

REVISED FIRST DRAFT

16 April 73

THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE

A Screenplay By

PETER STONE

From the Novel by

John Godey

FADE IN: (BEFORE TITLES)
EXT. NEW YORK CITY - BLOOMINGDALE'S - DAY

The busy block between 59th and 60th Streets in the middle of a weekday afternoon. Buses, taxis, trucks; shoppers, messengers, teenagers. In one corner of the screen the time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"1:52"

Now a man (GREEN) is ZOOMED IN on -- little of his actual face is visible because of his thick white hair, large bushy white mustache, dark glasses and slouch hat. The rest of him is encased in a knee-length raincoat. He wears gloves and is carrying a large, brown-paper-covered package by a wooden handle attached to the twine securing it. The box has been addressed in black felt marker -- "Everest Printing Corp., 826 Lafayette St." -- and appears quite heavy. But Green has the gait of a man younger than he appears. As he turns and heads down a flight of stairs, CAMERA ZOOMS IN even more to the single word on a sign: "SUBWAY."

INT. SUBWAY - 59TH ST. CHANGE BOOTH - DAY

A level above the locals, two above the express trains. Green appears and joins the line waiting to buy tokens. Wordlessly he shoves two coins under the grille, receives his token, moves on, drops it into the slot, pushes through the turnstile and heads for one of the descending stairways. CAMERA HOLDS on a sign identifying his choice: "IRT. LEX. AVE. LOCAL. DOWNTOWN."

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - 59TH ST. DOWNTOWN LOCAL - DAY

Green comes off the stairs and arrives on a line with a placard that hangs over the edge of the platform bearing the number "10", black on a white ground, indicating the point where the front of a ten-car train stops. Now the sound of a distant rumbling, growing louder, makes Green turn, cross to the platform's edge, lean out over the track and peer into the darkness of the tunnel beyond the far end of the platform.

SUBWAY TUNNEL - GREEN'S POV

as the four lights -- amber and white markers over white sealed-beam headlights -- come into view and the train roars and clatters into the station. CAMERA PANS with the head car as it stops, its breaks sighing, and a pair of doors in EXTREME FOREGROUND, rattles open. CAMERA now MOVES forward, into the car, then TURNS and through the still-open door, focuses on the T.A. Cop, still standing on the platform, regarding Green (CAMERA).

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MED. SHOT - FIFTH CAR

From the platform, featuring the conductor (BUD CARMODY) as he leans out of his window surveying the station. He has a young, boyish face surrounded by long, curly red hair.

INT. FIFTH CAR

The door to the conductor's cab is open as Bud continues to lean out the window. Directly behind him is MATSON, an older Conductor of retirement age who is busy instructing the younger man.

MATSON

C'mon, kid -- out loud so's I can hear what you're doin'.

BUD

I'm checking the passengers getting on and off -- front and back -- okay, it's all clear -- I'm shutting the doors, -- rear section first --

(pushes a button)

-- then the front section --

(pushes another)

-- and -- the doors are closed.

He pulls his head in and checks a row of lights on a panel.

BUD

Now I'm checking the indicator box to make sure that the doors are all locked -- okay.

The train starts with a jerk.

BUD

I go back out the window --

(he does)

-- for a distance of three car-lengths to see that nobody's being dragged --

(returning)

-- I remove my door key -- and then the skate key -- and then I hit the transmitter button.

(into a mike)

Fifty-first Street next stop -- the next stop is Fifty-first Street.

(turning to Matson)

How'd I do?

CONTINUED

MATSON

How come you wanna be a conductor,
anyway? Don't you know the con-
ductor's sittin' in the goddam
hotseat?

BUD

What do you mean, Mr. Matson?

MATSON

You're visible, for God's sake!
Anything goes wrong -- anyone's
got a gripe -- you're the one they
see. Hell, in my twen'y-nine years
o' stickin' my head out there I
been slugged, spit on, hit by
purses, fruit, rolled-up newspapers,
baseball mitts -- an' I been god-
dam lucky! I never been puked on
by a drunk like Charlie Boltzen was
on the Parkchester line -- or
stabbed in the neck like I heard
one fella was on the Astoria BMT --

BUD

(quietly)

Jesus.

MATSON

You take my advice, kid -- serve
your six months an' then put in
for Motorman. Watch it, we're
comin' in.

Bud looks quickly off, sees the approaching station and
hits his transmitter button.

BUD

(announcing)

Fifty-ninth Street --

MATSON

No it ain't --

BUD

(correcting)

Fifty-first Street, sorry --
the station is Fifty-first Street.

MATSON

Never say you're sorry, kid --
somebody'll come back here an'
bust your goddam nose.

CONTINUED - 2

Bud sticks his head out the window, remembers what Matson told him and pulls it partially back in.

51ST ST. STATION - BUD'S POV

SHOOTING THROUGH the conductor's window as the train enters the station. We Flash by the "rear-enders" (those waiting for the last car) and gradually slow until we stop -- and we are looking right into the face of a man (GREY) whose frame and features, while entirely different from Green's, are covered by the same identical externals -- thick white hair, bushy white mustache, dark glasses, slouch hat, gloves and raincoat. He looks at the conductor (CAMERA) for an instant, then darts away.

PLATFORM - GREY

RIDERS entering and exiting the train as Grey heads down-track. He carries a large tan valise trimmed in dark brown.

INT. FOURTH CAR

Grey just makes it to the car as the doors close, holding them back until he's squeezed through. The train starts with a lurch as he heads for the rear of the car and takes up a position, leaning his back against the storm door and placing his valise on the floor, between his feet. He surveys the car with cold, heavy-lidded eyes.

INT. FIRST CAR

Green has a seat opposite the shut steel door of the motorman's cab. His package is on the floor, between his knees, his arms resting on its top. TWO BOYS, ten and twelve, brothers, are at the window of the front storm door, their eyes glued to the track and tunnel before them, playing at driving the train.

INT. FIFTH CAR - CONDUCTOR'S CAB

Bud is removing his key and activating his mike.

BUD

(announcing)

Grand Central Station, next stop
-- the next stop is Grand Central.

MATSON

Yeah -- if I was you I'd start
studyin' for that motorman's exam
right now.

CONTINUED

BUD

To tell you the truth, Mr. Matson,
I have been. Want to hear some-
thing?

(reciting)

Every car on the IRT is seventy-two
feet long, cost \$250,000 and weighs
75,000 pounds. It holds 44 seats
with room for 136 standing.

MATSON

'Cept at rush hour when you can
push in another 20, at least.
Honest to God, I know personally
of a case where this guy on a number
5 train dies of a heart attack at
Union Square and he has t' wait
until the Grand Concourse in the
Bronx before enough people get off
so's he can fall down.

(a pause)

Honest to God.

BUD

Mr. D'Agostino who rode with me
last week said that happened on a
double-A train on the West Side.

MATSON

Yeah? Who y' gonna believe? A
wop or an American?

(looking out)

Here's where I'm gettin' off --
think you can get to Brooklyn
Bridge all by yourself?

BUD

(grinning)

Long as I don't have to drive --

MATSON

Stick with it, kid -- you're doin'
great. See ya t'morrow.

He crosses to the nearest door as the train decelerates.
Bud activates his mike and announces, waving to Matson
as he does.

BUD

Grand Central Station -- change
for the express. This is Grand
Central.

CONTINUED - 2

The train stops, the doors open and Matson steps out, colliding with a very large man (BROWN) who is in a hurry to get aboard. His face is adorned with a large, white, bushy mustache, dark glasses, a lot of white hair, a slouch hat and, covering the rest of him, a raincoat. He carries an outsized florist's box, big enough for several dozen-long-stemmed roses, under his arm, and wears gloves.

MATSON

What's your hurry, chief? We
won't leave without you.

Brown says nothing to Matson, does not look at him, does not even seem aware of their contact. Matson goes off into the crowd on the platform and Brown heads for the front of the car.

INT. FIRST CAR - GREEN

Still sitting, still facing the motorman's cab. The two boys continue to play at the front window. The doors can be heard slamming shut and the train jerks into motion.

BUD'S VOICE

(amplified)

Thirty-third Street -- next stop
is Thirty-third Street.

Suddenly Green's hand clutches at his shirt collar, unbuttoning the top button and loosening his tie. He breathes a sigh of relief, then notices that his left leg is vibrating. He quickly stills it by placing a hand on his knee.

INT. FOURTH CAR - GREY

Leaning back against the storm door. Now he picks up his valise, turns and looks through the door, across the platform between the cars, into the fifth car, and catches sight of Brown who nods, almost imperceptively.

Grey makes no sign of recognition at all. He turns and starts forward through the car, heading for the third car. At the far end a MAN is standing in front of the door, leaning down to talk to a seated GIRL. Grey stops and waits a moment. Finally:

GREY

Your ass.

The man looks around and surveys Grey.

CONTINUED

MAN
What about it?

GREY
Move it.

The man glances at Grey for a moment, then moves it. Grey opens the door and steps out onto the platform between the two cars.

TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET PLATFORM
CLOSE SHOT - STATION DESIGNATION

The tile mosaics spelling out "28TH STREET." CAMERA now DOLLIES to a TIGHT CLOSE SHOT of still another man with a white bushy mustache, white hair, dark glasses, slouch hat, gloves and raincoat -- BLUE. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"2:01."

WIDER ANGLE

Blue stands at the downtown end of the platform, near the number 10 placard, carrying a bulging canvas valpac in one hand and a trombone case in the other. A rumbling sound is heard, building, until a train roars through on the northbound express track, its lights flashing between the pillars. In a moment it is gone and the sound dies. Now a young black, dressed in the latest extravagant PIMP's fashions -- flaring double-knit trousers, three-inch heels, wide-lapeled jacket and white, extra-wide-brimmed hat, swaggers, loose-jointed, to a spot near Blue and waits, cool and relaxed. He becomes aware of Blue observing him.

PIMP
What's wrong, dude -- ain't you
never seen a sunset before?

Blue smiles softly and looks uptrack.

INT. FIRST CAR - GREEN

BUD'S VOICE
(amplified)
Twenty-eighth Street -- next stop
is Twenty-eighth Street.

Green glances at his watch, then turns to look at the storm door at the far end of the car.

GREY - GREEN'S POV

The far storm door -- with Grey's face seen through the glass.

TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - GREEN

as he nods to Grey.

INT. SECOND CAR

as Grey comes back inside, closes the door and wedges his hip securely against the brass handle.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ST. PLATFORM - LOCAL TRACK

as the train roars in, brakes, and grinds to a stop. CAMERA ZOOMS IN on a sign on the side of the first car: "PELHAM BAY PARK" until only "PELHAM" fills the SCREEN.

MED. SHOT - BLUE

He hangs back until everyone has gotten on or off the train, then, without haste, carrying the valpac in one hand and the trombone in the other, he approaches the front of the first car. The Motorman (DENNY DOYLE), a middle-aged man with a ruddy face and wearing pin-striped overalls, is leaning far out of his window, looking back along the platform. Blue puts down his bags, puts his right hand into his raincoat pocket and leans against the train with his left shoulder, blocking Doyle's view of the rest of the train.

DOYLE

Hey -- how do you expect me to -- ?

He stops, suddenly aware that Blue has removed a very large army automatic from his raincoat pocket and has placed the muzzle against his (Doyle's) head. Doyle jerks his head back, suddenly, banging it hard against the windowframe. Blue crooks his hand inside the window and now places the gun against the Motorman's cheek, directly under his right eye.

DOYLE

(terrified)

For God's sake -- what do you want?

BLUE

I'm taking your train.

FREEZE FRAME.

(MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE BEGINS)

MED. SHOT - BUD

as he hangs out his window of the fifth car, looking down-track, trying to see Doyle.

TRAIN & PLATFORM - BUD'S POV

Blue's lack, by the head car, blocking any sight of the Motorman.

CLOSE SHOT - BUD

Confused for a moment -- then:

BROWN'S VOICE

Turn around -- I've got something to show you.

Bud turns back, inside the car, then looks down.

CLOSE SHOT - REVOLVER

The snub-nosed weapon has been pushed into Bud's midsection. FREEZE FRAME.

(MAIN TITLE CONTINUES)

MED. CLOSE SHOT - BLUE & DOYLE

Blue's .45 still against Doyle's cheek. Blue speaks calmly and quietly.

BLUE

Unlock your cab door.

Doyle seems dazed, in a trance. Blue presses on the barrel of his gun, depressing Doyle's cheek.

BLUE

Pay attention to me. Open your cab door or I'll kill you.

FREEZE FRAME.

(MAIN TITLE CONTINUES)

INT. FIFTH CAR - CONDUCTOR'S CAB

MED. SHOT - BROWN & BUD

BROWN

Come in and turn around -- slow.

Brown, florist's box and all, has moved into the small cubicle. When Bud pulls his head in from outside they are very close.

CLOSE SHOT - DOYLE'S HAND

as it gropes blindly for the latch, finds it and turns it with a click. The door opens and CAMERA TILTS UP to discover Green standing outside. FREEZE FRAME.

(MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE ENDS)

INT. FIFTH CAR - CONDUCTOR'S CAB

Brown's gun is still pressed into Bud's side.

BROWN

Go back out the window and tell me what you see.

Bud nods, licks his dry lips and leans out, looking to the left, downtrack.

FRONT CARS - BUD'S POV

Blue is still leaning against the head car, his back to us.

BUD'S VOICE

There's someone leaning against the head car.

BROWN'S VOICE

The second he comes aboard shut the doors.

Now Blue turns, picks up his valpac and trombone, enters the train and the doors close.

INT. FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

as Green has moved in with his large package, a gun in his hand. Doyle stares at him, still terrified.

GREEN

Get rid of your seat.

Doyle springs to his feet and swats up the folding seat with a clatter.

DOYLE

Yes, sir!

GREEN

Just take it easy. Now move over to the window -- and if you try to touch the mike pedal with your foot I'll shoot it off.

CONTINUED

A sharp rapping at the door and Green opens it. Blue squeezes in, placing his bags atop Green's package. It is becoming very crowded in the cab as Blue again pockets his gun.

BLUE

All right, Mr. Green?

GREEN

A hundred percent.

BLUE

Then get it started.

Green moves over to face the controls. He stares down at them for a moment, then reaches with his left hand to the controller, his right to the brake handle. Pressing down firmly on the controller, he nudges it to the left.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ST. PLATFORM

as the train starts to move forward -- slowly.

INT. FIFTH CAR - CONDUCTOR'S CAB

Brown still holding his gun on Bud.

BROWN

Okay -- announce the next station.

Bud presses the transmitter button.

BUD

(announcing)

Twenty-third Street -- next
stop is --

His voice croaks then fails -- he can't finish. Brown prods him with his gun. Bud clears his throat, then tries again.

BUD

(announcing)

Next stop is Twenty-third Street.

BROWN

Come on -- we're taking a walk
up front.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

as the train crawls slowly through the darkened tunnel.

INT. FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

Green's eyes are on the controls as Blue and Doyle watch the track.

GREEN

You say when, Mr. Blue.

BLUE

Keep going --

DOYLE

You're still in switching. Why don't you peg it up to series? You're green all the way through.

GREEN

We're in no hurry.

Suddenly there's a popping sound and the power fails for a moment.

BLUE

What happened?

GREEN

She must've bucked.

BLUE

You said you could drive this thing.

GREEN

It wasn't me!

DOYLE

It's the train -- she bucks all the time -- especially in switching. She's a dog.

Green glances quickly at Doyle and grins.

GREEN

What's your name, motorman?

DOYLE

Denny Doyle, sir.

GREEN

You ever been written up?

DOYLE

Yes, sir -- once.

CONTINUED

GREEN

What for?

DOYLE

Running a red signal. The trippers stopped us cold and I hadda climb down and reset 'em by hand but by that time Control knew I was lying dead. I never got written up since. How about you?

GREEN

Twice -- once on the Canarsie --

BLUE

That's right, Mr. Green -- tell him all about yourself.

Green stops and looks at Blue.

BLUE

(looking out)

There's the emergency power box.

Green knocks off his controller and eases the brake handle to the right.

INT. TUNNEL

as the train slows and screeches to a stop.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

GREEN

Yeah -- I'm taking the brake handle and the reverse key, Denny -- and I want your cutting key, too.

He pulls the reverse key out of its receptacle and holds out his hand.

Doyle fishes into his overalls, pulls out the large key and gives it to Green who puts the brake handle and the two bulky keys into his two raincoat pockets, then squeezes by Blue and the packages and goes out.

INT. FIRST CAR

as Green comes out of the cab and closes the door after him. The two boys are still there. He smiles at them and starts back, through the car. A COUPLE OF PASSENGERS glance at him but without interest.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

Blue and Doyle.

BLUE

You'll be hearing from Command
Center in a minute or two but you'll
ignore the call -- you won't answer
-- is that perfectly clear?

DOYLE

Yes, sir.

(a pause)

They can call all they want to --
I'm deaf.

(another pause)

Yes, sir. I want to stay alive.

BLUE

Keep still!

INT. FIRST CAR

as Green nears the storm door, Grey, who stands guard in
front of it, glides to one side and opens the door for him.

GREEN

Thanks, Mr. Grey.

GREY

(exaggerated)

Don't mention it, Mr. Green.

INT. SECOND CAR

Brown slides open the door for Green, then slides it shut
again. They speak in low tones.

GREEN

(to Bud)

Give me your cab key.

BROWN

(as Bud hesitates)

You got three seconds to live,
conductor -- one -- two --

Bud whips the key from his pocket and hands it to Green,
who unlocks the cab door they're standing next to and
enters, closing the door after him.

BUD

What's he going to do?

CONTINUED

BROWN

You wouldn't want me to spoil the surprise.

INT. SECOND CAR - CAB

as Green seats himself before the panel and begins arming it. He fits the brake handle into place, then fishes the reverse key out of his pocket -- it is five inches long, with a shiny surface, and a wrench-type handle that fits into a receptacle on the flat portion of the controller -- and finally inserts the cutting key -- similar to the reverse key but with a slightly smaller head, and turns it.

CLOSE SHOT - SUBWAY TRAIN COUPLINGS

as they disengage.

INT. FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

Blue and Doyle, waiting, neither saying anything. Suddenly:

RADIO (CORRELL)

Command Center calling Pelham One
Two Three -- come in, please --

Doyle's foot moves toward the mike pedal and Blue kicks him hard in the ankle.

DOYLE

Ow! I'm sorry -- I couldn't help
it -- it's automatic --

RADIO (CORRELL)

Pelham One Two Three, do you read
me? Come in, Pelham One Two Three --

Doyle looks imploringly but Blue shakes his head. Finally:

RADIO (CORRELL)

Pelham One Two Three! Where the
fuck are you?!

INT. GRAND CENTRAL SHUTTLE STATION

Two men are walking at a rapid pace: CAZ DOLOWICZ, Supervising Towerman, an overweight man in his fifties, and a PLUMBER, a short man dressed in overalls and a cap, carrying a long wooden box of wrenches; he struggles to keep up with Dolowicz. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

CONTINUED

"2:07."

PLUMBER

What's the goddam hurry?

CAZ

I told you -- one of my towermen
dropped his wedding ring down the
john.

PLUMBER

Yeah, but what're we runnin' for?

CAZ

(running)

Who's runnin'?

They pass the Nedick's stand and Caz pushes through a gate
marked: "TO SUPER'S OFFICE".

PLUMBER

How come that gate ain't locked?

CAZ

Who's gonna steal a subway train?

INT. TUNNEL RAMP

as Caz and the Plumber hurry along.

PLUMBER

Christ, it stinks down here! Where
the hell are we goin'?

CAZ

To the Tower.

PLUMBER

Tower? Then what're we goin' down
for? Hey, slow up, will ya?

CAZ

That's it up ahead -- those windows.

PLUMBER

What kinda tower?

They've come to the door of the Tower Room. They turn,
go up some steps and disappear inside.

INT. TOWER ROOM

A long, unadorned room with a row of desks with phones, and a door marked "TOILET". Several TOWERMEN (and MRS. JENKINS, a black Towerwoman) sit at the desks before the flashing phone consoles, talking to dispatchers, trainmasters and other Towers. The predominant feature of the room, however, is the electronic Model Board, stretched high across one wall, recording in colored slashes of light the movements of every train that passes through the sector, all of it superimposed on a painted map showing the line's track routes and stations. One of the Towermen, MARINO, rushes over to Caz as he and the Plumber enter.

MARINO

Jesus Christ, Caz, you picked a helluva day to be late --

CAZ

You wanted a plumber down here, didn't you? Whose goddam wedding ring was it?

MARINO

(pointing)

Who else? Mrs. Jenkins.

MRS. JENKINS

I'm sorry, Mr. Dolowicz -- it just slipped off.

CAZ

What were you doin' with your hand in the john, anyway?

MRS. JENKINS

(indignant)

My hand wasn't in the john, Mr. Dolowicz -- it was over the john.

CAZ

What's the difference?

(to the Plumber)

Go fish it out, will ya?

As the Plumber heads off, Caz turns to Marino.

CAZ

The classification's been open to women for only a month and already we're in the goddam toilet!

(glancing at the Board)

What the hell's that?

CONTINUED

MARINO

That's what I've been tryin' to tell you, Caz -- a southbound local. He's laying down between 28th and 23rd.

CAZ

What the hell for?

MARINO

Dunno yet.

CAZ

How long?

MARINO

Couple-three minutes. Command Center's been trying to raise him but so far he don't answer the radio. Jesus, Caz -- why don't he answer the radio?

CAZ

Take it easy, Marino -- there's lots o' reasons. Maybe he jumped a ball and hadda leave the cab to reset a tripper -- or a door got hung and he hadda go fix it. Anything more serious and he'd'a called in for a car knocker.

MARINO

It's been too long, Caz --

CAZ

Then maybe his radio's busted and the sonuvabitch is too lazy to climb down and use a telephone! I'm gonna write him up for this, goddammit -- I'm gonna have his ass!!

TOWERMAN

Hey -- it's moving!

Everyone wheels around to stare up at the Board.

CAZ

For Jesus Christ sake! The dumb bastard's moving backwards!!

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

Slowly, the second to the tenth cars are moving away from the first car which continues to lie motionless on the track. The rear cars roll about a hundred feet.

INT. SECOND CAR - CAB

as Green, leaning out the window and looking behind him, now applies the brake handle and the train grinds to a halt.

INT. TOWER ROOM

Caz, Marino and the others are staring up at the Model Board.

MARINO

He's stopped again!

CAZ

Stopped is better than backwards.

INT. SECOND CAR - CAB

as Green removes the brake handle and the two keys, stuffs them back into his pockets and leaves the cab.

INT. SECOND CAR

Brown and Bud are waiting as Green steps out. Bud stares at him.

GREEN

What's wrong with you?

BUD

I didn't know these things'd
go backwards!

BROWN

(impatiently)

Let's go, Mr. Green.

He opens the storm door and holds it as Green goes through first.

INT. TUNNEL

as Green comes out onto the threshold plate, crouches low to ease the impact, then jumps down onto the concrete roadbed. Bud is next and Green helps him down. Then Brown. They walk quickly through the tunnel to the first car. Grey has opened the storm door for them and steps out onto the plate to help them up.

INT. FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

Blue and Doyle, the latter watching wide-eyed as the former opens his trombone case and removes a submachine gun. He checks it then sets it aside and removes the cord from Green's package.

RADIO (CORRELL)

Come in, Pelham One Two Three --
for Chrissake come in -- !

Blue opens the package, removing a second, identical automatic weapon. As he checks it out, a rapping sounds at the metal door and Blue opens it. Green squeezes in.

BLUE

Any trouble, Mr. Green?

GREEN

Smooth as silk, Mr. Blue.

BLUE

I unpacked your weapon. Get
this thing moving -- we're run-
ning almost two minutes behind.

Picking up his submachine gun, and holding it vertically along his pants leg, Blue eases himself through the door and shuts it after him.

RADIO (CORRELL)

(weary)

Pelham One Two Three -- can you
hear me, Pelham One Two Three -- ?

Green quickly replaces the brake handle and eases the controller to the left.

INT. TUNNEL

as the single subway car starts to move slowly forward.

INT. TOWER ROOM

CLOSE SHOT - MODEL BOARD

as a set of red slashes begin to flicker.

REVERSE SHOT

All eyes staring up at the Board (CAMERA).

MARINO

She's moving again -- forward
this time!

CONTINUED

CAZ

I got eyes, haven't I?

MARINO

Well -- whatever it was, he's
okay now, thank God.

INT. FIRST CAR

It is moving slowly. Blue stands by the cab, his gun still held hidden behind his leg. He looks down the length of the car.

MED. SHOT - BROWN

He undoes his flower box and removes another submachine gun.

MED. SHOT - GREY

He has opened his valise and has taken out still another submachine gun which he grins at, happily.

MED. SHOT - BLUE

He comes forward to the center of the car, now, making no attempt at inconspicuousness any more.

BLUE

(loudly)

Attention, please!

Some faster than others, the Passengers in the car are either distracted from their reading or talking, or around from their limbo of subway dead-headedness. Registering different degrees of interest, surprise, confusion, or (in some cases, upon seeing the guns) fright and even terror, they turn to face Blue. There are some sixteen of them:

- The black, modishly-dressed Pimp, in his 30's, seen earlier on the station platform.
- A plump MOTHER, forty-ish, high-strung, the parent of the two Boys seen earlier playing motorman.
- A Puerto Rican DELIVERY BOY, 20, with acne, wearing a lumberman's wool jacket, a small hat, and carrying a large manila envelope.
- A black SECRETARY, 25, attractive, with a natural, and well-dressed, who's been reading a book.

- A HIPPIE type, 24, with shoulder-length blond Jesus Christ hair and a beard to match, wearing a Navajo-patterned woolen poncho, a headband, leather sandals and a zonked-out expression.
- A black MAID, 50's, overweight, tired, wearing a wig and an old fur-collared coat, and carrying two Bloomingdale's shopping bags.
- A HOOKER, 32, white, flashy, dark-haired, wearing a short skirt, no bra and an Anzac-type hat.
- A W.A.S.P. type, 40's, short-hair, wearing a brown tweed jacket and a narrow tie.
- A black SALESMAN, 35, with a sample case and an order book, wearing glasses.
- A woman WINO, a derelict of indeterminate age, with rolled down stockings, layered in ratty coats and sweaters, wearing wool gloves with the fingers out, missing most of her teeth, her hair stringy, her eyes red-rimmed, her complexion sallow, carrying a pint bottle in a paper bag, passed out, dead to the world.
- An OLD MAN, 70's, tiny and alert, dressed in an expensive but old-fashioned cashmere overcoat.
- TWO CO-EDS, 18 and 19, scrubbed, pretty, serious (Hunter College, 68th St. Station), carrying briefcases.
- A black FAG, 25, his hair straightened and pompadoured, his eyebrows plucked and redrawn, his figure trim, his clothes calculated to attract other men, his mouth constantly pouting, carrying a shoulder bag and listening to a transistor radio.

In all, SIXTEEN -- seven men, two boys, seven women; ten white, five black and one Puerto Rican.

Center-car, Blue addresses them. He holds his submachine gun in the crook of his arm, the barrel resting on his right hand.

BLUE

You will all remain seated.
Anyone who tries to rise will
be shot.

PASSENGERS

Oh my God
What'd he say?
What's going on?
I don't believe it.
(Etc.)

CONTINUED - 2

BLUE

And you will remain silent! There will be no further warning -- anyone who moves or speaks without permission is going to be killed.

There is immediate silence as he looks around.

BLUE

This weapon fires 450 rounds of .45 calibre ammunition per minute. In other words, if all of you decided to rush me simultaneously, not a single one of you would get any closer than you are right now. Is that understood?

This news is met in stony, awe-struck, terrified silence. Except for the Pimp who smiles, seemingly relaxed.

PIMP

I should'a know'd you was the main man, man.

INT. TUNNEL

as the slowly moving car comes to a stop.

INT. TOWER ROOM
CLOSE SHOT - CAZ

He is staring up at the Board.

CAZ

He stopped again! The crazy, dumb-assed sonuvabitch stopped again!

WIDER ANGLE

Including Marino, Mrs. Jenkins and the other Towermen.

MARINO

What's he doing now? He's half-way between stations.

CAZ

A pure mental case. I'm gonna nail his pecker to the goddam wall for this!

CONTINUED

MARINO

(indicating Mrs.
Jenkins)

Hey, Caz, take it easy, will you?

CAZ

If I gotta watch my language just
because they let a few broads in
I'm gonna quit! How the hell can
you run a goddam railroad without
swearing?!

RADIO (CORRELL)

Grand Central Tower -- this is the
Desk Trainmaster -- who the fuck's
in charge down there?Caz glances at Mrs. Jenkins, grins, and leans over a desk
to flip on a mike.

CAZ

It's me, Frank -- Caz Dolowicz.
We're watching it on the Board.

RADIO (CORRELL)

What good's watching it, for Chris-
sake? We got trains piling up
behind it. Get some goddam super-
vision down there!

CAZ

On my way, Frank.

(an afterthought)

Oh, and Frank -- please don't say
"fuck" anymore on the radio -- we
got some ladies down here now --
and you know how it is with ladies,
Frank -- the cunts don't like it.

He flips off the key and walks out the door.

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR

Blue maintains his position in mid-car. He turns now to
the rear section.

BLUE

Everybody in this half of the car
-- that's from here on back --
move up front, please. Everybody.
(as they hesitate)
Right now -- up!

CONTINUED

As the six or seven passengers in the rear section rise and move forward, the cab door opens and Doyle comes out, followed by Green who is covering him with his gun.

BLUE

Get going, Mr. Green.

Green nods and goes to the front, uses a key to slide open the storm door, steps out and closes it again, then jumps down onto the tracks.

BLUE

Motorman -- come here.

DOYLE

Yes, sir?

BLUE

I want you to walk uptrack and collect all the passengers in the nine cars we cut loose, and lead them back to the 28th St. Station -- is that clear?

DOYLE

People hate getting off in the middle of a tunnel --

BLUE

Just do as you're told.

The Hooker raises her hand.

HOOKER

Can I go with them, please? I've got this important appointment, you see, and --

BLUE

No. No one else can leave.

MOTHER

I'm sure you wouldn't mind if the children were to go --

BLUE

Nobody leaves!

OLD MAN

(raising his hand)

Excuse me, mister -- don't you think we should be let in on what's happening?

CONTINUED - 2

BLUE

Yes. What's happening is that
you're all being held by four
dangerous men with machine guns.

OLD MAN

(smiling)

I suppose if you ask a foolish
question --

The fluorescent lights suddenly go out and the emergency,
incandescent bulbs immediately go on, thereby diminishing
the brightness in the car by half. There's a general
stirring among the Passengers as they look around them,
their alarm peaking again.

BLUE

Please be quiet -- nothing's
going to happen if you do as
you're told. Get going, Motorman.

As Doyle leaves at one end of the train, Green reappears
at the other.

BLUE

All right, Mr. Green?

GREEN

All power's out between 14th and
33rd Streets on all four tracks,
local and express, north- and
southbound.

BLUE

I still see some tunnel lights.

GREEN

Emergency. They're on A.C. like
the signals.

BLUE

(a pause).

Stay here -- and leave the cab door
open so you can hear the radio.

Blue returns to the center of the car but CAMERA stays
on Green as he opens the cab door.

RADIO (CORRELL)

Command Center to Pelham One Two
Three -- did you cut the power down
there? -- without calling Power

(MORE)

CONTINUED - 3

RADIO (CORRELL) (Contd)

Central to explain? All right,
Pelham One Two Three -- cut this
shit right now and answer me!
You're fucking up the whole god-
dam New York Subway System!

EXT. M.T.A. HEADQUARTERS - BROOKLYN - DAY

The large, granite-faced building in the Borough Hall complex. The following legend is SUPERIMPOSED:

"TRANSIT AUTHORITY
370 JAY ST.
BROOKLYN"

INT. T.A. HDQRS. -- SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Elevators and the Information Desk. CLIVE PRESCOTT, a black plainclothes lieutenant in the Transit Police, is pacing, waiting. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"2:09."

A uniformed TRANSIT COP sits behind the desk, watching him. Finally: an elevator door opens and a smart, efficient SECRETARY emerges, followed by FOUR JAPANESE in business suits.

SECRETARY

Ah, Lieut. Prescott -- it was nice
of you to leave your duties long
enough to show our distinguished
guests around the facilities. May
I present Mr. Yashimura, Mr. Mat-
sumoto, Mr. Tomashita, and Mr.
Nakabashi --

The small-framed Orientals bow in turn.

SECRETARY

-- who are all Directors of the
Tokyo Metropolitan Subway System.
Gentlemen, this is Lieut. Clive
Prescott of our own Transit Authority
Police.

PRESCOTT

A pleasure, gentlemen.

CONTINUED

SECRETARY

When you're through the Chairman would like to say goodbye personally so send them up to thirteen, will you?

PRESCOTT

I sure will.

She smiles at the Japanese and walks back to the elevators, pressing the UP button. Prescott looks at the four men for a moment, uncertainly, then goes after the Secretary and speaks to her in low tones.

PRESCOTT

They speak English, don't they?

SECRETARY

We're not sure.

PRESCOTT

You're not.

SECRETARY

We've been proceeding on the assumption that they do.

PRESCOTT

You have.

The elevator door opens and she steps in, smiling sweetly.

SECRETARY

Sayonara.

The door closes. Prescott shrugs, then turns and smiles at the visitors. They smile back. He takes a deep breath, then begins.

PRESCOTT

The New York City Subway System is the largest in the world, with 237 miles of track and seven thousand cars that carry over a billion and a third passengers every year, making it also the busiest railroad in the world. I can see that this last fact surprises you.

The Japanese look anything but surprised. Prescott goes on, resolutely.

CONTINUED - 2

PRESCOTT

Yes. Well -- Grand Central is the busiest station passenger-wise -- train-wise, it's West 4th St. on the I.N.D. line. Now, if you'll step this way, gentlemen -- ?

They step no way at all. Prescott gestures broadly.

PRESCOTT

This way --

He hurries ahead of them to open the door and hold it for them as they finally follow.

PRESCOTT

We are entering the headquarters of the Transit Police, occupying the entire second floor of this building. We call it the Nerve Center.

INT. OPERATIONS - DAY
CLOSE SHOT - STATUS BOARD

A huge police map covering one wall, divided into pastel shadings of yellow, red, orange, blue and green, showing the various areas of the system. Colored lights -- red and yellow -- are continually changing and flickering.

PRESCOTT'S VOICE

The Status Board pinpoints the disposition of every Transit Authority policeman presently in the field. Things are usually jumping pretty good in here.

CAMERA begins to ZOOM BACK, revealing the scene: a large room, cut up by glass dividers into a maze of squares and rectangles manned by uniformed T.A. POLICEMEN, sitting at desks with telephone consoles. The place is absolutely dead -- some reading, some eating, some sleeping.

PRESCOTT'S VOICE

We have one of our own T.A. cops on every station and every train in the entire system between the hours of eight P.M. and four A.M. Since we instituted this watch, we've cut crime in the subways by about 60%.

CONTINUED

CAMERA has finished its ZOOM and now PANS to include Prescott and his four Japanese.

PRESCOTT

I'm sure you have your own share
of crime on the Tokyo subway, right?

They merely stare at Prescott and smile.

PRESCOTT

Right.

He clears his throat, loosens his tie and looks around for help.

PRESCOTT

Uh -- follow me, gentlemen,
please --

He starts off through the room, the Japanese following.

PRESCOTT

These are the assignment desks,
one for each of the three lines --
the I.R.T., the B.M.T. and the
I.N.D. -- and over here, the Oper-
ations Lieutenant, Sol Garber.

Prescott has stopped beside a desk. GARBER, 40, stocky,
dour, with a dark stubble that requires shaving twice a
day, is absorbed reading the Village Voice.

PRESCOTT

Uh -- Sol -- I'd like you to meet
some friends of the Chairman.

Garber looks up over his paper for a moment.

GARBER

Hi ya.

PRESCOTT

Good friends of the Chairman.

GARBER

Hi ya.

PRESCOTT

They're -- uh -- directors of the
Tokyo Subway.

CONTINUED - 2

GARBER

(flatly)

You don't say.

PRESCOTT

I do say. I -- uh -- told them things are usually jumping like crazy in here.

GARBER

Jumping. Right.

PRESCOTT

Tell them about some of the exciting things that have been happening lately, Sol --

GARBER

Yeah, well -- we had a bomb scare in the Bronx yesterday -- but it turned out to be a cantaloupe.

He and Prescott look at the Japanese. Nothing.

PRESCOTT

How about another one, Sol?

GARBER

Well -- uh -- Thursday there were three unrelated knife fights in a single half hour -- two dead and three wounded --

(pause)

-- one critical?

The Japanese smile.

GARBER

I'm busy, Clive, okay?

He goes back to his newspaper as Prescott leads his four charges away.

PRESCOTT

In the course of a normal week the T.A. Police have to deal with such crimes as robbery, assault, murder, drunkenness, injury, illness, vandalism, abusiveness, sexual molestation and exhibitionism.

(a pause)

You know, flashing?

CONTINUED - 3

To illustrate, he waves a bottom corner of his jacket at the Japanese who nod appreciatively. Then he lifts a pistol from his shoulder holster, just far enough to show the handle.

PRESCOTT

We carry firearms, of course --
off duty as well as on --

(returns it)

-- and we're fully empowered to
make arrests.

(a thought)

In fact -- you're all four under
arrest right now, You get me? I'm
tossing you all in the pokey and
throwing away the key.

He smiles and they smile back. He feels much better.

PRESCOTT

(gayly)

All right, you creeps, let's go
upstairs to the Command Center.

They start off.

EXT. PARK AVE. - 28TH ST. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

as a Taxi pulls up and Caz jumps out after paying the
DRIVER.

DRIVER

Hey! These are subway tokens!

CAZ

(calling back)

Sounder than the U.S. Dollar!

He disappears down the steps.

28TH ST. PLATFORM - TRAVELLING

A train is standing with its doors open, and lit within
only by the emergency bulbs. Caz hurries south along the
platform, heading for the first car, his ample stomach
bouncing over his low-slung belt, CAMERA LEADING him until
he comes to the front of the train and stops to talk to
the MOTORMAN, a grizzled old-timer who needs a shave.

CAZ

When did the power go?

CONTINUED

MOTORMAN

Who wants to know?

CAZ

The Supervisor of the Grand Central Tower wants to know!

MOTORMAN

Oh -- sure -- it went a couple of minutes ago.

He starts off.

MOTORMAN

What happened down there -- a man under?

CAZ

Who wants to know?

INT. TUNNEL

as Caz comes to the end of the platform, climbs down to the roadbed and starts through the darkened tunnel. He breaks into a trot, only to slow to a walk and then stop as he sees something approaching in the darkness: a large CROWD of people, being guided by Doyle who uses a flashlight. Caz scratches his head.

CAZ

What now, for Chrissake?

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR

as Blue surveys the scene. The rear section is empty. The Sixteen remaining Passengers and Bud are sitting quietly. Brown and Grey stand mid-car, guarding from that side. Now Blue joins Green at the front end.

BLUE

What time've you got, Mr. Green?

GREEN

(checking)

Two-ten.

BLUE

Correct. Time to start. Anything you want to say first?

CONTINUED

GREEN

(a pause)

I'm going to die today.

BLUE

(another pause)

Could be.

He turns and enters the Motorman's cab.

RADIO (CORRELL)

Pelham One Two Three -- do you
read me now -- ?

INT. T.A. BLDG. - THIRD FLOOR COMMAND CENTER - DAY
CLOSE SHOT - FROM ABOVE

SHOOTING DOWN at the enormous, block-long, high-ceilinged area in which the three Divisional units (IRT, BMT and IND) are scattered widely, using so little of the space that the arrangement looks provisional. Over this, one VOICE can be heard, Correll's, continuing from the previous scene.

CORRELL'S VOICE

-- Come in, Pelham One Two Three
-- if you can receive and not
transmit please use a phone --

CAMERA now ZOOMS IN on Correll, the desk trainmaster, seated at a steel desk, talking over a two-way radio/telephone console.

CORRELL

-- Come in, Pelham One Two Three --
(punches a button)
Power Central -- have you restored
Lex 14-33 yet?

RADIO

Not yet, Command Center. Still
working.

CORRELL

(punching another
button)
Grand Central Tower -- any movement
on Pelham One Two Three?

RADIO (MRS. JENKINS)

Still lying dead, Command Center.

CONTINUED

CORRELL
(punching another
button)
Maintenance -- how about a report,
for Chrissake?

RADIO
On what, Command Center?

CORRELL
How many trains we got laying down,
you dumb bastard?

CAMERA PANS to pick up Prescott as he leads his four
Japanese through the room, moving and speaking rapidly.

PRESCOTT
Each train is identified by the
name of its terminus and the time
of its departure -- thus, an
express leaving Woodlawn at 6:30
P.M. would be Woodlawn Six Three
Oh, while on its return trip its
new destination might be Flatbush
Eight Two Five. I hope you're
memorizing all this junk -- I'm
going to ask questions later.

He has said this within earshot of a DISPATCHER who now
reacts.

DISPATCHER
Jesus, Prescott, have you lost
your marbles or what?

PRESCOTT
Don't worry -- they don't under-
stand a word.
(to the Japanese)
Come on, you dummies -- get the
lead out!

MED.. SHOT - CORRELL

Bent over his console, shouting into the boom mike curling
out of it, as Prescott and the Japanese arrive.

CORRELL
Pelham One Two Three -- come in,
Pelham One Two Three -- Goddammit,
why don't you answer your fucking
radio?!

CONTINUED

PRESCOTT

There he is, gentlemen -- Train-master Frank Correll, the Lord Byron of the New York Subway System. Observe the way smoke and fire shoot out of his ears.

CORRELL

Don't bug me, Prescott -- I've got trouble here.

PRESCOTT

What's the matter, Frank?

CORRELL

Oh, nothing much -- a train's down, its radio's dead, the power's off and it's dumped its load. Other than that everything's ginger peachy.

PRESCOTT

No idea what's wrong?

CORRELL

I told you -- his goddam radio's not --

RADIO (BLUE)

Pelham One Two Three to Command Center -- this is Pelham One Two Three -- do you read me -- ?

CORRELL

There he is -- !

(punching a button)

I read you, you sonuvabitch -- where the hell have you been? What are you trying to do, screw up this entire railroad single-handedly? -- Come in, you bastard, and start explaining -- and you'd better make it good!

RADIO (BLUE)

Pelham One Two Three to Command Center -- your train has been taken -- repeat, your train has been taken --

Correll looks at Prescott in astonishment, then wheels to shout at the room.

CONTINUED - 2

CORRELL

Shut up in here!! I said shut
it -- everybody!!

REACTION SHOTS

as EVERYONE in the room turns to look at Correll.

MED. SHOT - CORRELL

Into the radio:

CORRELL

Pelham One Two Three -- what the
fuck do you mean the train's been
taken?! Are you the Motorman?

RADIO (BLUE)

Negative.

CORRELL

Then who the hell are you? No
one's authorized to be in that cab
except the goddam motorman!
Identify yourself!

RADIO (BLUE)

Listen to me, Trainmaster -- your
train has been hijacked by a group
of heavily-armed men --

CORRELL

It what?!

RADIO (BLUE)

-- We are holding sixteen passengers
and the Conductor hostage in the
first car and we will not hesitate
to kill any or all of them if you
do not do precisely as we say. Do
I make myself clear, Trainmaster?

CORRELL

You're out of your fucking mind!

RADIO (BLUE)

Be that as it may, are you ready to
take down our list of demands?

CORRELL

(flustered)

No -- wait a minute -- stand by --

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CORRELL (Contd)
(disconnecting; then
to Prescott)
Why would anybody want to hijack
a goddam subway train for?

PRESCOTT
Hit your six button, will you,
Frank? I want T.A. Police in
on this.

CORRELL
(noticing)
What the hell are all those Chinamen
doing in here?

PRESCOTT
Holy Christ, I forgot!
(looking around)
Somebody take these monkeys up to
Thirteen, will you -- ?

FIRST JAPANESE
It is all right, Lieut. Prescott
-- I'm sure we can find it by our-
selves.

SECOND JAPANESE
(bowing)
Thank you for a most instructive
visit, Lieutenant.

THIRD JAPANESE
And most exciting, too.

They all bow low and file out. Prescott watches them in a
near state of shock.

PRESCOTT
Since this is my last day on the
job, I might as well make it a
good one.

He leans over Correll and, pushing a button, speaks into the
mike.

PRESCOTT
Prescott to Garber --

RADIO (GARBER)
This is Garber --

CONTINUED - 2

PRESCOTT

Sol -- plug everything you've got into the I.R.T. Trainmaster's circuit, will you? -- an all-unit stand-by, on the double. And call in the city cops -- put it on a 9-11 so their computer gets it.

RADIO (GARBER)

What's up, Clive?

PRESCOTT

You won't believe it.

RADIO (GARBER)

You know me -- I'll believe anything.

PRESCOTT

A train's been hijacked.

RADIO (GARBER)

(a pause)

I don't believe it.

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

Blue waits at the radio, calmly doing one of the crossword puzzles in a book of them. There's a knock and he opens the door. Green sticks his head in.

BLUE

What do you want, Mr. Green?

GREEN

How's it going?

BLUE

All right.

GREEN

Did you tell them?

BLUE

Part of it.

GREEN

What are they doing now?

BLUE

Recovering. They sounded a little upset.

CONTINUED

GREEN

(smiling)

Yeah -- I guess they would.

BLUE

Go back outside -- I don't want
Mr. Brown and Mr. Grey left alone
with the passengers any longer
than we have to.

GREEN

Don't you trust them?

BLUE

I trust Mr. Brown -- Mr. Grey's
another matter. He's a cocky
little pain in the ass who could
turn out to be real trouble if
we don't watch him.

GREEN

Where'd you find him, anyway?

BLUE

He was recommended.

RADIO (CORRELL)

Pelham One Two Three, this is
Command Center -- come in, Pelham
One Two Three --

BLUE

Go on --

(as Green goes;
into the mike)

This is Pelham One Two Three,
Trainmaster -- are you ready to
take down the list of our demands?

RADIO (CORRELL)

I'm listening, you shitheel --
what do you want?

BLUE

Do you have a pencil?

RADIO (CORRELL)

Go on, goddammit!!

BLUE

To begin with it is important that
you understand three things: One --

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY
MED. SHOT - TRAINMASTER'S DESK

Prescott and OTHERS grouped around Correll at his desk, everyone straining to hear.

RADIO (BLUE)

-- Pelham One Two Three is completely in our control. Two -- we are armed with fully automatic weapons. Three -- we have no scruples whatsoever about killing. Do you read me so far?

CORRELL

I read you, you goddam lunatic -- you'll never get away with this, you know --

RADIO (BLUE)

Please inform the Mayor that we demand one million dollars in cash for the release of the car and all of the hostages --

CORRELL

That'll be the day --

RADIO (BLUE)

The time is now 2:13. The money must be in our hands no later than 3:13 -- one hour from now. If it is not, we will kill one hostage for every minute you are late.

CORRELL

Keep dreaming, maniac --

RADIO (BLUE)

Furthermore, if anyone attempts to interfere -- anyone -- in any way -- we will begin killing the hostages immediately. Confirm, please --

CORRELL

Look, I'm only the Trainmaster around here -- I don't know anything about contacting the goddam Mayor!

CONTINUED

RADIO (BLUE)

(a pause)

All right -- patch me into the
Transit Police.

CORRELL

Hold on -- I've got one here now.

He disconnects and turns to Prescott.

CORRELL

He's all yours, the sonuvabitch --

(as Prescott reaches

for the mike)

Not here, for Chrissake -- Take
it over there!

He points to another, empty desk. Prescott goes to it and
sits, then punches in a line on the console and speaks
into the mike.

PRESCOTT

Pelham One Two Three -- can you
hear me?

RADIO (BLUE)

This is Pelham. Identify your-
self, please.

PRESCOTT

Lieut. Prescott of the Transit
Police. Identify yourself.

RADIO (BLUE)

I'm the man who stole your train.

PRESCOTT

There's no way you can get away
with it -- you're underground,
in a tunnel.

RADIO (BLUE)

Why do you concern yourself with
that, Lieutenant? At precisely
3:13 we will begin executing the
passengers. Don't you think you'd
better contact the Mayor without
wasting any more time? The moment
you've done it report back to me
for further instructions. Sign-
ing off.

CONTINUED - 2

There is a click as the line goes dead. Prescott pushes another button.

PRESCOTT

Sol -- did you get all that?

RADIO (GARBER)

I only get your end but I could piece the rest of it together. Jesus, it's crazy!

PRESCOTT

What about the city cops?

RADIO (GARBER)

They've got two cars from the 14th precinct on the way now.

PRESCOTT

Two cars -- you sure they can spare that many? What about our own men? We got anyone at 28th St.?

INT. OPERATIONS - DAY

Garber at his desk as he swivels to regard the Status Board.

GARBER

Just checking on that -- uh -- yeah, he's around there somewhere.

RADIO (PRESCOTT)

You'd better tell him to hold the fort -- it's liable to be a couple of hours before any city cops show up.

GARBER

Will do, Clive.

He disconnects, turns and shouts.

GARBER

Sargent -- get me our guy at Lex 28!

INT. 28TH ST. PLATFORM

Bedlam. The train still stands idly, empty now, its doors closed. There's a CROWD milling about, some pounding futilely at the doors of the train, others just standing around, waiting. ARTIS JAMES, a black T.A. cop is talking

CONTINUED

to a small group of irate citizens. He carries a radio on a strap over his shoulder.

JAMES

I'm sorry, lady, I don't know
how long the delay will be --
it's just a minor technical problem.

MAN

Anybody hurt?

2nd MAN

How many killed?

JAMES

Look -- everybody just calm down --
(his radio BEEPS)
Hold on --

He turns away and lifts the radio to his face.

JAMES

Patrolman James --

RADIO (GARBER)

This is Lieut. Garber in Operations. Where are you now?

JAMES

Twenty-eighth southbound. Everything's shut down, Lieutenant -- what's going on?

RADIO (GARBER)

Look, don't react to this -- but a train's been hijacked --

JAMES

Holy shit.

RADIO (GARBER)

Exactly. Try and maintain order on the platform and for God's sake don't say anything! Oh, and there's a Supervisor from Grand Central Tower around there somewhere -- see if you can find him.

JAMES

I saw him a couple of minutes ago, Lieutenant -- he was headed down-track on foot.

CONTINUED - 2

RADIO (GARBER)

Oh Jesus! You'd better go after him
-- see if you can turn him back.

INT. TUNNEL

Caz is hot in conversation with Doyle as the long line of
Passengers files by, on their way out of the tunnel.

CAZ

I don't give a goddam what they
were armed with -- your job is to
stay on that train until you get
authorization to leave!

DOYLE

They said they'd kill me, for God's
sake!

CAZ

You're like the captain of a ship --
you're supposed to go down with it.

PASSENGER

(as he passes)

Bullshit.

CAZ

Butt out!

(to Doyle)

All right -- tell Command Center
I'm on my way to investigate.

DOYLE

You're going down there? Hey, I
wouldn't, if I were you.

CAZ

I know you wouldn't.

He leaves Doyle and starts down the track. A few Passengers
in the line call to him.

2ND PASSENGER

You work for the subway? Tell 'em
I'm gonna sue this time -- I really
mean it -- I'm gonna sue!

MED. SHOT - JAMES

He is trotting, following Caz, passing the line of Passengers
headed the other way.

CONTINUED

3RD PASSENGER

(to 6TH)

I'll tell you whose goddam fault it is -- it's the Mayor's goddam fault.

4TH PASSENGER

Why's it his fault?

3RD PASSENGER

'Cuz he's the head o' the city, ain't he? That makes him responsible. They oughta impeach the bum!

INT. TUNNEL - CAZ

as he sees the first car ahead of him -- and as he gets closer, the silhouette of a man (Grey) through the rear storm door window.

INT. FIRST CAR - GREY

He stands guard at the rear storm door. Now he sees something moving in the tunnel and slides open the door, calling.

GREY

Stop right there, cowboy -- !

REACTIONS SHOTS - GREEN AND BROWN

as they look around, surprised.

INT. TUNNEL - CAZ

CAZ

(shouting back)

Who the hell are you?

The voices echo and distort in the tunnel.

GREY

You'll find out if you take another step -- !

MED. SHOT - JAMES

He is scooting along, crouched, hearing the voices, advancing from pillar to pillar, using each for a brief instant of concealment.

CAZ' VOICE

I'm warning you, mister -- that's city property you're fooling around with -- !

CONTINUED

GREY'S VOICE

That's just too fucking bad!

INT. TUNNEL - CAZ

CAZ

Why didn't you go grab a goddam airplane like everybody else?!

GREY

We're afraid of flying. Now I'm tellin' you, buster -- clear out or I'll shoot your ass off!

CAZ

Stand back -- I'm coming on board -- !

He starts forward.

GREY

I warned you, stupid -- !

MED. SHOT - GREY

CAZ' POV (SLOW MOTION & SILENT)

Dead silence as CAMERA ADVANCES toward Grey. Now the sub-machine gun he's pointing at Caz (CAMERA) begins spitting fire and spewing out the spent shells.

CLOSE SHOT - CAZ (SLOW MOTION & SILENT)

Only his face -- as his eyes and mouth open wide in shock and disbelief and sudden death.

CLOSE SHOT - JAMES (SLOW MOTION & SILENT)

His face peeking out from behind a pillar, the flashes from Grey's gun reflected in his eyes and on the pillar.

MED. SHOT - GREY (SLOW MOTION & SILENT)

as he continues firing.

FLASH CUTS - GREEN, BROWN, PASSENGERS (SLOW MOTION & SILENT)

Astonished; unfeeling; horror-struck.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - CAZ (SLOW MOTION & SILENT)

as his dead body hits the ground, bounces, and rolls over, face up, eyes still open.

INT. FIRST CAR - BLUE (TRAVELLING)

The SOUND returns with a rush. Blue rushes out of the Motorman's cab and runs down the length of the car, CAMERA FOLLOWING as he goes past Green and Brown without speaking to them. He looks out the rear door for a moment, at the dead body.

GREY

I warned the bastard but he kept
on coming anyway.

BLUE

Was he alone?

GREY

I didn't see anybody else.

(a pause)

I guess I got us on the scoreboard,
huh?

Without a word, Blue moves to Brown at mid-car.

BLUE

Take over back there. I want Mr.
Grey up closer to me so I can keep
an eye on him.

BROWN

He's a little trigger-happy.

BLUE

Maybe it was necessary -- I didn't
see it.

BROWN

He loved every minute of it.

INT. TUNNEL - JAMES

as he peers around the pillar he's hiding behind. Smoke from the gun still hangs in the air. He ducks back behind the pillar, unslings his radio and, holding it close to his mouth, whispers into it.

JAMES

Patrolman James calling Operations --

RADIO (GARBER)

This is Garber --

It comes in too loud and James frantically lowers the volume.

CONTINUED

RADIO (GARBER)

-- what's going on? Did you find that Supervisor?

JAMES

He's dead, Lieutenant.

RADIO (GARBER)

Speak up, will you? I can't hear you.

JAMES

I can't -- I'm only about 20 yards from the hijacked train. They just shot him.

RADIO (GARBER)

Shot who?

JAMES

The Supervisor -- with a motherfuckin' machine gun!

RADIO (GARBER)

Is he dead?

JAMES

Wouldn't you be?

RADIO (GARBER)

But you're not sure.

JAMES

What do you want me to do, Lieutenant -- go out there and feel his pulse?

INT. OPERATIONS - DAY

Garber at his console.

GARBER

All right -- stay put and keep an eye on things.

(punches a button)

Clive -- they just drew first blood. That Tower Supervisor from Grand Central -- we don't know his name -- they just killed him.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Prescott at his console.

CONTINUED

PRESCOTT

Oh, God --

(turning)

Frank -- do you know who went down
to 28th Street from Grand Central?

CORRELL

Yeah -- Caz Dolowitz. Why?

PRESCOTT

Jesus -- I knew him --

CORRELL

What do you mean knew him?

PRESCOTT

They just shot him.

CORRELL

(unbelieving)

Caz? Fat Caz?

(slams his fist down)

Christ!!

RADIO (COSTELLO)

Lieutenant. Prescott -- are you there,
Clive -- ?

PRESCOTT

(pushing a button)

Who's this?

RADIO (COSTELLO)

Costello.

PRESCOTT

Yes, Captain.

RADIO (COSTELLO)

I'm putting you in charge at this
end, Clive -- I'm going down to
28th Street. If I don't show up
pretty quick the city cops'll hog
all the action. They've ordered
up a major mobilization, calling
in units from four of the five
boroughs -- there's even one on
board the train -- one of the
hostages.

PRESCOTT

You're kidding! A cop? How do you
know?

CONTINUED - 2

RADIO (COSTELLO)

There were two of 'em -- one got off at 33rd Street and called in later when the news got out. That means the other one's still on the damn thing.

PRESCOTT

Plainclothes?

RADIO (COSTELLO)

That's right.

PRESCOTT

Man or woman?

RADIO (COSTELLO)

(a pause)

You know something? I never thought to ask.

PRESCOTT

Male Chauvinist Pig -- sir.

RADIO (COSTELLO)

Yeah. Keep in touch with 'em, Clive -- don't let communications break down. Tell 'em the wheels are grinding -- tell 'em the Commissioner's on his way up to see the Mayor -- tell 'em we need more time -- tell 'em -- oh, shit, I don't know what to tell 'em. Jesus, what a city!

PRESCOTT

Captain -- I wouldn't mind getting over there myself.

RADIO (COSTELLO)

Out of the question, Clive -- we need you here. Incidentally, the Chairman asked me to thank you.

PRESCOTT

What for?

RADIO (COSTELLO)

The way you treated those four Japs. They said they had a great time -- the highlight of their whole trip.

CONTINUED - 3

PRESCOTT

What do you know.

EXT. GRACIE MANSION - DAY

The Mayor's splendid residence on the East River. The following TITLE is SUPERIMPOSED:

"GRACIE MANSION.
THE MAYOR'S RESIDENCE."

Then, the time is SUPERIMPOSED: "2:21".

INT. MAYOR'S BEDROOM - DAY
MICRO-CLOSE SHOT - THERMOMETER

Being held between a NURSE's fingers, slowly turning so the mercury catches the light.

MAYOR'S VOICE

What does it say?

NURSE'S VOICE

103-point-4.

WIDER ANGLE

Including the MAYOR, a short, swarthy, roly-poly man with a fringe of dark hair and modish aviator's glasses; unshaven, lying in bed, the covers pulled up to his chin; suffering from the flu; a glass of juice on his bedside table along with sprays and vials of pills; and the Nurse, an elderly, white-haired woman who, in case of invasion, could hold off the Mongols single-handedly.

MAYOR

103-point-4?! It was only 102-point-9 the last time!

NURSE

Last time it was orally. Orally is generally a half a degree lower.

MAYOR

Don't remind me. All I know is I've got a chill, my bones ache, my head is ready to come off and my nose is a disaster area. I'm the Mayor of the goddam City of New York, the second most important elective office in the entire United States --
(MORE)

CONTINUED

MAYOR (Contd)

are you telling me that I have
to lie here feeling lousy like every
other zhlub in the country?

NURSE

(unperturbed, as she goes)
Don't forget to drink your juice
at three. And take two of the
blue pills.

MAYOR

Orally?

(but she's gone)

Boy -- boy oh boy --

He picks up the remote-control clicker and raises the sound
of his TV set.

EMCEE'S VOICE

Couple number two, Arthur and
Eleanor -- you have twenty points
-- answer the bonus question
correctly and you'll move into
first place --

The phone rings and he clicks the sound off with one hand
and lifts the receiver with the other.

MAYOR,

Yeah.

WARREN'S VOICE

(phone filter)

Hello, Nate, it's Warren -- I'm
coming upstairs.

MAYOR

No!

WARREN'S VOICE

Sorry, Nate, it can't be helped.

MAYOR

Yes it can -- I'll already be dead
when you get here.

WARREN'S VOICE

Hang on a little longer, will you,
Nate? We've got a real bitch on
our hands.

CONTINUED - 2

MAYOR

Don't tell me, I don't want to know.

WARREN'S VOICE

I'm coming up.

MAYOR

Can't you handle it, Warren?

WARREN'S VOICE

Sure I can handle it -- like I
handle every other rotten filthy
job in this miserable city --
but I won't!

MAYOR

What do you mean you won't? You're
the goddam Deputy Mayor -- of course
you will!

WARREN'S VOICE

This one you've got to handle your-
self, Nate.

MAYOR

What is it, another strike? That's
all right -- I can take another
strike --

WARREN'S VOICE

A gang of men has hijacked a subway
train --

MAYOR

What?!!

WARREN'S VOICE

-- they want a million dollars for it.

MAYOR

(a pause)

Come on up.

(hangs up)

Shit. Shit, piss, fuck.

He clicks the TV back on.

EMCEE'S VOICE

-- And that means couple number
one, Tom and Rusty, are the winners
of today's Newlywed Game!!

MAYOR

I missed it.

CONTINUED - 3

He clicks off the TV as WARREN LASALLE enters, a tall, lean, no-nonsense executive with long, blond hair, sideburns and a large blond mustache.

MAYOR

I thought it over, Warren -- you know what we're gonna do?

WARREN

No, tell me.

MAYOR

Let 'em keep the goddam subway train. Hell, we've got plenty more just like it -- we'll never miss it.

WARREN

How about the seventeen hostages -- will we miss them?

MAYOR

Oh. Dammit, Warren, the city hasn't got a million dollars!

WARREN

Then you'd better empty out one of your Swiss bank accounts because there's no other way out.

MAYOR

Don't we even get to think about it?

WARREN

There's no time! In --
(checking the time)
-- exactly forty-nine minutes they're gonna start shooting those hostages. How would that look in the Daily News? -- "17 NEW YORKERS DIE WHILE MAYOR THINKS!"

MAYOR

I still want the full picture. Get the Police Commissioner, the Chairman of the Transit Authority, and that putz we've got for a Controller --

WARREN

They're on their way over now.

(MORE)

CONTINUED - 4

WARREN (Contd)

But it's no good running to them,
Nate -- you're the Mayor -- which
means you're gonna do it my way
-- just like always.

MAYOR

(a pause)

Shit. Shit, piss, fuck.

INT. T.A. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Prescott at his console, Correll in the b.g.

PRESCOTT

Command Center calling Pelham One
Two Three -- come in, Pelham One
Two Three --

(turning)

Hey, Frank -- you're hogging all
my circuits!

CORRELL

What do you want me to do? I got
motormen calling in from all along
the line trying to find out what
the hell's going on!

PRESCOTT

Tell 'em to shut up and get off
the air -- I need some more lines
open!

CORRELL

I never thought I'd see the day
when talking to murderers got
priority over running a railroad.

PRESCOTT

Oh, get off it, Frank -- our priority
is trying to save the lives of those
passengers!

CORRELL

Screw the goddam passengers! What
do they expect for their lousy thirty-
five cents -- to live forever?!

PRESCOTT

Oh, you're beautiful.

(into the mike)

Do you read me, Pelham One Two Three -- ?

CONTINUED

CORRELL

If I were handling it I'd go storming in there with guns and tear gas and blast 'em out!

PRESCOTT

Yeah, well, you're not handling it so why don't you start doing your own work and let the police do theirs.

CORRELL

Like that lily-livered cop who's on the train? Why hasn't he started shooting yet?

PRESCOTT

We don't even know it is a he --
(into the mike)
Do you read me, Pelham One Two Three -- ?

CORRELL

Goddam woman cops -- what the hell good are they? She probably can't find her gun in her goddam purse!

RADIO (BLUE)

This is Pelham One Two Three --
do you have any news to report?

INTERCUT - PRESCOTT & BLUE

PRESCOTT

Nothing yet.

BLUE

What were you calling about?

PRESCOTT

We need more time.

BLUE

It's 2:24, Lieutenant -- you still have 49 minutes.

PRESCOTT

Be reasonable, will you? We're trying to cooperate but you're not giving us enough time to work with.

BLUE

49 minutes.

CONTINUED

PRESCOTT

We're dealing with City Hall, for God's sake -- you know what a mess of red tape that is!

BLUE

49 minutes.

PRESCOTT

Look, I know how to tell time, too, but we aren't gonna get anywhere if all you do is repeat 49 minutes!

BLUE

48 minutes.

MED. SHOT - PRESCOTT

Sobered and subdued.

PRESCOTT

Yeah. All right, we'll get back as soon as we can.

He disconnects and sits back in his chair, staring at the ceiling.

CORRELL

Christ -- to hear you pleading with that chickenshit -- it makes me ashamed to be an American.

PRESCOTT

Go away, Frank -- go play with your trains.

INT. FIRST CAR

as Blue steps out of the cab. Green is staring at the hostages, nervously.

BLUE

Everything quiet out here, Mr. Green?

GREEN

Yeah -- except I think we've got ourselves a cop.

BLUE

What do you mean?

CONTINUED

GREEN

One of the hostages -- fuzz if I
ever saw it.

BLUE

Which one?

GREEN

(pointing)

On the right --

PANNING SHOT - HOSTAGES

On the right side of the car, from face to face.

GREEN'S VOICE

-- the fourth, fifth, sixth,
seventh -- that's him, next to
the freak --

It's the W.A.S.P. type, who is staring off into space,
sitting next to the Hippie who seems hypnotized by his own
wiggling toes.

GREEN'S VOICE

You ever see anybody look more
like a cop?

MED. SHOT - BLUE & GREEN

BLUE

I'd better frisk him. Cover me.

He walks slowly down the aisle and stops in front of the
W.A.S.P.

BLUE

On your feet.

W.A.S.P.

What?

BLUE

You heard me -- stand up!

Nervously, the man stands. Blue frisks him, quickly and
expertly. When he fails to find a weapon, he takes the
man's wallet.

BLUE

Okay -- you can sit down.

CONTINUED

As the man sits, Blue looks through the wallet.

BLUE
School teacher.

W.A.S.P.
That's right.

BLUE
You ever been told you look like a policeman?

W.A.S.P.
All the time -- but I can't help it --

Blue tosses the wallet back into the teacher's lap, then turns to face the other hostages.

BLUE
Listen to me, everybody. I'm sure you've all figured out what's happening by now -- you're hostages.

VARIOUS REACTION SHOTS

The Passengers -- some groaning -- some frightened -- the Puerto Rican crossing himself -- the Hippie smiling softly -- etc.

MED. SHOT - BLUE

BLUE
That means when we get what we want you'll be released unharmed. Until then, you will continue doing precisely as you're told.

OLD MAN
And if you don't get what you want? What'll happen to us?

BLUE
(a pause)
We expect to get it.

EXT. EAST RIVER DRIVE - DAY

The Brooklyn Bridge and the myriad ramps leading onto the Drive. An official city limousine curves around a ramp and heads uptown, its siren wailing.

The time is SUPERIMPOSED: "2:27".

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

The POLICE COMMISSIONER sits alone in the back seat. He's on the phone. From the front seat, MUSIC can be heard coming from the radio.

COMMISSIONER

This is the Police Commissioner --
get me the Borough Commander.

(to the DRIVER)

Turn off that goddam music, will
you, George?

(into phone)

Harry? I'm heading up to see the
Mayor right now. What's it look
like down there?

EXT. PARK AVENUE - 28TH STREET SUBWAY STATION - DAY

The BOROUGH COMMANDER sits on the front seat of a prowl car,
his feet hanging out the open door, talking on the phone.
Around him: SPECTATORS, COPS, activity, noise and confusion.

BOROUGH COMMANDER

It's murder, Phil -- as usual,
they're coming out of the woodwork.
I wouldn't be surprised if we got
a couple of thousand thrill-seekers
-- they really smell blood on this
one.

PHONE (COMMISSIONER)

Your barriers up?

BOROUGH COMMANDER

Hell yes -- and we're pushing the
overflow into the side-streets.
We aren't gonna win any new friends,
Phil --

PHONE (COMMISSIONER)

Do we ever? How about traffic?

BOROUGH COMMANDER

I stuck a patrolman at every inter-
section from 14th to 34th, and
crosstown from 2nd to 5th.

PHONE (COMMISSIONER)

Who's your Number Two?

BOROUGH COMMANDER

Deputy Chief Inspector Daniels --
(MORE)

CONTINUED

BOROUGH COMMANDER (Contd)
from Special Operations. He's a
good man, Phil -- he handled that
protest at Bryant Park last month.

PHONE (COMMISSIONER)
How are you deployed?

BOROUGH COMMANDER
I've got about fifty men inside the
tunnel --

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - VARIOUS SHOTS

as we see what the Borough Commander describes -- RIOT
POLICE, armored and helmeted, scurrying into positions,
resembling a commando raid.

BOROUGH COMMANDER'S VOICE
-- north and south of the train,
well concealed -- all wearing vests
and armed with machine and sub-
machine guns, shot guns, riot guns,
hand guns, tear gas grenades -- and
a half-dozen snipers with night
scopes. We could fight the goddam
third world war down there.

PHONE (COMMISSIONER)
Just make sure they stay out of sight
-- if the hijackers see them we may
have a massacre on our hands.

BOROUGH COMMANDER'S VOICE
We have a sniper's report that
they're moving around inside the
car pretty freely -- and the one
in the motorman's cab is fully
exposed and a damn easy shot.

INT. COMMISSIONER'S CAR

COMMISSIONER
No! Under no circumstances! Do
you understand me, Phil? Absolutely
no! We're taking their threats
seriously. What've you got above
ground?

EXT. 28th STREET - BOROUGH COMMANDER

Again, if feasible, we can see what he describes.

CONTINUED

BOROUGH COMMANDER

Trucks, cars, emergency, medical
and rescue units, searchlights,
bullhorns -- the works, Phil.
I've got two men stationed at
every emergency exit as far south
as Union Square.

PHONE (COMMISSIONER)

Any direct communications with the
hijackers?

BOROUGH COMMANDER

Negative. It's awkward as hell.
The T.A. Command Center in Brooklyn
has the only direct contact.

INT. COMMISSIONER'S CAR

COMMISSIONER

Harry, tell me something, will you?
They're in a tunnel -- surrounded
on all sides, top and bottom -- how
the hell do they expect to get away?

PHONE (BOROUGH COMMANDER)

Beats the shit out of me, Phil.

EXT. GRACIE MANSION - DAY

as the Commissioner's car swings into the circular drive
leading to the side entrance and comes to a lurching stop,
the siren trailing off, behind three other official black
limousines. The Commissioner jumps out and trots up onto
the verandah.

INT. MAYOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE SHOT - THE MAYOR

as he sneezes into a Kleenex. As CAMERA PULLS BACK he
dries off his upper lip, wads the tissue and throws it
onto the floor. JESSIE, his wife, with frosted hair and
harlequin glasses, jumps up from a chair and retrieves it.

JESSIE

Nate, for God's sake.

She baskets it, then turns to Warren LaSalle.

JESSIE

Warren -- tell him other Mayors have
to use the house after we're gone.

CONTINUED

There's a knock and Warren hurries to open the door. In walk three men: The Commissioner, the CONTROLLER and the CHAIRMAN of the Transit Authority.

WARREN

Thanks for coming up on short notice, fellas -- you all know Jessie, don't you? The Police Commissioner -- the Controller -- the Chairman of the Transit Authority -- ?

JESSIE

Yes, it's nice to see you again.

COMMISSIONER

Mrs. Mayor --

CONTROLLER

Hi, Jess --

CHAIRMAN

Good afternoon.--

JESSIE

Coffee for everybody -- and some cake?

WARREN

Uh -- better skip it, Jessie -- we're running a little short of time. We all know what's going on underground, right? So the main issue is whether to pay the ransom or not. All the rest is secondary. Phil? What do you think?

COMMISSIONER

Well -- we're fully mobilized -- I can go down there any time you say with enough firepower to wipe out an army -- but I can't guarantee the safety of the hostages.

WARREN

In other words, you're for paying the ransom.

COMMISSIONER

We don't want another Attica on our hands, do we?

CONTINUED - 2

WARREN

So your vote is -- ?

COMMISSIONER

I abstain.

WARREN

Shit. Barny?

CHAIRMAN

The safety of the passengers is
the only concern of the Transit
Authority.

WARREN

Your vote?

CHAIRMAN

Pay the two dollars.

CONTROLLER

Sure -- two dollars I'd pay!
But it's a million, Barny -- a
one with six zeroes! Is it coming
out of your pocket?

WARREN

Come on, Sid -- save the poor-
mouth for later. How do you vote?

CONTROLLER

I'm not through discussing it yet.

WARREN

Yes you are. Now vote.

CONTROLLER

My concern is with the taxpayers
-- someone's oughta be. "Millions
for defense but not one cent for
tribute!"

WARREN

So that's a no. All right, Nate --
you've heard from the Three Wise
Men -- what do you say?

Everyone turns to the Mayor. He sneezes into a Kleenex
and tosses it onto the floor.

MAYOR

What're they gonna say, Warren?

CONTINUED - 3

WARREN

They who?

MAYOR

Everybody -- the press, the man on
the street --

JESSIE

He means the voters.

WARREN

Just what you'd expect -- the Times
will support you on purely humani-
tarian grounds -- the News'll knock
you for coddling criminals -- and
the Post will take both sides at
the same time. As for public
opinion -- you'll carry Manhattan,
lose Queens and Staten Island, and
split down the middle in Brooklyn
and the Bronx. The rich'll support
you -- likewise the blacks -- the
Puerto Ricans won't give a shit.
So how about it, Nate? -- quit
stalling.

MAYOR

Stop trying to bully everybody,
Warren -- this is supposed to be
a democracy!

WARREN

Wise up, for Chrissake! We're trying
to run a city, not a goddam democracy!
Nate! Stop farting around! We've
got to pay!

MAYOR

(a pause)

What do you say, Jess?

JESSIE

I know a million dollars is a lot
of money -- but just think what
you'll get in return.

MAYOR

What?

JESSIE

Seventeen sure votes.

CONTINUED - 4

MAYOR

(smiling)

Go ahead, Warren -- arrange for the pay-off.

WARREN

Halleluja!

(as everyone rises)

You heard it, fellas. Phil -- pass the word to the bad guys that we're coughing up.

COMMISSIONER

(going)

Will do.

WARREN

Sid -- what bank do we do the most business with?

CONTROLLER

City National Trust -- I'll give 'em a call.

WARREN

I'll call -- you're liable to spend an hour trying to knock down the interest rate. Come on -- everyone downstairs -- let's move it!

The Mayor and Jessie are left alone. She picks up the crumpled Kleenex.

MAYOR

I thought I handled it all right.

JESSIE

A regular Fiorello LaGuardia.

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

CLOSE SHOT - CROSSWORD PUZZLE

as Blue's hand is busy filling in a word. A knock is heard and CAMERA PULLS BACK as Blue opens the door. Green enters.

GREEN

Nothing yet?

(as Blue shakes his head)

They're sure taking their time.

BLUE

Don't worry -- they're going to pay. They have no choice.

CONTINUED

GREEN

The hostages. Yeah. At first I thought to myself, "Five of 'em are spades -- who's gonna pay anything for spades?" But they don't know who we've got, do they?

BLUE

It wouldn't matter if all seventeen were dope pushers -- they have to pay, so relax.

GREEN

I know they have to -- but what if they don't?

BLUE

Then a lot of people are going to die.

GREEN

Including us.

BLUE

Either you live or you die.

GREEN

Living's better.

BLUE

It depends. It's not better than trying to sell mutual funds, for example.

GREEN

Did you do that?

BLUE

I tried.

GREEN

I thought you were in the army.

BLUE

I was. That's where I developed my expensive tastes.

GREEN

In the army? Sure -- on three-fifty a month.

CONTINUED - 2

BLUE

The Biafrans paid me twenty-five hundred for leading a battalion.

GREEN

A month? Holy Christ! Why'd you ever get out of that?

BLUE

The market dried up.

GREEN

At least you weren't fired. But shit, I didn't mind -- who wants to drive a goddam subway train for the rest of his life?

BLUE

What'd they nail you for?

GREEN

Nothing! They framed me -- the goddam Beakies had to find a fall-guy and they --

BLUE

Beakies?

GREEN

Transit inspectors -- undercover men. They got wind of a gang passing dope -- you know, transporting it from downtown to uptown, giving it to a motorman, and then someone picking it up in Harlem. The Beakies tried to pin it on me, but they never had any evidence.

BLUE

You were innocent?

GREEN

Hell yes, I was innocent! Do you think I'd do anything like that?

BLUE

Yes.

INT. GRACIE MANSION - LASALLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Warren sits on the edge of his desk, on the phone.

CONTINUED

WARREN

City National Trust? -- the Chairman
of the Board, please? --

(waits)

This is Warren LaSalle in the
mayor's office -- may I speak to
the Chairman, please?

PHONE (SECRETARY)

The Chairman is on an overseas call
at the moment --

WARREN

I don't care if he's talking to the
moon -- get your ass inside that
office and put him on the line!

He lights a cigarette while he waits.

PHONE (CHAIRMAN)

Good afternoon, Mr. LaSalle -- what
is it I can do for you?

WARREN

A subway train's been hijacked.
Unless we can deliver a million
dollars within --

(checks his watch)

-- twenty-eight minutes, seventeen
people will be assassinated.

INT. BANK CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The BANK CHAIRMAN is a silver-haired man in his sixties,
sitting behind a large desk; on the phone.

BANK CHAIRMAN

A subway train -- how very original.
A million, you say?

INTERCUT - WARREN & BANK CHAIRMAN

WARREN

Yes, sir -- is there any problem
about that much cash being available?

BANK CHAIRMAN

None whatsoever. We're members of
the Federal Reserve.

WARREN

Swell. Then will you arrange for us
to be given that amount right away?

CONTINUED

BANK CHAIRMAN

Given? I'm not sure I understand what you mean by "given," Mr. LaSalle.

WARREN

(voice rising)

Lent, of course -- I didn't expect it as a gift --

BANK CHAIRMAN

Lent to whom, Mr. LaSalle?

WARREN

To us, goddammit -- the sovereign city of New York --

BANK CHAIRMAN

Yes, well, there are certain technicalities involved in such a transaction, Mr. LaSalle -- terms, duration, signatures --

WARREN

There isn't time for all that -- !

BANK CHAIRMAN

(chuckling)

But "all that," as you put it, happens to be what we do for a living, Mr. LaSalle --

WARREN

Listen to me, you stupid goddam piece of shit! If you don't come through in five seconds flat I will personally find a violation in every inch of plumbing and wiring in every branch you've got in this whole fucking city!

The Chairman looks as though he's been struck between the eyes. After a pause, he speaks quietly:

BANK CHAIRMAN

Do you know something, Mr. LaSalle? In my entire sixty-seven years no one's ever spoken to me like that.

EXT. EAST RIVER DRIVE - UN BUILDING - DAY

as the Police Commissioner's limousine is now heading downtown

CONTINUED

on the F.D.R. Drive, passing the Sutton Place apartment houses and approaching the United Nations, siren screaming.

INT. COMMISSIONER'S LIMOUSINE - DAY

He is in back, on the phone.

COMMISSIONER

Harry -- ? I'm on my way down.
We just got the green light.

EXT. PARK AVENUE & 28TH STREET - DAY

The Borough Commander, on the phone.

BOROUGH COMMANDER

Green light -- you mean we can
rush 'em? Jesus, Phil, that's great
news -- the men are raring to go -- !

PHONE (COMMISSIONER)

No, you asshole! -- we're paying
the ransom money! Pass the word
along to the hijackers.

BOROUGH COMMANDER

(disgruntled)

Roger.

(clicks a phone button)

Borough Commander to 28th Street
Platform -- Daniels -- do you
read me -- ?

INT. 28th STREET SUBWAY PLATFORM

FEATURING the motorman's cab of the stalled train. DANIELS,
a beefy cop wearing riot gear and helmet, now hears the
voice coming over his walky-talky.

RADIO (BOROUGH COMMANDER)

-- come in D.C.I. Daniels -- this
is the Borough Commander -- !

DANIELS

(into walky-talky)

This is Daniels --

RADIO (BOROUGH COMMANDER)

Pass the word along: the Mayor's
agreed to pay. Let the hijackers
know right away, will you?

CONTINUED

DANIELS

Roger.

He sets the hand radio aside and activates the subway transmitter.

DANIELS

Command Center, this is 28th Street
-- do you read me, Command Center -- ?

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Prescott at his desk and console. He pushes a button.

PRESCOTT

This is Command Center --

RADIO (DANIELS)

This is Daniels -- the Mayor's
agreed to pay -- inform the hijackers
right away.

PRESCOTT

Will do.

(punching another button)

Command Center calling Pelham One
Two Three -- come in, Pelham One
Two Three --

RADIO (BLUE)

This is Pelham -- go ahead, Prescott --

PRESCOTT

We agree to pay the ransom --
repeat, we agree to pay.

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB
CLOSE SHOT - BLUE

as he greets this news calmly.

RADIO (PRESCOTT)

Do you read me, Pelham -- ?

BLUE

I read you. Please take down the
next set of instructions. As before,
they're to be obeyed to the letter.
First -- the money is to be paid in
the following denominations: five
hundred thousand dollars in fifties,
five hundred thousand dollars in
hundreds.

INTERCUT - PRESCOTT & BLUE

PRESCOTT

(writing)

Five hundred thousand in fifties,
five hundred thousand in hundreds --

BLUE

Making a total of ten thousand
fifty dollar bills and five thousand
hundred dollar bills -- which will
then be put up in stacks of two
hundred bills each, bound with a
thick rubber band lengthwise and
another widthwise.

PRESCOTT

(writing)

Ten thousand fifties, five thousand
hundreds, in packs of two hundred,
bound fore and aft with rubber
bands --

BLUE

Point two: all of the bills will
be old bills, their serial numbers
to be random.

PRESCOTT

(writing)

Old bills and no serial number
sequences --

BLUE

That's all for now. When the
delivery arrives we will contact
you with further instructions.

PRESCOTT

About your getaway?

BLUE

I'm signing off now.

PRESCOTT

It might interest you to know I've
figured out how you're going to do
it --

BLUE

(a pause)

Yes -- it would interest me.

CONTINUED

PRESCOTT

You're going to make every man,
woman and child in New York City
close their eyes and count to a
hundred.

BLUE

It's two-forty-seven, Prescott --
you have twenty-six minutes.

PRESCOTT

What? Don't be stupid -- we've
agreed to pay the money. Now
turn off the clock.

BLUE

Twenty-six minutes, Prescott.

MED. SHOT - PRESCOTT

PRESCOTT

Look -- your instructions are
complicated! The money has to be
counted, stacked, tied, transported
all the way uptown -- it just isn't
physically possible!

RADIO (BLUE)

You'd be surprised what's physically
possible. The clock's running,
Prescott.

PRESCOTT

(a pause)

All right. At least let us pick
up that man you shot. We want to
send a stretcher for him.

RADIO (BLUE)

Negative.

PRESCOTT

But he may still be alive --

RADIO (BLUE)

He's dead.

PRESCOTT

But you can't be sure --

RADIO (BLUE)

Very well -- we'll put another half
(MORE)

CONTINUED

RADIO (BLUE) (Contd)
dozen rounds into him so everyone
can be sure. Over and out.

Prescott turns and sees that the others, at nearby desks,
have been watching and listening. He stares back at them
for a moment, then checks his watch.

PRESCOTT
Twenty-five minutes -- after that
we can start scratching them off
-- one per minute.

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - PASSENGERS - BLUE'S POV

SHOOTING down the length of the car. Most of the Passengers
on both sides of the aisle are looking at CAMERA (BLUE) --
excepting the Wino Lady and the Hippie. Both are enjoying
their own reveries.

BLUE'S VOICE
Your attention please --

At the far end, Brown guards the rear door. At mid-car,
Grey stands with his legs astride.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Including Blue and, behind him, at the front storm door,
Green.

BLUE
The city has agreed to pay for
your release.

No one quite knows how to greet this news -- except the Pimp
who slowly, mockingly, claps his hands together.

PIMP
(drawling)
Far out, man --

Blue starts forward, walking slowly, looking at passengers
on both sides of the aisle as he goes.

MOTHER
As soon as the money gets here --
will you let us go?

BLUE
No -- but soon afterwards.

CONTINUED

OLD MAN

Do you mind telling us now how much
you're getting?

BLUE

What difference does it make?

OLD MAN

A person likes to know his worth.

BLUE

A million dollars.

OLD MAN

Each?

BLUE

Altogether.

OLD MAN

(disappointed)

That's not so terrific.

Blue, still walking toward mid-car, stops at the Hippie's extended legs and taps the soles of his sandals with the muzzle of his submachine gun.

BLUE

Pull in your feet -- someone's
liable to get hurt.

The Hippie looks up at him, smiles, and slides his feet back. Blue continues until he comes to Grey. He speaks quietly to him.

BLUE

Stop fooling around with that
girl, Mr. Grey.

GREY

What's the big deal? She's a
twenty buck a trick hooker.

BLUE

I said leave her alone.

GREY

Don't worry -- I could do this
job and hump that broad at the
same time -- without missing a
stroke.

CONTINUED - 2

BLUE

(a pause)

I once ordered a man shot for
talking to me that way.

GREY

That's the difference between us,
Mr. Blue -- I've always done my
own killing.

BLUE

Maybe we'll get a chance to work
that out.

EXT. LIBERTY STREET - FEDERAL RESERVE BANK - DAY

Number 33, the large, stone fortress occupying the entire
block, its ground floor windows barred. The following
is SUPERIMPOSED:

"FEDERAL RESERVE BANK OF N.Y."

And then:

"2:51".

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

The PRESIDENT stands in the middle of his large green rug,
putting golfballs at a gadget that automatically catapults
them back. As he finishes lining up a long one, and is just
about to stroke, the office intercom buzzes. A little
annoyed, he crosses to his desk.

PRESIDENT

Yes -- ?

INTERCOM (SECRETARY)

The Chairman of the City National
Trust on five-seven -- he said it's
important.

The President pushes a button putting the call on the speaker-
phone and he returns to his golf.

PRESIDENT

Hello, Ben -- what can I do for you?

SPEAKERPHONE (B.CHAIR.)

I need a million, Henry.

PRESIDENT

A million what?

CONTINUED

SPEAKERPHONE (B.CHAIR.)
Dollars, of course.

PRESIDENT
(stops golfing, surprised)
A million ones?

SPEAKERPHONE (B.CHAIR.)
No, not in ones -- in fifties and
hundreds.

PRESIDENT
(putting again)
I got you now, Ben -- a million
fifties and hundreds. That's more
like it. When can you pick it up?

SPEAKERPHONE (B.CHAIR.)
I don't think you're following me,
Henry -- a million dollars, that's
all -- in fifties and hundreds.

PRESIDENT
(stopping again)
One million? My secretary said
it was important. What are you
calling me about petty cash for?

SPEAKERPHONE (B.CHAIR.)
It's ransom money -- a subway
train's been hijacked -- they've
threatened to kill all the passengers.

PRESIDENT
(going to his desk)
Why the hell didn't you say so?
Tell me how you want it and have
a truck at the Maiden Lane loading
platform in ten minutes.

EXT. PARK AVENUE & 28TH STREET - DAY
T.V. INTERVIEWS

A series of head-on television interviews with various
individuals in the large crowd gathered at the scene. They
all speak directly to CAMERA with the VOICE of a well-known
Six O'Clock News PERSONALITY O.S.

ROGER'S VOICE
This is Roger Grimsby for Eye-
witness News, here at the inter-
section of 28th Street and Park
Avenue South, the scene of this
incredible subway hijack --

1. TACTICAL POLICE

A group of the blue-helmeted COPS manning the lines and pushing back part of the crowd.

ROGER'S VOICE

-- You're looking now at members of the T.P.F. -- the Tactical Police Force -- as they attempt to deal with this enormous crowd which is continuing to grow every minute. Officer -- officer -- this is Eyewitness News --

An OFFICER turns to CAMERA.

ROGER'S VOICE

Officer, how would you estimate the size of this very large crowd?

OFFICER

Very large.

ROGER'S VOICE

Would you describe it as unruly?

OFFICER

Compared to some I've seen, Roger, I'd have to say it was ruly. Definitely ruly.

2. A WOMAN

Middle-aged, overweight, dyed blond hair.

ROGER'S VOICE

Excuse me, madam -- do you have any comment on the drama that's unfolding beneath our feet at this very moment?

WOMAN

What particular part of the drama do you want me to comment on?

ROGER'S VOICE

Some people feel that our subways have become jungles. Any comment on that?

WOMAN

In my opinion, Roger, our subways have become jungles.

3. TEEN-AGE GIRL

Wearing glasses and braces.

ROGER'S VOICE

Would you feel more secure if,
instead of eight hours a day, the
trains and platforms were manned
by the Transit Police twenty-four
hours a day?

TEEN-AGE GIRL

(thinks)

Twenty-four hours minimum.

4. BLACK DELIVERY BOY

DELIVERY BOY

Dogs -- all they gotta do is loose
a pack of Doberman Pinchers an'
sic 'em onto that train --

5. FASHION MODEL

MODEL

Yeah -- I definitely heard it on
the radio -- they're asking a
million dollars for each passenger.
That makes sixty-five million dollars
in all --

6. CONSTRUCTION WORKER

WORKER

You know how they're gonna get
away? The sewers -- they got a
map of the sewers -- just like
that French guy, the Count of Monte
Carlo --

7. HOUSEWIFE

HOUSEWIFE

I met you before, Roger -- remember
two years ago? -- at that three-
alarm fire in Crown Heights -- ?

8. HOTDOG VENDOR

Under his yellow and red umbrella, doing a land-office
business.

ROGER'S VOICE

Excuse me, sir -- from the looks
of things, you could use another
pair of hands. Is this your regular
corner?

CONTINUED

VENDOR

(accent)

For seventeen years.

ROGER'S VOICE

What do you think of all this?

VENDOR

Terrific -- really terrific! What's going on, a parade?

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE - THIRD FLOOR - DAY (SILENT)

The President comes out of an elevator, is let through an iron gate by a GUARD who unlocks it, locks it again, then turns to unlock a second gate, allowing the President to pass into a corridor.

MED. SHOT - T.V. MONITORS (SILENT)

A bank showing various areas of the building on closed circuit. CAMERA ZOOMS IN on one monitor: the President is seen walking down the corridor.

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR (SILENT)

The President passes a few wooden trucks on wheels being pushed by armed GUARDS. Farther, on his left, cages marked "PAYING/RECEIVING"; on the right, "SORTING/COUNTING." He turns right.

INT. TUNNEL - PATROLMAN JAMES

Still stuck behind the pillar, standing rigidly so as not to be seen from the other side. Now he lifts his radio and speaks softly into it.

JAMES

Patrolman James calling Operations
-- come in, Operations --

RADIO (GARBER)

This is Garber -- what's going on?

JAMES

That's what I want to know, Lieutenant
-- standing here like a statue --
it's drivin' me bananas!

RADIO (GARBER)

Just sit tight, James -- it won't be much longer.

CONTINUED

JAMES

I just want to know one thing,
Lieutenant -- there's a whole mess
of feet runnin' around out there
in the dark -- I can hear 'em. I
figure it's a couple of dozen
snipers and sharpshooters -- am
I right?

RADIO (GARBER)

I wouldn't be surprised.

JAMES

Yeah, well, would you make sure
they know about me standin' here
between them and the hijackers?

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE - SORTING/COUNTING - DAY (SILENT)

Several COUNTERS, mostly men, are breaking open the seals
on dirty grey canvas money bags, and spilling out the
contents -- currency tied into packets -- and start counting
the packets.

INT. GRACIE MANSION - MAYOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

His Honor is getting a shot in the rear-end from a DOCTOR
as Warren enters without knocking.

WARREN

Pull your pants up, Nate -- we're
going downtown.

DOCTOR

It's totally out of the question,
Mr. LaSalle.

WARREN

Nobody asked you!

MAYOR

Warren, for Chrissake, I'm sick as a
goat. What's the point?

WARREN

The point, you dumb cluck, is that
the Mayor of the City of New York,
trailing by twenty-two points in all
the polls, cares enough about seven-
teen citizens in jeopardy to make a
personal appearance in their behalf!

CONTINUED

MAYOR

You know what'll happen -- what
always happens -- I'll get booted.

The Doctor starts taking the Mayor's pulse.

DOCTOR

This is a very sick man.

WARREN

(slapping his hand)

Let go of that! You're off the
case! Look, Nate, all you have to
do is say a few words to the hi-
jackers over a bullhorn -- make a
dignified plea for mercy --

MAYOR

Do you think it will help?

WARREN

Of course it'll help!

MAYOR

(hopefully)

The hostages?

WARREN

No, you.

MAYOR

Warren -- suppose the hijackers
start shooting at me --

WARREN

Will you stop? They've got no
reason to shoot at you.

MAYOR

(smiling)

You mean they're from out-of-town?

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE - COUNTING/SORTING - DAY (SILENT)

The SORTERS, mostly women, occupy a large office of the bull-
pen variety. Each is sorting bills by denomination from a
batch in her hand, separating them almost faster than the
eye can see into the slots of a counting machine, deviating
only to throw old, overused bills away into a basket.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY
CLOSE SHOT - WALL CLOCK

It reads: 2:58. CAMERA PANS to Correll, in his shirtsleeves and sweating now, jumping around, checking teletype messages and bits of scratch paper, talking over several phones at once.

CORRELL

-- Shut up and listen to me! All Lexington Avenue trains departing from Dyer Avenue and 180th Street in the Bronx are diverted to the West Side tracks at 149th Street and the Grand Concourse -- !

CAMERA PANS to Prescott, who is sitting at his desk, watching Correll and shaking his head.

RADIO (GARBER)

Clive --

PRESCOTT

(punching a button)
Yeah, who's this?

RADIO (GARBER)

It's Sol -- what're we waiting for, Clive?

PRESCOTT

I'll be goddamned if I know. Jesus!
How long does it take to get that money together?

RADIO (GARBER)

We'll never make it. The passengers are dead ducks.

PRESCOTT

There's still fifteen minutes.
I'm signing off, Sol.
(pushing another button)
Command Center calling 28th Street
-- can you read me, Daniels -- ?

RADIO (DANIELS)

This is Daniels -- come in, Command Center --

PRESCOTT

Has the money left yet?

RADIO (DANIELS)

Not yet.

CONTINUED

PRESCOTT

Well for God's sake, give them a
goose, will you? We're running out
of time!

(pushing another button)

Command Center calling Pelham One
Two Three -- come in, Pelham --

RADIO (BLUE)

This is Pelham One Two Three --

PRESCOTT

This is Prescott. Listen -- we're
moving too slowly at this end. We
need some more time.

RADIO (BLUE)

Sorry -- no more time.

Prescott's face hardens, his jaw muscles tense.

CORRELL

-- Here's the flex south of 14th
Street -- I want the expresses run
off into Brooklyn --

PRESCOTT

(covering mike)

Hold it down, will you, Frank -- ?

CORRELL

-- and all locals sent around the
loop at South Ferry and shot up
the West Side from Bowling Green --

PRESCOTT

I said knock it off! I'm trying
to buy some more time!

A silence in the room as everyone turns to watch Prescott as
he speaks into the mike.

PRESCOTT

All we want is another fifteen
minutes, all right? A lousy
fifteen minutes!

RADIO (BLUE)

Negative.

PRESCOTT

Ten minutes, then -- what difference
can ten minutes make?

CONTINUED - 2

RADIO (BLUE)

Negative.

PRESCOTT

(quietly)

You son of a bitch.

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE - COUNTING - DAY (SILENT)

A single CLERK is now assembling the ransom money. He selects ten bundles of fifties and five bundles of hundreds -- each bundle containing ten packets of one hundred bills -- and, after cutting the strings holding the bundles together, proceeds to pair the packets into two hundred bill thicknesses (one inch) and fasten on the two rubber bands.

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

Blue, as Green enters the cab.

GREEN

I heard you on the radio -- anything wrong, Mr. Blue?

BLUE

They've requested more time.

GREEN

How much more?

BLUE .

Ten minutes.

GREEN

I guess it won't hurt anything.

BLUE

I didn't give it to them.

GREEN

(a pause)

Suppose they can't make it?

BLUE

Then we do what we said we'd do.
There's no other way.

GREEN

Maybe an hour wasn't enough time --

CONTINUED

BLUE

An hour's plenty! You know how the system works -- you give them two hours and they take two -- three and they take three. An hour's plenty!

GREEN

And what if it isn't?

(no answer)

Do you think we'll actually have to do it?

BLUE

I don't know. They're running pretty late.

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE - COUNTING - DAY (SILENT)
CLOSE SHOT - MILLION DOLLARS

It is now neatly piled together -- the fifteen thousand bills make a block approximately twenty inches high and twelve inches deep. CAMERA PULLS BACK as the clerk stuffs the money into a canvas bag, then pushes it through a raised window.

INT. ADJOINING ROOM - TRAVELLING (SILENT)

TWO GUARDS take the bag, leave the room, CAMERA FOLLOWING, and hurry down a corridor to the right. Another GUARD opens a gate leading to the security elevators.

EXT. FEDERAL RESERVE - MAIDEN LANE SIDE - DAY

A police panel truck, its motor running, parked at the sidewalk in front of the loading bays. In front of the truck, eight police MOTORCYCLISTS, astride their bikes, the engines also running, and occasionally racing them with a flick of the accelerator. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"3:03".

INT. POLICE TRUCK - DAY

It is manned by two patrolmen of the Special Operations Division -- WENTWORTH, the driver, a young, red-headed man with a boyish face, and RICCI, slightly older, on the moody side.

RICCI

It sure is taking them a helluva long time --

CONTINUED

WENTWORTH

It's a lot of money, Albert. Do you realize how many times you've got to wet your thumb when you're counting out a million?

RICCI

That's right -- kid around. But you know damn well that if we don't get it up there on time they're gonna blame us for it -- you know they're gonna blame us for it.

WENTWORTH

Look out there, Albert -- eight cycles -- just for us -- and I hear there's gonna be a cop at every single intersection all the way uptown.

RICCI

Yeah, and while we're tying up the entire New York Police Force, the whole East Side's gonna be ripped off.

WENTWORTH

Albert, this might be the biggest day of my life and you're determined to spoil it, aren't you?

RADIO (BOROUGH COMMANDER)

This is the Borough Commander -- come in, Car Fourteen-David --

RICCI

(grabbing the mike)

This is Fourteen-David --

RADIO (BOROUGH COMMANDER)

Jesus Christ! Aren't you guys moving yet? What the hell's going on down there -- do you know what the goddam time is?

RICCI

(rolling his eyes
at Wentworth)

Yes, sir -- we're still waiting for the money to come out, sir --

EXT. PARK AVENUE & 28TH STREET - BOROUGH COMMANDER - DAY

He's on the radio.

BOROUGH COMMANDER
Yeah? Well if it's not there
in thirty seconds you have my
permission to go in after it!

A LIEUTENANT interrupts him.

LIEUTENANT
Sir -- we just got word that
the Mayor's on his way down.

BOROUGH COMMANDER
Terrific. Tell him we'll hold
the crowd 'til he gets here.
(into the mike)
I'm warning you two guys -- if I
don't see your faces before the
deadline, I don't want to see
them at all! Ever!!

He slams down the mike.

INT. POLICE TRUCK

RICCI
What'd I tell you? It's all
gonna be our fault.

EXT. LOADING BAY - DAY

as the two Guards run out of the Federal Reserve, each
holding one end of the money sack, each with his gun
drawn, and head for the Police Truck. The time is
SUPERIMPOSED:

"3:05".

They throw it into the front seat on Ricci's side and slam
the door. The motorcycles are already starting to move,
shoving off, their sirens wailing and the truck starts
after them.

EXT. MALDEN LANE & NASSAU STREET - DAY

A COP on the corner waves the procession -- motorcycles and
truck -- right on Nassau, one of the narrowest streets in
the city -- cars are parked half up on the sidewalk -- and
they head uphill toward John Street.

OVERHEAD SHOT

From the roof of one of the office buildings, as the police truck continues along Nassau, past John, Fulton, Ann, and on toward Beekman, the eight motorcycles leading it.

EXT. PARK ROW - DAY

CAMERA PANNING with the truck as it follows the cycles out of Nassau, a swing to the right at Spruce, and then entering Park Row (with City Hall on their left) heading up the wrong way, against the traffic, COPS at every intersection.

INT. POLICE TRUCK
WENTWORTH'S POV (UNDERCRANKED)

SHOOTING through the windshield from the Driver's point-of-view -- the eight cycles clearing the way, the oncoming traffic pulling over (and the expressions on the drivers' faces) as the truck careens through.

INT. POLICE TRUCK - WENTWORTH & RICCI

Wentworth is grinning, really enjoying himself. Ricci, holding the sack of money on his lap, is scowling.

WENTWORTH

Beautiful -- really beautiful!
I've always wanted to do this --
we're scaring the shit out of
everybody.

RICCI.

Including me.

WENTWORTH

What's wrong with you, Albert?
This is something you can tell
your kids about some day.

RICCI

(checking watch)
Eight minutes. We're never gonna
make it.

EXT. MUNICIPAL BUILDING - DAY

as, tires screeching, the truck swings over to the right side of the street. Traffic coming off the Brooklyn Bridge is being held up at the ramp. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"3:06".

CAMERA PANS with the truck as it passes Chambers Street and heads up Centre.

EXT. CENTRE STREET - DAY

as the cycles, sirens screaming, followed by the truck, race past the Federal Court Building, the City Courthouse and the Criminal Courts Building.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY
MED. SHOT - PRESCOTT

He's on the radio.

PRESCOTT

Where are they now, Daniels -- ?

RADIO (DANIELS)

Centre Street, just north of Chambers.

PRESCOTT

What've we got -- ?

(checks clock)

-- seven minutes. Christ, it's just not enough.

RADIO (DANIELS)

Even if they make it up here to 28th Street in time -- we've still gotta carry it down track on foot.

PRESCOTT

No way.

(punches a button)

Pelham One Two Three -- this is Prescott --

RADIO (BLUE)

This is Pelham One Two Three --

PRESCOTT

The money's en route -- making pretty good time, too -- but it won't get to you by 3:13.

RADIO (BLUE)

I'm sorry to hear that.

PRESCOTT

Listen -- suppose we get it to the station entrance by then -- will you change the deadline from delivery to you to arrival at 28th Street? Will you do that at least -- ?

(no answer)

Pelham One Two Three -- do you read -- ?

CONTINUED

RADIO (BLUE)

I'm here, Prescott.

(another pause)

All right. I agree. But no more concessions, is that clear?

PRESCOTT

Clear, clear.

(punches a button)

Daniels -- they bought it. If we get it to the station entrance by 3:13 we'll be okay.

RADIO (DANIELS)

Good job, Prescott.

PRESCOTT

Except for one thing --

RADIO (DANIELS)

What's that?

PRESCOTT

We still won't make it.

EXT. CANAL STREET - DAY

as a COP at the corner waves the cycles and truck left on Canal, the traffic ahead on Centre being too heavy. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"3:09".

INT. POLICE TRUCK - DAY

Wentworth and Ricci, the latter on the radio.

RICCI

-- proceeding west on Canal Street on our way to Lafayette. Traffic heavy. Over.

RADIO

Keep it coming -- you've got five minutes.

RICCI

We'll make it.

(hangs up mike)

We'll never make it.

CONTINUED

WENTWORTH

Five minutes? No sweat, Albert
-- you want to stop for a beer?

RICCI

Jesus! Look out -- !

EXT. CANAL & LAFAYETTE - DAY

as the cyclists turn right onto Lafayette, against the on-coming traffic (Lafayette is one-way downtown at this point) the two lead bikes sideswipe each other and, going out of control, topple over, sending their drivers sprawling. The truck slams on its brakes, screeching to a stop just short of the pile-up.

EXT. PARK AVENUE & 28TH STREET - DAY

A SERGEANT manning the radio at the Command Post shouts to the Borough Commander who is off to one side, issuing orders to a small squad of policemen.

SERGEANT

Sir -- there's been an accident --

BOROUGH COMMANDER

Jesus Christ, I don't believe it!

He starts for the radio in one of the vehicles. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"3:10".

He grabs the mike.

BOROUGH COMMANDER

This is the Borough Commander --
what the hell happened?

RADIO (RICCI)

Two cycles went down -- both riders
got banged up pretty bad. They'll
need an ambulance.

BOROUGH COMMANDER

Never mind! Drop off two more
bikes to look after them and keep
going -- do you hear me? Keep
going!!

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET - DAY

as the truck, led by only four cyclists now, continues speeding north. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"3:11".

INT. POLICE TRUCK

RICCI

(on radio)

Fourteen-David heading north on Lafayette, approaching Vanmare.

RADIO

Get the lead out, for Chrissake!

RICCI

(hanging up mike)

Why don't they face it -- it just can't be done!

WNETWORTH

You know something, Albert -- you're absolutely right. Next corner we're turning right, crossing the bridge to Brooklyn and you and me, we got ourselves a fast million bucks, free and clear.

RICCI

Are you crazy?!

(looks at him)

You're kidding around again.

WENTWORTH

But I had you going there for a minute, didn't I, Albert?

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - FIRST CAR

as it sits in the darkness. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"3:11.34--"

as now the seconds are shown, running -- "35-36-37-38--" and will continue to do so throughout the following scenes.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

as the SUPERIMPOSED time continues running -- "3:11.39-40-41-42--" and Blue regards his watch. Then he opens the cab door.

CONTINUED

BLUE
Mr. Green --

GREEN
(appearing at door)
What?

BLUE
Coming up on one minute.

GREEN
(a pause)
Have you decided which one it's
gonna be?

BLUE
(shrugging)
Does it make any difference?

GREEN
I guess not.
(a pause)
Who's gonna do it?

BLUE
Mr. Brown.

GREEN
Does he know?

BLUE
He won't mind.

GREEN
Neither would Mr. Grey.

BLUE
Mr. Brown's better. With him
it's just a job -- not kicks.

He looks at his watch as the SUPERIMPOSED time continues to
run: "3:12.07-08-09--"

BLUE
Fifty seconds -- then we erase one.

EXT. LAFAYETTE & HOUSTON - DAY

as the four motorcycles and the truck, sirens all going,
whip through the intersection against the light, a COP
holding traffic. The SUPERIMPOSED time continues running:
"3:12.10-11-12-13--"

INT. POLICE TRUCK

RICCI

(on radio)

Fourteen-David crossing Houston,
heading for Cooper Square --

RADIO

You've still got twenty-eight
blocks -- floor the sonovabitch!!

Wentworth is bent over the wheel, all determination now.

WENTWORTH

Tell him I'm doing over sixty now!

RICCI

Holy Christ! -- the street's blocked!

WENTWORTH

Hold on -- I'm going through -- !

WENTWORTH'S POV

SHOOTING THROUGH the windshield (as the SUPERIMPOSED time continues to run: "3:12.26-27-28-29--"). The tail-lights of the cycles are twinkling red as they begin braking -- a tractor-trailer is stretched across the street, lining up its rear-end with the narrow opening of a loading bay, in preparation for backing into it. Now the truck starts backing, and while there is still some space open (on the sidewalk) it is closing fast. The cycles screech to a stop but it is clear that the truck doesn't intend to as it bumps up onto the sidewalk and starts for the opening. But it is now too narrow. The screeching brakes of the truck are heard as it starts to skid around, the panorama flashing by sickeningly and, perhaps, a crash and, perhaps, the scene flopping over as the truck, perhaps, rolls over onto one side.

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET - DAY

The Police Truck lying on its side, its wheels still spinning, the siren still running eerily. And the SUPERIMPOSED time still running: "3:12.38-39-40-41--"

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

CLOSE SHOT - PRESCOTT

On the radio -- the time still SUPERIMPOSED and running:
"2:12.42-43-44-45--"

PRESCOTT

Daniels -- for God's sake answer me!
Where's that goddam money -- ?!

CONTINUED

RADIO (DANIELS)

Hello, Prescott -- the truck's
been wrecked -- somewhere on
Lafayette Street. Their radio's
gone dead --

PRESCOTT

What the hell are you talking
about?! It can't be wrecked --
we're out of time, goddamnit!

RADIO (DANIELS)

What do you want me to do?! We
couldn't make it, that's all!

PRESCOTT

What do you mean, that's all?!
They're just about to shoot some
poor sonuvabitch -- !!

RADIO (DANIELS)

What do they expect us to do?
If they know we're wrecked how can
they ask us to --

PRESCOTT

They don't know anything, for
Chrissake! How can they know
anything down where they --
Holy shit, that's it!!

He punches a button on the console as the SUPERIMPOSED
numbers now reflect the time down to the tenth of a second:
"3:12.55(0-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9) -56(0-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9) -57.
(0-1-2---) --"

PRESCOTT

(shouting into radio)

Pelham One Two Three -- ! The money's
arrived -- repeat, the money's
arrived!!

RADIO (BLUE)

(short pause)

You made it just in time, Prescott.

The SUPERIMPOSED time freezes: "3:59.58.6." Prescott exhales
sharply and sits back in his chair, exhausted. The SUPER-
IMPOSED numbers disappear.

RADIO (BLUE)

You still there, Prescott?

CONTINUED - 2

PRESCOTT

Yeah. I'm still here. Tell me something -- if we were a couple of seconds late -- you'd have knocked off an innocent person?

RADIO (BLUE)

Affirmative. Now if you're ready, I'll give you instructions for the delivery of the money. Again, I'll have to insist you follow them to the letter.

PRESCOTT

Go ahead.

RADIO (BLUE)

Two unarmed policemen will walk down the track -- one with the money, the other with a light which he'll flash continuously from side to side in a sweeping motion. When they reach the car the rear door will open and the one with the money will throw it in onto the floor. Then they will both turn and walk back to the 28th Street Station. Acknowledge.

PRESCOTT

I've got it. Is that all?

RADIO (BLUE)

For now. But keep it in mind that the same ground rules apply -- any wrong move by anyone and we'll kill a hostage.

PRESCOTT

I could've guessed that part.

RADIO (BLUE)

You have ten minutes to deliver the money. If it isn't here by then --

PRESCOTT

Yeah, I know -- it's getting monotonous. I don't suppose you'll give us longer than ten minutes --

RADIO (BLUE)

Ten's more than enough, Prescott --
(MORE)

CONTINUED - 3

RADIO (BLUE) (Contd)
unless you weren't telling the
truth about the money having
arrived --

PRESCOTT
(quickly)
It's all right, ten minutes is fine.

RADIO (BLUE)
No further discussions then.
When we have the money in hand
I'll call you with the final set
of instructions.

PRESCOTT
You don't really think you're
gonna get out of there, do you?

RADIO (BLUE)
The clock's running, Prescott --
I've got three-fourteen -- you've
got until three-twenty-four.
Over.

PRESCOTT
Over. Over, you bastard.

EXT. PARK AVENUE & 28TH STREET - DAY

as two motorcycles, sirens blasting, push their way through
the crowd and stop at the Borough Commander's command post.
One driver alights and goes to help the other remove the
canvas sack of money off the back of the second bike. They
carry it together to the Borough Commander.

BOROUGH COMMANDER
Well, it's about fucking time!
(turning)
You two --

He has addressed two uniformed men -- a Transit Cop
(MISKOWSKY) and a Tactical Policeman (O'KEEFE) -- standing
together drinking coffee out of containers. They hurry
over and salute.

BOROUGH COMMANDER
Which one has the flashlight?

MISKOWSKY
I do, sir --

He shows it hanging from his belt.

CONTINUED

BOROUGH COMMANDER

All right -- then you
(O'Keefe)
carry the money. Now move it --
you've only got about eight and
a half minutes.
(as they salute)
Never mind the goddam salutes --
just get going!

They take the sack from the cyclists, hike it up onto
O'Keefe's shoulder and hurry off, running down the steps
into the subway.

Now a chorus of booing is heard.

BOROUGH COMMANDER

Christ, it's the goddam Mayor!

SERGEANT

(craning)

I don't see him --

BOROUGH COMMANDER

No, but I can sure hear him --

WIDER ANGLE

The Mayor, wrapped in a blanket, is smiling and nodding
as he passes through the crowd, led by a wedge of COPS,
flanked on one side by the Commissioner, and on the other
by Warren LaSalle. The Borough Commander waits for him,
shaking his head in disgust.

BOROUGH COMMANDER

And to think that I voted for the
bastard.

The Mayor and entourage join him.

WARREN

Hello, Commander -- His Honor wants
to go down into the tunnel with a
bullhorn and make a personal appeal
to the hijackers.

BOROUGH COMMANDER

I'm afraid not.

WARREN

I wasn't asking for your permission
-- all you have to do is clear the
way.

CONTINUED

The Commander looks at the Commissioner who stares right back, blankly. Then he turns to the Mayor.

BOROUGH COMMANDER

I appreciate your wanting to help, sir, but you've come at a very bad time.

WARREN

Mr. Commissioner, will you order your man to comply?

MAYOR

Cool it, Warren -- the Commander knows the situation here and we don't.

WARREN

Nate -- I'm warning you --

MAYOR

I feel shitty, Warren -- I'm going back to bed.

The Mayor turns and starts back through the crowd, Warren chasing after him.

WARREN

Nate -- ! For God's sake, Nate -- !

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

All that can be seen in the darkness is a flashlight, its beam swinging back and forth, coming toward CAMERA. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"3:18".

ANOTHER ANGLE (TRAVELLING)

Miskowsky and O'Keefe walking along the roadbed, between the rails, Miskowsky swinging the flash, O'Keefe carrying the sack on his shoulder, both looking around nervously, CAMERA MOVING with them. Finally:

MISKOWSKY

My name's Miskowsky. What's yours?

O'KEEFE

O'Keefe.

CONTINUED

MISKOWSKY

Pleased t' meet ya. Tactical Force?

O'KEEFE

That's right.

MISKOWSKY

You get the feelin' we're not alone down here?

O'KEEFE

What do you mean?

MISKOWSKY

I thought I saw someone -- a couple of times in fact --

O'KEEFE

Sharpshooters -- we got a couple dozen of 'em spread all over the place. There's one --

MED. SHOT - SHARPSHOOTER
MISKOWSKY'S POV (TRAVELLING)

A FIGURE in the shadows, standing behind a pillar, seen only in silhouette as CAMERA PASSES him -- his helmet, his high-powered rifle, etc. -- looking very menacing.

MED. SHOT - MISKOWSKY & O'KEEFE (TRAVELLING)

MISKOWSKY

You realize we got four submachine guns ahead of us and all those jokers behind us? I feel like I'm walkin' into the fuckin' O.K. Corral.

O'KEEFE

Look -- there it is -- I can see it. There's somebody standin' in the rear door.

LONG SHOT - FIRST CAR - O'KEEFE'S POV

The lone car, lit from within -- and the silhouette of Brown at the rear storm door.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - JAMES

Standing behind his pillar. Now he turns his peaked cap around and, turning his face to the pillar, slowly moves his head to one side.

MED. SHOT - FIRST CAR - JAMES' POV

SHOOTING from behind the pillar. As the CAMERA slowly CRABS, the subway car comes into view -- and we see Brown standing at the rear door, much more clearly than before.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - JAMES

as he peeks around the pillar. Now, slowly, he brings his right hand up and, pointing his index finger like a gun, "fires."

JAMES

P'choo, p'choo, p'choo --

He blows imaginary smoke from the end of his finger, pleased with himself.

JAMES

Shiiiiit.

ANOTHER ANGLE

From the other side of the pillar as James ducks back behind it, turns his back to it and looks around for another way of amusing himself. He notices his real gun in a holster at his belt and unbuttons the strap, freeing it. Then he assumes the stance of a gunfighter, hand poised over it, knees slightly bent. Then, moving suddenly, he slaps his holster, wheels, fires without aiming -- and there's a reverberating BANG, the shattering of glass and the figure in the subway car reels back. James looks at his hand in amazement -- there's no gun in it. Then, at the same time, Brown has recovered his balance and begins firing his submachine gun, the bullets ricocheting off the metal pillars.

MED. SHOT - MISKOWSKY & O'KEEFE

as they drop onto the roadbed, bullets whining all around them.

MISKOWSKY

For Chrissake, they're shooting
at us!

O'Keefe pushes the sack of money in front of them and they press flat behind it.

INT. FIRST CAR

Blue is hurrying from the Conductor's cab to the rear of the car, passing between the two rows of stunned passengers who watch in silence. The storm door window has been smashed

CONTINUED

and there is glass all over the floor nearby. Brown is just in the process of sitting heavily in the single isolated seat near the door, a dark red patch blossoming on his sleeve, just below the right shoulder, his sub-machine gun resting in his lap. He begins examining his wound with his left hand. Grey stands at the rear door, pressed flat against the wall, peering out.

BLUE

Return to your position, Mr. Grey.

GREY

Maybe they're not through --

BLUE

You heard me, Mr. Grey! I don't think there'll be any more.

Reluctantly, Grey goes back to mid-car.

BROWN

It's not too bad -- I think it went right through.

Blue spots something, bends and picks up a lump of metal which he tosses to Brown who watches it in his bloodied left hand, glances at it, then throws it away.

BLUE

How does it feel?

BROWN.

Okay -- I never feel pain too much.

BLUE

How many shots were there?

BROWN

Just one -- the rest was me. I didn't see anything -- I guess I just got mad -- no sense to it --

BLUE

(thinking)

Somebody got nervous -- or bored -- they've been out there a long time. We can't let it pass.

BROWN.

I'm not mad any more -- forget it.

CONTINUED - 2

BLUE
We can't afford to.
(looking around,
at the Passengers)
I'll go pick one out.

INT. TUNNEL - JAMES

His back to the pillar, he has his radio up to his face,
whispering into it.

JAMES
-- I don't know who did it,
Lieutenant -- it came from
behind me somewhere -- in the
dark. It hadda be one of them
snipers they got down here --

RADIO (GARBER)
Acting on whose orders?

JAMES
I don't know -- maybe nobody's.

RADIO (GARBER)
You mean somebody just took it
into his head to fire? On his
own? How could he do such a thing?

JAMES
(thinking)
Easy -- real easy.

RADIO (GARBER)
Can you see what's going on inside
the train?

JAMES
Not too good.

RADIO (GARBER)
What do you think they'll do?

JAMES
I don't know -- but I'd sure hate
to be in there finding out.

INT. FIRST CAR - PASSENGERS - BLUE'S POV

CAMERA PANNING the Passengers sitting on one side of the car,
the Passengers staring back at CAMERA (Blue), then we cross
the aisle and PAN BACK up the other side.

CLOSE SHOT - BLUE

BLUE
(calmly)
You. Stand up, please.

REACTION SHOTS - PASSENGERS

as they turn to look at whomever Blue has indicated.

CLOSE SHOT - BUD

The conductor as he looks up and touches his chest with a finger.

BUD
You mean me -- ?

WIDER ANGLE

BLUE
That's right, conductor. Would
you come along with me, please?

BUD
Why? -- what are you going to do?

BLUE
There's something you can help us
with.

Bud still hesitates.

BLUE .
Don't worry, conductor -- come
along --

He leads Bud by the arm back to the rear of the car, every
Passenger's eye on the conductor as he passes, his free
hand moving from overhead strap to strap.

BLUE
All you have to do is walk uptrack
about a hundred feet and wait for
the men delivering the money.

They have reached the rear where Bud manages to avoid looking
at Brown while Blue slides open the door.

BLUE
I'll help you down onto the track.

BUD
Why do I have to go -- ?

CONTINUED

BLUE
(level gaze)
I told you -- there's nothing to
worry about.
(firmly)
Now please go.

Bud looks at him, then accepts Blue's offer of help as he starts to swing down onto the roadbed.

INT. TUNNEL - MISKOWSKY & O'KEEFE

Still face down behind the canvas sack. Now O'Keefe raises his head.

O'KEEFE
Look -- somebody's being helped
down onto the track --

MISKOWSKY
(peeking)
Christ, he's coming this way --
he's headed straight for us -- !

LONG SHOT - FIRST CAR - MISKOWSKY'S POV

as the conductor heads for CAMERA. He hesitates, turns back to the subway car behind him, then continues walking. Suddenly Brown looms in the doorway, his submachine gun poised, and now fires a short burst, the muzzle flashing.

MED. SHOT - BUD

as he staggers, reaches upward, then crumples as he passes CAMERA, falling forward, CAMERA following him down. One of his outstretched hands comes to rest near a pillar and a black shoe. CAMERA then PANS UP to James' terrified face.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Prescott on the radio.

PRESCOTT
What the hell are you talking about,
Sol? How do you know they shot a
hostage?

RADIO (GARBER)
Because one of our own cops is right
there! The body almost landed on
him, for Chrissake!

CONTINUED

PRESCOTT

But why?! We're still under the
delivery deadline --

RADIO (GARBER)

Somebody threw a shot at them --
now they're showing us they're men
of their word.

PRESCOTT

Who the hell fired at them?

RADIO (GARBER)

Nobody knows. My bet is we never will.

PRESCOTT

How far did the money get?

RADIO (GARBER)

Our guys says about fifteen yards
back of him. It stopped when the
shooting started. What do we do
now, Clive?

PRESCOTT

I better find out. Christ, what a
fucking mess!

(punching another button)

Pelham One Two Three -- come in,
Pelham, this is Prescott --

RADIO (BLUE)

This is Pelham -- go ahead, Prescott --

PRESCOTT

Did you have to do it, you bastard?

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

BLUE

One of my people was shot -- I
warned you what the penalty would be.

RADIO (PRESCOTT)

I'm going to get you, you know -- me
personally.

BLUE

In the meantime, where's the money?
(checking watch)
You only have three minutes left.

INT. TUNNEL - MISKOWSKY & O'KEEFE

Still lying behind the sack of money.

O'KEEFE

What do we do now?

MISKOWSKY

Pray that a million bucks is bullet-proof.

JAMES' VOICE

Hey, you guys --

MISKOWSKY

(draws his gun)

Jesus, who's that -- ?

JAMES' VOICE

Transit cop -- I'm up ahead. I got orders for you. Resume your delivery.

MISKOWSKY

I don't suppose we could have it in writing --

JAMES' VOICE

Get going -- the orders are make it snappy.

Miskowsky and O'Keefe regard one another, then get slowly to their feet and brush themselves off.

MISKOWSKY

I'll never get this crap off. One of these days they oughta clean up this subway.

He switches on his flashlight.

INT. FIRST CAR

Brown at the rear door, watching the track. Now he turns and calls.

BROWN

Mr. Blue -- there's the light.

Blue returns to the rear and stands watching with Brown.

INT. TUNNEL - MISKOWSKY & O'KEEFE

as they proceed, Miskowsky sweeping the light from side to side, and O'Keefe carrying the sack. Now Miskowsky's light

CONTINUED

picks out Bud's dead body on the track -- and then Caz Dolowitz.

MISKOWSKY

It looks like Vietnam down here.

They continue toward the first car.

INT. FIRST CAR

Blue now opens the rear door as the flashlight's beam sweeps across the back end of the car. Now Miskowsky and O'Keefe appear -- only their faces peering into the car. O'Keefe tosses the sack off his shoulder onto the car's floor and it lands with a thud. Miskowsky and O'Keefe look up at Blue and Brown who merely stare back. No one speaks. Then the two policemen turn and go. Blue now busies himself with opening the neck of the sack, then lifting the other end so that the 75 bricks of money spill out onto the floor in a heap.

REACTION SHOTS -

In rapid succession: Blue, Brown, Grey and Green, their eyes glued on the money -- and then Various Passengers: the Pimp, the Hooker, the Old Man, the Drama Critic, the Hippie, the Puerto Rican, the Fag.

MED. SHOT - REAR OF CAR

BLUE

Mr. Grey --

He gestures for Grey to join them which he does, his eyes on the money all the time.

GREY

Well -- will you look at that,
now --

BLUE

Get your things off -- both of
you -- and start loading up.

Blue watches while both Grey and Brown remove their raincoats, jackets and finally their shirts. Brown has a blood-stained kerchief tied around his right upper arm. Both wear what can only be called money vests: canvas, sleeveless, fitting over the head like a Mae West, with ties on the sides, and containing pockets, 20 in all, front and back.

CONTINUED

BLUE

Mr. Grey, you do Mr. Brown, then
he'll do you -- nineteen packets
each.

Blue continues to observe for a moment as Grey starts
inserting packets of pills, one to a pocket, into Brown's
vest, as Brown stands stiffly, his hands at his sides.
Then Blue walks to the front end of the car, joining Green.

GREEN

All that money -- I can't believe
it --

BLUE

When they're finished it'll be
your turn. Mr. Grey will load
you up. But don't go down there
until Mr. Brown has come here to
take your place. I'll load up
as soon as I talk to Prescott.

GREEN

I just wish it was all over
already.

BLUE

Pretty soon now.

He goes into the motorman's cab and shuts the door.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Prescott at his desk, waiting. Then:

RADIO (BLUE)

This is Pelham One Two Three --
do you read me, Prescott -- ?

PRESCOTT

(punching a button)

This is Prescott --

INTERCUT - BLUE & PRESCOTT

BLUE

I'm going to give you five specific
instructions. Each one is to be
followed precisely -- is that
clear?

PRESCOTT

So far.

CONTINUED

BLUE

One: at the end of this conversation you will restore power to the entire sector.

PRESCOTT

(writing)

Restore power --

BLUE

Two: you will clear the local track all the way from 28th Street to South Ferry. By clear I mean switches properly set and all signals green. I emphasize green, Prescott -- if we so much as see a red light, let alone get tripped by one, we will shoot a hostage.

PRESCOTT

(writing)

Local track cleared to South Ferry and all signals green --

BLUE

Three: all southbound trains behind us, local and express, are to remain lying dead. Likewise all northbound between South Ferry and here.

PRESCOTT

(writing)

Got it --

BLUE

Four: you will contact me as soon as the track is clear and all signals are green.

PRESCOTT

(writing)

Go ahead --

BLUE

Five: you will remove all police personnel from the tunnel. If we see a single cop between here and South Ferry we will shoot a hostage. In fact, any deviation from these instructions and we will shoot a hostage.

MED. SHOT - PRESCOTT

PRESCOTT

Are you aware that you're insane?

RADIO (BLUE)

(after a pause)

Let me know when all five points
have been complied with. Over
and out.

Prescott sits back for a moment, thinking. Then he punches
a button.

PRESCOTT

Sol -- you there -- ?

RADIO (GARBER)

I'm here, Clive, what's up?

PRESCOTT

Hold on while I cut in the city
cops --

(punches a button)

Daniels -- ? This is Prescott --

RADIO (DANIELS)

Come in, Prescott, this is Daniels --

PRESCOTT

Daniels, I've got Lieutenant Garber
of the Transit Police on the line
with us. I have the latest instructions
from the hijackers. They want power
restored, the tracks cleared, all
signals green as far as South Ferry,
and no cops anywhere. Okay, so we
go along -- we have to -- but then
what? What do you think they've
got in mind?

(a silence)

Don't all talk at once.

INTERCUT - PRESCOTT, GARBER & DANIELS

GARBER

Beats hell out of me, Clive. I
wouldn't've picked a tunnel to
make my getaway from in the first
place.

PRESCOTT

But they did pick it -- and since
everything they've done so far has
(MORE)

CONTINUED

PRESCOTT (Contd)

been organized down to the smallest detail, it stands to reason they've got the rest worked out, too.

GARBER

Power restored and the track cleared -- so they're gonna move their car, obviously. But why South Ferry?

DANIELS

If I remember right it comes after Bowling Green -- what comes after South Ferry?

GARBER

Bowling Green again -- the track loops around and heads back uptown.

PRESCOTT

All they'll do is bottle themselves up. That's no good.

DANIELS

So that means they want South Ferry. Why?

PRESCOTT

Do you think it's the water, Sol? Maybe they've got a boat waiting in the harbor -- or a seaplane --

GARBER

Who knows? We'd better play it a step at a time. Clive, you see about restoring power and clearing the track. Daniels and I'll start pulling our units out of the tunnel. We can follow them just as well up above, on the street.

DANIELS

How'll we know where they are?

PRESCOTT

Grand Central Tower has 'em on their model board -- we can see every move they make. If they stop anywhere before South Ferry we'll know about it.

CONTINUED - 2

DANIELS

We'd better put some men on all of the emergency exits just in case. I'll check back in when I've found a squad car I can use.

GARBER

Wait a minute! I think I just figured out how they're gonna get away!

PRESCOTT

I'm listening --

GARBER

They're gonna fly the train to Cuba!

MED. SHOT - PRESCOTT

PRESCOTT

(smiling)

You're a sick man, Sol.

He disconnects, then rises and crosses to Frank Correll who's still frantically leafing through teletype dispatches and shouting into a phone.

CORRELL

What do you want me to do, for Chrissake? -- the goddam power's still off! You'll have to move them by bus -- what do you mean you don't have any buses?! -- go hijack some!

He slams the receiver down, then notices Prescott looking down at him.

CORRELL

What's going on, Prescott -- do I get my trains back now or don't I?

PRESCOTT

You don't -- not yet.

CORRELL

Jesus! Do you realize that in less than an hour the goddam rush hour starts?

CONTINUED

PRESCOTT

Will you shut up and listen?
I've got a new set of instructions.

CORRELL

(turning away)

I don't give a rat's ass for your
fucking instructions! I'm not doing
anything to help the killers of
Caz Dolowitz!

Prescott reaches into his pocket, removes his service
revolver and, grabbing Correll by the chin, pushes his head
back and places the muzzle of the gun into his eye.

PRESCOTT

If you don't do what I tell you,
Frank, you'll be having dinner
tonight with Caz Dolowitz.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - FIRST CAR

It stands, as before, in the semi-darkness. Then, suddenly,
the lights in the tunnel and inside the car flash on -- the
power has been restored. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"3:28."

INT. FIRST CAR

All lights are on and the Passengers react to the sudden
brightness. Brown, fully dressed again but looking even
bulkier with the addition of the money, stands at the front
end of the car now. Grey is at mid-car, also dressed again.
Blue and Green are at the rear end, the latter having just
finished filling the former's money vest and now helps him
on with his jacket and raincoat. Blue moves to the center
of the car.

BLUE

Your attention, please -- in a
moment we're going to start moving
again. You will all remain seated
and quiet. We expect to release you
unharmd in a short while, but until
then you must continue doing exactly
as you're told. Come along, Mr.
Green.

He heads for the motorman's cab, Green right behind him.
The Pimp looks at Grey for a moment.

CONTINUED

PIMP

Hey, dude -- long as you goin'
downtown anyway, you mind droppin'
me off at Fulton Street?

GREY

Smart-assed nigger --

PIMP

You pretty smart too, baby -- long
as you holdin' that piece.

FAG

Will you please?!

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

Blue stands to one side as Green sets up at the controls
and checks the track ahead.

GREEN

Green all the way down.

BLUE

Go ahead then.

GREEN

This is gonna hand 'em a jolt,
you know -- moving before they
expect it.

BLUE

Go ahead, Mr. Green.

Green edges the controller forward and the car responds.

INT. TUNNEL

As the car starts to move.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TOWER

CLOSE SHOT - MODEL BOARD

as the red slashes representing Pelham One Two Three are
moving.

WIDER ANGLE

Featuring Marino who is staring up at the Board.

MARINO

Holy Christ, she's moving!
(MORE)

CONTINUED

MARINO (Contd)

(turning)

What the hell's goin' on? They
said they'd wait until we'd cleared
the track all the way down!
Jenkins -- get the Command Center.

MRS. JENKINS

(into mike)

Grand Central Tower calling Command
Center --

INT. COMMAND CENTER - PRESCOTT - DAY

PRESCOTT

Come in, Grand Central Tower --

RADIO (MRS. JENKINS)

She's moving.

PRESCOTT

Who's moving?

RADIO (MRS. JENKINS)

Pelham One Two Three --

PRESCOTT

What?! Since when?

RADIO (MRS. JENKINS)

She just started.

PRESCOTT

Hold on --

(Punches a button)

Sol -- she's moving!

RADIO (GERBER)

Who's moving?

PRESCOTT

Who the hell do you think?! Pelham!
What's she doing now, Grand Central?

RADIO (MRS. JENKINS)

Still moving -- pretty slow, but
no sign of stopping.

RADIO (GERBER)

It's too goddam soon! We're not
set up yet!

CONTINUED

PRESCOTT

Which is probably why they did it. You heard from Daniels yet?

RADIO (GARBER)

Yeah. He's in a squad car on Park Avenue South. Try him on seven-five --

PRESCOTT

(punching another button)
Daniels -- ? It's Prescott --

RADIO (DANIELS)

I read you, Prescott -- what's up?

PRESCOTT

She's moving.

RADIO (DANIELS)

Who's moving?

PRESCOTT

What's the matter with everybody?! How many hijacked trains we got around here?!

RADIO (DANIELS)

You mean Pelham? But they're not supposed to do that yet -- how far have they gone?

PRESCOTT

Grand Central -- ?

RADIO (MRS. JENKINS)

They're coming up on the 23rd Street Station.

RADIO (DANIELS)

Oh shit, I'd better clear the cops off that platform. Signing off.

PRESCOTT

All right, everybody -- listen to me! They jumped the gun on us but we're gonna stick right with 'em. That means every single person in every department's gonna shake his ass, do you get that?

RADIO (MRS. JENKINS)

Don't worry, Lieutenant -- it's shakin'.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

as Pelham One Two Three rolls slowly along.

INT. FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

Blue and Green.

GREEN

We're coming in to 23rd Street.

BLUE

Keep it steady.

GREEN

I'm still in switching -- can I push it up a notch?

BLUE

No -- steady as she goes.

GREEN'S POV

SHOOTING through the windshield. Ahead, the 23rd Street Platform is drawing nearer -- and there is a CROWD waiting, many leaning over to look uptrack at the approaching train.

GREEN'S VOICE

Jesus -- look at 'em hanging over the edge. When I was a motorman I had nightmares about them falling off in front of me.

INT. 28TH STREET PLATFORM

as the lone car passes slowly through. The long-stranded would-be RIDERS start to shout, whistle and bang on the windows and side of the slowly passing car.

INT. FIRST CAR

The terrified Passengers and the uncertain Brown and Grey as the car runs the gauntlet of the irate crowd outside; they all shy from the pounding fists.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TOWER - MODEL BOARD

The red lights moving past 23rd Street. CAMERA WHIP PANS to Mrs. Jenkins on the radio.

MRS. JENKINS

Pelham One Two Three passing
23rd Street Station --

EXT. PARK AVENUE SOUTH & 23RD STREET - DAY

A police squad car inches along, crossing 23rd Street, heading downtown.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Daniels and a uniformed police DRIVER.

DANIELS

(into mike)

Speed?

RADIO (MRS. JENKINS)

Continuing slow, at around five miles per hour -- what they call the switching position.

DANIELS

Prescott -- ?

RADIO (PRESCOTT)

Go ahead, Daniels --

DANIELS

I just had a terrible thought: what if they're not on the train? What if they set the throttle and jumped off? While we're chasing the train they're sneaking out an emergency exit somewhere behind us.

RADIO (PRESCOTT)

Ingenious -- except for one thing: it's impossible.

DANIELS

Why?

RADIO (PRESCOTT)

A little gizmo called the dead man's feature. It was built into the controller handle in case a motorman should ever drop dead. It has to have a man's hand pressing down on it at all times in order to work. Otherwise the train stops cold.

DANIELS

Yeah?

RADIO (PRESCOTT)

Nice try, though. But in case
(MORE)

CONTINUED

RADIO (PRESCOTT) (Contd)
you're still worried, I was just
about to call them. I'll let you
know if I get their answering
service.

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB
CLOSE SHOT - CONTROLLER HANDLE

Green's hand pressed down on it.

RADIO (PRESCOTT)
Command Center calling Pelham
One Two Three --

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Green and Blue.

BLUE
(into mike)
This is Pelham.

RADIO (PRESCOTT)
What's going on? The track
isn't clear to South Ferry yet
-- how come you're moving?

BLUE
Slight change of plan. We decided
to put some distance between us
and all those cops you had hidden
in the tunnel back there.

RADIO (PRESCOTT)
If you keep moving you're gonna
start running into red signals.
I don't want you to blame us
for it.

BLUE
We'll be stopping soon. Just
get back when you've cleared
the rest of the track.
Signing off.

GREEN
Do you think he's figured anything
out? All those questions --

BLUE
Perfectly natural under the
circumstances. They're thinking
just the way we want them to.

INT. 18TH STREET PLATFORM

Closed down for some years, the station platform is no more brightly lit than the rest of the tunnel, giving it an eerie look. The first car of Pelham One Two Three rolls slowly through.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

BLUE

Look sharp now -- it's coming
up --

Blue and Green are straining their eyes against the darkened tunnel ahead.

BLUE

Do you see it?

GREEN

It's that white light about a
hundred feet ahead.

BLUE

All right -- this is close enough.

Green starts to apply the brake.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TOWER - MODEL BOARD

The red lights representing Pelham One Two Three stop.
CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Marino, Mrs. Jenkins and
some of the Towermen, all watching the board.

MARINO

She's shut down again. Pass it
along.

MRS. JENKINS

(into mike)

Grand Central Tower calling
Command Center -- come in,
Command Center --

INT. COMMAND CENTER - PRESCOTT - DAY

at his console. He punches a button and speaks into the
mike.

PRESCOTT

This is Command Center --

RADIO (MRS. JENKINS)

She's stopped again, Lieutenant
-- just below the 18th Street Station.

CONTINUED

PRESCOTT

Gotcha, thanks.

(pushing a button)

Daniels? Come in, Daniels --
this is Prescott --

RADIO (DANIELS)

This is Daniels.

PRESCOTT

They've stopped again. Where
are you?

RADIO (DANIELS)

Just crossing 17th Street.

PRESCOTT

Pull over -- you're right above
them.

RADIO (DANIELS)

And then what?

PRESCOTT

It's up to them. I'll get back
to you.

(punches a button)

Pelham One Two Three -- this is
Prescott --

(no answer)

Pelham One Two Three -- do you
read me -- ?

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

Blue is hanging the mike back on its hook before lending
Green a hand with the bulky valpac that originally came
onto the train with Blue.

RADIO (PRESCOTT)

Come in, Pelham One Two Three --
this is Prescott calling -- can
you hear me, Pelham One Two
Three -- ?

BLUE

Ignore him -- he'll get tired and
quit after a while. Let's get
this stuff unpacked -- there
isn't much time.

They are unbuckling the straps and unfolding the canvas
bag, then attacking the zippers.

CONTINUED

RADIO (PRESCOTT)

Come in, Pelham One Two Three --

INT. COMMAND CENTER - PRESCOTT - DAY

PRESCOTT

(into mike)

Goddammit, Pelham One Two Three,
what the hell's wrong with you -- ?!Still no answer. He sits back and thinks for a moment.
Then he turns to Correll.

PRESCOTT

Frank -- how long before you're
clear all the way to South Ferry?

CORRELL

You mean before this railroad is
so totally fucked up that it'll
take a goddam computer to put it
back together?

PRESCOTT

Right, Frank, that's what I meant.

CORRELL

Five or six minutes. I've got a
snag at Brooklyn Bridge.

PRESCOTT

(pushing a button)

Sol --

RADIO (GARBER)

Yeah, Clive --

PRESCOTT

Something's going on down there --
I haven't the faintest idea what
but I'm gonna go over and join
Daniels at 17th Street. Come on
up here and take over on the
radio -- but don't tell 'em the
track's clear until I check in
with you. I don't want them
starting up again before I
get there.INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB
CLOSE SHOT - GIMMICK

as it is pulled from the valpac -- a cast-iron, shoe-like

CONTINUED

form with a molded, hollowed-out area on one side. It is clearly heavy enough to require both of Green's hands to heft it. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal him, grunting, setting it over the controller handle which it fits perfectly. Blue stands by, watching.

GREEN

Perfect fit.

Blue now hands him a length of pipe, some six inches in length. Green takes it, fits one end into a socket on top of the gimmick, facing toward the windshield, and screws it in. Then Blue hands him his submachine gun. Green looks at him for reassurance.

BLUE

Go ahead.

Green attacks the windshield with the stock of the gun, opening a great splintered hole.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

as the Passengers react to the sounds of breaking glass coming from within the Motorman's cab.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

The front window is almost completely out -- only a few pieces of glass cling to the frame.

BLUE

Get it all -- it's got to look right.

Green uses the gun's barrel to scrape around the edges, clearing away the last traces of glass. Blue now hands Green another length of pipe -- this one about three feet long. Green fits one end over the protruding end of the attached short pipe -- not screwing it, merely fitting it. The other end extends straight out the glassless windshield.

BLUE

Try it once -- make sure it comes away clean.

Green yanks at the long pipe and it separates from the shorter one.

GREEN

Perfect.

He reattaches it.

CONTINUED

BLUE

Okay. Now jump down -- I'll hand
the other piece through.

Green leaves the cab.

FRONT STORM DOOR

Brown standing guard as Green comes out of the cab. The
two men exchange glances but no words as Green opens the
storm door, stepping out.

INT. TUNNEL

As Green jumps onto the roadbed and comes around in front
of the car, his shoes crunching the broken glass. Above,
from the cab, Blue hands Green down still a third pipe,
this one the same length (three feet) as the second. Green
now screws one end of the third to the protruding end of
the second, but at such an angle that the construction now
turns sharply left, extending toward the tunnel wall,
beyond the side line of the train.

BLUE

Make sure it's tight.

GREEN

I did.

BLUE

Come on back in.

Green returns to the storm door where Brown extends his
left hand and pulls Green back up into the car.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

Blue is inspecting the placement of the gimmick over the
controller as Green enters.

GREEN

It's all set to go. I only wish
we were.

BLUE

Don't worry -- ten minutes from
now we'll be free and clear.

EXT. PARK AVENUE SOUTH & 16TH STREET - DAY

Union Square Park. A police squad car sits at the curb.
The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"3:41."

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Daniels on the radio.

RADIO (BOROUGH COMMANDER)
This is the Borough Commander,
Daniels --- what the hell's going
on?

DANIELS
Not very much at the moment, sir
--- they're sitting down there and
we're sitting up here.

RADIO (BOROUGH COMMANDER)
That's swell. What are you trying
to do, starve them out?

DANIELS
No, sir --- but it's their move.
We're just waiting for them to
make it.

RADIO (BOROUGH COMMANDER)
All right --- keep me posted.

As Daniels hangs up the mike the rear door opens and
Prescott sticks his head inside.

PRESCOTT
Daniels?

DANIELS
Who the hell are you?

PRESCOTT
Prescott.

DANIELS
Prescott? I thought -- I don't
know what I thought. Get in.

Prescott climbs into the back and closes the door.

PRESCOTT
Anything happening?

DANIELS
No. They're still down there.
If the street collapsed we'd
probably land right on top of
them.

CONTINUED

PRESCOTT
(grabbing the mike)
Prescott to Command Center --
Garber?

RADIO (GARBER)
Yeah, Clive -- the track's been
clear for a couple of minutes.
Can I call the hijackers?

PRESCOTT
Let 'em know. And let us know
when they start moving.
(hangs up mike)

DANIELS
What do we do -- wait or get
started? If they ever get up
to speed we're gonna have trouble
staying with them.

PRESCOTT
(thinking)
Let's go -- for once we'll be a
step ahead of them.

EXT. SQUAD CAR

as it pulls away from the curb.

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

Blue and Green.

RADIO (GARBER)
Command Center to Pelham One Two
Three -- come in, Pelham --

GREEN
That's not Prescott --

BLUE
(into mike)
This is Pelham -- what happened
to Prescott?

RADIO (GARBER)
Even stars have to pee. Just
letting you know the track's
clear -- all the way to South
Ferry.

CONTINUED

BLUE

Thanks, Command Center. Give
Prescott our regards.

RADIO (GARBER)

You can do it yourself -- at
the arraignment.

BLUE

Over and out.

He gives the mike a strong tug and snaps the wire.

BLUE

I want this train moving in
thirty seconds. Tell Mr. Brown
and Mr. Grey they can cut the
emergency brake cords.

Green leaves the cab. Blue examines the gimmick one
last time, then follows Green out.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

CLOSE SHOT - EMERGENCY BRAKE CORD

as the rope with the red wooden handle, which dangles
some six inches from a hole in the ceiling of the car,
is cut by a pair of clippers inserted into the hole.
CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Brown, standing on a seat
behind the Motorman's cab.

WIDER ANGLE

Including Grey who is cutting the brake cord at the other
end of the car. Now, submachine gun in hand, Brown opens
the front storm door, crouches and drops out of sight.
Then Grey starts for the rear door, hesitates, returns
to the Hooker and bends to whisper something in her ear.

HOOKER

You and what army?

Snickering, he returns to the rear door, opens it and
disappears. At the front of the car, Green backs out of
the door, closing it after him, and is helped down to the
roadbed by Brown from below. Only Blue is left. He holds
his submachine gun easily cradled in one arm as he moves
through the car.

BLUE

You will remain in your seats.
Don't try to get up.

CONTINUED

MAID

You mean ever?

BLUE

I mean remain seated.

He has reached the rear, walking backwards, and now gropes behind him for the door handle.

OLD MAN

Aren't you going to tell us
what a great bunch of hostages
we've been?

Blue doesn't answer as he opens the door and backs out onto the metal landing. Then he closes the door and drops down to the track. The Passengers, left alone, look at one another uncertainly.

INT. TUNNEL

The four hijackers are deployed along the side of the car -- Green in front with Brown, Blue in back with Grey.

BLUE

All right, Mr. Green --

Green, a hand on the protruding pipe connected to the controller handle inside the Motorman's cab, now grabs it with both hands and pushes inward, toward the train.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

CLOSE SHOT - CONTROLLER HANDLE

as it is moved clockwise, through switching, into the series position.

INT. TUNNEL

The train starts to move. As it does, Green tugs sharply back on the pipe and the two longer sections, angled together, disengage and come loose in his hand. He starts to lose his balance but Brown grabs him and pulls him back to the tunnel wall. The train is picking up speed rapidly as it slides by them.

INT. FIRST CAR

as it accelerates. The Passengers continue looking around, not sure what's happening. Suddenly, without warning, the Hippie jumps to his feet and, running in a crouch toward the rear of the car, draws a revolver.

CONTINUED

MOTHER

They said to remain seated -- !

HIPPIE

I'm a police officer -- !

He slides open the rear door of the now-rapidly-moving car and dives out, leaving the Passengers even more confused.

INT. TUNNEL - HIPPIE

as the car rattles away and he lands hard, rolling over (perhaps hitting a pillar), dropping his gun and sustaining arm and head lacerations. He lies, face upwards, semi-conscious, fairly bloody.

MED. SHOT - BLUE, GREEN, BROWN & GREY

as they group.

BLUE

Let's move along, gentlemen -- there's no time to waste. You all remember the drill. What's wrong, Mr. Brown?

BROWN

(looking downtrack)

I thought I saw something fall out the back of the train.

BLUE

What did it look like?

BROWN

I don't know -- a shadow -- could've been a person -- I'm not a hundred percent sure I saw it.

GREY

(hefting his gun)

Want me to go check?

BLUE

(peering and thinking)

Forget it -- there's no time.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TOWER - MODEL BOARD

The red blips are moving.

CONTINUED

MRS. JENKINS' VOICE
Grand Central Tower to Command
Center -- Pelham One Two Three
in motion --

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Prescott still in the back seat, Daniels up front with the Driver.

RADIO (JENKINS)
-- passing 14th St. station and
running. Speed approaching 35
miles per hour.

DANIELS
We're right on top of her.

PRESCOTT
It doesn't make any sense -- they
know we're monitoring their position
-- that we've got to be following
them --

DANIELS
So?

PRESCOTT
So it's dumb.

DANIELS
Whoever said crooks were smart?

PRESCOTT
But these have been -- up to now,
that is. They haven't made a single
mistake. I tell you we're over-
looking something!

INT. TUNNEL - EMERGENCY EXIT

Blue, Green, Brown and Grey have moved to the door leading
to the exit chamber (under a grating in the street above),
beneath the bare white bulb.

BLUE
All right, we do it exactly as
we did in the drill -- by the
numbers.

CONTINUED

GREY

Drills, numbers -- it's all chicken-shit. Why don't we just do it?

BLUE

Shut up and do what you're told.
Submachine guns --

They set them down on the roadbed.

BLUE

Hats, glasses, wigs and mustaches --

They remove their disguises and we see their faces for the first time.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

as it bumps and rattles along. The Passengers have remained seated.

MOTHER

Can you imagine? That beatnik being a policeman?

OLD MAN

Hippie -- they don't call them beatniks any more.

CO-ED

They don't call them hippies any more, either.

MOTHER

How can they let policemen dress like that?

OLD MAN

That's his job -- he's in cognito.

W.A.S.P.

He's also dead, most likely. We were moving pretty fast by the time he jumped out.

SALESMAN

They're trained to do that.

PIMP

Jump headfirst off a subway? Shiiit.

CONTINUED

MOTHER

Where do you think they're taking
us now?

OLD MAN

Don't worry -- they'll let us go
pretty soon.

The Hooker has been looking around with growing anxiety
and now she stands up.

HOOKER

You dumb bastards -- can't anybody
count?! They all four got off --
there's nobody driving the fucking
train!

There's a moment's silence as everyone digests this news.
Then the Mother screams.

INT. ASTOR PLACE PLATFORM

as the lone car hurtles through the station.

INT. TUNNEL - HIPPIE

He raises himself on one elbow and shakes his head. He
wipes some blood off his face and looks at his fingers.

BLUE'S VOICE

Remove your coats -- turn inside-
out -- and put back on.

He looks off.

EMERGENCY EXIT - HIPPIE'S POV

as Blue, Green, Brown and Grey take off their coats and
begin turning them inside out -- illuminated by the over-
head bulb.

CLOSE SHOT - HIPPIE

He blinks, still in a fog. He looks at his empty hand for a
moment, trying to remember what should still be in it but
isn't. Then he begins groping around on the ground, and
whispering to himself, barely audibly.

HIPPIE

Gun -- gotta find my gun --

MED. SHOT - BLUE, GREEN, BROWN & GREY

as they are putting their coats on again. Grey's is now a light beige poplin; Brown's a medium grey with fur collar; Green's a tan herringbone tweed; Blue's a salt and pepper Donegal.

BLUE

Hats --

They remove new hats from their coat pockets -- Grey's a powder blue low-crowned golfing hat; Brown's a grey with short upturned brim; Green's a grey Russian astrakhan; Blue's a brown cap with short visor.

BLUE

Remove gloves --

EXT. ASTOR PLACE - DAY

as the squad car goes through, siren screaming.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

RADIO (JENKINS)

Pelham One Two Three reported
halfway between Astor Place and
Bleeker, speed increasing --

DANIELS

Christ, they're gaining on us!

PRESCOTT

It has something to do with that
short move they surprised us with
-- from 28th to 17th St. --

DANIELS

What does?

PRESCOTT

Their scheme -- it's tied up somehow with that move -- it has to be! But why'd they do it?

DANIELS

I give up.

PRESCOTT

To get away from the cops in the tunnel, that's what they said -- all right, why not? Suppose they were doing something they didn't want anybody to see?

CONTINUED

DANIELS

Like what?

CLOSE SHOT - PRESCOTT

PRESCOTT

(softly and evenly)

Like getting off the train.

Daniels -- turn around, we're going back.

WIDER ANGLE

Including Daniels.

DANIELS

Like hell we are.

PRESCOTT

They're not on the train -- I'm sure of it!

DANIELS

Look, Prescott -- I'm the one who suggested that in the first place -- but you shot me down -- something about a "dead man's feature" --

PRESCOTT

They figured out how to beat it -- that's their plan, -- that's what they started with!

Daniels considers for an instant, then turns to the Driver.

DANIELS

Turn it around -- and burn rubber!

EXT. SQUAD CAR

as it pulls a U-turn in the middle of the block (Broadway), tires squealing, barely avoiding a bus. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"3:48."

INT. TUNNEL

Blue, Green, Brown and Grey.

BLUE

Check handguns in coat pocket --

CONTINUED

They each remove a snub-nosed pistol, check it, then return it.

BLUE

Remove magazines from submachine guns.

All of them pick up their submachine guns but only three remove the magazines and then place the guns back down again. Grey merely watches the other three, continuing to hold his gun under his arm, a slight smile on his face.

BLUE

Did you hear me, Mr. Grey? Disarm your gun and put it down so we can get out of here.

GREY

I'm not leaving it -- it goes out with me.

BLUE

Put it down, Mr. Grey --

GREY

What if something's gone wrong? What if they're waiting for us up there? I want more'n just a dinky pea-shooter!

BLUE

Nothing's gone wrong. The plan depends on our walking away unnoticed. You can't do that carrying a submachine gun.

GREY

I won't just carry it -- I'll hold it under my coat --

GREEN

This is crazy! Do what he says so we can get going!

BLUE

You're leaving your gun here, Mr. Grey --

GREY

(smiles insolently)
In a pig's ass, Mr. Blue --

CONTINUED - 2

Without any warning, Blue, whose right hand has been in his pocket, fires his pistol through his coat, catching Grey full in the chest. He staggers back, bumps against the tunnel wall and collapses, landing on his side. Blue bends, pries the submachine gun loose from Grey's death grip, removes the magazine, pockets it, and tosses the gun away. Green has watched all this in near panic.

GREEN

Oh my God --

Brown watches with a detachment bordering on disinterest.

BROWN

What about his money vest?

BLUE

Mr. Green will put it on over his own.

GREEN

Me? Why me?

BLUE

You're the thinnest one -- it'll show less. Hurry up and undress. Mr. Brown -- help me with Mr. Grey.

They start to work on the dead body as Green starts undressing.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TOWER - MODEL BOARD

The red lights progressing. CAMERA PULLS BACK.

MRS. JENKINS

She's passing Canal St., doing around fifty miles per.

MARINO

That's a pretty good clip -- I hope they know what they're doing.

MRS. JENKINS

Only four more stations to South Ferry.

INT. CANAL ST. PLATFORM

as the single car roars through the station, the darkened front window divulges nothing.

INT. FIRST CAR

Some of the Passengers have gone to the front of the car. The W.A.S.P. is trying to open the door to the Motorman's cab, but there's no outside handle so all he can do is pound impotently against it. The Mother remains in her seat holding her two boys pressed against her. Now the Old Man starts pushing his way up front.

OLD MAN

My friends -- please -- the situation isn't as lousy as it looks --

FAG

Just a little lousy's good enough for me.

W.A.S.P.

I never knew these things went so fast.

MOTHER

We're going to be killed!

OLD MAN

No -- no we won't! I admit that right now we're on a run-away train, but it's only temporary --

The car careens into a curve and sways wildly as the metal wheels scrape and screech. There's a good deal of screaming and shouting from the Passengers as several fall down. The Old Man starts to topple but the Pimp steadies him.

OLD MAN

Thank you, brother.

W.A.S.P.

A helluva lot you know --

OLD MAN

But I do know -- I've been riding the subways for over sixty years -- I'm an expert!

HOOKER

Why don't we cut all this crap and beat down that goddam door, for Chrissake!

OLD MAN

It isn't necessary! They got something called stoppers or trippers or stickers or something
(MORE)

CONTINUED

OLD MAN (Contd)

like that -- so whenever a train
goes through a red light these
things automatically stop it.

PIMP

(looking out the
front window)

There's jest one thing, baby --

OLD MAN

(turning)

What's that?

PIMP

They all green.

THE TUNNEL (UNDERCRANKED)

SHOOTING straight ahead from the front of the train.
Nothing but green lights ahead as the train races along.

INT. TUNNEL - HIPPIE

Propped up now against a pillar, straining to look at
something, off.

HIJACKERS - HIPPIE'S POV

Blue and Brown are tying the second money vest on Green,
then help him on with his shirt and coat.

MED. SHOT - HIPPIE

He returns his attention to the business of locating his
gun. He scrapes the heel of an extended leg (to his extreme
discomfort) along the ground hoping to discover it -- and
does. Seeing it, he now goes through the painful exercise
of reaching for it -- finally managing this, too. Now,
lifting one knee as a gun mount, he holds the revolver in
both hands and starts to take aim.

HIJACKERS - HIPPIE'S POV

With the gun in the foreground, its sight being shifted as
the three men are preparing to leave through the emergency
exit. Now the Hippie's vision (FOCUS) blurs for a moment,
and when it clears, Green has already disappeared through
the door and Brown is right behind him. The gunsight centers
on Brown's broad back -- and the gun fires. Brown convulses
and topples backwards.

EXT. BROADWAY - DAY

The Squad Car, racing uptown now.

INT. SQUAD CAR

DANIELS

You'd better be right about this,
Prescott --

PRESCOTT

Even if I am, we're probably gonna
be too late.

INT. TUNNEL

Blue stands behind a pillar, his gun in hand, peering into the darkness, trying to locate the marksman. Green is in the well of the emergency exit, beside the metal ladder that leads up through a grate and out onto the street. Between them, before the open doorway to the well, Brown's body lies face up on the ground. Green now gestures for Blue to come across the open area separating them.

GREEN

Come on -- !

BLUE

I'd never make it -- !
(pointing downtrack)
It came from down there someplace
-- I've got to get him. Go on
up -- !

Green hesitates, looks up the ladder, looks back at Blue.

GREEN

I -- I'll wait for you -- !

Blue looks at him for a moment, then checks his pistol and, slowly, steps out from behind the pillar. A shot rings out immediately and the ricochet off the pillar zings loudly. Blue calmly fires twice at the muzzle flash.

MED. SHOT - HIPPIE

Both shots have connected, one hitting his arm and sending the pistol flying away, the other into his upper chest, below the right shoulder. He topples over, sprawling across one rail, onto the roadbed.

MED, SHOT - BLUE

He has stepped back behind his pillar again to listen.
Silence.

CONTINUED

GREEN

Did you hit him -- ?!

BLUE

Quiet!

He listens again, then leaves his pillar, and hurries downtrack to the next where he again waits and listens.

MED. SHOT - HIPPIE

Inadvertently, he groans.

MED. SHOT - BLUE

He has heard. Now he steps out from behind the pillar and starts forward to the next, a little more secure.

INT. WALL ST. PLATFORM

as the single car flashes through the station.

THE TUNNEL (UNDERCRANKED)

As before, SHOOTING straight ahead from the front of the train. Still nothing but green lights.

INT. FIRST CAR

Most of the passengers are now packed at the front of the car, staring out at the track ahead.

W.A.S.P.

Where are the goddam red lights?!

SALESMAN

There aren't any!

MOTHER

We're not stopping -- we're going to be killed!!

OLD MAN

There's gonna be a red light -- there has to be!

HOOKER

And what if there isn't -- ?!

OLD MAN

(less sure)
There has to be --

INT. TUNNEL - BLUE

Now he can see the Hippie lying across the track ahead.
He slowly starts toward him, calm, his pistol at his side.

BLUE

Mr. Green -- ! It's all right!
Go on up -- I'll be right with
you -- !

MED. SHOT - GREEN

as he climbs up the ladder and starts pushing up the
grating above his head.

MED. SHOT - HIPPIE

Barely conscious, unable to move, he watches Blue approach.

MED. SHOT - BLUE

as he continues walking, unhurried, toward the Hippie.
Finally he arrives, stops, looks down at the injured man.

BLUE

You were on the train. Are you
a cop?

Almost imperceptibly, the Hippie nods -- just once.

BLUE

Then the Mayor will come to your
funeral.

He lifts his gun to aim and fire and the Hippie manages to
turn his head away. Then there's a shot -- and Blue
crumples to the ground, dead.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Prescott comes up and stands looking down at Blue's body.
Then he turns his attention to the Hippie, bending beside
him. All he can see is the long blond hair.

PRESCOTT

I'll have an ambulance here in
no time at all, Miss -- every-
thing's going to be all right.

INT. SOUTH FERRY PLATFORM
CLOSE SHOT - SIGN

Identifying the stop -- "SOUTH FERRY". CAMERA WHIP PANS
to the track as the lone car of Pelham One Two Three roars
in and, speed undiminished, roars out.

INT. FIRST CAR

The old man is sitting now, his head in his hands. The W.A.S.P., the Hooker, the Pimp and one or two others, are still jammed up against the window.

HOOKEP

My God -- look -- !!

THE TUNNEL - HOOKER'S POV (UNDERCRANKED)

A sharp curve ahead.

W.A.S.P.'S VOICE

We're going too fast to make it -- !

The train rushes into the curve and then, as the wheels start to screech, a red signal comes into view -- and CAMERA ZOOMS IN on it.

HOOKEP'S VOICE

Look -- ! It's red!!

INSERT - SUBWAY CAR WHEELS

If possible, showing the trippers working on the car to stop it.

INT. FIRST CAR

With a hissing sound, and as everyone is thrown forward, the car decelerates quickly and finally stops -- and there is complete silence.

VARIOUS REACTION SHOTS -- PASSENGERS

- The Puerto Rican crossing himself.
- The Mother hugging her two sons to her, weeping.
- The Pimp, sitting, his head back, staring at the ceiling.
- The W.A.S.P. lighting a cigarette with trembling hand.
- Etc.

MED. SHOT - OLD MAN & HOOKER

He slowly looks up, then around, finally at the Hooker and he smiles.

OLD MAN

I told you it would stop, didn't I?

HOOKEP

You win, pop.

CLOSE SHOT - WINO LADY

She opens her rheumy eyes for the first time.

WINO LADY

Forty-secon' stree' aw'ready -- ?

EXT. PARK AVE. SO. & 16TH ST. - DUSK

TRAVELLING with Prescott as he walks and surveys the scene: Several squad cars standing at the curb, their red lights flashing and revolving; and now an ambulance, siren wailing, pulling up. A couple of COPS help the ATTENDANTS with their wheeled stretcher and hurry off with it. Prescott heads for one of the squad cars and the time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"4:06."

He arrives at the car and leans in to talk to Daniels.

PRESCOTT

What about the train?

DANIELS

Stopped itself just past South Ferry. Everybody's okay.

PRESCOTT

That's a break. So what's the score?

DANIELS

On our side -- two dead and a long-haired cop on the critical list. Their side?

PRESCOTT

Three dead.

DANIELS

And don't forget him --

He indicates the back seat with his thumb. CAMERA PANS to pick up Green, sitting sadly, staring at nothing in particular.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CORRELL - NIGHT

At his desk, operating furiously on the phone, the radio, with dispatches, his sweat-soaked shirt clinging to him.

CORRELL

-- Maintenance -- you got those trippers reset yet? -- well, it's
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CORRELL (Contd)

about fucking time! -- Nevins St. Tower -- the South Ferry loop's open again, repeat, South Ferry loop open -- Operations, this is my last warning -- if all your cops aren't out of the tunnel at 16th St. in thirty seconds I'm gonna run 'em down -- what? -- well, why the hell didn't you say so?! -- to all Motormen, to all Motormen -- resume normal routes and schedules, effective immediately!

He shuts off all his lines and sits back, looking around. His RELIEF MAN is standing by.

CORRELL

Okay, Augie -- I'm givin' you back your railroad -- full service restored -- try and keep it that way, will you?

He rises wearily, takes his coat off the back of his chair, and watches as the Relief Man slips into the seat.

RELIEF MAN

Great job, Frank -- great job.

Correll nods and starts out.

TRAINMASTER

It's gonna be pretty dull around here tomorrow, Frank -- what're you gonna do for an encore?

CORRELL

Bring charges against that nigger cop.

He waves and starts off, across the large room. The others watch him go.

TRAINMASTER

With that mouth he eats?

The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"8:21."

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT
HIPPIE'S POV - BLURRED

Then coming into FOCUS -- a group of men (the Mayor, the Commissioner, Warren LaSalle and a DOCTOR) are standing looking down at the Hippie (CAMERA) lying in bed.

DOCTOR
I believe he's awake now --

ANOTHER ANGLE

Including the Hippie in bed and a NEWS CAMERMAN standing by. The Mayor is wrapped in a heavy overcoat, a woolen muffler and a fur hat with ear-muffs.

MAYOR
Congratulations, Patrolman --
uh --

COMMISSIONER
Berry -- Robert G.

MAYOR
-- Patrolman Berry -- all right if
I call you Bob? You performed an
act of extraordinary valor, Bob --
the people of the city of New York
are in your debt.
(he sneezes)

WARREN
Shake his hand, Nate --

The Mayor reaches out to shake hands, but the Hippie is too weak to lift his -- so the Mayor picks it up from atop the covers and pumps it. A flashbulb pops from the Photographer's camera. Then the Mayor sneezes again.

COMMISSIONER
Splendid work, Berry -- the Department's very proud of you.
I've already put you in for promotion.

HIPPIE
(weakly)
Thank you, sir -- I only did what
any other man on the force would've --

MAYOR
So long now, Bob -- hurry up and
get well, will you, fella? And
congratulations again.

CONTINUED

HIPPIE

Thank you, sir -- I only did what
any other man on the force --

But they're already moving toward the door.

MAYOR

He looks better than I do --
probably feels better, too.

The Hippie's eyes slowly close as he goes back to sleep.
The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"9:03."

EXT. TRANSIT AUTHORITY BLDG. - JAY ST. - NIGHT

as Prescott comes down the front steps, alone, wearing a
raincoat against the night's chill. He starts off down the
street.

EXT. FULTON ST. - NIGHT

Most of the stores closed, their iron grills drawn, as Pres-
cott walks along. He stops at a corner newsstand that's just
being boarded up by an OLD WOMAN. He spots the Daily News
headline -- "I.R.T. TRAIN HIJACKED!" -- and buys one.

OLD WOMAN

Know what's gonna go next? The
Empire State Building.

PRESCOTT

(smiling)

I wouldn't be surprised.

He starts off down the street again, having folded back the
front page and now reading the third page. Suddenly he
crumples the paper into a ball between his two hands, fakes
dribbling it along the sidewalk, makes a good move, fakes
one man, spins away from another and, hooking a high arching
shot at a wire mesh trash basket, watches it hit the rim and
bounce away, onto the pavement.

PRESCOTT

(softly)

Shit.

He keeps on walking as the time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"10:14."

FADE OUT.

THE END