.

MONK

Cheykin... Hey, tough guy...

DOC

Shut him up, will ya?

CHEYKIN

Guy's got a death wish.

MONK

That's right, Cheykin, I want you to hurt me. You're a big strong guy.

CHEYKIN

Strong enough to put your fucking heart through your spine, dogmeat.

MONK

Why is it I can't shake the feeling that right now, even as we speak... you're wearing pink lacy undies?

Cheykin rushes him. Monk swings with his foot and catches Cheykin right in the balls. A second kick in his doubled-over face sends Cheykin to the floor.

Wide-eyed, Doc scrambles to get up. Before he can, Harry bends over, backs up and SHOVES the jagged chair-leg through his face.

Cheykin is trying to catch his breath. He reaches for his gun as Monk spins and jumps backwards as far and high as he can. Monk lands right on top of Cheykin, both men screaming as the chair SMASHES between them.

Monk rolls off Cheykin, pulling off his bonds. Cheykin got the worst of it, and barely staggers to his knees. He is almost pointing the gun at Monk by the time Monk grabs a shard of wood and shoves it up Cheykin's solar plexus. Cheykin drapes his shuddering form on Monk, unable to speak for dying.

MONK

Gotchya last.

He lets go of the dying Cheykin, runs to the doorway. Peers out.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Monk has changed into Doc's clothes. He wipes blood off his hands as he looks about for:

ANGLE: DOC'S GUN

Tentatively, Monk picks it up. He obviously has major reservations about touching it: it's the first time since he went to prison. Steeling himself, he grips it, tucks it in his belt.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS (LATE AFTERNOON)

The light is definitely dimmer since Monk was locked up inside.

Monk comes out, wearing Doc's clothes. Gun tucked into his belt. He crosses the distance to the next truck, keeping his head down. Passes one or two men.

He reaches the equipment truck. Positions himself outside, listening.

CUT TO:

INT. EQUIPMENT TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Chi and Abe are still talking.

ABE

I thought you were waiting for a ransom from the coffers of the Tristate area.

CHI

Grubby little stacks of unmarked twenties, right. Please. Cash is so retro. We couldn't CARRY the money it cost to set this up.

ABE

If you're such an expert on my movements you should probably know my money's tied up in my businesses and stocks. It ain't liquid.

CHI

Not your personal declared worth, no. Brennan?

BRENNAN

(reading from a list)

The Continental Trust, Antilles: Sixty million. Broadbent Trust, Cook Island: Twenty five million. The Landmark, also Cook Island. Pacific and Four Star, the Netherlands.

CHI

Undeclared, untraceable and just a phonecall away. God bless the United States of America.

ABE

I seem to have some powerful enemies.

CHI

Not enemies. Just better businessmen. Now, you will phone your trustees -- yes, I have the numbers -- and you will transfer these accounts to a firm in Hong Kong. They will be relayed through several other banks, until I feel they're safe. No fuss no muss.

He produces a cellular phone, holds it out to Abe. Defiantly, Abe reaches into his pocket and pulls out a much smaller, cooler one.

Red runs in, worried.

RED

Chi. Cheykin and Doc.

CHI

(alarmed)

They're with the prisoner.

RED

They're dead and he's gone.

CHI

Dammit!

ABE

Well now, you boys are runnin' a real tight ship.

Chi looks like he's about to hit him. Instead, he makes for the door. His men follow.

CHI

(to Abe)

Stay here.

(to Red)

Watch him.

Abe watches them go, turns to Red.

ABE

I reckon I'll just make myself comfortable.

He's about to sit when a violent jolt throws him and his guard off their feet -- the truck is moving!

ANGLE: DRIVER'S SEAT

Monk has hotwired the engine. He pulls out as fast as he can.

Chi and the others turn as the truck comes at them, stunned. Chi looks right into Monk's eyes.

Monk pushes the pedal to the floor, aiming at Chi. Chi jumps out of the way at the last second as the other men begin firing at Monk.

The windshield shatters. Monk keeps driving, heading for New Jersey.

CHI

He's got my billionaire!

One of the fake motorcycle cops jumps on his bike and heads after Monk.

He comes up alongside him, shooting. Monk SWERVES and crushes the bike against the railing.

He is almost by the tower when he meets the perimeter guard. They BLAST his tires out. The truck spins out, goes over on his side. The gun he stole flies out the window.

ANGLE: IN THE TRUCK

Red and Abe are thrown against the wall of the truck.

The truck hits the ground and slides right at the guards. One of them doesn't make it out of the way, and is flattened.

There is silence for a moment.

ANGLE: RED

Stumbles out of the back of the truck. Monk's fist SLAMS his face back into sleep.

Monk pulls Abe out of the truck. Abe is limping but okay. Monk rushes him to the stairs just as the surviving perimeter guard starts firing again.

Chi and a few others are racing down in the patrolcar.

CHI
(screaming into the
headset)
Don't hit the money! Don't hit the money!

Monk and Abe head up the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Monk instantly weaves the little man through the cars, seeking shelter.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Chi stops his men from going after Monk. He is calm, but extremely tense.

CHI
(into headset)
Jordan, Bonell... The package just came up
out of the southwest staircase. Track him,
please.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Monk still makes his way toward the center of the bridge, Abe in tow.

ABE
Will you stop pullin' at me, please?

MONK
Not till we're safe.

ABE

Where the hell are we gonna be safe, son?
We're in a war zone.

MONK

Well then maybe I ought to just kill you.

ABE

You are not a clear thinker. Do you know
who I am?

MONK

Of course. And I know if you give him his
money, he's gonna tip out and blow us up.
Is that clear enough? The guy's a psycho!

ABE

Yeah, well, if you kill me what's he gonna
hang around for?

MONK

Then I'll kidnap you. Maybe I can bargain
everybody else off the bridge if I've got
the money man.

ABE

Well, I think my needs should enter into
this.

MONK

Yeah, yeah...

He grabs Abe, is about to drag him along again when Mervin
CRUSHES him with his hamhock fist. Monk goes down HARD.
Mervin whips out his gun, aims at Monk's heart.

AVERY SLAMS INTO MERVIN at the last second, and his shot only
grazes Monk's arm.

She and Mervin train their guns on one another, point blank.

ABE

This would be a good time for calm.

MERVIN

"The Lord preserveth all them that love
Him: but all the wicked will He destroy."

Mervin cocks his gun. He looks about to fire when the end of a
double barrel shotgun nestles against his temple. Joe Smith is
at the other end of it.

JOE

This old girl ain't much for accuracy, son,
but she'll put a highway through your head.

ABE

Is everyone on this bridge packin' heat?

AVERY

This is insane. We're supposed to be on your side!

ABE

Missy, it just ain't that simple.

(to Mervin)

Come on, Mervin. Can't keep the man waiting.

Mervin backs off, his gun still on Avery till he's out of sight.

ANGLE: THROUGH BONELL'S BINOCES

Avery and Joe are obscured by vehicles: there is no clear shot at them. Abe and Mervin head for the stairs.

BONELL

Chi, you were right! They're comin' right back.

ANGLE: AVERY AND JOE

AVERY

Thanks.

JOE

Don't mention it.

She goes over to Monk. Pulls him up.

MONK

(a little dazed)

Everybody's picking on me today...

They limp away for cover, Joe bringing up the rear.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER LEVEL - MINUTES LATER

Chi is waiting silently as Abe strides back, furious.

ABE

That boy's making quite a fool of you. And it almost got me killed!

CHI

I'll take care of that --

ABE

Listen, laundry boy, I've forgotten more than you'll ever know about military occupation. Area ain't secure till the inhabitants are rendered docile. You got a big fuckin' fly in your ointment, son, and that just makes for bad ointment.

Chi almost attacks Abe, barely restrains himself this time.

ABE

Here's how it's gonna work. You'll get your money, but you're taking me off this bridge with you. I know you got some secret-ass plan and I am not staying here to die with the rest of these sheep, you got me? I'll move a few accounts now as goodwill and the rest at my leisure. Meanwhile, my boy Mervin will handle your little nemesis. Shouldn't be hard to find -- they were leakin' blood. Can you do that, Mervin?

MERVIN

"His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street."

He goes.

ABE

(To Chi, amused.)

He's a weird one, my Mervin, but God love him, he's large.

Abe hops into the patrolcar. Still fuming, Chi follows. They head back toward the trucks, Chi looking out after the departing Mervin.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BRIDGE - NEAR SUNSET

The news helicopters buzz around it like dragonflies in the growing dusk.

ANGLE: THE WINNEBAGO

The sun is creeping toward the horizon behind the big van.

CUT TO:

INT. WINNEBAGO BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Avery is tending and dressing Monk's wounds as best she can while he lies back, wincing.

AVERY

What's going on with Healy? Is he in with these guys?

MONK

I guess it's the old military principle: Before you fight, pick the winning side.

AVERY

Meaning?

MONK

Meaning he's gonna buy his way off this bridge, just like Chi planned it.

AVERY

Are you fucking kidding me? As soon as Chi sees his money --

MONK

Boom. Exactly.

AVERY

How's he gonna get away? Any idea of his plan?

MONK

I wouldn't be surprised if he had a submarine at this point.

AVERY

Do we know where this bomb is?

MONK

No, nor how many.

AVERY

This is getting very dark.

Monk rises, flexing, feeling the bandages.

MONK

He's not getting away from here. And I'm gonna kill him is how come.

AVERY

You're not gonna do a fucking thing, Monk. Do you understand?

MONK

You gonna stop me?

AVERY

If I have to. I got orders.

MONK

Is that why you let me get thrown off the bridge? Orders? Fuckin' Heil.

AVERY

You lied to me.

That stops him. So she knows.

AVERY

Went over big with the brass, me hooking up with a cop killer.

MONK

(looking down)

He didn't die. I hit him in the pelvis -- he's in a chair.

AVERY

You must be so proud.

MONK

No, I'm not proud. I'm real fuckin' tired is all.

AVERY

You lied --

MONK

Of course I lied! What else could I do?

AVERY

You could have...

(there is no answer, so,
weakly:)

... you could have been someone else.

MONK

Your dream and mine, kid. Man, I thought today I was gonna walk away, maybe start again. Clean slate. And all anybody wants to talk about is my glorious past. You just can't get away from it.

AVERY

Well, neither can the man in the chair. That's the point.

MONK

What do you want? You want me to tell you I'm sorry? Is that gonna help us now? There's killing work here. You can be with me, Avery, or you can be with them. Nobody gets a white hat.

AVERY

I wanted to see some remorse, Monk. That's all. I wanted to like you a little.

MONK

I don't close my eyes -- ever -- but I'm in that store again, doing it over, doing it different.

AVERY

Tell me.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY (1980)

Here it is, then. Everything moves very slowly.

The COP rushes in, raising his gun. Monk moves toward the clerk, pointing his gun at the clerk's head. Monk is screaming something, but we can't hear what.

ANGLE: BACK EXIT

Monk glances at it, at the cop.

The cop still trains his gun on Monk, Monk on the clerk. The cop raises his gun for just a second and Monk spins, fires, the cop going down as Monk races for the exit, the clerk diving behind the counter.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Monk comes running out and is instantly shot in the shoulder by ANOTHER COP. He staggers and falls, the cop landing on him and pinning him, taking the gun as more police cars screech into the alley.

As more cops surround him, a hand pulls off Monk's stocking. He is breathing hard, but silent, and we can maybe see the first glimmering of the older man.

CUT TO:

INT. WINNEBAGO BEDROOM - PRESENT DAY

MONK

I was a cokehead loser with nothing resembling a life. And I'll tell you something that I know. Once you do something like that, shoot a cop, that's what you are, that's all you'll ever be. The piece of shit that shot a cop. I guess that's how it should be, right?

AVERY

(being nice)

It wasn't deliberate.

MONK

A stupid mistake. The last in a series.

AVERY

I've seen a lot of those. I've seen cops make 'em, too. Split second, and before you have time to think --

MONK

No. Thanks for the out, but... it was like time stopped for me. Everything was perfectly clear. I made a decision.

QUICK FLASH: THE LIQUOR STORE AGAIN

-- Monk with his gun at the clerk's head

-- Monk turning, firing on the cop.

-- The terrified face of the clerk.

THE PRESENT:

Monk stops. Something has clicked. He sits up.

MONK

Shit.

AVERY

What is it?

MONK

You had a phone?

AVERY

In a Beemer about fifty yards back. Why?

MONK

(urgently)

Come on.

He moves toward the door.

A shotgun blast RIPS it open, fired just above Monk's head. Another second and Joe CRASHES through backwards, bringing the door down with him. The shotgun is cradled in his arm. It had fired wildly when Joe was shot. Joe's chest is a sucking hole.

A thin trail of smoke pours out of Mervin's silencer.

Mervin takes a bead on Monk, but Joe gets one shot off before he dies. It shatters the cupboard by Mervin's head. Mervin flinches long enough for Monk to reach him.

Monk is furious, going for the ugly kill. He impales Mervin's gun hand on a shard of cupboard while clawing at his eyes. Mervin drops the gun, howling.

MONK

That's right, scream, you fuck!

Avery sees her gun sitting on the kitchen table. She DIVES for it but Mervin recovers, BACKHANDING her fiercely against the wall as he slugs Monk in the face.

Avery slides down, dazed, next to the body of Maggie. The bulletwound is in Maggie's head.

Mervin grabs Monk.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Monk comes FLYING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, rocketing glass everywhere. He lands heavily on the car in front.

He scrambles away just as Mervin comes out, firing silent bullets at him.

Monk crouches low, weaving his way through cars.

Mervin follows, determined -- lumbering but quick.

Monk comes around an auto transport truck with ten cars on its back. He slips in between two cars.

ANGLE: MERVIN

Mervin has lost him. He looks around, frustrated. He sees something, heads for it.

It's the cab of another truck -- what kind, we can't tell. Two repairmen sit in the cab. Mervin approaches them.

REPAIRMAN BEHIND WHEEL

What can I do you for?

Mervin shoots them both unceremoniously in the head. He starts climbing onto the truck bed.

ANGLE: MONK

He has climbed onto the top row of cars, lies on top of a new Celica, using the high ground to look around for Mervin.

Mervin is nowhere in sight. Monk furrows his brow, uncertain.

Mervin RISES UP BEHIND MONK ON A CHERRY PICKER. He stands in the basket as the crooked arm of the cherry picker extends from the truck bed. Now HE'S got the high ground, and he spots Monk from some twenty feet up and back.

Monk hears the machine coming toward him just as Mervin is aiming. A bullet smashes into the windshield right by him as he runs toward the back on top of the cars.

He jumps onto the last car and a bullet hits the chain holding it on. The car slides and drops off the truck, smashing vertically into the hood of a small family sedan, the family screaming as Monk is thrown off the falling car, rolls off the back of the sedan and on to the ground.

He bolts here and there, Mervin following his movements from thirty feet up. Mervin takes a couple of shots and misses. His cartridge empty, he moves to reload.

Monk sees him reloading and seizes the moment. He jumps onto a car, then onto a van, the running, LEAPS into the air and catches the edge of the basket even as Mervin is guiding it back. Mervin tries to punch him off, but Monk grabs his arm and bites down on it.

Mervin screams and falls back, knocking into the controls. The cherry picker JERKS -- Monk nearly falling off, and starts RISING UP. By the time Monk gets a purchase on the basket, they're about sixty feet above the tops of the cars.

Mervin and Monk are in close, pulling at each other, as the basket rises, swoops, shakes. Grunting, Mervin goes for Monk's eyes.

ANGLE: JORDAN

Watching through the scope of his nasty explosive rifle.

JORDAN

(into headset)

I don't know who it is. Could be your guy, but I can't get a bead on them. They're making some fucking ruckus.

CHI
(VO on headset)
Well, quench it.

JORDAN
I can't hit at this distance!

ANGLE: BONELL

In the New Jersey tower, listening in.

BONELL
Jordan, you moron.

He takes a bead with his rifle.

ANGLE: THROUGH BONELL'S SIGHT

Monk and Mervin sway in and out of view, struggling. The sight moves down to the base of the truck.

Bonell fires. The truck EXPLODES, the arm wrenched half off at the bottom.

Monk and Mervin are jerked back by the shock, Monk thrown off the basket, just grabbing the arm.

The whole thing starts to tilt, as metal wrenches against twisted metal at the base.

It tilts... and FALLS, over to one side, Monk and Mervin dropping with sickening speed, the arm slamming into the railing and leaving the basket sticking thirty feet out over the river.

The crash nearly jerks Monk off the arm, but he holds on, scrambling back toward the railing of the bridge.

The arm starts to tip further toward the river as Mervin scrambles right behind Monk.

Monk almost reaches the railing. Mervin grabs him but he kicks Mervin hard in the face.

Monk LEAPS for the railing just as a second bullet RIPS the arm off once and for all. The base flips up off the truck, the arm sliding off the bridge and FALLING, Mervin trapped beneath it.

His terrified eyes lock Monk's as he falls.

MONK
That's right, die, you fuck.

Monk climbs back onto the bridge. Avery appears behind him, makes a face.

AVERY

Jesus.

He turns to her, eyes on fire.

MONK

All of 'em. I swear to God. And that rich fucking midget goes first. Just like his boy.

He starts back toward the winnebago, passing the upended car.

AVERY

Monk --

MONK

Don't you try to stop me.

AVERY

Hey!

He stops, looks at her.

AVERY

I'm with you.

He takes a breath, letting the anger go. He picks up a hubcap that has come off the upended car.

ANGLE: KAGEN

Coming up quietly behind them, trying to get close. He starts pulling his gun out of his shoulder holster.

ANGLE: THE HUBCAP

Monk's face is reflected in it. So is Kagen, behind him.

AVERY

You know something? You're a very scary guy. Why did they ever let you out of prison?

He spins and HURLS the hubcap, frisbee style, into Kagen's face. Kagen SCREAMS as Monk races for him, scooping up the hubcap as it rolls away. Kagen, blinded by blood, gets off one haphazard shot which Monk deflects with the hubcap. Then he's on Kagen, DRIVING his fist into Kagen's jaw while knocking his gun away.

Kagen punches at Monk's face and connects with the pesky hubcap, his knuckles crunching horribly. Finally, Monk brings the metal disk down on Kagen's head with deadly force. Kagen drops limply to the ground, his bloody face sliding down the window of a family car.

MONK

Good behavior.

ANGLE: THE CAR

A child's face is pressed against the bloody window, petrified at what it has just seen.

Harry turns back to Avery, but before he can say anything, SHOTS RING ALL AROUND THEM. They both hit the ground as bullets explode above their heads. Avery scrambles to Monk. Monk is grazed, wipes blood from his neck.

MONK

The gang's all here.

Avery looks:

ANGLE: UNDERNEATH THE CARS

And sees one goon's legs circling closer between the cars. In the opposite direction, the other goon is doing the same. They have them pinned.

Avery thinks a moment. She sees no avenue of escape. The guys are no more than thirty yards away, and closing in.

After a second, she pulls out her gun, grabbing at Kagen's as well. She holds one in each hand, closes her eyes.

The goons look at each other, both inching closer to the target between them.

Avery pops up into view, arms outstretched, and SHOTS BOTH OF THEM AT THE SAME TIME. They both fly back, dead.

AVERY

Looks like they've declared war on us.

MONK

Good.

AVERY

If they're turning on the heat like this, it means they're gonna move soon.

MONK

I know. I need that phone.

AVERY

How come?

They start for the BMW.

MONK

'Cause I think I figured out something about Chi.

AVERY

What?

MONK

He's a lot like me.

ANGLE: THE SUN IS DOWN.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Abe is on the phone. Brennan and Toby are by the video monitors. Chi paces, looking more and more worked up.

ABE

The account number is Tango 334-154-709880.
Yes, I'll hold.

BRENNAN

The sun's gone, Toby.

TOBY

I'm locking in visuals now. Give me a few minutes.

BRENNAN

No delays. We're getting very tight here.

Chi suddenly SMASHES the video camera against the wall.
Brennan turns, worried.

CHI

No word from Kagen and the others, or --
(indicating Abe)
-- his monkey. They're cashed.

Brennan holds up a prescription bottle of pills, indicating that Chi might need one.

BRENNAN

It's time to slow down.

CHI

Not today, Mother. We're in the home stretch and those two are cutting off our legs. We're losing... we're losing manpower. We're just sitting here!

BRENNAN

Hey. Every man we lose means more of the take for us.

He smiles. Chi smiles back. Laughs a bit, and then PUNCHES Brennan in the heart.

Brennan falls over the computer console and slumps to the ground, dead. Abe and Toby stare at Chi in horror.

TOBY

What the fuck are you doing?

CHI

Giving myself a raise.

He smiles again.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

The Broker is once again being dragged away from his phone -- physically, this time, as he shouts into it.

BROKER

Forget the futures! Buy steel! No, STEEL!
I gotta go --

Monk finally detaches him from the phone. Avery dials the cops.

CUT TO:

EXT. NY SHORE - A MINUTE LATER

(We INTERCUT with the BMW.)

DOBISCH

Burnham. It's Dobisch. What the fuck is happening now?

AVERY

They been trying to kill us.

DOBISCH

Us?

AVERY
I got Monk with me.

DOBISCH
Oh, Jesus! Burnham, you're off the fucking force! I told you to ditch that piece of shit! You stupid fuck! You're gonna get the fucking thing blown up! You moron!

AVERY
Hey, suck my dick, sir.

Dobisch stops, a little nonplussed. Avery hands Monk the phone.

MONK
Listen.

DOBISCH
You're going right back to prison, Monk, and you're gonna die there!

MONK
Fine. Where are you?

DOBISCH
What?

MONK
Where are you situated?

DOBISCH
We're right on their ass! You could wave to me. Their pinned.

MONK
I think you better move out of there.

DOBISCH
I knew you were working with those cocksuckers. You want us to pull back our men, clear a nice path for your exit? Are you out of your mind?

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Toby is flipping switches hurriedly.

TOBY
I think we got enough.

CHI
Good boy.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW\EXT. NEAR SHORE - CONTINUOUS

MONK

(into phone)

Dobisch, you think this thing was put together overnight? This is detailed. They had construction permits, for Christsake!

DOBISCH

It doesn't matter what they got coming, Monk. We got them covered. These are the best seats in the house.

MONK

Don't you think they know that?

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Abe comes up to the console to watch them work. Toby is frantically finishing up.

CHI

(into headset)

Everybody, we are almost at zero hour, repeat, this is it. Five minutes.

(to Toby)

Go video.

Toby hits three buttons.

ANGLE: TV SCREENS

All three channels have helicopter shots on. For a moment they fuzz out, then return -- from slightly different angles. From Channel 7 we hear the same voiceover that we heard before:

REPORTER IN NEWS 7 CHOPPER

Everything's pretty much quiet now...

The camera feeds have be replaced by tapes.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW\INT. NEAR SHORE - CONTINUOUS

MONK

You're right where they expect you to be!

Dobisch is visibly concerned, though skeptical.

DOBISCH

You got some insight into terrorist tactics
all of a sudden?

MONK

I know about shooting cops.

That registers.

MONK

He's not gonna blow us up till he gets off
the bridge and he's not gonna do that until
you're out of the way. I think you're
sitting on the bomb.

A beat. Dobisch acquiesces.

DOBISCH

Hold on.

He goes over to one of the cops.

DOBISCH

Pull our men back. Twenty yards, no more,
but I want this area clear. Tell them in
Jersey, too.

Stavros comes up to Dobisch as men start mobilizing.

STAVROS

What are you doing?

DOBISCH

I want a sweep from bomb squad. And move
those others back.

STAVROS

You don't have authority --

DOBISCH

Do it! Get Newmer up here now!

Stavros does as he's told. Dobisch heads back to the phone.

DOBISCH

(to Monk)

We're checking. If this is a trick I'll
eat your heart.

ANGLE: NEWMER

With Friend and the others. Stavros comes up to him, speaks to
him. He starts heading up to Dobisch.

NEWMER

Dobisch, what's the goddamn --

The lighthouse explodes.

Dobisch is thrown back onto the ground as a THUNDEROUS FIREBALL eats the forward position. Stavros, Friend, the trucks and equipment are vaporized. The men Dobisch moved back are thrown but mostly alive.

In the distance, we can see an identical explosion on the New Jersey shore. Then more lacing each shore, all around the bridge.

Newmer stares at Dobisch, then falls over, a jagged piece of metal in his back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BY THE BMW

Amid the screams, Avery and Monk react as more explosions line each shore.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Stepping out of the truck, Chi's smile betrays a quite different reaction. He is pleased, but he's still kind of cracking: he is starting to sweat, and his hands are shaking.

Nearby, some of the men are pushing the big metal RAMP from the equipment truck to the side of the bridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Monk and Avery are heading to the side to see the damage. They pass the station wagon with the teenagers having their tailgate party. They, too are looking out over the side. On top of the station wagon their portable TV blares.

REPORTER IN NEWS 2 HELICOPTER

All is more or less quiet here at the bridge...

Avery passes it, stops, turns back. Toby's faked footage is running.

AVERY

Monk...

He comes over to the TV.

AVERY
That ain't what's happening...

He changes channels: more of the same.

MONK
They're faking the video feed.

AVERY
Why?

CUT TO:

INT. NEWS 4 CHOPPER

Alvarez is frantic.

ALVAREZ
What do you mean, we're not going through?
Fix something!

DWIGHT
Calm down, Ms. Alvarez.

ALVAREZ
Calm down!?!

Dwight looks over at the cameraman.

He pulls out a gun and shoots Ms. Alvarez in the head.

DWIGHT
I really did like her, too...

He banks the chopper and brings it in toward the bridge.

ANGLE: THE CHOPPERS

As Dwight approaches the bridge, we see the other two choppers fall into perfect formation, flanking Dwight to the left.

The cameraman unloads Ms. Alvarez's body into the river; at almost the same moment the bodies of the other two reporters are pushed out of the other choppers.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Avery and Monk have figured it out, seeing the choppers approach.

AVERY
My god...

MONK

They're getting out on the choppers.

AVERY

We got to stop them before they clear the bridge.

She hands Monk one of her guns. He takes it without comment.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE, NEW YORK TOWER

Jordan opens a small suitcase, leaves it on the desk. We can't see what's in it. He heads out, leaving his bag of weapons behind.

He goes down the steps to the elevator at a good clip.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL: THE NEW YORK FENCE - CONTINUOUS

Jasper and the others pull cannisters from their jackets.

JASPER

Go.

They pull the pins. Smoke pours out of the canisters. They drop them by the fence to cover their exit. They book out toward the tower, heading for the lower level.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL: NEW JERSEY FENCE - CONTINUOUS

Sykes and the other two do the same.

They are almost at the tower staircase when Monk blocks the way, gun raised. He hesitates: this is the first time he's used a gun.

For a moment we see the effort on his face as he pulls the trigger.

The gun's empty.

The bad guys are about to blow him away when Avery appears, blasting away at them. Sykes goes down with one in the face. The others take cover, returning fire.

Monk and Avery head for the stairs.

MONK
Nice fucking gun!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CHOPPERS - CONTINUOUS

As they line up by the bridge, turning their sides to the railing.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWS 4 CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

The cameraman is setting up a rig inside the chopper. He triggers a sort of harpoon gun and a cable spools out to the bridge. Chi and a couple of the others latch it fast to a support. The line now runs taut from bridge to chopper.

Chi attaches a motorized pulley to the cable. He motions to Weaver.

CHI
Go!

Weaver grabs on and the pulley wheels him over to the first chopper, Dwight's. He climbs in, sends it back.

As men do the same with the other choppers, Abe taps Chi on the shoulder.

ABE
So that's how it's done, eh? Well, I'm next.

Chi whips his head around and spits in Abe's face. Abe wipes his face, calmly.

ABE
Yeah, well, I'm still next.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

As they speed down the stairs:

AVERY
What do we do when we reach them?

MONK
I have no idea.

They reach the bottom of the staircase and nearly run into the guards heading in from the lower level perimeter.

Avery shoots them on the fly, while Monk rolls away for cover.

MONK

Come on!

They run for the middle of the bridge. The video truck stands between them and the choppers. They head for it, running low. Sykes' men hit the bottom of the stairs and -- seeing Avery and Monk are blocking their escape -- start blasting at them.

The patrolcar and the motorcycle are in front of the truck. Monk and Avery dive over the car and enter the video truck.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Toby is standing over the console, working on some last minute adjustments. He sees Monk and Avery and he steps back, raising his hands.

MONK

(to Avery)

Cover the --

(a blast of gunfire)

-- door!

Avery goes back to the door, keeps firing.

MONK

What have we got -- Jesus.

(to Toby)

Are you fucking crazy?

He is standing over Toby's 'last minute adjustments'.

It's the bomb. A wad of plastique inside a briefcase, connected to a timer that reads 00.08.09. Monk isn't that happy that he's found it.

AVERY

What is it?

MONK

Bomb. Jumbo sized.

(To Toby)

Is this the only one?

Toby shakes his head.

TOBY

In the towers.

MONK

Fuck!

TOBY

But they're connected. On remote timer, to here.

MONK

You can stop them.

Toby nods rapidly. Monk grabs him unceremoniously by the throat.

MONK

That would be nice.

He practically hurls Toby at the console, while Avery continues firing. Toby begins flipping switches, pulling wires. He pauses for a moment, not sure which to pull.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

The guys from the fence are still shooting at Avery, with no success. Bonell suddenly appears by them, pushes them aside. He levels his rifle -- with the explosive bullets -- at the police car in front of Avery.

He fires. The car EXPLODES, the hood flying off and landing upside down at Avery's feet.

FENCE GUY

Jesus, Bonell, watch out! You hit the truck and the bomb'll go off.

BONELL

Wuss.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Toby is finishing up. He pulls a wire and:

ANGLE: IN THE TOWERS

The briefcases Jordan and Bonell left behind are both revealed to be similar bombs. Both have timers counting down, that CLICK OFF.

ANGLE: VIDEO TRUCK

AVERY

(from the doorway)

I don't know what we're doing here, but we better be done soon!

TOBY

There.

MONK

Now this one.

TOBY

I can't. It's got a fail-safe.

MONK

Bullshit! Turn it off!

Toby grabs it, shoves it into Monk's arms.

TOBY

You fucking turn it off, all right? I can't!

Monk hits Toby in the face with the briefcase. Toby goes down, unconscious.

MONK

I believe you.

He crosses to the doorway.

AVERY

I think we got three of them on us now.
(looks at the bomb)
My God...

MONK

It's gonna blow, unless you know more about bombs than the boy wonder over there.

AVERY

I couldn't even slow it down.

Monk looks at the fallen motorcycle. Looks at Avery.

MONK

Can you speed it up?

ANGLE: CHI

As the next three board the choppers and send back the pulleys, he motions to three more, who step to the top of the ramp and grab the pulleys themselves.

CHI
Come on! Move it!

Just a few more. But he's worried. He looks around.

CHI
Come on!

ANGLE: THE BOMB

The clock reads 00.06.13 Avery turns a dial and it speeds up to 00.01.05.

WIDER ANGLE: BETWEEN THE CAR AND THE VIDEO TRUCK

Monk is sitting on the bike, the burning car between him and the guys firing at them. Avery sticks the bomb in the side compartment.

MONK
That's good. When I go, cover me.

AVERY
This is fucking crazy, Monk. You're gonna die.

MONK
Yeah, yeah...

He revs up the bike, hard. Takes off.

Avery pops up and lays down blistering cover fire as the bike races out from between the truck and the car. Monk heads straight for the ramp.

ANGLE: CHI

One of the last to go, grabbing the pulley and starting toward Dwight's chopper as Monk approaches from some fifty yards away.

ANGLE: MONK

Racing toward the ramp. Probably we don't notice something tied around his waist.

ANGLE: AVERY

Still firing, as one of the Syke's men rushes.

CHI

Looking back as men already in the chopper start yelling and shooting at

MONK

Getting closer, teeth gritted, twenty feet now.

ABE

In the chopper, sees the approaching Monk.

ABE

Fuck this. Let's leave!

He starts disengaging the line so they can fly away. Weaver moves too late to stop him.

AVERY

Taking out the bad guy, taking out the other -- and then Bonelli as he practically reaches her and

CHI

Sees Abe disengage the line, he FALLS, holds on to the line and swings under the bridge as

MONK

is almost on the ramp and we see that tied around his waist is the

BUNGEE

Which is pulled taut, the other end tied to the truck as

THE BOMB

reads 00.00.04

and Monk HITS THE RAMP, the BIKE SHOOTS UP, Monk letting go of the handlebars, the Bike SAILS RIGHT TOWARD THE CENTER HELICOPTER just as it's about to pull away and Monk is SNAPPED BACK BY THE BUNGEE, sailing through the air for twenty feet before he hits ripping ground on his back and THE BOMB GOES OFF.

The blast is huge. The chopper explodes, disintegrating the occupants. The fire catches the chopper on one side of it, debris smashing the rotor.

Clinging to the underside of the bridge, Chi SCREAMS in agony as he is scorched and pelleted by debris.

Dwight's chopper, with Abe, Weaver, and a couple of others, tries to bank away, comes dangerously close to the water.

On the upper level, people flee, shield themselves from the fireball.

What's left of the two choppers drops ponderously into the river.

And on the lower level, Monk has been pulled back just barely out of harm's way by the bungee. Burning metal lands practically at his feet.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL, BY NEW JERSEY FENCE

A woman in a pick-up by the fence revs up her engine.

WOMAN

I'm outta here.

She hits the accelerator, jumps out of the truck right before it CRASHES through the fence in a shower of sparks. The truck piles into the side of the bridge, but the fence is down. People start pouring off the bridge on foot.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Monk writhes in pain, his landing anything but graceful.

MONK

OW! OW!

Avery rushes to his side.

MONK

Fuck bungee! Bungee sucks!

AVERY

That was unbelievable! You did it!

She helps him get up, gingerly. His back is scraped raw.

AVERY

How do you feel?

MONK

(grimacing)

I feel bad.

(starting to walk)

Does my hair look okay?

She laughs, helping him back toward the trucks.

AVERY

I can't believe we won.

MONK

Oh, I'd pretty much call it a draw.

ANGLE: THE SIDE OF THE BRIDGE

Slowly, Chi claws his way back onto the lower level. He is badly burned. A small trickle of blood pours slowly from his ear.

He drops silently to the ground, several feet behind Avery and Monk.

ANGLE: BY THE TRUCK

Avery and Monk approach the back of the video truck.

AVERY

I suppose I should get up there, make sure the people aren't trampling each other to death.

MONK

Not much you can do. Let's get the cops, if there's any left. They'll handle it.

AVERY

All right.

MONK

(indicating the truck)
Let's drive.

AVERY

Good call.

MONK

Let's you drive.

Monk goes around to the passenger side. He is just starting to untie the bungee when he hears something. He comes around the driver's side to see:

Chi, grinning still, holding a gun to Avery's side.

MONK

God...

CHI

(sings like a slowed down
record, ala 2001's H.A.L.)
"Daisy... Daisy... Give us your bum to
chew..."

I'm half crazy over me love for you..."

MONK

Let her go, man. Forget her. I'm right here.

CHI

Yes, you are.

MONK

Take me, man. Put the gun on me.

Chi starts to cry a bit.

CHI

Oh, you bastard. You're killing me!

MONK

Come on.

CHI

Okay. Okay. I'll make you a deal.

He FIRES --

MONK

NOOO!!!

-- into the small of Avery's back. She arches, the bullet going through her stomach.

CHI

Just kidding.

Monk LEAPS at Chi, who turns the gun on him. But AVERY DEFLECTS the shot before she slumps to the ground. The next shot, the chamber's empty and Monk is upon him.

Almost. Chi twists, takes Monk's momentum and HURLS him to the ground. Monk lands hard on his face. Painfully he gets to his knees, but by then Chi has hauled Avery up, a throwing knife at her eyeball.

CHI

Come on. Please. I'll show you her brain.

MONK

Just leave her.

Chi's walkie talkie headset squawks. He pulls it out of his pocket.

WEAVER

(on headset)

Boss! The other choppers are gone! We got the package! Read?

ANGLE: THE CHOPPER

Hovers by the lower level.

CHI

(into walkie talkie)

I read. I'm walking. Pick me up at the New York tower, you beautiful man.

WEAVER

We got maybe a minute, Boss.

CHI

(into walkie talkie)

Check.

ANGLE: THE CHOPPER

Soars up to the New York tower, over the heads of the hysterical hostages.

CHI

Bitch and I are taking a drive.

MONK

Leave her. You can walk out of here, I don't care.

CHI

Fuck you!!

He starts dragging Avery to the cab of the truck, muttering in Chinese. He pushes her in, gets in behind her.

Monk gets to his feet as the engine starts. The truck peels out toward New York. It is only then that Monk realizes HE'S STILL TIED TO THE BUNGEE. He can't get it off in time. It whips out behind the truck, and right before it pulls Monk off his feet he DIVES for the patrolcar hood that still lies by the truck.

He holds on, dragged by the car, more or less SLEDDING on the car hood. It keeps him from being ripped apart.

Chi speeds along like a maniac, Avery limp beside him. He grabs a headset from the dashboard, puts it on.

As they near the New York tower, Dobisch SMASHES through the barrier on the New York side in a patrolcar. He is followed by a couple of SWAT vans. He looks like Hell, and twice as mad.

Chi SCREECHES to a halt. Monk almost slides right into the truck.

CHI
(into headset)
Uh, slight change of plan.

He FIRES INTO REVERSE.

The truck comes ROARING DOWN ON MONK, who is still dazed from - well, from everything. The back wheel almost crushes him, but at the last second he ROLLS UNDER the truck and grabs hold.

The car hood gone, Monk's heels are dragged as Chi weaves backwards at top speed, the police gaining on him.

CHI
(into headset)
I need some help here!

WEAVER
Where --

CHI
Heading for Jersey! Cops are right on me!

ANGLE: THE CHOPPER

Hovering by the New York Tower, it SWOOPS down and starts racing across toward New Jersey, not twenty feet above the tops of the cars.

ANGLE: THE TRUCK

Barrelling backwards, the cops still on it.

ANGLE: MONK

Painfully pulling himself up, trying to get into the truck instead of under it.

TOBY'S BLOODY FACE suddenly appears in the doorway, and he PUNCHES Monk as hard as he can. Monk, halfway in, falls back, dragged once again. He desperately tries to keep his hold as Toby pounds on his fingers with his heel.

Behind Monk, we see that THE TRUCK IS HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE TRANSPORT TRUCK. Monk will be crushed.

ANGLE: CHI

Frantically driving.

CHI
I need help NOW!

WEAVER
Where are you!?! Have you passed the
center of the bridge?

CHI
Almost!

WEAVER
Wait!

ANGLE: THE TRUCK, THE POLICE

Top speed.

ANGLE: THE CHOPPER'S POV

The cars and running people RACE ALONG UNDERNEATH US as we
approach the center of the bridge.

ANGLE: MONK

Toby SLAMS his foot down but at the last second Monk moves his
hand and GRABS TOBY'S LEG. He pulls and TOBY FLIES OUT of the
truck.

Toby's body falls under the wheels as Monk pulls himself up and
the Transport truck looms closer.

The truck passes the halfway point.

CHI
Now!

ANGLE: WEAVER

Leaning out of the chopper as it races along, he fires a small
ROCKET LAUNCHER directly at the bridge.

The rocket BLOWS A HOLE in the upper level -- a few cars
explode, mostly empty by now -- and the blast continues down,
concrete and fire raining down almost directly on the SWAT
vans.

One of the vans flips over, the other piles into it. Dobisch's
back tires are blown out and he skids, hits the side of the
bridge and stops, undamaged. Cursing blue.

ANGLE: MONK

Pulls himself in just as the back of the truck CRASHES into the
cab of the transport truck. Shattered glass and twisted metal
pellet Monk as he dives for safety.

The transport truck spins out of the way as Chi continues on.

Chi reaches the New Jersey tower, pulls the nearly unconscious Avery out of the cab. He drags her toward the elevator, looking about him, wildly.

He backs in and shuts the elevator door. Hits the button and the outer grating starts to close.

Monk jumps out of the back of the truck, bolts for the stairs. Chi is too distracted to notice as Monk races above the elevator.

CHI
 (into headset)
 Beauty shot, Weaver! I'm coming to you!
 (to Avery)
 Things are looking up.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEVATOR 'SHAFT'

The elevator starts up past the crisscrossed girders of the stanchion. As the bottom of the elevator passes us, Monk dives through the girders and grabs hold of a cable attached to the bottom. He is dragged up with the elevator.

He doesn't look at the endless shaft below.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Chi looks up, impatiently. Avery's head is resting on his shoulder.

CHI
 You're a sweet thing. I just need you till
 I can get off this bridge. Then I'll gut
 you.

Involuntarily, she vomits on him.

CHI
 Hey, that's not nice...

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Monk is pulled up, up, desperately clutching the cable. The elevator SLAMS to a halt and he nearly loses his grip. But he holds on, swinging himself, trying to grab a girder.

CUT TO:

INT. PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Leading from the elevator to the stairway. The elevator door opens and Chi peers out, looks about as if he fears someone might be waiting for him.

He pulls Avery out. She drops to her knees, consciousness coming and going. Chi SLAPS her hard, twice, bringing her back.

CHI

Come on!

He pulls her up.

CHI

You're a shitty, shitty hostage!

He drags her up the stairs toward the very top, toward the offices. He kicks open the office door, hustles her in.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He slams the door shut behind him, goes for Bonell's bag.

CHI

Now we're on the fucking move.

(to Avery, who looks back
at the door)

Forget it, pumpkin. Your boyfriend ain't
gonna help you now.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Amazingly enough, her 'boyfriend' is scaling the side of the tower, making good time as he scrambles toward the top, ignoring the fingers of the bitter night wind.

ANGLE: THE BRIDGE

In all its enormity. There's Monk, a tiny figure hanging on to the side, six hundred feet above water.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chi digs a pistol out of Bonell's bag, checks it's loaded. He goes over to the open suitcase with the C4 in it.

CHI

What a disappointment this was. Well, it's still good for a little target practice.

He shuts the case. He smiles at Avery, holding it up.

CHI

Out with a bang.

He raises his pistol and FIRES at the ceiling. Glass rains down on his bloody, smiling head.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The whole thing is glass panes latticed by metal girders. Chi pushes the nearly unconscious Avery out first, then pulls himself up, the pistol stuck in the back of his pants. Avery simply collapses at his feet.

CHI

Weaver, daddy's home....

(no response)

Weaver! Where are you!?

He shakes his headset.

MONK

Your friends leave without you?

Monk is standing some ten feet away. Chi turns, shocked.

CHI

Monk.

He faces Monk. They stare at each other.

CHI

You should have quit while you were ahead.

MONK

I never was.

There is a moment. Chi reaches for his gun, but for once Monk is faster. He races toward him and KICKS the gun out of his hand. It skitters away, settling close to the edge.

And the two of them fight. It's fast, bruising but almost balletic, both of them nearly crashing through the glass panes, both of them nearly going over the side.

Chi, losing his edge, makes a run at Avery, but Monk slams into him, pummels him. Chi kicks at Monk's knee -- he gets pain, but not the cripple.

The two of them spar, framed against the black night, when THE HELICOPTER RISES BEHIND THEM.

Weaver aims the explosive rifle at Monk. Monk runs, dives, CANNONBALLS THROUGH THE GLASS as the bullet EXPLODES all around him.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER HALL - CONTINUOUS

Monk lies amid smoke and broken glass, very much in pain.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Chi retrieves his gun.

Dwight looks out past the bridge.

ANGLE: DWIGHT'S POV

Choppers, far off but coming in fast.

DWIGHT
Company coming!

WEAVER
(into headset)
We got no time!
(to Jordan)
Shoot him a line!

Jordan shoots a cable out to Chi. He loops it around one shoulder, ties it tight.

CHI
I'm secure! Take me home!

He hears a click. Looks down.

Avery, still prostrate on the ground, has handcuffed his foot to the tower.

AVERY
You're under arrest, dickhead.

He SCREAMS, an inhuman howl and KICKS her in the face with his other foot, sending her flying.

The cable starts reeling in.

CHI

No!

He whips out his pistol, but Monk is on him again.

MONK

Just can't tear yourself away, can you?

Before Chi can shoot him -- or anything -- Monk pulls the cable and loops it around Chi's neck, his arm, his wrist. Lets go as the chopper start to pull away, stretching the cable even tighter.

Chi's gun hand is stuck pointing up, and as the cable tightens and his bones begin to snap, he squeezes off random shots, still screaming. He HITS THE CHOPPER.

ABE

Fer chrissake, let's go!

A bullet hits Dwight in the face. He slumps over as a second bullet hits the back rotors.

Chi is screaming, squeezing off shots like pulses of a dying heart. Both feet off the ground: one straining at the cuff, blood thickening around it.

The chopper jerks away, out of control.

We HEAR HIM RIPPED APART. See it only on Monk's face.

The chopper loops out away from the tower: St Vitus' flight pattern.

Abe, screaming in fear, tries to get at the controls. The chopper jerks and he FLIES OUT THE SIDE. Abe falls four hundred feet, and never shuts up till he hits the Buick.

Monk watches the chopper dispassionately. Suddenly, randomly, it SPINS AROUND AND HEADS BACK AT THE TOWER.

Monk grabs Avery, races for the side. Avery scoops up the suitcase and hurls it out to the water with the last of her strength as:

--The Chopper ZOOMS toward the far corner of the tower and

--Avery loops her arms around Monk's neck and

--Monk DIVES OFF THE TOWER just as the chopper SMASHES into the other side, Monk flies, Avery on his back, through mid air and the chopper EXPLODES, the rotor blades SLICING into the main support cables as Monk sails into a vertical cable on the other side, grabbing it as the blades CUT THROUGH one of the main support cables.

The whole bridge is ROCKED as the cable falls thunderously to the concrete of the upper level, pulling down the whole row of vertical cables, smashing into cars. The outer support cable holds, though, and the bridge stands.

Monk slides furiously down the shaking cable on the other side, Avery still on his back, murderous ropeburn smoking his hands as he tries to slow them down.

The burning remains of the chopper drop ponderously onto the concrete. No one, 'cept maybe Abe, is around to get crushed.

Monk loses his grip. He falls some thirty feet onto the hood of a car, Avery landing on top of him.

Neither moves.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER LEVEL BY THE FENCE, NEW YORK SIDE - LATER

The fence is completely down, cops everywhere. People exit by foot, or return to find their cars. A few cars are already making their way off the bridge. The beginning of order.

We see people we've met making their way off the bridge:

ANGLE: KEITH

-- hitching.

ANGLE: THE SWINGING TEENS

-- Still in high spirits, not even bothering to try to get their car off yet. Their TV is on:

NEWS ANCHORMAN

Still no word as to the fate of billionaire philanthropist Abraham Healy. The President told reporters he is praying for the safe return of this great man...

This last is heard, ironically, over:

ANGLE: JOE AND MAGGIE

-- Their corpses being eerily lit as cops enter the winnebago with flashlights.

ANGLE: THE RIVER

-- As boats are already going out to search for debris or survivors.

ANGLE: HERNANDO

-- in his cab, looking about him as he exits into New York.

He passes Dobisch, who makes his way in the other direction past the police and ambulances. Dobisch walks by an ambulance, looks at the middle of the bridge.

Monk appears from the darkness, carrying Avery in his arms. He moves beyond the remaining cars, framed in their headlights. His every step is painful, but he shows no sign of sagging.

Dobisch seems to recognize him -- somehow to know what he's been through. So it is with reserve and ambivalence that he addresses him.

DOBISCH

Where's Chi?

MONK

(not stopping)

Here and there.

Monk comes up to the ambulance. Right behind it, one of the badguys has been loaded onto a stretcher, moaning with pain.

Without hesitation, Monk KICKS him right off the stretcher, the goon HOWLING in agony as Monk lays Avery down in his stead. The paramedics stare at him.

MONK

She's a police.

That's enough explanation. Monk kneels by Avery.

MONK

You're hanging on. Fight it.

AVERY

I'm hanging... God... It hurts... Sean...

MONK

You're gonna be okay. But fight.

AVERY

I'm gonna get fired, I know it.

MONK

Are you kidding? They're gonna make you
fucking governor.

She almost smiles at that. Right before they take her, she
grabs Monk's head, brings his face next to hers. Holds him
tight a moment, then they load her up. Monk watches the doors
close on her.

Dobisch comes up to Monk, also watches the ambulance go.

DOBISCH

She gonna live?

MONK

She's gonna live. She's too pissed off to
die.

DOBISCH

That's good.

Monk turns to Dobisch.

MONK

And you're Dobisch.

DOBISCH

That's right.

MONK

So, are you gonna arrest me?

DOBISCH

What's the charge?

MONK

Well, I think I may have violated my
parole.

Dobisch looks at him a moment..

DOBISCH

You've done your time.

Monk turns to go, heads for the New York side. He passes a cop
on the way.

MONK

Hey.

COP

What?

MONK

Do you know a place called Mosedale's?

COP
Mosedale's?

MONK
On twenty ninth street.

COP
(thinks a moment)
Never heard of it.

Monk shrugs, walks on.

THE END