THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE

screenplay by
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based on the novel by
John Godey

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A word about how people talk in this movie -

Realfuckinfast.

INT 81ST STREET SUBWAY STATION DAY *

A man stares at us. He's olive-skinned, with a ragged beard and dead angry brown eyes. We'll call him MR. BLUE.

Those eyes look back and forth, and pulling back we see PEOPLE are crossing in front of him and there's white subway tiles behind him. He's sitting on a bench, the tile mosaic of a panda bear behind him.

A title:

81st Street Station, C line
1:56 p.m.

SUBWAY RIDERS continue to cross in front of Mr. Blue, mid-day crowd, not too heavy.

In the distance, we hear the train coming. Riders start to push forward.

Mr. Blue's eyes sort through them, picking out individuals and studying them. Here's a PUFFY VEST GUY clutching a deli coffee.

Mr. Blue looks away. Here's a PRETTY WOMAN PLAYING SUDOKU.

Mr. Blue looks away, landing his eyes on a SLEEPY DOMINICAN DOORMAN on his way home from working the early shift.

The ROAR of the train gets louder, the WHOOSH of air that precedes it starts to gust through the tunnel.

Mr. Blue makes some kind of choice and looks up, determination in his eyes. He flicks his head from side to side, picking people at random.

TOURIST WITH A GUIDE BOOK. The train ROAR is growing.

MR. BLUE
(softly, to himself)
One --

He turns. CRAZY GRAY HAIR LADY.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
-- two --

He turns. YOUNG DOCTORAL STUDENT WITH HIGHLIGHTER. The train ROAR is deafening.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
-- three.

He walks forward --

-- the train enters the station --

-- *and he shoves the Student in front of the train.*

There is a wet THUD and then all hell breaks loose.

Commuters SCREAM, the train's brakes SHRIEK, and Mr. Blue whirls around, parting the front of the khaki overcoat he's wearing, revealing an AK-47 that was strapped to his leg. He whips it out, over his head, and now *he* SCREAMS, in an accented voice, the last words anybody on that platform wants to hear:

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
ALLAHU AKHBAR!

He FIRES a burst of rifle fire into the air, a dozen shots, echoing like thundercracks in the underground space. Half the crowd hits the deck, the other half splits in all directions, and nobody, but *nobody* makes eye contact with Mr. Blue.

In the pandemonium, he strides quickly for the subway exit, gun still aloft, the crowd scattering from him like soap flakes to the edge of a water glass.

He shoves through the turnstile, moving quickly toward the stairs behind FLEEING PASSENGERS.

As he calmly climbs the stairs, he flips his gun over, SNAPS off the trigger housing, shoves it in his pocket, and at the top of the stairs he turns and pitches the gun down.

He steps quickly up to the top step as, with no trigger housing, the thing FIRES randomly, all the way down, a deafening hail of automatic weapons fire aimed at nobody in particular.

More SCREAMS from below, and nobody's coming this way.

Now, quickly, Mr. Blue reaches up to his face and, with a painful TEARING sound, he RIPS his beard off. He steps out of the subway --

EXT 81ST & CENTRAL PARK WEST DAY

-- and out on the sidewalk, his hand's coming up out of his pocket, holding a damp rag. He wipes his face quickly, he's not olive-skinned at all; Mr. Blue is pale as an Irishman under the makeup.

He drops the beard and rag in the trashcan and strides quickly south, crossing 81st Street, where a crosstown M79 bus is stopped at the corner.

It's a crisp fall day, the change of seasons. On the far corner, Mr. Blue pulls off his overcoat, pulls the sleeves inside out, and puts it back on (reversible, different color) as he hops on the bus.

ON BOARD THE BUS,

Mr. Blue settles into a seat as, behind him, we see people running both toward and away from the subway entrance as news of what just happened begins to spread.

But the bus is already moving, headed across the park to the east side. Mr. Blue checks his watch.

Two p.m. on the dot. Cut from Mr. Blue's watch to --

CUT TO:

INT MTA HEADQUARTERS DAY

-- a big clock on a brick wall. Same time, 2:00 p.m.

Pulling back from the clock, we see there's a mural on the wall:

IF YOU SEE SOMETHING, SAY SOMETHING!

We're inside MTA headquarters, a bland government building in Brooklyn. MTA EMPLOYEES move routinely about their business, unaware of what just happened.

ZACH GARBER, fortyish, plainclothes NYPD Transit Bureau, is slouched in a plastic chair at the base of the stairs. Half of Garber's brain is asleep, the other half is reading the *Post*, but he'd be hard-pressed to tell you which is which.

An OFFICE WORKER comes down the staircase, followed by FOUR CHINESE MEN in business suits.

OFFICE WORKER
Ah, Lieutenant Garber, it was nice of you to leave your duties long enough to show our distinguished guests around the facilities. May I present --

She checks the clipboard for the names, and with her thick Long Island accent, she clearly isn't happy about this.

OFFICE WORKER (cont'd)
Uh, Mr. Chen Shui-bian, Mr. Tan Keng Yam, Mr. Chih-Hao Tsai, and Mr. Li-Liu Zhang --

It is nothing short of a miracle that she got through all those names in one piece.

OFFICE WORKER (cont'd)
-- who are all directors of the Beijing Metropolitan Subway System.

GARBER
Could you repeat those names, please?

OFFICE WORKER
Screw you, Garber.

GARBER
(gesturing to the Chinese Men)
Very nice language.

OFFICE WORKER
I don't think they speak English.
(loudly, to the Chinese Men)
Gentlemen, this is Zachary Garber of the NYPD Transit Bureau, our Operations Lieutenant. He will be happy to show you around and answer any questions you may have.
(to Garber)
When you're through, the Chairman wants to say goodbye to them personally, so show them up to thirteen, will you?

GARBER
I sure will.

She smiles and heads back up the stairs. Garber looks at the four men and sighs.

GARBER (cont'd)
Well. If you'll follow me, gentlemen?

He turns and starts down the corridor.

GARBER (cont'd)
(he's said this a hundred times)
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 half passengers every year, making it also the busiest railroad in the-

He stops, halfway down the hall, noticing the Chinese Men have not budged, but are just staring at them.

GARBER (cont'd)
(gesturing)
Gentlemen, if you'll --
(they start to move)
-- yeah, good.
(starting over)
The New York City Subway system is the largest in the word, with --

THREE UNIFORMED TRANSIT COPS barrel around a corner up ahead and fly past him at top speed. Garber watches them go, wonders what's up.

GARBER (cont'd)
-- with over a billion and a half passengers every year, making it also the busiest --

CUT TO:

EXT PRECINCT HOUSE DAY

Garage doors open on a precinct house on the Upper West Side and police cars begin to pour out.

2:02 p.m.

EXT 8TH AVENUE DAY

In midtown, same deal, doors go up, cars race out.

EXT ONE POLICE PLAZA DAY

Downtown, One Police Plaza, and the big guns are coming out -- two NYPD TARU trucks (Technical Assistance Response Unit) RUMBLE to life like the big scary monsters they are.

INT TARU HEADQUARTERS DAY

A SWAT TEAM leaps into its gear, moving out, now, now, now.

EXT CENTRAL PARK WEST DAY

FOURTEEN PATROL CARS race up Central Park West, all with sirens blaring, approaching the 81st Street Station. As they get close they suddenly, magically, like a flock of birds, all swing hard left on a silent command and SQUEAL into a perfect blockade angle-park in front of the subway station entrance.

It's called a Hercules Drill, and they're *good* at it, this is exactly the situation they've been training for.

COPS pour out, take up positions.

EXT 34TH STREET HELIPORT DAY

A NEWS HELICOPTER lifts off, Channel 7 is on the job.

EXT ANOTHER HELIPORT DAY

Another helicopter, CNN's not far behind, and as it rises into the air, New York One's helicopter powers past it, not to be beat on their own beat.

EXT AERIAL DAY

We're up in the air over the corner of 81st and Central Park West, watching the truly massive response.

Another Hercules Squad tears ass across 81st Street, SQUEALING to another picture-perfect stop on the southwest corner, sealing it off.

Police and news helicopters swarm overhead, TARU trucks are strategically positioned in three nearby locations, and the higher we rise the more we see.

There is a coordinated and *massive* movement of men, women, vehicles, and weaponry, all headed to the Upper West Side of Manhattan.

As they move beneath us, we turn, looking east, across Central Park, in the exact direction nobody is going.

CUT TO:

EXT 77TH & LEXINGTON DAY

Big white doors WHOOSH open and Mr. Blue steps off the crosstown bus. He's moustached now, and wearing a pair of black horn-rimmed glasses.

77th & Lexington, 6 line
2:04 p.m.

Mr. Blue walks straight to the corner and walks quickly down the steps into the subway station there.

EXT 103RD & LEXINGTON DAY

CLOSE ON the sign for the 6 stop at 103rd & Lexington.

TWO COPS hurry up the stairs from down below and move down the sidewalk, replying to a call on their radios. Immediately, a guy on the corner starts to move; he was waiting for them to leave.

Little of MR. GREEN's face is visible because of his thick white hair, bushy white moustache, wire-rimmed glasses and slouch hat. He too wears 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 package has been addressed in black felt marker -- "Everest Printing Corp., 826 Lafayette St."

He hurries down the stairs and into the station.

INT SUBWAY STATION DAY

Mr. Green walks carefully along the edge of the platform and stops at a line. He looks up, at a placard hanging above the line bearing the number "10."

He stands on the line. That's his spot. He turns, leans forward, and looks uptown, into the tunnel. He SNEEZES, wipes his nose with a handkerchief, and touches his moustache self-consciously.

In the distance, we see the flickering white headlight of a subway train as it approaches.

Mr. Green takes a deep breath. We move down, to his foot.

It's tapping nervously.

The light gets closer, closer, louder, louder, and the sign on the front of the train gets bigger and bigger, the number 6 along with the train's beginning and end points.

Pelham Bay Park
Brooklyn Bridge - City Hall

The sign eventually fills the frame, keeps going until only one word is visible --

Pelham

DOWN AT MR. GREEN'S FEET,

the front car of the train has stopped exactly at the line with the number 10 over it.

Mr. Green looks up. He's almost face to face with the MOTORMAN.

He looks away quickly and climbs on board.

INT FRONT SUBWAY CAR DAY

Mr. Green gets on board and sits down, laying the package across his lap.

He SNEEZES again. He pulls out a mentholyptus stick, shoves it in his nose, and inhales deeply.

EXT PLATFORM DAY

From the platform, we look back, to the middle car in the ten-car train. We see the Conductor (BUD CARMODY) as he leans out of his window in the number five car, surveying the situation. He's young, boyish.

INT CONDUCTOR'S CAB DAY

The door to the cab is open as Bud continues to lean out the window. Directly behind him is MATSON, around retirement age.

MATSON
C'mon, kid, out loud so 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 --
(pushes another)
-- and the doors are closed.

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

BUD (cont'd)
Now I'm checking the indicator box to make sure that the doors are all locked. Okay.

The train starts with a jerk.

BUD (cont'd)
I remove my switch key, go back out the window --
(he does)
-- for a distance of three car lengths to make sure no one's gettin' dragged --
(returning)
-- I remove my door key -- and then the skate key -- and then I hit the transmitter button.
(MORE)

BUD (cont'd)
(into a mike)
96th Street next stop, next stop is 96th Street.
(turning to Matson)
How'd I do?

MATSON
A born conductor.

BUD
Nah, not me, I'm puttin' in for motorman after I do my six months.

MATSON
Motorman, you nuts? You don't wanna be up front. You hear they just had a 12-9 over on the C line? Came over the six wire.

BUD
A jumper? Really?

MATSON
I heard it was a push, but it don't make no difference to the motorman. How'd you like to see *that* in your dreams for the rest of your life?

BUD
Jesus.

MATSON
You take my advice, stay back here in the five car, worst thing happens is you stick your neck out some night and a drunk throws up on you. Watch it, we're comin' in.

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

BUD
(announcing)
86th Street --

MATSON
No it ain't.

BUD
96th Street, sorry, the station is 96th Street. 86th is next.

MATSON
Never say you're sorry. Somebody'll come back here and bust your goddam nose.

The train slows as it comes into the station. Bud leans out the window, remembers what Matson said, and leans back a bit.

THROUGH THE CONDUCTOR'S WINDOW,

we see Bud's POV as the train pulls into the station. We flash by faces and gradually slow until we stop, and we're looking right into the face of a man wearing, guess what, glasses, a moustache, and a long raincoat.

MR. GREY looks at the Conductor for an instant, then darts away.

ON THE PLATFORM,

we go with Mr. Grey as he walks down the platform and enters the car just behind the Conductor's cab.

ON THE TRAIN CAR,

Mr. Grey walks to the back door of the car and takes up a position, setting a large tan valise at his feet.

He surveys the car with heavy-lidded eyes.

The train pulls out.

INT FIRST CAR DAY

In the front car, Mr. Green is sitting opposite the closed steel door of the Motorman's cab. TWO BOYS, ten and twelve, are at the window of the front storm door, their eyes glued to the track and tunnel before them.

Mr. Green looks at them, anxious. His right leg's jumping like crazy again.

The train barrels down the track.

CUT TO:

INT CONDUCTOR'S CAB DAY

In the Conductor's cab, Bud is leaning into the microphone.

BUD
86th Street station, 86th Street. 77th is next.

The train slows as it pulls into 86th Street.

MATSON
Here's where I'm gettin' off. Think you can get to City Hall by yourself?

BUD
Long as I don't have to drive.

MATSON
Stick with it, kid, you're doin' great. See you tomorrow.

He leaves the cab (Bud closes and locks the door behind him) and crosses to the nearest door as the train pulls to a stop.

The doors open and Matson steps out, colliding with MR. BROWN, a very large man dressed in the now-familiar hat, moustache, and long raincoat. He carries an oversized florist's box, big enough for several dozen long-stemmed roses.

He barrels past Matson.

MATSON (cont'd)
Relax, Chief, we won't leave without you.

Brown doesn't reply, just heads for the front of the car, where the Conductor's cab is, to take a position outside it.

But there's a YOUNG GUY standing right in front of the door now, leaning down, talking to a YOUNG WOMAN.

MR. BROWN
(to the Guy)
Your ass.

YOUNG GUY
What about it?

MR. BROWN
Move it.

The Young Guy looks Mr. Brown in the eye, doesn't like what he sees there --

-- and moves it. The Young Woman goes with him.

Mr. Brown stations himself at the front of the car, just outside the Conductor's cab. He sets his "flowers" between his feet and looks to the back of the car, where Mr. Grey has taken up a similar position.

They make brief eye contact, the tiniest of nods.

The train pulls out.

BUD'S VOICE (O.S.)
77th Street is next, 77th is next.

CUT TO:

INT 77TH STREET PLATFORM DAY

Mr. Blue stands at the very front of the platform at the 77th Street Station.

Waiting. Calm. In the distance, the soft ROAR of the train coming.

A YOUNG RAPPER, nineteen or so, strides past Mr. Blue and takes up a position at the very front of the platform, looking back for the train.

Mr. Blue looks at him. The Rapper catches his eye. They stare for a moment.

RAPPER
Nice hat.

They are wearing the exact same porkpie hat. Mr. Blue smiles softly as the train ROARS into the station; he finds this amusing.

The train stops at the front of the platform and the Rapper gets on the front car, with a couple others.

Mr. Blue hangs back until everyone has gotten on or off, then, in no particular hurry, he approaches the front of the first car.

The Motorman (DENNY DOYLE), a middle-aged man in pin-striped coveralls, is leaning far out the window, looking back at the platform. Blue puts his right hand in his jacket pocket and leans against the train with his left shoulder, blocking Doyle's line of sight.

DOYLE
Hey, how am I supposed to see with-

He stops, as in one swift motion Blue has placed a very large army automatic against the side of his head.

Doyle's eyes go wide.

DOYLE (cont'd)
Holy shit, what do you want?!

MR. BLUE
(softly)
I'm taking your train.

INT SUBWAY CAR - CONDUCTOR'S CAB DAY

Bud Carmody, the young Conductor, stares down in horror and slowly raises his hands.

Mr. Brown stands in front of him, pointing a handgun at him.

MR. BROWN
(quietly)
Put your f-fuckin hands down.

Mr. Brown has a stutter. Bud lowers his hands.

MR. BROWN (cont'd)
Look out the w-window, to the front.

Bud does.

FROM BUD'S P.O.V.,

we see Mr. Blue, still at the front of the train, with his back to us, leaning against the subway car.

INT PLATFORM - FRONT CAR DAY

Mr. Blue still has his .45 against the Motorman's cheek.

MR. BLUE
Unlock your cab door.

Doyle seems dazed, in a trance. Blue presses the gun into Doyle's flesh.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Open the cab door or I'll blow your head off.

Doyle reaches behind him slowly with his left hand, without turning to look, and turns the door's lock with an audible CLICK.

INT FRONT SUBWAY CAR DAY

Mr. Green, seated outside the Motorman's cab, hears the CLICK from the door.

He turns, looks at the two kids who were playing at the front of the train a moment ago. He stands up, heading for the door to the Motorman's cab, but he can't take his eyes off the kids.

He reaches for the door handle, then, possessed by a thought, he turns back to the kids, looks around to make sure no one's watching --

-- *and SLAPS the ten year old across the face.*

MR. GREEN
Get the fuck away from me.

The kid YOWLS in surprise and pain, and he and his brother turn and bolt off the train.

Mr. Green opens the door to the Motorman's cab.

INT CONDUCTOR'S CAB DAY

Mr. Brown is now jammed into the small conductor's cab. When Bud pulls his head in from outside, they are very close.

BUD
(terrified)
What's going on?

MR. BROWN
Go back out the window and t-tell me what you see.

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

FROM BUD'S P.O.V.,

we see Mr. Blue, still leaning against the cab door.

BUD
There's someone leaning against the head car.

MR. BROWN (O.S.)
The second he comes aboard shut the doors.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Green has shoved his way into the motorman's cab, bringing his wrapped package.

MR. GREEN
(to the Motorman)
Get rid of your seat.

Doyle swats the folding seat up with a clatter.

Mr. Blue is still pointing his gun at Doyle through the window, but now Mr. Green pulls a handgun from his pocket and points it at Doyle.

Mr. Blue turns away from the window --

INT CONDUCTOR'S CAB DAY

-- and, back in the Conductor's cab, Bud sees Mr. Blue as he turns and steps onto the train.

He reaches down and turns the door key.

INT SUBWAY PLATFORM DAY

Seen from the platform, the subway doors close. Ominously.

INT SECOND CAR DAY

Mr. Grey, moving forward, takes a position at the storm door of the second car. A YOUNG EXECUTIVE who just made it on board spots an empty seat next to him and heads for it.

MR. GREY
You don't wanna sit here.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE
What if I do?

MR. GREY
I'll shoot your dick off.

The Executive looks down. Mr. Grey's right hand, in his raincoat pocket, has pushed forward against the Executive's crotch.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Green still has the gun on Doyle.

MR. GREEN
Just take it easy. Move over to the window. And if you try to touch the mike pedal with your foot I'll shoot it off.

There's a sharp RAPPING on the door and Mr. Green opens it. Mr. Blue squeezes in.

MR. BLUE
All right, Mr. Green?

MR. GREEN
Hundred percent, Mr. Blue.

MR. BLUE
Then get it started.

Green pockets his gun and moves over to face the controls. He reaches his left hand to the controller, his right to the brake handle.

Pressing down firmly on the controller, he nudges it to the left.

INT 77TH STREET PLATFORM DAY

The train starts to move forward.

2:07 p.m.

CUT TO:

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

AT MTA headquarters, Garber's got his hand on a doorknob and is turned back, speaking to the Chinese Men.

GARBER
We're entering the headquarters of the NYPD Transit Bureau, occupying the entire second floor of this building. We call it the Nerve Center. Things are usually jumping pretty good in here.

Garber pushes the door open --

-- and holy *shit,* he wasn't kidding. It's a large room, sectioned off with clear dividers, desks with two-way radio/telephone setups, and there are TRANSIT COPS all over the place, SHOUTING into radios, racing all over the place.

The Chinese Men AAAH in appreciation of the activity. Even Garber seems surprised.

GARBER (cont'd)
But not like *this.*

He grabs a passing transit cop, RICO PETRONE, mid-thirties, built like a bull.

GARBER (cont'd)
Rico, what the fuck?

PETRONE
Terrorist shitbag pushed a woman in front of a C train and shot up the Natural History Museum station.

GARBER
No shit?

PETRONE
Shit you not. Whole west side's shut down, every line. We got TARU, FBI, Homeland's flyin' in, it's a cluster fuck up there. Not a good day to see the dinosaurs.

GARBER
Transit's got the ball?

PETRONE
For about thirty seconds, but we gotta hand off to One Police Plaza, the room with the big video screens? Cuz if there's one thing terrorists hate, it's those big video screens.

GARBER
(remembering what he's doing)
Oh, uh -- Officer Rico Petrone, this is, uh -- Mr, uh, Mr. -- a bunch of Chinese guys. From the Beijing subway system.

PETRONE
(lowers his voice)
Who'd you piss off to pull this duty?

GARBER
Usual suspects.
(to the Chinese Men)
You see, this is what we call a "shit detail." I usually get them around here. Truth is, I don't like my job very much. But, you know how it is, you reach a certain age, you've trained for it, it's all you know how to do --

Petrone is staring at him, aghast. He turns away from the Chinese Men and lowers his voice again.

PETRONE
Garber, what are you doing?

GARBER
You can talk normal, Rico, the dummies don't speak English. Right, dummies?

The Chinese Men smile opaquely.

GARBER (cont'd)
Okay, c'mon, dummies. Let's go upstairs and see the MTA control center, if anything's still running.
(to Petrone)
East side lines still moving?

PETRONE
Yeah, everything's fine over there.

CUT TO:

INT CONDUCTOR'S CAB DAY

In the moving train, Mr. Brown still has his gun on Bud, the conductor.

MR. BROWN
Announce the n-next station.

Bud presses the transmitter button.

BUD
68th Street, next stop is --

His voice croaks, he can't do it, but Mr. Brown jabs him with the gun.

BUD (cont'd)
Next stop is 68th Street.

MR. BROWN
Come on. We're taking a walk up front.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

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

MR. BLUE
You say when, Mr. Green.

MR. GREEN
Little further.

DOYLE
You guys don't *look* like terrorists.

MR. BLUE
Shut up.

There's a sudden POPPING sound and the power fails for a second.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
(angering, to Mr. Green)
You said you could drive this thing.

MR. GREEN
It wasn't me!

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

Mr. Green glances quickly at Doyle.

MR. GREEN
What's your name, motorman?

DOYLE
Denny Doyle.

MR. GREEN
You ever been written up?

DOYLE
Yes, sir -- once.

MR. GREEN
What for?

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

GREEN
Twice. One on the Canarsie-

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

MR. GREEN
(looking up ahead)
There's the power box.

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

INT TUNNEL DAY

The train slows and SCREECHES to a stop.

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY

The PASSENGERS look up, annoyed.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue turns to Doyle.

MR. BLUE
Make the announcement.

MR. GREEN
Fast and bored, you know what I mean.

Doyle leans over to the microphone, presses the mike key with his foot.

DOYLE
(as instructed, fast and flat)
Ladies and gentleman we're being held temporarily in the tunnel we should be on our way momentarily thank you very much.

INT FIRST CAR DAY

The Passengers go back to their newspapers, reassured.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue smiles. Very good.

MR. GREEN
(to Doyle)
I'm taking your brake handle and the reverse key. I want your cutting key, too.

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

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

INT FIRST CAR DAY

Green comes out of the cab and closes the door behind him. As he makes his way through the first car, a COUPLE OF PASSENGERS glance up at him with minimal interest.

As he reaches the back door of the car, Mr. Grey, who stands guard in front of it, glides to one side and opens it for him.

MR. GREEN
Thank you, Mr. Grey.

MR. GREY
(exaggerated)
Don't mention it, Mr. Green.

Mr. Green gives him a glance. Mr. Grey is not our favorite.

EXT PLATFORM BETWEEN CARS DAY

Mr. Brown has moved forward to the platform between the first and second cars and is standing there with Bud, the conductor. Mr. Green comes out the door.

MR. GREEN
(to Bud)
Give me your panel key.

Bud hesitates.

MR. BROWN
You got three seconds to live, conductor. One. Two.

Bud whips the key from his pocket and hands it to Mr. Green, who bends down and uses the key to open a metal platform in the front wall of the second car.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue still holds the gun on Doyle.

MR. 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. They can call all they want to, I'm deaf. I want to stay alive.

MR. BLUE
Good.

DOYLE
It's just nice that you're not terrorists, you know? Refreshing. I mean, I would never coop-

MR. BLUE
Shut up.

DOYLE
You got it.

EXT PLATFORM BETWEEN CARS DAY

The control panel now open, Mr. Green fits the brake handle into place there, then fishes the reverse key out of his pocket. It's five inches long, with a shiny surface and a wrench-type handle that fits into a receptacle on the flat portion of the controller.

Finally he inserts the cutting key -- similar to the reverse key but with a slightly smaller head, and turns it.

DOWN ON THE TRACKS,

the train couplings disengage.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Suddenly, in the motorman's cab, the radio CRACKLES to life.

RADIO (CORRELL)
Command Center calling Pelham One Two Three, come in, Pelham.

Doyle stands there, frozen, staring at the radio. Mr. Blue is staring at Doyle, gun in his ribs.

Doyle doesn't move.

RADIO (CORRELL) (cont'd)
Pelham One Two Three, do you read me? Come in, Pelham, where are you?

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

FRANK CORRELL, an unpleasant dude on the best of days, is bent over the microphone at a console in the MTA Command Center. Correll's in a wheelchair.

The room is a sophisticated set of control screens and radio consoles, with its most prominent feature being a large status board, stretched all the way across the front wall, showing the entire New York City subway system. Flashing lights denote the exact movement and location of every train on every line.

Correll is staring at one portion of the map, between the 77th and 68th Street stations on the Lexington line, where a red series of dashes is flashing.

CORRELL
(into microphone)
Pelham, if you can receive and not transmit, please use the tunnel phone, over.

Garber approaches, followed by the Chinese Men.

GARBER
This is Frank Correll, the desk Trainmaster for the MTA.

CORRELL
(into microphone)
Pelham One Two Three, what is your general problem?

GARBER
Don't be fooled by the fact that Frank is a hopeless cripple -- notice how fire and smoke come from his mouth when he speaks.

CORRELL
(into microphone)
Pelham One Two Three, will you pick up the motherfucking radio!

GARBER
It's, uh, hard to run a railroad without swearing. I assume there's a lot of swearing in Beijing?

They smile.

CORRELL
COME IN, PELHAM ONE TWO THREE, YOU GOD DAMN PIECE OF SHIT!

GARBER
(to the Chinese)
You're, uh, probably wondering how we designate our trains.
(MORE)

GARBER (cont'd)
Each train is identified by the name of its terminus and the time of its departure. So an express leaving Woodlawn at 6:30 would be Woodlawn Six Three Oh, or for example --

CORRELL
I SWEAR TO CHRIST I'M GONNA COME DOWN THERE AND CUT YOUR FUCKING BALLS OFF, PELHAM ONE TWO THREE!

GARBER
Thanks Frank, good example, Pelham One Two Three clearly would be a train that left Pelham Bay Park at one twenty-three.

Correll turns around, annoyed.

CORRELL
Garber, will you please fuck off?
(throws a switch on the mike)
Grand Central Tower, this is Desk Trainmaster, you got a southbound local laying down between 77th and 68th, who the fuck's in charge down there?

CUT TO:

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

The "tower" is actually underground, alongside the subway tracks; a long, unadorned room with a row of desks with phones and a door marked TOILET.

Several TOWERMEN (two men, one woman) sit at the desks before the flashing phone consoles, talking to dispatchers, trainmasters, and other towers. Like in the command center, the predominant feature of the room is a large status board, but this one's more detailed and confined in scope.

JOE WUKOVITS, a crabby little tugboat in his fifties, sits at the main desk, speaking into a microphone.

WUKOVITS
It's me, Frank, Joe Wukovits. I know all about it, I'm watching it on the board.

CORRELL (O.S.)
Why the hell doesn't he answer his radio?

WUKOVITS
Take it easy, there's lots of 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.

He notices movement on the board.

WUKOVITS (cont'd)
Aw, for Christ's sake, the dumb bastard is moving *backwards!*

A TOWERMAN joins him, watching as the colored dashes separate on the board.

TOWERMAN
Look at that! He left the front car behind.

WUKOVITS
Then the God damn cord must be busted.

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY TUNNEL DAY

Slowly, the second to 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.

EXT SECOND CAR DAY

Mr. Green, leaning off the front platform of the second car and looking behind him, now applies the brake handle and the train grinds to a halt.

CUT TO:

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

Wukovits and the Towerman are staring up at the status board.

TOWERMAN
He stopped again.

WUKOVITS
Well, stopped is better than backwards.

CUT TO:

EXT SECOND CAR DAY

Green removes the brake handle and the two keys, SLAMS the panel door, and hops off the platform of the now-stranded nine car segment.

He trots down the track, joining Mr. Brown and the Conductor, and they move back to the first car, which is now by itself.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

In the motorman's cab of the first car, Mr. Blue removes the cord from Mr. Green's package, RIPS the paper off, and tears open the box.

Doyle, the Motorman, watches wide-eyed as Blue removes a submachine gun from the box. There is also a set of four interlocking pipe segments wedged into the box; he leaves those where they are.

The door CLICKS open and Mr. Green squeezes back into the crowded cab of the first car.

MR. BLUE
Any trouble?

MR. GREEN
Smooth as silk.

He SNEEZES, SNIFFLES.

MR. BLUE
You're sick?

MR. GREEN
Woke up in the middle of the night with it, I couldn't breathe.

MR. BLUE
Get this thing moving -- we're almost two minutes behind.

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

RADIO (CORRELL)
(weary)
Pelham One Two Three, c'mon, give me a break, here.

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

INT TUNNEL DAY

The single subway car starts to move slowly forward.

CUT TO:

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

On the status board in the Grand Central Tower room, one of the red slashes start to flicker.

TOWERMAN
Front car's moving again. Forward this time.

WUKOVITS
Yeah, I got eyes.
(into radio)
Desk Trainmaster, this is Grand Central Tower, Pelham's moving again, but he dumped his load.

Wukovits looks up at the board. The flashes are separating, one red slash moving ahead, the other nine staying where they are.

CUT TO:

INT FIRST CAR DAY

The car is moving slowly. Mr. Blue stands up front by the Motorman's cab, his gun still held hidden behind his leg. He looks down the length of the car.

At the back, Mr. Brown undoes his flower box and removes another submachine gun.

Mr. Grey has opened his valise and takes out still another submachine gun which he grins at, happily.

As one, the three of them take a step forward, raising their guns for the first time.

Mr. Blue CLEARS HIS THROAT.

Over the next ten seconds, the Passengers in the car are distracted from their reading or talking, or come out of their subway dead-head as they notice the guns. They GASP, they turn pale, they go wide-eyed --

-- *but nobody says a word.*

It is almost eerily silent in the cab. Mr. Blue lets the silence hang. Finally:

MR. BLUE
(softly)
Are there any questions?

He looks around the car. There are sixteen passengers in all, seven men and nine women. Among them are:

-- the YOUNG RAPPER that Mr. Blue saw earlier on the platform.

-- a beer-loving BUSINESSMAN in his late forties with a too-tight collar on his white shirt.

-- an OLD MAN IN BLACK, and that's *all* black, hat, gloves, shoes, jacket, everything.

-- a KRUGMAN FAN, a lady in her fifties with the *Times* op-ed page folded back; nice handbag, votes Democrat, lives Republican.

-- a TIRED JAMAICAN NANNY with a sleeping six week old BABY.

-- TWO YOUNG COLLEGE STUDENTS, girls, oddly the least scared of the group, mostly seeming just put out.

-- a DOMINICAN DELIVERY BOY carrying a brown-paper bag with grease soaking through. (One stop, he got on for ONE STOP.)

-- a BLACK TEENAGE GIRL with a hoochiemama hairdo, shouldn't you be in school?

-- a GORGEOUS WOMAN in her mid-twenties, *gotta* be a model on her way back to her swell loft in SoHo after a meeting uptown.

-- of course a CRAZY MOTHERFUCKER, a man in his late forties, passed out where he sits, his chin in his chest, and plenty of space around him on both sides, must not smell great.

-- a young AMBITIOUS WHITEY in a not-quite-fitting suitcoat he got at the Barney's sample sale for his shitty post-college job.

-- a SNAPPISH QUEEN in his forties with a giant bag of fabric samples from the Design Center; is he wearing eyeliner?

-- a FRAZZLED UPPER EAST SIDE MOM with, is that baby peuk?, on her sweater and a sheaf of papers for the fund-raiser she's coordinating at Dalton.

-- and a YOUNG POETESS wearing an iPod and with a Moleskin notebook open on the lap of her Seven jeans, Emily Dickinson with money, which I guess would be Fiona Apple.

Sixteen in all -- seven men, eight women, and a baby.

Of all of them, the only one to raise his hand is the Old Man in Black. He sounds kind of like William Burroughs.

MAN IN BLACK
What kind of terrorists are you?

MR. BLUE
We're not.

MAN IN BLACK
Then what do you want?

MR. BLUE
Money.

There is, swear to God, an audible SIGH OF RELIEF in the subway car.

The Beer-Loving Businessman GROANS and reaches for his wallet.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
A *lot* of money.

The Businessman puts his wallet back.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
You will all remain seated. Anyone who tries to rise will be shot.

There is DISTRESSED MURMURING among the passengers.

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

This news is met with stony, terrified silence. Except for the Young Rapper, who smiles, seemingly relaxed.

RAPPER
I shoulda known you were the man, man.

INT TUNNEL DAY

The train car slows and comes to a stop.

CUT TO:

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

Wukovits is staring up at the status board.

WUKOVITS
He stopped again! The dumb-assed son of a bitch stopped again.

The other Towermen crowd in over his shoulder.

TOWERMAN
What's he doing now? He's halfway between stations.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Back in the MTA Command Center, Frank Correll is looking up at the big board, about to burst a blood vessel. Garber is taking an interest now, and the Chinese Men are still behind him.

CORRELL
(into microphone)
Wukovits, I mean, seriously, what the fuck? You got either a head-case or a drunk motorman down there dumped his-

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

Wukovits cuts him off, grabbing the microphone.

WUKOVITS
Yeah yeah, I know, we're watching it on the board.

CORRELL (O.S.)
What good's watching it, for Chrissake? We got trains piling up behind it all the way up the east side and the west side's already a fuckin' mess, get some God damn supervision down there!

WUKOVITS
(into microphone)
On my way.

He grabs his jacket off the back of a chair and heads for the door.

WUKOVITS (cont'd)
I'm gonna go feed this guy his nuts.

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY - FIRST CAR DAY

Mr. Blue holds a position in mid-car. He turns now to the rear section.

MR. BLUE
Everyone in this part of the car, move to the back. Everyone.
(as they hesitate)
RIGHT NOW!

As the six or seven passengers in the front section rise and move back, the cab door opens and Doyle comes out, followed by Mr. Green, who's covering him with his handgun.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
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.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Motorman -- come here.

DOYLE
Uh -- yes?

MR. 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 77th Street station. Is that clear?

DOYLE
That ain't easy, people hate getting off in the middle of a tunnel.

MR. BLUE
I realize that. You'll tell them there is a gas leak. Under no circumstances will you tell anyone what is actually happening. If you do, the police will radio the train, and I will kill one of the passengers you've left behind. This will be your doing. Do you understand?

There is a noticeable increase in tension on the car. Mr. Brown and Mr. Grey raise their weapons ever so slightly higher, ready for anything.

DOYLE
Yes, sir.

One of the two College Girls raises her hand.

COLLEGE GIRL 1
Can we go with him? We were just about to get off at Hunter.

MR. BLUE
No one else leaves.

COLLEGE GIRL 1
But it was the *next stop.*

Mr. Grey, who has been eyeing the College Girls, speaks up.

MR. GREY
How ironic.

The College Girl looks at him, and Mr. Grey runs his tongue over his parted lips.

This is not encouraging. Mr. Blue notices.

The Jamaican Nanny speaks up.

JAMAICAN NANNY
I know you wouldn't mind if I take the *baby* out of here?

MR. BLUE
Nobody leaves.

MAN IN BLACK
Don't you think we should be let in on what's happening?

MR. BLUE
What's happening is you're being held by four dangerous men armed with machine guns.

MAN IN BLACK
Ask a stupid 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, freaked out again.

MR. BLUE
Be quiet. Nothing's going to happen if you do as you're told. This will all be over in --
(checks his watch)
-- sixty-three minutes. Get going, Motorman.

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

Mr. Blue turns to him, lowers his voice.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
All right, Mr. Green?

MR. GREEN
All power's out between 61st and 86th Streets on all four tracks, local and express, north and southbound.

MR. BLUE
Why do I still see these tunnel lights?

MR. GREEN
Emergency. They run on A.C. like the signals.

MR. BLUE
Stay here. And leave the cab door open so you can hear the radio.

He turns to go back to the center of the car, but we stay with Mr. Green as he turns and opens the door of the Motorman's cab.

RADIO (CORRELL)
Command Center to Pelham One Two Three, did you cut the power down there?

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Correll is practically spitting on the microphone.

CORRELL
Without calling Power Central to explain? You listen to me, Pelham One Two Three, cut this shit right now and answer me. *YOU'RE FUCKING UP THE ENTIRE NEW YORK SUBWAY SYSTEM!*

CUT TO:

EXT 81ST & CENTRAL PARK WEST DAY

Back at 81st and Central Park West, it really is difficult to picture any bigger response to the "terrorist incident" that took place there ten minutes ago.

The station exit is heavily guarded by heavily armed members of the TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE RESPONSE TEAM, and they're edging forward in a practiced formation, getting ready to storm the station itself.

INT 81ST STREET STATION DAY

Inside the 81st Street station, the museum murals look out on a completely deserted platform. There are a few personal effects strewn about, overcoats and backpacks and whatever else people left behind as they fled from the madman with the machine gun.

But the police have not yet entered.

We draw near a service door, see that it's slightly ajar, and that there's a HIGH-PITCHED WHINING sound coming from inside it.

We get closer still, close enough to just barely see through the crack in the door, and what we see there is a small digital display, numbers on it, and those numbers are counting down from 5-4-3-2-1-

EXT 81ST & CENTRAL PARK WEST

A smallish explosion KA-BOOMS beneath street level at 81st and Central Park West, sending tremors through the pavement and, a few seconds later, a small cloud of dust and debris up out of the mouth of the subway station.

The Tech Responders stop in their tracks and take cover, the growing CROWD surges back for safety, and --

EXT 81ST & CENTRAL PARK WEST DAY

-- from the air, we see the entire perimeter of the scene seem to expand, backwards, away from the entrance to the subway station.

The aerial view turns into a --

INT NYPD HOT ROOM DAY

-- TELEVISION IMAGE --

-- segmented on a dozen different screens, all jammed up next to each other, and as we pull back from that we realize we're in --

-- the New York City Police Department's hot room, a large, high-ceilinged room on the top floor of One Police Plaza. The giant TV screen dominates the front wall, split into a half dozen images, each taking up two of the screens. All three networks are covering the story live, plus CNN, Fox, New York One, etc.

The rest of the room is taken up by a giant, U-shaped conference table with twenty-four different stations, each with a laptop computer and a microphone built into the table in front of it.

The room's already half-full, TEN or FIFTEEN MEN AND WOMEN IN SUITS OR UNIFORMS, and more OFFICIALS are streaming in by the minute.

MIKE GIONOFRIO, dressed in the uniform of an NYPD 4 star Chief of Department, leans forward to one of the microphones, which extend on flexible metal stands from the tabletop, and pushes the button for one of the two dozen frequencies available.

GIONOFRIO
(into mike)
What in Christ's name was that?!

The noise level in the room jumps as everybody gets on their air to figure out what in Christ's name was that, and we whip over to the big double doors, which bang open to admit a woman and the UNIFORMED POLICEMAN who follows her everywhere. LINDA ESPOSITO is fortyish, Hispanic, a don't-fuck-with-me expression and a contradictory sweater. She's clearly in charge.

She goes immediately to an aide, STU BAUMGART, who's coming into the room from the opposite side, on two cell phones.

ESPOSITO
You got the mayor yet?

BAUMGART
(on two cell phones)
No luck so far.

ESPOSITO
He's in the Bahamas, not on the moon, get a phone next to his ear.

BAUMGART
Apparently His Honor is, uh, in a massage, ma'am.

ESPOSITO
So? What kind of massage?

A Uniformed Cop MUTTERS to the guy next to him.

COP
The good kind.

There is some sniggering, which Esposito does not like.

ESPOSITO
KNOCK IT OFF.

They all do.

ESPOSITO (cont'd)
We've got one person dead, the entire west side of the city shut down, and probably every man woman and child in Manhattan shitting themselves. Anybody else feel like making a jerkoff joke?
(silence)
Thank you.
(to Baumgart)
Send someone to interrupt the Mayor's trip to the spa. He'll understand.

BAUMGART
Right away, ma-am-
(he stops himself)
Uh, Ms. Esposi-
(stops himself again)
Uh, Madam Deputy Mayor.

ESPOSITO
It was Linda an hour ago, Stu, it's still Linda now.

AIDE
Right away, Linda.
(turns to go)

ESPOSITO
Stu?
(he turns back)
You were right the first time, do the Mayor thing.

BAUMGART
Yes, ma'am.

She turns to the assembled Cops, who are grouped in front of one of the consoles.

ESPOSITO
Who's the Incident Commander?

Gionofrio turns, clicking off the radio, and extends a hand.

GIONOFRIO
Mike Gionofrio, Chief of Department, E.S.U.

ESPOSITO
Good to meet you, what's goin' on down there?

GIONOFRIO
Scene's still sterile, we're snaking periscope cameras and zero luxe lights down through the vents, we'll have eyes in the next ten minutes.

ESPOSITO
Five would be better.
(turns)
Press officer?

A harried man in a suit, the NYPD PRESS OFFICER, turns from a nearby station.

PRESS OFFICER
Right here.

She gestures to the TV screens.

ESPOSITO
Obviously it's public; but are we official yet?

PRESS OFFICER
Waiting for your word, ma'am, I've got an e mail ready to go to 200 media outlets and we've set up a corral at 77th and Columbus to disperse. Can I send it?

ESPOSITO
Hell yes, word's out already out, let's not fall behind reality.

AIDE
The FBI's on their way, you want them in here?

ESPOSITO
Give 'em a seat at the table, but don't take any shit. This isn't the airport, NYC transit system is city charter, remind them of that.
(to Gionofrio)
(MORE)

ESPOSITO (cont'd)
Are we sure the son of a bitch screamed "Allahu akhbar?"

GIONOFRIO
Yes ma'am, before he opened fire, we have that from multiple witnesses.

ESPOSITO
But nobody got hit.

GIONOFRIO
Doesn't appear so.

ESPOSITO
Is he still down there?

GIONOFRIO
Conflicting reports. The explosion could have been him, could have been on a timer, or it could have been a second terrorist wearing a suicide vest. We'll know when we take the station, but we've bumpered the tunnel front and back and nobody's getting out that way, so we're moving in with extreme caution.

ESPOSITO
S.O.D.'s there already?

GIONOFRIO
They scrambled before they were even called, the initial report went out on city-wide radio.

ESPOSITO
Move comms to TAC G, get everything on point-to-point, we don't need the world listening to us handle this.
(looking around)
What are we missing?

GIONOFRIO
Not a thing, ma'am, this situation is buttoned up tight. Nobody's getting away, and nobody else is dying. I can promise you the combined wrath of God and man is about to come down on that son of a bitch at 81st and Central Park West.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

The lone subway car sits by itself in the tunnel, its lights glowing through the windows. A title:

Beneath 73rd & Lexington

INT FIRST CAR DAY

Mr. Blue surveys the first subway car. The rear section is empty. The Sixteen remaining Passengers and Bud are sitting quietly. Mr. Brown and Mr. Grey stand mid-car, guarding from that side.

Blue walks forward and joins Mr. Green, just outside the Motorman's booth.

MR. BLUE
What time have you got, Mr. Green?

MR. GREEN
(checks)
Two ten.

MR. BLUE
Anything you want to say first?

MR. GREEN
(blowing his nose and referring to his cold)
I feel like I'm gonna die today.

MR. BLUE
That's entirely possible.

But he was *not* referring the Mr. Green's cold. He steps into --

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

-- the motorman's cab and picks up the radio.

MR. BLUE
Command Center, this is Pelham One Two Three, come in, please.

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

The status board shows trains backed up all the way up the east side. Correll grabs his microphone.

CORRELL
Pelham, what the hell are you trying to do, shut down the whole east side single-handed I want an explanation, and it better be good.

RADIO (BLUE)
Your train has been taken.

Correll looks at Garber in astonishment, then wheels around and SHOUTS at the room.

CORRELL
Shut up in here!
(little response)
I SAID SHUT IT! EVERYBODY!

Mouths shut. Everybody in the room turns to look at Correll, who looks up at Garber, what the fuck do I do?

Garber motions to the radio -- answer him.

CORRELL (cont'd)
(into radio)
Pelham One Two Three -- what the hell do you mean the train's been taken? Are you the motorman?

RADIO (BLUE)
Negative.

Silence all around.

Correll rubs his head. Shit. He keys the mike, carefully.

CORRELL
Am I speaking to the perpetrator of a terrorist action?

RADIO (BLUE)
Negative.

Again, swear to God, there is an audible SIGH in the command center.

GARBER
Thank Christ.

CORRELL
(immediately pissed off again)
Then what do you want, you piece of shit?

RADIO (BLUE)
We are heavily armed. We are holding sixteen passengers and the conductor hostage in the first car and we will not hesitate to kill them all if you do not obey my commands to the letter. You are going to pay us money, and you are going to do it quickly. Have I made myself clear, Trainmaster?

Garber leans in.

GARBER
Hit your six button, Frank. I want Transit Police in on this.

Correll turns, noticing the Chinese Men as if for the first time.

CORRELL
What the fuck are all those Chinamen doing in here?!

GARBER
Holy shit, I forgot.
(looking around)
Johnny, would you take these monkeys up to thirteen?

The First Chinese Man speaks up. In English.

CHINESE MAN 1
It is all right, Lieutenant Garber. I'm sure we can find it by ourselves.

CHINESE MAN 2
Thank you for a most instructive visit, Lieutenant.

CHINESE MAN 3
And most exciting, too!

CHINESE MAN 1
You have most exciting job.

They all turn and file out of the room.

Garber watches them in a near state of shock. He turns back to Correll.

GARBER
So, I'm fired, right? Ah, fuck it, let me in there.

Correll wheels back and away from the console; Garber leans forward and keys the microphone.

GARBER (cont'd)
Garber to Petrone, Garber to Petrone, you there, Rico?

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

Rico Petrone, the transit cop we met earlier, is at the hub in the transit headquarters downstairs.

PETRONE
This is Petrone. What do you want, Zach, it's kinda busy down here.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER
You just got busier. Plug everything you've got into the I.R.T. Trainmaster's circuit, all-unit stand-by, on the double.

RADIO (PETRONE)
What's up?

GARBER
A train's been hijacked.

RADIO (PETRONE)
Terrorists?

GARBER
Crooks.

RADIO (PETRONE)
Thank Christ.

CUT TO:

EXT 77TH & LEXINGTON DAY

At 77th & Lexington, Joe Wukovits jumps out of a cab and hurries down the stairs and into the subway station.

INT 77TH STREET PLATFORM DAY

A train is standing with its doors open, and lit within only by the emergency bulbs. Wukovits pushes through the service door, hurries south along the platform, and heads for the first car. He reaches the front and stops to talk to the MOTORMAN, who's leaning out the window.

WUKOVITS
When did the power go?

MOTORMAN
Who wants to know?

WUKOVITS
The Supervisor of the God damn Grand Central Tower wants to know!

MOTORMAN
Oh. Sorry. Couple minutes ago.

Wukovits keeps moving, toward the ladder down to the tracks at the end of the platform.

MOTORMAN (cont'd)
(calling after him)
What happened down there, a man under?

WUKOVITS
(over his shoulder)
Who wants to know?!

ON THE TRACKS,

Wukovits drops down onto the rail bed and starts walking south, into the mouth of the tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY - FIRST CAR DAY

Mr. Blue waits at the radio in the Motorman's cab, calmly doing today's crossword puzzle. There's a KNOCK and he opens the door. Mr. Green sticks his head in.

MR. BLUE
What do you want, Mr. Green?

MR. GREEN
Did you tell them?

MR. BLUE
Part of it.

MR. GREEN
What are they doing now?

MR. BLUE
Trying to get the attention of the authorities.

MR. GREEN
They're gonna send a fuckin army.

MR. BLUE
No. They're going to spend twenty minutes coming to terms with the fact that they've committed their resources to the wrong part of the city, then another forty minutes re-deploying to address the true incident. By that time, we'll be gone.

Mr. Green SNEEZES.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
(going back to his crossword)
Stop that.

MR. GREEN
Sorry.

He takes a long, hard SNUFFLE.

The radio SQUAWKS. This time it's Garber's voice.

RADIO (GARBER)
Pelham One Two Three, this is Command Center, come in, Pelham One Two Three.

MR. BLUE
(to Mr. Green)
Go back outside. I don't want Mr. Brown and Mr. Grey alone with the passengers.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Don't you trust them?

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
I trust Mr. Brown. Mr. Grey is another matter.

Green leaves, and Blue picks up the microphone.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
This is Pelham, identify yourself please.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber is now at the microphone, and Correll has wheeled down to the next station, where he's dealing with the snarl of trains on the big board.

GARBER
(pleasantly, into radio)
Lieutenant Zachary Garber of the NYPD Transit Division. Identify *yourself*, please.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

MR. BLUE
I'm the man who stole your train.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber sits back, ready to get into the trenches with this guy.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

GARBER
Let's talk about that for a minute. There's no way you can get away with it, you know. You're underground, in a tunnel.

MR. BLUE
Are you ready to take down our list of demands?

GARBER
(into mike)
Look, I welcome demands. Demands are good, they mean you're looking to the future, that you hope to survive this. But before we get to that, let's talk about the hostages. Do we have any sick people there?

MR. BLUE
Negative.

GARBER
Well, what about you? Do you need anything? I can't send you caffeine, but I can send food, beverages, I can do-

Mr. Blue cuts him off, clutching the microphone tightly.

MR. BLUE
Lieutenant, let me tell you what you are *not* going to do. You are not going to stall for time.
(MORE)

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
You are not going to "diminish expectations" or "lower emotional tension." You are not going to engage in "active listening" in order to gain my trust. In short, you are not going to follow any of the procedures you have learned from the Blackwell Handbook of Hostage Mediation.

Garber keys off the microphone.

GARBER
Fuck.

CORRELL
What?

GARBER
He read our book.

He keys the mike again.

GARBER (cont'd)
All right, smart ass. What *are* we going to do?

MR. BLUE
The Mayor is out of town. Please inform the Deputy Mayor that we demand four million dollars in cash for the release of the car and all of the hostages.

GARBER
She can't release that kind of cash.

MR. BLUE
Of course she can, with a signed request to the City Controller, faxed to the Chairman of any of the city's three main credit banks. The money can be released through the Federal Reserve Bank at 33 Liberty Street.

Garber CLICKS off the mike again.

GARBER
Fuck.

CORRELL
What?

GARBER
He read *all* our books.

Mr. Blue goes on.

MR. 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. Furthermore, if anyone attempts to interfere, *anyone*, in *any way*, we will begin killing hostages immediately. The moment you've contacted the Deputy Mayor you may report back for further instructions.

GARBER
Seriously, Pelham, will you think about this for a minute?

MR. BLUE
I have, Lieutenant. Signing off.

He hangs up the microphone.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber stares for a moment at the dead microphone, then switches frequencies and keys it again.

GARBER
Rico, did you get all that?

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

In the Transit Bureau headquarters, Petrone is at his console.

PETRONE
I only got your end but I could piece the rest of it together. What an asshole.

RADIO (GARBER)
What about NYPD?

PETRONE
They've got two cars from the 14th precinct on the way to 77th Street now.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER
Two cars, you sure we can spare that many?!

RADIO (PETRONE)
Zach, there's a fuckin full-on terrorist attack on the Upper West Side, know what I'm sayin'? Stall the guy. Send somebody to talk to him.

Garber turns, struck by a sudden thought.

GARBER
Frank.
(Correll turns)
Your tower guy. From Grand Central.

Correll immediately sees where this is going, and he and Garber turn to their radios at the same instant, with great urgency.

CORRELL
Grand Central Tower, this is Desk Trainmaster, somebody stop Wukovits, he is not to approach Pelham One Two Three, you read me, Wukovits is not to-

GARBER
Rico, it's Garber again, if you got a guy on the platform at 77th and Lex you gotta get through to him NOW, there's a guy from Grand Central Tower on his-

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

Wukovits is moving through the tunnel, MUTTERING angrily under his breath. He sees something ahead of him, in the darkness -- a large CROWD OF PEOPLE headed toward him, guided by a man with a flashlight.

WUKOVITS
What now, for Christ's sake?

Doyle, the Motorman, approaches. Wukovits recognizes him by the coveralls.

WUKOVITS (cont'd)
You! Motorman! What the fuck is your problem!

Doyle looks at him, terrified, afraid to tell him, afraid not to tell him.

WUKOVITS (cont'd)
You a mute or a fuckin idiot?!

DOYLE
Don't go down there.

WUKOVITS
The fuck are you talking about? And what the fuck are you doing outta the cab?, your job is to stay on that train until you get authorization to leave!

DOYLE
He said -- he said to take everybody back.

WUKOVITS
Who said?!

Doyle starts to answer, but stops himself.

DOYLE
Look, I can't tell you, just *don't go down there.*

Wukovits waves him off and starts down the tunnel again.

WUKOVITS
I'm gonna write you up for this, Motorman! I promise you that!

The crowd of Passengers moves past him, and he fights through them, like a salmon swimming upstream.

CUT TO:

INT 77TH STREET PLATFORM DAY

Tilt down fast from the sign for the 77th Street platform. The disgruntled Passengers are starting to climb the ladder up off the tracks.

ARTIS JAMES, a uniformed transit cop, turns toward us and responds to a radio call.

JAMES
Patrolman James, go ahead.

Rico Petrone's voice comes over the radio.

RADIO (PETRONE)
This is Petrone in Operations. Where are you now, James?

JAMES
Seventy-seventh southbound. Everything's shut down, Lieutenant, what's goin' on?

RADIO (PETRONE)
Look, don't react to this, but a train's been hijacked --

JAMES
Holy shit. Terrorists?

RADIO (PETRONE)
There's a supervisor from Grand Central Tower on his way to your platform to go talk to the motorman, you gotta stop him before-

JAMES
I saw him a few minutes ago, he was headed downtrack on foot.

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

Petrone POUNDS the desk.

PETRONE
Shit! Get him! He doesn't know they're armed!

INT 77TH STREET PLATFORM DAY

James is already moving.

JAMES
Yes sir.

He SNAPS his handset back into its shoulder mount and takes off, jumping off the platform and onto the tracks.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

In the tunnel, Wukovits, still steaming mad, sees the dim glow of the lone disconnected subway car up ahead. As he gets closer, the silhouette of a man (Mr. Grey) is visible through the rear storm door window.

INT FIRST CAR DAY

Mr. Grey stands guard at the rear storm door. He sees the figure of Wukovits moving in the tunnel and slides open the door, calling.

MR. GREY
Hold it right there, cowboy!

Near the front of the car, Mr. Green and Mr. Brown turn, surprised at the sudden shout.

INT TUNNEL DAY

Wukovits keeps coming, SHOUTING back.

WUKOVITS
Who the hell are you?!

MR. GREY
You'll find out if-

FURTHER BACK IN THE TUNNEL,

Patrolman James is racing down the tracks, but at least fifty yards away. Mr. Grey's sentence finishes, his voice bouncing around off the concrete walls.

MR. GREY (O.S.) (cont'd)
-you take another step!

James keeps running, but it's hard in the semi-darkness.

UP AHEAD,

Wukovits keeps coming, toward the subway car.

WUKOVITS
That's MTA property you're fucking around with, shithead!

MR. GREY (O.S.)
Too fuckin' bad!

WUKOVITS
We got terrorist bullshit goin' on in this city already, I don't need some jackass screwing up my trains, you hear me?!

INT FIRST CAR DAY

Mr. Grey raises his weapon. Wukovits is now twenty yards away.

MR. GREY
I'm telling you for the last time, clear out or I'll shoot your ass off!

Whip over to Mr. Green, at the front of the car, who realizes Mr. Grey is actually going to do it.

He turns, BANGS on the door of the Motorman's cab.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue looks up sharply, opens the door.

INT TUNNEL DAY

Wukovits keeps coming.

WUKOVITS
Get the fuck out of the way --

FURTHER BACK IN THE TUNNEL,

Patrolman James is hauling ass now, he's close enough to Wukovits to SHOUT to him.

JAMES
GET BACK, THEY'VE GOT-

But his words are lost in the shouting, as Wukovits keeps advancing, yelling, and Mr. Grey's yelling back.

WUKOVITS
(to Mr. Grey)
-- I'm coming on board!

INT FIRST CAR DAY

Mr. Green's just told Mr. Blue what's going on, they're both racing toward the back of the car, but we whip over there as --

-- KUH-*LICK!* Mr. Grey throws the lever on his submachine gun and --

MR. GREY
I warned you, stupid.

-- *POP POP POP POP POP POP POP!*

The weapon spits bright white muzzle flashes.

INT TUNNEL DAY

Patrolman James, now ten yards back but still in the darkness, leaps behind a nearby pillar at the last second.

But Wukovits takes at least half a dozen slugs square in the chest and barely has time to widen his eyes in surprise before he's lifted off his feet and thrown backwards into the air --

-- the spent shells TING off the subway tracks around Mr. Grey --

-- and Wukovits lands with a THUD on his back, dead before he hits the ground.

Silence for a moment.

INT FIRST CAR DAY

Smoke curls from the barrel of Mr. Grey's weapon. The Passengers are SCREAMING in horror.

Mr. Blue and Mr. Green, who'd almost made it to the back of the car, have stopped in their tracks and are staring at Mr. Grey.

Green is shocked, Blue only seems irritated. Mr. Grey turns to Mr. Blue, half a grin on his face.

MR. GREY
I warned the bastard but he kept on coming anyway.

MR. BLUE
Was he alone?

MR. GREY
I didn't see anybody else.

He looks out at the dead body on the tracks, then back to Mr. Blue. He blows a bubble and POPS it.

MR. GREY (cont'd)
I guess I got us on the scoreboard, huh?

INT TUNNEL DAY

Patrolman James 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 handset and, holding it close to his mouth, WHISPERS into it.

JAMES
Patrolman James calling Operations --

RADIO (PETRONE)
This is Petrone.

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

RADIO (PETRONE) (cont'd)
What's going on? Did you find that supervisor?

JAMES
(whispering)
He's dead, Lieutenant.

RADIO (PETRONE)
Speak up, will you? I can't hear you.

JAMES
I *can't.* I'm only about ten yards from the train. They just shot the supervisor. With a motherfuckin *machine* gun.

RADIO (PETRONE)
Is he dead?

JAMES
Wouldn't you be?

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

Petrone is at the console.

PETRONE
All right. They know you're there?

RADIO (JAMES)
I don't think so. I'm behind a pillar.

PETRONE
Good. Stay put and keep an eye on things. *Don't rush the train.*

RADIO (JAMES)
No shit.

Petrone CLICKS off and hits another switch on his console.

PETRONE
(into radio)
Zach. They just drew blood. That supervisor from Grand Central Tower. He's dead.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber winces and turns to Correll, who's shocked, he's already heard it.

CORRELL
Dead? Joe? Fat Joe? Aw, *shit...*

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY

Mr. Blue turns away from Mr. Grey and moves toward Mr. Brown, who's at mid-car.

MR. GREEN
(as he passes)
Thought you said nobody was gonna-

But Blue ignores him and goes straight to Mr. Brown.

MR. BLUE
Take over back there. I want Mr. Grey up closer to me.

MR. BROWN
He's fuckin trigger happy.

MR. BLUE
Maybe it was necessary. I didn't see it.

MR. BROWN
He loved every m-minute of it.

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's radio BLARES.

RADIO (PETRONE)
Zach, it's Rico again, come in.

Garber sits down and hits the button.

GARBER
Go ahead.

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

Petrone is at the console in Transit headquarters.

PETRONE
Congratulations. Operations just made you Incident Commander on this thing.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber is stunned.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

GARBER
I don't want it.

PETRONE
You got it.

GARBER
I don't want it!

PETRONE
You got it!

GARBER
I'm a *Lieutenant,* for Christ's sake.

PETRONE
What can I tell you, busy day. You report directly to the Deputy Commissioner in the hot room at One Police Plaza.

Garber leans forward.

GARBER
Okay, then I want a dozen units in the tunnel, E.S.U. response at 68th and 77th Street platforms, and-

PETRONE
Dream on, Z. One dead supervisor don't get you all that when we got World War III on the Upper West Side.

GARBER
Rico, can't you see it, that other thing's gotta be a diversion, *this is what it's all about.* Crooks, you know? Killing people, stealing money? Like the old days? Give me some fuckin' personnel!

PETRONE
I can try. Stall for time.

GARBER
There *is* no time! That's how they figured it, you dumbass guinea prick!

PETRONE
You know, Zachary, the department sent out a pamphlet about the use of racial epithets, I'm gonna run you over another copy, you blanco motherfucker.

He CLICKS off, then back on again immediately.

PETRONE (cont'd)
Hey, Z -- you got one guy already.

GARBER
What?

PETRONE
I just found out, there's a cop on the train. One of the hostages.

GARBER
You're kidding.

PETRONE
There were two on board, one got off at 77th and just called in. That means the other one's still on the damn thing.

GARBER
Plainclothes?

PETRONE
Yeah, tactical.

GARBER
Man or woman?

PETRONE
You know, I didn't think to ask. Hang in there, Zach, I'll get back to you.

He signs off.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber sits there for a moment, rubbing his head. Then he CLICKS on the radio console.

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

Noticing something on the console, he turns to Correll.

GARBER (cont'd)
Hey, Frank, you're hogging all my circuits.

CORRELL
What do you want from me? I got motormen calling in from all along the line!

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

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

GARBER
Jesus, Frank, our *priority* is trying to save the lives of the passengers.

CORRELL
Screw the God damn passengers, what do they expect for their two bucks, to live forever?

GARBER
Oh, you're beautiful.

Garber turns back to the console.

GARBER (cont'd)
(into the mike)
Do you read me, Pelham One Two Three?

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

GARBER
Yeah, well, you're not handling it, so why don't you just do your own work and let me do mine.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue picks up the radio.

MR. BLUE
This is Pelham One Two Three, any news to report?

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

GARBER
What the hell did you have to kill that guy for?

MR. BLUE
He attempted to board the train. I was clear about the rules.

GARBER
He didn't *know* your God damn rules.

MR. BLUE
Do you have any news to report?

GARBER
Nothing yet. We need more time.

MR. BLUE
It's 2:24, Lieutenant. You've got forty-nine minutes left.

Mr. Green comes into the Motorman's cab, listening to the conversation.

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

MR. BLUE
Forty-nine minutes.

GARBER
I gotta deal with City Hall, for Christ's sake, you know what a mess of red tape that is?

MR. BLUE
Forty-nine minutes.

GARBER
Look, pal, I know how to tell time too, but we aren't gonna get anywhere if all you do is repeat forty-nine minutes.

MR. BLUE
Forty-eight minutes.

Garber thinks. Sober and subdued.

GARBER
I'll get back to you as soon as I can.

Mr. Blue keys the microphone, about to say something, but just over his shoulder, Mr. Green SNEEZES.

GARBER (cont'd)
Gesundheit.

Mr. Blue glares at Mr. Green.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber disconnects and sits back in his chair, staring at the ceiling. Correll's shaking his head.

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

GARBER
Go away, Frank. Go play with your trains.

CORRELL
Garber, you are so fuckin far over your head -- who's coming down to take this over?

GARBER
Nobody.

CORRELL
Seriously.

GARBER
Nobody.

CORRELL
So who's in charge?

Garber looks at him.

Correll's eyes widen, then he shakes his head.

CORRELL (cont'd)
Seventeen *dead* people on that train.

Garber just looks at him for a long moment. Correll looks back, sees that he went way over the line, and for once he drops his abrasiveness.

CORRELL (cont'd)
That was a dick thing to say, I take it back.

GARBER
(shrugs)
You're a dick, Frank. It's gonna show sometimes.

He swivels back in his chair.

GARBER (cont'd)
I need a map of the emergency exits, ten blocks in each direction from where Pelham sits now.

CORRELL
Sure. What else?

GARBER
I got a terrible idea.

CORRELL
What?

GARBER
No, I mean I got a really, *really* bad idea.

CORRELL
Let's hear it.

GARBER
You know the Deputy Mayor?

CORRELL
That hot spic broad?

GARBER
Yes, Frank, that hot spic broad. You think she'll loan me four million bucks?

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY

Mr. Blue steps out of the Motorman's cab, responding to Mr. Green's knock.

MR. BLUE
Now what?

MR. GREEN
I think we've got ourselves a cop.

MR. BLUE
What do you mean?

MR. GREEN
One of the hostages. Heat if I ever saw it.

MR. BLUE
Which one?

MR. GREEN
Look over my shoulder. Fourth down on your left side.

Mr. Blue scans the line -- past the Dominican Delivery Boy, the Old Man in Black, the Rapper -- and lands on the Ambitious Whitey in his twenties, who's staring off into space, apparently wishing like hell he was someplace else.

MR. GREEN (cont'd)
You ever see anybody look more like a cop?

Mr. Blue walks slowly down the aisle and stops in front of the Whitey.

MR. BLUE
On your feet.

WHITEY
What?

The Rapper and the Snappish Queen, on either side of him, slide a few inches away from Whitey.

MR. BLUE
You heard me. Stand up.

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

He searches it quickly, comes up with a laminated ID card.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Schoolteacher?

WHITEY
Yeah.

MR. BLUE
You ever been told you look like a cop?

WHITEY
All the time.

MR. BLUE
You should relax.

WHITEY
I know. The dealers in my neighborhood always offer me Valium.

MR. BLUE
Sit down.

Whitey does. Mr. Blue turns to the rest of the car.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Listen to me, all of you. When we get what we want you will be released unharmed. Until then, you will continue doing precisely as you're told.

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

MR. BLUE
(a pause)
We expect to get it.

SNAPPISH QUEEN
How long is this going to take?

Mr. Blue checks his watch, and as we go to a close-up of the watch we realize --

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

-- it's somebody else's watch. The time is 2:27. Mr. Blue's VOICE comes over the image

MR. BLUE (O.S.)
Forty-six minutes.

Garber, the one looking at the watch, drops his arm. He's on a telephone in a glassed-in partition on the other side of the MTA Command Center. He has a large, detailed schematic of the Lexington Avenue subway line spread out on the desk in front of him.

He looks like he's been on hold for a while. Finally, somebody comes back on the line.

GARBER
Yeah, I'm still here, Deputy Commissioner.

INT ONE POLICE PLAZA - CORRIDOR DAY

DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR DANIELS, a tall, solid African-American man with a booming voice, is moving fast down the corridor of One Police Plaza, a phone in each hand.

DANIELS
I'm not the D.C., Lieutenant, he's in the hot room. You got Deputy Chief Inspector Daniels.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

GARBER
(sounding disappointed)
Oh.

DANIELS
That a *problem* for you?

GARBER
No, it's just, I remember when a hostage situation used to at least rate a borough commander.

DANIELS
Are you *trying* to start on my bad side, Lieutenant?

GARBER
Negative, sir, strike that.

DANIELS
Hang on a second.
(he switches phones)
Costello, what's it look like there?

EXT 77TH & LEXINGTON DAY

PHIL COSTELLO, a police captain in his mid-forties, is at the corner of 77th & Lexington, talking on the radio from next to a squad car.

There's another car there with him, and a HALF DOZEN UNIFORMED COPS in the vicinity.

COSTELLO
Quiet up top. Busy downstairs.

As he talks, we see what he describes.

INT TUNNEL DAY

RIOT POLICE, armored and helmeted, scurry into positions in the tunnel.

COSTELLO (V.O.)
I've got a dozen E.S.U. inside the tunnel, north and south of the train, well-concealed, all wearing full tech gear, snipers with night-scopes. I could use three times that many, but you gotta send me personnel.

INT ONE POLICE PLAZA - CORRIDOR DAY

Daniels turns a corner, walking faster.

DANIELS
If I had 'em I'd send 'em. We gotta get through this one old school.

EXT 77TH & LEXINGTON DAY

An UPSTANDING CITIZEN has bought a large tray of Starbucks coffees and is handing them out to the cops on the corner. Costello turns away, lowers his voice into the radio.

COSTELLO
Look, I got 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 fuckin easy shot.

INT ONE POLICE PLAZA - CORRIDOR DAY

Daniels stops walking.

DANIELS
No! Under no circumstances! Do you understand me? Absolutely not! We're working on a solution here. What's your public profile?

EXT 77TH & LEXINGTON DAY

The Upstanding Citizen has come around in front of Costello and is trying to give him a coffee.

COSTELLO
We're being greeted as liberators.

He takes the coffee.

DANIELS (O.S.)
Anybody know what's going on?

COSTELLO
(turning away again)
Not on *this* side of town. Daniels, tell me something. They're in a tunnel, surrounded on all sides, top and bottom -- how the hell do they expect to get away?

INT ONE POLICE PLAZA - CORRIDOR DAY

Daniels rounds one last corner and approaches a set of swinging double doors at the end.

DANIELS
Beats the shit out of me, Phil.

He hangs up and switches back to the other phone.

DANIELS (cont'd)
A'right Garber, I'm almost there. You better make this good.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber sits up straight.

GARBER
Wait a minute, *I'm* telling her?

DANIELS (O.S.)
Hell yes, you're telling her --

INT NYPD HOT ROOM DAY

Daniels pushes through the big double doors at the end of the hallway and comes into the NYPD hot room, which has tripled in both occupancy and noise level since the last time we were here.

DANIELS
-- it's your dumbshit idea.

About ten feet away, Deputy Mayor Esposito is surrounded by a group of officials, in heated discussion.

CUT TO:

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

CLOSE ON a crossword puzzle as Mr. Blue's hand is busy filling in a word. There's a KNOCK on the cab door and Mr. Blue slides it open. It's Mr. Green.

MR. GREEN
Nothing yet?
(as Blue shakes his head)
They're sure taking their time.

MR. BLUE
Don't worry. They'll pay.

MR. GREEN
What makes you so sure?

MR. BLUE
Because the commanders are unavailable, which means the foot soldiers are in charge. The foot soldiers will pay because they care more about the people on this train than they do about policy.

MR. GREEN
Nice theory. What if it's wrong?

MR. BLUE
Then a lot of people are going to die.

MR. GREEN
Including us.

MR. BLUE
Better than selling life insurance, isn't it?

MR. GREEN
Life insurance? I thought you said you were in the army.

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

MR. GREEN
In the army? Yeah, sure. On twelve hundred a month.

MR. BLUE
The Sri Lankans paid me twenty-five thousand.

MR. GREEN
A *month?*

MR. BLUE
For leading a battalion.

MR. GREEN
Holy Christ. The hell'd you get out of that for?

MR. BLUE
The market dried up.

MR. GREEN
At least you weren't fired. Ah, I don't give a shit, who wants to drive a subway train for the rest of his life?

MR. BLUE
What'd they nail you for?

MR. GREEN
Nothing! What do you mean? They framed me. The Beakies needed a fall guy and they-

MR. BLUE
Beakies?

MR. GREEN
Transit inspectors. They got wind of a gang passing meth -- you know, transporting it from downtown to uptown, giving it to a motorman, and then somebody picking it up in the Bronx. They tried to pin it on me, but they didn't have enough.

MR. BLUE
(smiles)
You were innocent?

MR. GREEN
Of course I was innocent! You think I'd do a thing like that?

Mr. Blue doesn't answer, just smiles and goes back to his crossword.

CUT TO:

INT NYPD HOT ROOM DAY

Deputy Mayor Esposito is standing next to Daniels, holding his cell phone.

ESPOSITO
(into phone)
Are you out of your fucking mind, Garner?!

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber is still at that desk, his knuckles white on the phone now. He's sweating.

GARBER
It's Garber, ma'am.

(INTERCUT BETWEEN GARBER AND ESPOSITO.)

ESPOSITO
Maybe you haven't read the literature, Lieutenant, but we do not *pay* terrorists.

GARBER
They're not actually terrorists, ma'am, they're crooks.

Esposito looks at Daniels, who's still beside her.

ESPOSITO
Who *is* this jackass?

DANIELS
Incident Commander, ma'am. Lieutenant Zachary Garber.

GARBER
I can explain what I'm thinking if you'll just give me one minute, please?

ESPOSITO
Clock's ticking.

GARBER
We're not actually *paying* them, we're just requisitioning some cash to secure the safe release of our fellow citizens, and then recovering every single penny of it afterwards.

ESPOSITO
And how the fuck would that work?

GARBER
Think about it. They're in a subway tunnel and the only way out is through the station platforms, right?

ESPOSITO
Yeah.

GARBER
No! The emergency exits.
(slapping the map in front of him)
While we're watching the tunnel and the platforms, they're gonna slip out onto the sidewalk, here, here, or here.
(she can't see his map, but he's caught up in the moment)
They're in a confined space, there *are* no other ways out. All we do is put men at every emergency exit between 86th and 61st, and when they stick their pasty little heads out of the holes, we blow 'em right off.
(a breath)
Or, we can wait till they start killing hostages and then give the whole mess to FBI and Homeland Security and whatever other federal jackwad agency wants to put their big hands all over our city. Which is what we're supposed to do, it goes by the book. But *fuck* their books, their books give more anti-terror money to Boise Idaho than they do to us. Yeah, according to the rules, paying these guys is the Wrong Thing To Do, no question about it -- but if we do the Right Thing? A bunch of New Yorkers die. As usual.

ESPOSITO
Do you have any idea the shit that would come down on me, even if it worked?

GARBER
From who? The rich'll support you because they're *used* to buying their way out of trouble;
(MORE)

GARBER (cont'd)
anybody who works for a living will picture *themselves* on that train and thank Christ you saved their ass; the blacks'll love it 'cause the Mayor's a Jew and you stuck it in his face; and the Dominicans and Puerto Ricans won't give a shit once you throw a little Spanish at 'em, 'cause they never do.
(pause, realizes)
No offense.

ESPOSITO
The Mayor will-

He senses a crack in her armor. He gets to his feet, summoning himself to close the sale.

GARBER
Fuck the Mayor too! Everybody knows you hate that little midget and you want his job in eighteen months, just *think* what this does for your campaign!

ESPOSITO
You are so far out of line --
(but she's loving it)

GARBER
Sure, maybe you lose the law and order votes in Queens and Staten Island, but you'll carry Manhattan and fuckin *wipe the plate clean* in Brooklyn and the Bronx. Sounds like a winner to me. And if nothing else, you know what your four million buys you? Seventeen sure votes.

Esposito is tempted. But can't quite pull the trigger.

ESPOSITO
Let me think about it.

GARBER
We have thirty-nine minutes.

ESPOSITO
I think fast.
(starts to hang up)
Future reference, Garner, just because you say "no offense," it doesn't mean you're not offending anybody.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER - GLASS WALLED OFFICE DAY

GARBER
Yeah, I suck at that stuff.

CLICK. She's hung up.

Garber sits back in the chair, suddenly very alone.

GARBER (cont'd)
(softly)
What the fuck am I doing?

Immediately, the phone RINGS again, nearly deafening, startling Garber. He snatches it up.

GARBER (cont'd)
Garber.

The voice is familiar -- it's Esposito's.

ESPOSITO (O.S.)
I want to make one thing clear to you.

INT NYPD HOT ROOM DAY

Esposito is back on the phone in the hot room. The screens at the front are still exclusively showing images of 81st and Central Park West.

ESPOSITO
(into phone)
If you don't recover every single penny of this money, I'm not just going to have you fired, I am going to have you arrested and hounded into personal bankruptcy, do you understand?

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER - GLASS WALLED OFFICE DAY

Garber is stunned.

GARBER
Jesus, you *do* think fast.

ESPOSITO
Do you understand?

GARBER
Yes, I understand, it's the principle of-

ESPOSITO
Principle?! It's not the principle, it's the fucking *money!* I WANT IT BACK, you get me?

GARBER
I got you.

INT NYPD HOT ROOM DAY

ESPOSITO
Stay put. You'll hear from me in two.

She hangs up the phone as Stu Baumgart, her aide, rushes over to her in a state of administrative panic. He still juggles several cell phones.

BAUMGART
(fast)
Apparently the door to the Mayor's massage room is locked and there's no response to the knocking. But the head of Homeland Security just scheduled a press conference in six minutes and he wants to be able to say he's in touch with you.

He holds a cell phone out to her. She doesn't take it. He shakes it at her.

BAUMGART (cont'd)
The head of Homeland Security.
(as in, "is on the phone")

Esposito takes the phone from him and pushes "END." She tosses it back to Baumgart.

BAUMGART (cont'd)
(losing it)
What the fuck, Linda?!

ESPOSITO
Get the Chairman of the Board of Chase Manhattan Bank on the line, and tell the City Controller to get his ass over here from Broad Street right now.

Baumgart just freezes, stunned. She spreads her hands at him.

ESPOSITO (cont'd)
What the fuck, Stu?!

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

Slowly, from the side of a pillar in the subway tunnel, A HUMAN EYE peers out.

Patrolman James is still safely hidden about ten yards from the back of the stopped train, unknown to the hijackers.

He blinks, wipes sweat from his eye. He can see a blurry image of figures moving in the back of the train, two of the standing figures. One reaches out to the other, who shakes his arm off, somewhat violently.

The first figure turns and walks quickly toward the front of the car.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue opens the door of the cab for Mr. Green.

MR. GREEN
You'd better come.

MR. BLUE
What is it?

MR. GREEN
Mr. Grey.

Not what Blue wanted to hear.

MR. BLUE
Stay by the radio.

He steps out of the cab.

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY

Mr. Grey stands beside the Gorgeous Woman, the model. He's just behind her, allowing the barrel of his gun to lightly brush her arm.

She moves it aside, he follows.

She's trembling.

MR. BLUE (O.S.)
Mr. Grey.

Grey turns, looks at him. Mr. Blue keeps his voice *very* low, only Mr. Grey can hear.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Stop it.

MR. GREY
Stop what?

MR. BLUE
I said leave her alone.

MR. GREY
What's the big deal? I could do this job and fuck that broad at the same time without missing a stroke.

MR. BLUE
I'm giving you an order, Mr. Grey.

MR. GREY
Blow it out your ass, Colonel. You're talking to the wrong man. I'm not your Mr. B-B-Brown.

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

MR. GREY
Yeah, well, that's the difference between us, Mr. Blue -- I've always done my own killing.

Mr. Blue stares at him for a long moment --

-- then turns and walks back toward the Motorman's cab, stopping briefly at the Rapper, who's slouched in his seat, his legs extended into the aisle.

MR. BLUE
Pull in your feet. Someone's liable to get hurt.

The Rapper looks up at him, smiles, and slides his feet back in.

CUT TO:

INT BANK CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE DAY

The CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF CHASE MANHATTAN BANK is, as you might expect, a silver-haired man in his sixties, seated behind a burnished oak desk in a burnished oak office in front of a plate-glass window with an incredible view of Wall Street.

He's on the phone. And he's not sure what to say.

BANK CHAIRMAN
I, uh -- I see.

Linda Esposito's VOICE comes from the other end.

ESPOSITO (O.S.)
Is there any problem making that much cash available?

BANK CHAIRMAN
Well, no. We are members of the Federal Reserve.

ESPOSITO (O.S.)
That's great. Then will you arrange for us to be given that amount right away?

BANK CHAIRMAN
Given? I'm not sure I understand what you mean by "given," Ms. Esposito.

ESPOSITO (O.S.)
Lent, of course, I didn't expect it as a gift.

BANK CHAIRMAN
Lent to whom, Ms. Esposito?

ESPOSITO (O.S.)
To *us*, God damn it, the sovereign city of New York.

BANK CHAIRMAN
Yes, well, there *are* certain technicalities involved in such a transaction, Ms. Esposito -- terms, durations, signatures --

ESPOSITO (O.S.)
I just counter-signed a fax from the Controller that's on its way to you now. There isn't time for the rest of all that.

BANK CHAIRMAN
(chuckling)
But "the rest of all that," as you put it, happens to be what we do for a living, Ms. Esposito. Why don't you get the Mayor to give me a call and he and I can-

INT NYPD HOT ROOM DAY

In a corner of the NYPD hot room, Esposito's about to jump through the phone and strangle this fucker.

ESPOSITO
Listen to me, you stupid God damn 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!

INT BANK CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE DAY

The Chairman looks as though somebody punched him in the face. After a pause, he speaks, quietly:

BANK CHAIRMAN
You know, Ms. Esposito, in my entire sixty-seven years no one has ever spoken to me like that.

INT NYPD HOT ROOM DAY

ESPOSITO
Yeah? You're lucky, I get that kind of shit *all* the time.

She hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

The radio in the motorman's cab BLARES to life.

RADIO (GARBER)
Command Center calling Pelham One Two Three, come in Pelham One Two Three --

Mr. Blue calmly answers the radio.

MR. BLUE
This is Pelham, go ahead.

RADIO (GARBER)
We agree to pay the ransom. Repeat, we agree to pay.

Blue greets the news calmly.

RADIO (GARBER) (cont'd)
Do you read me, Pelham?

MR. BLUE
I read you.

RADIO (GARBER)
Do I at least get a thank you?

MR. BLUE
Please take down the next set of instructions. As before, they're to be followed to the letter. The money is to be paid in the following denominations -- two million in fifties, two million in hundreds.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's on the radio in the Command Center.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED.)

GARBER
(writing)
Two million in fifties, two million in hundreds.

MR. BLUE
Which will then be put in stacks of two hundred bills each, bound with thick rubber bands.

GARBER
(writing)
Uh huh.

MR. BLUE
Point two -- all of the bills will be *old* bills, their serial numbers to be random.

GARBER
What a shocker.

MR. BLUE
When the delivery arrives we will contact you with further instructions.

GARBER
Hey Pelham -- that bullshit on the West side. That's you, right? A little diversion to keep it just me and you?

MR. BLUE
It's now two forty-seven, Lieutenant. You have twenty-six minutes.

GARBER
Hey, hey, wait a minute, pal, we've agreed to pay you the money, now turn your clock off, will ya?

MR. BLUE
Twenty-six minutes.

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

MR. BLUE
You'd be surprised what's physically possible, Lieutenant. The clock's running.

He CLICKS off.

Garber looks up at the big clock on the wall, and as he watches the minute hand CLICKS forward to 2:48.

GARBER
Twenty-five minutes.

He sits back and sees that everyone in the Command Center is staring at him. Correll's shaking his head.

CORRELL
Can't be done.

GARBER
Keep it up, Frank. You motivate me.

He sits forward again, grabs the microphone, and switches quickly.

GARBER (cont'd)
Operations, Petrone, come in, this is Garber.

RADIO (PETRONE)
Go ahead, Zach.

GARBER
We just got the green light.

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

Petrone sits forward, excited.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED.)_

PETRONE
No kiddin'? That's great! I'll tell Costello, he's got snipers at the-

GARBER
Not to rush 'em, Rico, we're paying the ransom money, and no, I am not fucking with you, so let's skip past that part.

PETRONE
Garber, who the fuck ever put you in charge of *anything?*

GARBER
I need a patrol car at the Maiden Lane entrance to the Federal Reserve on Liberty Street in the next five minutes to take the money uptown, full motorcycle escort, hold all traffic. We're on a deadline.

PETRONE
This is the craziest bullshit I've ever heard in my life.

GARBER
Thank you.

He SLAMS another switch.

GARBER (cont'd)
Command Center to D.C.I. Daniels, come in Daniels.

EXT ONE POLICE PLAZA DAY

Deputy Chief Inspector Daniels, the beefy cop we saw give the phone to the Deputy Mayor earlier, is walking quickly out of One Police Plaza, headed for a squad car in the courtyard.

DANIELS
This is Daniels, go ahead Garber.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's talking a mile a minute.

GARBER
The city's letting us borrow four million bucks for an hour, and I think I know the hijackers' exit strategy.
(a sudden idea)
Wait a minute, I just thought of something.

CLICK. Back to another frequency.

GARBER (cont'd)
(into radio)
Petrone, come back.

RADIO (PETRONE)
Go ahead.

GARBER
Rico, get me a list of every motorman discharged for cause by the MTA in the last five years.

RADIO (PETRONE)
What for?

GARBER
The hijackers sent the original motorman back with the other passengers, that means somebody down there's gotta know how to drive a train, you don't pick that up by mail.

RADIO (PETRONE)
You got it.

Garber CLICKS back over to the previous frequency.

GARBER
Daniels?

EXT ONE POLICE PLAZA DAY

Daniels is still walking, now getting close to the squad car, where he's joined by another UNIFORMED COP, who runs around to the driver's side.

DANIELS
Still with you.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's on a roll.

GARBER
After the money's delivered, I'll get back to you with the 20 of every emergency exit in a fifteen block radius. You might want to get up there.

EXT ONE POLICE PLAZA DAY

Daniels has just sat in the car and SLAMS the door.

DANIELS
Already on my way, Garber.

STAYING WITH THE MOVING CAR,

Daniels keeps talking into the radio.

DANIELS (cont'd)
Who's on delivery?

RADIO (GARBER)
Transit operations has a car waiting to move the money the minute it's ready. Tell your man on site to stand by for instructions once it gets there.

DANIELS
How much time did the cocksuckers give us?

RADIO (GARBER)
The cocksuckers gave us twenty-four minutes, sir. Over and out.

CUT TO:

EXT FEDERAL RESERVE BANK DAY

The Federal Reserve Bank on Liberty Street, built to resemble a prison, looms over the financial district.

INT FEDERAL RESERVE - THIRD FLOOR DAY

Elevator doors open and a MAN IN A SUIT bolts out, hurries down a hallway, and swipes a keycard through a slot.

A GATE BUZZES,

the Man pushes inside, up to another gate, where A GUARD unlocks it, the Man sweeps through,

the Guard SLAMS AND LOCKS it behind him,

a KEY CLICKS into a second gate,

the gate opens, the Man breezes through, then *that* gate SLAMS behind him and the Man comes into --

A CORRIDOR,

lined with wooden trucks on wheels being pushed by armed GUARDS. Farther, on his left, cages marked "PAYING/RECEIVING," on the right, and "SORTING/COUNTING" on the left.

He turns right and a door sweeps open before he gets there, then SLAMS shut in our face, the words PAYING/RECEIVING occupying the whole screen.

EXT FEDERAL RESERVE BANK DAY

Outside, an NYPD PATROL CAR comes around the corner onto Liberty Street, siren BLARING, and rakes a hard turn at Maiden Lane, preparing to back in.

The iron gates sweep open, the Cop at the wheel hits the gas, and the car backs into the lane, just next to the side entrance of the building.

The iron gates SLAM shut again.

INT FEDERAL RESERVE - THIRD FLOOR DAY

Back inside on the third floor, the Man in the Suit BURSTS out the door marked PAYING/RECEIVING and is quickly escorted across the hall.

The heavy metal door there is swept open for him, the Man darts through, and the door is once again SLAMMED in our face, the words SORTING/COUNTING now occupying the whole screen.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

Still stuck behind the pillar in the subway tunnel, Patrolman James stands rigidly so as not to be seen from the other side.

He lifts his radio and speaks softly into it.

JAMES
Patrolman James calling Operations, come in Operations --

RADIO (PETRONE)
This is Petrone -- what's going on?

JAMES
That's what I want to know! Standing here like a statue, what do you want me to do?

RADIO (PETRONE)
Just sit tight, James, it won't be much longer.

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

RADIO (PETRONE)
Many as we can get, you bet your ass.

JAMES
Yeah, well, would you make sure they know my ass is standin' *between* them and the hijackers? Would you do that for me?

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

CLOSE ON the wall clock in the Command Center. It's 2:58.

WHIP OVER TO Garber, who's at his console, old subway maps spread out in front of him, circling emergency exits in the area of 77th and Lexington in bright red pen.

His radio BLARES.

RADIO (PETRONE)
Operations to Garber, come in, Garber.

GARBER
(punching a button)
Go ahead.

RADIO (PETRONE)
What the fuck are we waiting for, man? I've got a car at Maiden Lane, they say there's no money.

GARBER
For Christ's sake, Rico, it's gonna take a couple minutes to count to four million.

RADIO (PETRONE)
I'm just saying, we'll never make it. They're dead ducks.

GARBER
There's still fifteen minutes. Get off the air unless you got something to tell me.
(CLICKS a switch)
Command Center calling Pelham One Two Three, come in, Pelham.

RADIO (BLUE)
This is Pelham One Two Three.

GARBER
This is Garber. Listen, they're counting your money, but it takes time. We need an extension.

RADIO (BLUE)
Sorry. No more time.

GARBER
How about fifteen minutes, Pelham, a lousy fifteen minutes?

RADIO (BLUE)
Negative.

GARBER
Ten minutes, then! What difference can ten minutes make?

RADIO (BLUE)
Negative.

GARBER
You're a sick fuck, you know that, Pelham?

CLICK. The line goes dead.

CUT TO:

INT FEDERAL RESERVE - SORTING/COUNTING DAY

A dozen COUNTERS, men and women, are breaking open the seals on dirty grey canvas money bags and spilling out the contents -- currency tied into packets -- then counting it at top speed.

As they finish with the packets they toss them onto wooden carts, one of which is already rolling, we follow the cart as it whips around a corner to where --

INT FEDERAL RESERVE - SORTING/COUNTING DAY

-- the SORTERS occupy a large office of the bullpen type. As the wooden carts come in, the Sorters grab bundles and whip through them, separating denominations almost faster than the eye can see and tossing them --

-- into the slots of a counting machine, deviating only to throw old, overused bills away into a basket.

The money in the counting machine BLURS past.

CUT TO:

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Green appears in the doorway to the Motorman's cab, nervous as usual.

MR. GREEN
Anything wrong?

MR. BLUE
They asked for more time.

MR. GREEN
How much more?

MR. BLUE
Ten minutes.

MR. GREEN
I guess it won't hurt anything.

MR. BLUE
I didn't give it to them.

MR. GREEN
(pause)
Suppose they can't make it?

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

MR. GREEN
Maybe an hour wasn't enough time.

MR. BLUE
An hour is plenty. Give them an hour, they'll take an hour, give them two, they'll take two.

MR. GREEN
And what if it isn't?

Mr. Blue just looks at him -- and the way he's looking at him is just not a way you ever want to be looked at.

MR. BLUE
You're repeating yourself, Mr. Green.

CUT TO:

INT FEDERAL RESERVE - COUNTING DAY

The money is now neatly piled together, a block about twenty inches high and eighteen inches deep.

The time comes on screen:

3:03 p.m.

TWO CLERKS, their hands moving fast, stuff the bundles into a canvas bag, then push it --

THROUGH A RAISED WINDOW,

-- and into the adjoining room, where TWO GUARDS scoop up the bag and leave the room.

We go with them, and the race is on, which can move faster, the money or the camera.

Another GUARD opens a gate leading to a security elevator, its doors already open, the Guards with the money get on board, the doors close --

EXT FEDERAL RESERVE - MAIDEN LANE DAY

-- and another set of doors open downstairs, behind a gate on the side entrance, on narrow Maiden Lane.

A GUARD opens the gate there and the Two Guards with the money race outside to the waiting police car, parked at the sidewalk in this loading bay.

In front of the car, there are half a dozen MOTORCYCLE COPS, their engines running, ready to go.

The Guards race through the gate, to the front window of the police car, each holding one end of the money sack, each with a drawn gun.

They throw the money through the driver's window of the police car, and for a split-second it freezes in mid-air, and the time comes back up on screen:

3:05 p.m.

The image un-freezes, the bag starts to move again, the driver cop (RICCI) catches it and heaves it over to the passenger cop (WENTWORTH), he drops the car in gear --

-- the motorcycles start to move --

-- the main gate starts to open --

-- Wentworth hits the SIREN --

EXT FEDERAL RESERVE BANK DAY

-- and the motorcade ROARS out of the entrance of the Fed.

EXT MAIDEN LANE & NASSAU STREET DAY

A COP on the corner waves the procession right onto Nassau, one of the narrowest streets in the city, and they ROAR uphill toward John Street.

FROM OVERHEAD,

we see the motorcade zip north, past John, Fulton, Ann, and on toward Beekman.

EXT PARK ROW DAY

The motorcycles swing right at Spruce, then enter Park Row, with City Hall on their left, heading up the wrong way, against traffic, COPS at the intersections waving them on.

INT MONEY CAR DAY

In the car, Ricci is grinning like a madman, enjoying himself as cars and Pedestrians leap out of their way.

RICCI
I always wanted to do this.

WENTWORTH
(checks his watch)
Eight minutes. We're never gonna make it.

RICCI
We're scaring the shit out of everybody!

WENTWORTH
Yeah, including me.

EXT MUNICIPAL BUILDING DAY

Tires SCREECHING, the money car swings over to the right side of the street, where traffic coming off the Brooklyn Bridge is being held up at the ramp.

3:06

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's on the radio.

GARBER
Where are they now, Daniels?

RADIO (DANIELS)
Centre Street, just north of Chambers.

EXT 77TH & LEXINGTON DAY

Daniels is at the corner of 77th and Lexington, waiting at the subway entrance with Captain Costello and a half dozen other UNIFORMS.

DANIELS
(into radio)
Even if they make it up here in time, we've still gotta carry it down track on foot.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's barely holding it together. He punches a button on the radio.

GARBER
Pelham One Two Three, this is Garber.

RADIO (BLUE)
This is Pelham One Two Three.

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

RADIO (BLUE)
I'm sorry to hear that.

GARBER
Listen, suppose we get it to the station entrance by then -- will you change the deadline from delivery to you to arrival at 77th Street? Will you do *that* at least?

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

In the motorman's cab, Mr. Blue is thinking about it.

RADIO (GARBER)
Do you read me, Pelham? C'mon!

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

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER
Yeah, yeah, clear, clear.
(punches a button)
Ya fuckin psychopath.
(into radio)
Daniels -- they bought it. If we get it to the station entrance by 3:13 we'll be okay.

RADIO (DANIELS)
Good job, Garber.

GARBER
Sure, except for one thing.

RADIO (DANIELS)
What's that?

GARBER
We still won't make it.

CUT TO:

EXT CANAL STREET DAY

A COP at a corner waves the motorcade left onto Canal.

INT MONEY CAR DAY

Wentworth's on the radio.

WENTWORTH
Proceeding west on Canal over to Lafayette.

RADIO
Keep moving, you've got four minutes.

WENTWORTH
(into radio)
We'll make it.
(clicks off)
We'll never make it.

Suddenly, as the car turns right onto Lafayette, against the on-coming traffic, we see through the windshield --

-- the two motorcycles *sideswipe* each other, spin out of control, now they're flying right at us, a crash is completely unavoidable and, maddeningly, the image free-frames again --

3:10

-- then un-freezes as Ricci cuts the wheel, hard, miraculously avoiding the bikes --

EXT LAFAYETTE STREET DAY

-- which spin out and crash on the sidewalk, sending the RIDERS tumbling across the pavement, hurt but not dead.

INT MONEY CAR DAY

RICCI
(eyes still on the road)
JESUS CHRIST!

Wentworth's looking back, over his shoulder, at the injured Motorcycle Cops out the back window.

WENTWORTH
They're all right, they're all right, keep goin', keep goin'!

And they do, blasting north up the one-way street.

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY TUNNEL DAY

The lone subway car sits on the tracks, quiet and glowing in the darkened tunnel. The time comes up again, and this time it's got seconds on it --

3:11:34

-- and the seconds are running -- 35-36-37-38-39 -- and the clock's staying up until this sequence is over, so it conveniently darts down to the lower right corner of the screen, where it continues to tick away the time.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

While the superimposed time keeps counting down, Mr. Blue regards his watch.

He opens the cab door.

MR. BLUE
Mr. Green.

MR. GREEN
(appearing at door)
What?

MR. BLUE
Coming up on one minute.

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

MR. BLUE
Random. Third face I see. Otherwise I'm making a value judgment.

MR. GREEN
Oh.
(a mutter)
We wouldn't want to do *that.*

Mr. Blue looks at his watch again.

MR. BLUE
Fifty seconds.

He goes back into the cab and picks up his crossword puzzle again.

CUT TO:

EXT THIRD AVENUE & 25TH STREET DAY

The money car is FLOORING IT now, headed north on 3rd Avenue at seventy miles an hour, motorcycles ahead of it, SIRENS SCREAMING.

The superimposed time continues to run -- 3:12:26-27-28-29-

INT MONEY CAR DAY

RICCI
WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT!

WENTWORTH
(on radio)
25th, no, 27th, we got it, we got it --

And indeed they do, the scene is loud and fast and full of exicitement and movement and fun --

-- but then comes one of the most sickening cuts of all time --

EXT THIRD AVENUE & 34TH STREET DAY

-- as suddenly, we're five blocks ahead, at 34th Street, and all that sound is replaced by the quiet little GRINDING of an engine, trying and failing to turn over --

-- for the Fresh Direct truck that's stalled in the middle of the intersection.

INT MONEY CAR DAY

Suddenly we're back in the money car and all that quiet is replaced by all that noise again, but through the windshield, the taillights of the motorcycles in front of the money car flash red for a split-second --

-- then the bikes blast off to the sides, no choice, they gotta save their own lives, and as they split they clear our line of vision --

-- to that great big fat Fresh Direct truck, *right smack in front of the money car.*

Ricci and Wentworth SCREAM, Ricci cuts the wheel, but he cut it too hard and --

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD,

we see everything go upside down, then right side up, then upside down again as the police car rolls.

EXT THIRD AVENUE & 34TH STREET DAY

The police car rolls to a stop and BANGS into the Fresh Direct truck, not too hard, but it doesn't matter, it's not gonna roll anymore, its wheels are in the air and spinning, its SIREN still running eerily.

And that fucking superimposed time keeps running:

3:12:38-39-40-41-

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber just got the news.

GARBER
What the hell are you talking about, it *can't* crash, we're out of time, God damn it!

You bet you are, Garber:

3:12:44-45-46-

On the radio, Daniels responds:

RADIO (DANIELS)
What do you want *me* to do?! We couldn't make it, that's all!

GARBER
What do you mean, *that's all?!* They're about to *shoot* some poor son of a bitch!

RADIO (DANIELS)
What do they expect us to do? If they know the car wrecked how can they ask us to-

GARBER
They don't know *anything,* for Christ's sake! How can they know anything down where they-
(it hits him)
Holy shit, that's it.

He punches a button on the console as the superimposed time goes one sick step further, now adding tenths of a second, like an NBA game in the last minute:

3:12:55(0-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-)

Garber practically SHOUTS into the radio.

GARBER (cont'd)
Pelham One Two Three, the money's arrived, repeat, THE MONEY HAS ARRIVED!

Silence for a second on the radio, but the clock keeps going:

3:12:57(0-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-)

And finally, Mr. Blue's voice comes over the radio, calm as ever.

RADIO (BLUE)
You made it just in time, didn't you?

The superimposed time freezes --

3:12:58.6

-- and the numbers finally, mercifully, disappear.

Garber falls back in his chair, exhausted.

RADIO (BLUE) (cont'd)
You still there, Garber?

GARBER
(keys the radio)
Still here. Tell me something -- if we *were* a couple minutes late, you really would have knocked off an innocent person?

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue is on the radio, and Mr. Green has come into the cab as well.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED.)

MR. BLUE
Affirmative. Now I'll give you instructions for the delivery of the money. As usual, you will follow them to the letter.

GARBER
Go ahead.

MR. BLUE
Two unarmed policemen --

Behind him, Mr. Green SNEEZES.

GARBER
Gesundheit.

Mr. Blue stops, irritated, then starts again.

MR. BLUE
Two unarmed policemen will walk down the track -- one with the money, the other with a flashlight which he'll flash continuously from side to side. When they reach the car the rear door will open and the one with the money will throw it onto the floor. Then they will both turn and walk back to the 77th Street station. Acknowledge.

GARBER
Is that all?

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

GARBER
Coulda guessed that part.

MR. BLUE
You have ten minutes to deliver the money.

GARBER
Yeah. You don't really think you're gonna get out of there, do you pal?

MR. BLUE
The clock's running, Garber. Over and out.

CUT TO:

EXT 77TH & LEXINGTON DAY

Two police motorcycles, SIRENS BLASTING, come to a stop at the corner of 77th and Lexington. One driver jumps off his bike and goes to the other to help him take the canvas sack of money off the back of the second bike.

A small crowd is now starting to form, drawn by the motorcycles, wondering if something's up on this side of town too.

Daniels and Costello come forward to meet them --

DANIELS
Good work. Names?

MISKOWSKY
Miskowsky.

O'KEEFE
O'Keefe.

They salute. Daniels gives Miskowsky a flashlight.

DANIELS
All right, O'Keefe's got the money, Miskowsky, you take this and shine it back and forth as you approach. Motorman's car is by itself about halfway between here and 68th. Move it, you've only got six minutes.
(another salute)
Never mind the God damn salutes, just get going!

O'Keefe hikes the sack up onto his shoulder and they hurry off, running down the steps into the subway.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

In the darkened tunnel, all that can be seen in the darkness is the dim glow of a flashlight, its beam swinging back and forth, coming toward us.

Miskowsky and O'Keefe walk along the tracks, between the rails, looking around nervously.

MISKOWSKY
You get the feeling we're not alone down here?

O'Keefe looks to the side and sees the dim figure of a SHARPSHOOTER stationed behind a pillar.

O'KEEFE
Bet your ass.

They draw closer and pass by him, seeing him only in silhouette. Helmet, rifle, mask, very high-tech, very intimidating.

MISKOWSKY
I feel like I'm walking into the fuckin O.K. Corral.

O'KEEFE
(looking up ahead)
There it is. I see somebody in the door.

Up ahead, we see it too -- the lone car, lit from within. And the silhouette of Mr. Brown at the rear door.

JUST AHEAD OF THEM,

we see Patrolman James, still stationed at that pillar. He's got a much clearer view of Mr. Brown from here.

It would be an incredibly easy shot.

Slowly, James brings his right hand up and, pointing his index finger like a gun, pretends to fire.

JAMES
(softly)
Bam.

He smiles softly to himself, then moves his finger so it's aiming at Mr. Grey, who's also visible mid-car, and a fairly easy shot as well.

He raises his finger, closes one eye, and --

-- *KA-BLAM!*

There is a muzzle flash from somewhere behind James, accompanied by a REAL gunshot, deafeningly loud. The storm door's glass SHATTERS, Mr. Brown falls backwards --

-- James looks at his finger in shock, what the fuck? --

-- then Mr. Brown recovers his balance and starts BLASTING with the submachine gun.

ON THE RAIL BED,

Miskowsky and O'Keefe drop to the tracks, bullets SCREAMING all around them.

MISKOWSKY
For Christ's sake, they're shooting at *us!*

O'Keefe pushes the sack of money in front of them and they press flat behind it, and just in time, as --

-- *THUD! THUD!* --

-- two slugs SLAM into the money bag and bury themselves in the cash.

INT FIRST CAR DAY

Mr. Blue runs from the motorman's cab to the rear of the car, passing between the two rows of Passengers, who are SCREAMING, cowering on the benches and floor.

As abruptly as it started, the shooting stops.

In back, there's glass all over the floor from the shattered storm door. Mr. Brown sits heavily in the single, isolated seat near the rear door, a dark red patch growing on his sleeve, just below his shoulder.

His machine gun's on his lap; he's checking his wound.

Mr. Grey is already at the rear door when Mr. Blue gets there, pressed flat against the wall, peering out.

MR. BLUE
Return to your position, Mr. Grey.

MR. GREY
They're comin' in!

MR. BLUE
If they were coming in, you'd be dead.
Get back to your position.

Reluctantly, Grey goes back to mid-car.

MR. BROWN
(to Mr. Blue)
It's not too bad. I think it went right through.

MR. BLUE
You okay?

MR. BROWN
Yeah. I never feel p-pain too much.

MR. BLUE
How many shots were there?

MR. BROWN
Just one, the rest was me. I didn't see anything, I just got mad.

MR. BLUE
(thinking)
Somebody got nervous. Or bored. They've been out there a long time. We can't let it pass.

Mr. Brown looks up at him. He knows what that means.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

Patrolman James, again with his back to the pillar, has his radio handset up to his face, WHISPERING into it.

JAMES
I don't know *who* did it, Lieutenant -- it came from behind me somewhere. It had to be one of the snipers.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's incensed.

GARBER
Acting on whose orders?!

RADIO (JAMES)
I don't know, maybe nobody's.

GARBER
You mean somebody just took it into his head to fire? On his own? How the fuck does anybody do that?

INT TUNNEL DAY

James looks pissed.

JAMES
Easy. Real easy.

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

INT FIRST CAR DAY

We move slowly down the row of passengers, and they look us right in the eye. Nervous.

Mr. Blue is moving to the center of the subway car, and when he gets there, he turns around, counting softly to himself, just as he did in the opening --

MR. BLUE
One --

He lays eyes on the Jamaican Nanny.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
(turning)
Two --

The Businessman.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
(turning)
Three.
(focusing on someone)
You. Would you stand up, please?

Several of the Passengers turn to see who he's talking to.

The conductor (Bud), looks up at us and touches his chest with a finger.

BUD
Who, me?

MR. BLUE
Would you come along with me, please, Conductor?

BUD
Why?

MR. BLUE
There's something you can help us with.

Bud hesitates.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Don't worry. This way.

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, as if to stop himself.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
All you have to do is walk uptrack about a hundred feet and wait for the men delivering the money.

They've reached the rear, where Mr. Blue slides open the door.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
I'll help you down onto the track.

BUD
Why do *I* have to go?

MR. BLUE
No reason. There's nothing to worry about.
(firmly)
Now please go.

Bud looks at him, then accepts Mr. Blue's offer of a hand as he starts to swing down onto the railbed.

INT TUNNEL DAY

O'Keefe and Miskowsky are still face down behind the canvas sack. Now O'Keefe raises his head.

O'KEEFE
Somebody's coming.

Sure enough, they see Bud, now down on the railbed, starting to walk toward them.

He hesitates, turns back to the subway car behind him, as if he wants to go back, then continues walking.

In the doorway, Mr. Blue calmly raises his submachine gun --

-- and FIRES A SHORT BURST, the muzzle flashing.

Bud staggers a few steps, hit in the back, and then crumples forward onto the tracks, one of his outstretched hands coming to rest near a pillar and a black shoe.

Panning up from the shoe, we see Patrolman James' horrified face.

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

The word has reached Command Center, and there is complete silence in the place.

Garber holds his head in his hands.

Finally, he raises one shaking hand to the radio console and softly presses a button.

When he speaks this time, his voice is choked and tired.

GARBER
(into radio)
For Christ's sake, did you have to do it? We were still under the deadline.

RADIO (BLUE)
One of my people was shot. I warned you what the penalty would be.

GARBER
(softly)
I'm going to get you, you know. Me. Personally.

RADIO (BLUE)
Where is the money? You have three minutes left.

Garber sits there for a moment, devastated by this turn of events, feeling responsible, feeling like shit, feeling like killing someone.

But he drags himself forward to the radio, switches frequencies, and hits a key.

GARBER
Garber to Daniels, please ask your men to resume delivery.

A pause, then the radio responds.

RADIO (DANIELS)
Roger that, Garber.

Garber sits back. Softly, to himself --

GARBER
Personally.

CUT TO:

INT FIRST CAR DAY

At the rear door of the train, Mr. Brown is watching the track. Now he turns and calls.

MR. BROWN
Mr. Blue -- we got a light!

Mr. Blue returns to the rear and stands watching with Brown.

He opens the rear door as the flashlight's beam sweeps across the back end of the car.

Miskowsky and O'Keefe appear -- only their faces peering into the car.

MR. BLUE
Throw the money up here.

O'Keefe tosses the sack off his shoulder onto the car's floor and it lands with a THUD.

The Cops look up at Blue and Brown, who merely stare back, sub-machine guns at the ready.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Turn around. Put your hands up.

The Cops do.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Go home to your wives and children.

The Cops start to walk away.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
(to Mr. Brown)
Keep an eye on them until they're gone.

Mr. Blue turns and opens the neck of the sack, then lifts the other end and spills 150 bricks of cash out onto the floor in a heap.

Everyone on the train turns and looks at the stack of money, some covetously, some with contempt.

OLD MAN IN BLACK
So that's it, huh? That's what we're worth?

MR. BLUE
Mr. Grey.

He gestures for Grey to join them, which he does, his eyes on the money the whole time.

MR. GREY
Well, will you look at that, now.

MR. BLUE
Start loading up, you and Mr. Brown first.

Blue watches while Brown and Grey remove their raincoats and jackets. Underneath, they're wearing what can only be described as money vests -- canvas, sleeveless, with ties on the sides, and dozens of pockets sewn systematically into the front and back.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Thirty-eight packets each.

He notices several packets are bullet-torn and charred.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Leave the damaged ones.

They start loading up, each doing the other.

Mr. Blue walks to the front of the car, joining Mr. Green.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
You're next. But not until Mr. Grey re-takes his position.

Mr. Green is just staring at the pile of money, wide-eyed. Mr. Blue keeps moving, into the motorman's cab.

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's radio PIPES UP.

RADIO (BLUE)
This is Pelham One Two Three, do you read me, Garber?

GARBER
(punching a button)
This is Garber, go ahead.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED.)

MR. BLUE
I'm going to give you three specific instructions. Each one is to be followed *precisely,* is that clear?

GARBER
(getting a pen)
So far.

MR. BLUE
One -- at the end of this conversation, you will restore power to the entire sector.

GARBER
(writing)
Restore power.

MR. BLUE
Two -- you will clear the local track all the way from 68th Street to South Ferry. By clear I mean switches properly set, all signals green. I emphasize green, Garber, if I so much as see a red light, let alone get tripped by one, I'll shoot another hostage.

GARBER
Local track cleared to South Ferry and all signals green.

MR. BLUE
You will also remove all police personnel from the tunnel. If I see a single policeman between here and South Ferry, I will shoot another hostage. In fact, *any* deviations from these instructions and I will shoot another hostage. Let me know when all my points have been complied with. Over and out.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber sits back for a moment, thinking. He turns to Correll, who's turned toward him in his wheelchair.

GARBER
Power restored and the track cleared? They're gonna move the car, obviously, but why? What've they got in mind?

CORRELL
Fuck if I know. I wouldn't've picked a tunnel to make my getaway from in the first place.

GARBER
But they *did* pick it, and everything else they've done so far has been organized down to the smallest detail, so it stands to reason they've got the rest worked out too.

Energized, he leaps up and goes to the map.

GARBER (cont'd)
What's the stop right before South Ferry?

CORRELL
Bowling Green.

GARBER
What about after?

CORRELL
Bowling Green again, the track loops around and heads back uptown.

GARBER
(he knew all that)
That's right. And they're not gonna bottle themselves up like that. They want us to chase that train, as far as possible. They staged one diversion already, this is another.

CORRELL
How are they gonna move it? They dumped the motorman already, one of them's gonna have to drive it.

GARBER
I think they got their own motorman. Why can't he just set the throttle and jump off?

CORRELL
Dead Man's feature.

GARBER
Huh?

CORRELL
Dead Man's feature. It's built into the controller handle in case the motorman should ever drop dead.
(MORE)

CORRELL (cont'd)
It has to have a man's hand pressing down on it at all times in order to work. Otherwise the train stops cold.

GARBER
What if they figured out a way to beat it?

CORRELL
There *is* no way to beat it.

GARBER
There's gotta be. Get the power back on and set the lights green. We'll let 'em go, pull everybody off the platforms and double up at the emergency exits. *They're not gonna be on that train, Frank.*

CORRELL
What if you're wrong?

GARBER
But I'm right.

CORRELL
What if you're wrong?

GARBER
But I'm right.

CUT TO:

EXT 81ST & CENTRAL PARK WEST DAY

Just when we'd almost forgotten about it, we're back at the scene of the "terrorist attack" at 81st and Central Park West.

A HEAVILY ARMORED E.S.U. COP comes up out of the station and BLOWS A WHISTLE, hard, waving an arm overhead --

-- the arm signal is picked up by a COP at the point of the Hercules Squad car arrangement, who stands up, BLOWING A WHISTLE himself --

-- and that message is relayed to a COP WITH A BULLHORN, who raises it to his mouth --

COP
ALL CLEAR! REPEAT, STATION IS CLEAR!

OVERHEAD,

we see the area swarmed over by REPORTERS, ONLOOKERS, and HUNDREDS OF OTHER POLICEMEN.

As before, that image turns into a --

INT NYPD HOT ROOM DAY

-- television image in the NYPD hot room, which erupts in self-congratulatory CHEERS as the situation is officially declared over.

Chief Gionofrio, the NYPD 4 star Chief of Department we saw earlier, sits back from the console from which he ran the entire incident, accepting handshakes and pats on the back in the noisy, relieved chaos.

But another UNIFORMED COP moves quickly up to him, leans down, and whispers urgently in his ear.

Gionofrio's face sobers.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

The lights in the subway tunnel sweep toward us, coming back on one at a time, like a wave.

The wave hits the lone subway car and its fluorescents flicker back to life.

INT FIRST CAR DAY

The Passengers let out sighs of relief and excitement as the power is restored.

Brown and Grey are re-dressed, looking only slightly bulkier with the money, and standing mid-car.

Blue and Green are at the rear end, having just packed on their share. Mr. Blue notices the lights and turns to Mr. Green.

MR. BLUE
Get us ready to move. Wait for me.

Mr. Green heads forward quickly.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
(to the Passengers)
Your attention please. In a moment we're going to start moving again.
(MORE)

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
You will all remain seated and quiet. We expect to release you unharmed in a short while.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Green sets up at the controls in the motorman's cab and checks the track ahead as Mr. Blue enters the cab.

MR. GREEN
Green all the way down.

MR. BLUE
Go ahead then.

MR. GREEN
This is gonna give 'em a jolt -- moving before they expect it.

MR. BLUE
Good.

Mr. Green edges the controller forward and the car responds.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

The car starts to move.

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

On the status board in the Grand Central Tower, the red slash representing Pelham One Two Three starts to blink forward.

The Towerman looks up at the board.

TOWERMAN
Holy Christ, she's *moving!*

He whirls around in his chair.

TOWERMAN (cont'd)
What the hell? They said they'd wait until we'd cleared the track all the way down?!
(hits a button on his console)
Grand Central Tower calling Command Center.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER
Go ahead, Grand Central.

RADIO (TOWERMAN)
She's moving.

GARBER
Who's moving?

RADIO (TOWERMAN)
Pelham One Two Three.

GARBER
What?! Since when?

RADIO (TOWERMAN)
She just started.

GARBER
(to Correll)
Frank! She's moving!

Correll turns.

CORRELL
Who's moving?

GARBER
Who the hell do you think? Pelham!

CORRELL
I didn't clear the tracks yet!

GARBER
(into radio)
Grand Central, how fast is she going?

RADIO (TOWERMAN)
Pretty slow, but no sign of stopping.

GARBER
(punches a switch)
Daniels? It's Garber!

EXT 77TH & LEXINGTON DAY

D.C.I. Daniels, still at the corner of 77th and Lexington, responds.

DANIELS
Go ahead, Garber.

RADIO (GARBER)
She's moving!

DANIELS
Who's moving?

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER
What's the matter with everybody? *Pelham!* Tell your men at the emergency exits to stand by, this could be it. I'll find out if they're still on the train.

CUT TO:

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Blue and Green are in the Motorman's cab as the train moves slowly through the tunnel.

MR. GREEN
Coming up on 61st.

MR. BLUE
Keep it steady.

Green looks through the windshield as they approach the 61st Street platform. The platform's deserted except for a half dozen COPS who are scurrying to get out of there, in compliance with the instructions.

MR. GREEN
Look at 'em run.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber punches a switch on the radio console.

GARBER
Command Center calling Pelham One Two Three, what are you doing? The track isn't clear to South Ferry yet, how come you're moving?

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue remains calm, as always.

MR. BLUE
Slight change of plan. We decided to put some distance between us and all the policemen you've got hidden in the tunnel back there.

RADIO (GARBER)
If you keep moving you're gonna start running into red signals. I don't want you to blame us for it.

MR. BLUE
Just let us know when you've cleared the rest of the track. Signing off.

He hangs up the mike. Mr. Green is straining his eyes against the darkened tunnel up ahead, searching for something.

MR. GREEN
You think he figured anything out? All those questions --

MR. BLUE
Perfectly natural, under the circumstances. They're thinking just what we want them to think.

MR. GREEN
(looking into the tunnel)
There it is. About a hundred feet ahead.

MR. BLUE
Stop just a few yards past it.

Green starts to apply the brake.

CUT TO:

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

In the Grand Central Tower, the red light indicating Pelham comes to a stop on the status board.

TOWERMAN
She's shut down again.

He hits his radio key.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's radio SPEAKS.

RADIO (TOWERMAN)
She's stopped again, Lieutenant. Just below the 51st Street station.

GARBER
Gotcha, thanks.

CORRELL
Thought they weren't gonna be on the train, Zach?

GARBER
They threw a move at us, that's all.
(switching)
Daniels, come in. They're still on the train, but now they're at 51st. We've got the wrong exits covered.

RADIO (DANIELS)
Shit. On the move.

CUT TO:

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

In the motorman's cab, Mr. Blue and Mr. Green are unpacking more equipment from the package that Mr. Green initially brought on the train, that set of interconnecting metal pipes.

They're working fast, unbuckling straps and slipping the pipes out, then pulling out a small, cast-iron, shoe-like form with a molded, hollowed-out area on one side.

Green sets it over the controller handle. It fits perfectly.

Mr. Blue raises his machine gun, butt end first, and SMASHES the glass of the motorman's window.

INT FIRST CAR DAY

The Passengers react to the sound of breaking glass, but Mr. Brown and Mr. Grey still hold their guns on them.

Mr. Green comes out of the cab, carrying the pipes, and goes out the front storm door.

INT TUNNEL DAY

Mr. Green comes around the front of the train, fitting the pipes together. He hands one section up, through the Motorman's window, to Mr. Blue --

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

-- who CLICKS it into place on the cast-iron shoe --

INT TUNNEL DAY

-- and then SNAPS the other end into the now-opened control panel at the base of the Motorman's cab.

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's radio BLARES.

RADIO (DANIELS)
Garber, this is Daniels, come in.

GARBER
Go ahead Daniels.

RADIO (DANIELS)
Two minutes we'll be re-deployed outside emergency exits from 61st to 42nd. Two minutes.

Correll, in the background, starts talking at the same time.

CORRELL
The track's clear, Zach. We gonna let 'em go?

GARBER
(into radio)
Got it, thank you.

CORRELL
Zach -- *are we gonna let 'em go?*

GARBER
That short little move -- fifteen blocks. What was that for?

CORRELL
(shrugs)
Throwing a move at us, like you said.

GARBER
Yeah, but why?

RADIO (PETRONE)
Operations to Command Center, come in Garber.

GARBER
Go ahead, Rico.

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

Petrone is at his console.

PETRONE
You're gonna love this, Z. Chief Gionofrio's taking over as Incident Commander, he's on his way there from One Police Plaza, E.T.A. three minutes. He says to tell you and I quote, do not under any circumstances allow money transfer, repeat, do not pay.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber winces.

GARBER
Uh, okay. Anything else?

RADIO (PETRONE)
Yeah. "Do not release train." You copy?

Garber looks around, and the only eyes meeting his are Correll's, and even he looks away.

RADIO (PETRONE) (cont'd)
Garber, do you copy?

GARBER
(into radio)
You couldn't find me, Rico.

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

Petrone thinks about it for a moment, then keys the radio.

PETRONE
Zach? Zach, are you there? Come in, Garber.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

RADIO (PETRONE)
Garber, where the fuck are you?

Garber smiles, switches frequencies.

GARBER
(into the radio)
Command Center to Pelham One Two Three, come in, Pelham.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue, still in the Motorman's cab, picks up the mike.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED.)

MR. BLUE
This is Pelham, go ahead Garber.

GARBER
Track's clear all the way to South Ferry. You can go any time you want.

MR. BLUE
Thanks, Command Center. And please accept my regards. It would have been nice to meet you.

GARBER
Don't worry, I'll say hi at the arraignment.

MR. BLUE
Over and out.

He gives the mike a strong tug and SNAPS the wire.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber hears the STATIC as the radio connection goes dead. He switches over to another circuit.

GARBER
Command Center to Daniels, come in.

INT POLICE CAR DAY

D.C.I. Daniels is in a squad car, SIREN BLARING, heading south on Lexington.

DANIELS
Go ahead, Garber.

RADIO (GARBER)
The train's moving, are you at the exits?

DANIELS
Locked and loaded.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER
I'm coming up there, I'll meet you at 51st and Lex.

He signs off, grabs a hand radio off the console, tosses a shrug at Correll --

GARBER (cont'd)
What the hell, Frank, I'm already fucked 'cause of the Chinamen.

CORRELL
I'd go with you if I could.

-- and beats ass out of there.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

Mr. Blue leans out the broken motorman's window and speaks to Mr. Green, who's just finishing attaching the handle.

MR. BLUE
I want this train moving in thirty seconds.

INT FIRST CAR DAY

Mr. Blue comes out of the Motorman's cab and goes over to Mr. Brown.

MR. BLUE
Cut the emergency brake cords.

CLOSE ON THE EMERGENCY BRAKE HANDLE,

which dangles some six inches from a hole in the ceiling of the car.

It's SNIPPED by a pair of clippers inserted into the hole. Brown is standing on a seat to reach it.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE CAR,

Mr. Grey SNIPS the cord at the back end.

Now, submachine gun in hand, Mr. Brown opens the front storm door, crouches, and drops out of sight.

A moment later, Mr. Grey drops out the rear door.

Mr. Blue comes out of the motorman's cab and walks through the car, cradling his machine gun.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
(to the Passengers)
You will remain in your seats. Don't try to get up.

He slips out the back door and closes it behind him.

INT TUNNEL DAY

Mr. Blue jumps off the metal landing and signals to Mr. Green, who grabs one end of the pipe contraption, pulls hard --

-- and it SNAPS down with a clunk.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

In the motorman's cab, the shoe-like device THUNKS down on the controller handle and moves it clockwise, through switching, and into series mode.

INT TUNNEL DAY

Mr. Green twists the pipe back the other way and it SNAPS free of the train --

-- which immediately starts to move, leaving the four men alone on the tracks.

INT FIRST CAR DAY

As the train accelerates, the Passengers look around, not sure what's happening.

Suddenly, without warning, the Rapper reaches down, pulls up his pant leg --

-- *pulls a gun from an ankle holster* --

-- and runs in a crouch toward the rear of the car.

BUSINESSMAN
He said to stay seated!

RAPPER
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 DAY

The Rapper lands hard, rolling over, BANGING his head on a rail, dropping his gun, and possibly breaking an arm.

He lies, face upwards, semi-conscious, fairly bloody.

FURTHER BACK IN THE TUNNEL,

the four hijackers are re-grouping, maybe fifty yards away. Mr. Brown turns back, looking into the darkness.

MR. BLUE
What's wrong, Mr. Brown?

MR. BROWN
(looking downtrack)
I thought I saw something f-fall out the back of the train.

MR. BLUE
Like what?

MR. BROWN
Maybe a p-person. I ain't a hundred percent sure.

Mr. Grey hefts his gun eagerly.

MR. GREY
Then let's make sure.

MR. BLUE
Forget it. There's no time.

CUT TO:

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

On the status board, Pelham's red blip is moving, and picking up speed.

TOWERMAN
Grand Central Tower to Command Center, Pelham One Two Three is in motion, passing 34th Street --

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Correll is back at the radio console Garber once occupied.

CORRELL
(into radio)
Garber, you hear that? They're moving.

INT POLICE CAR DAY

Garber's in the front passenger seat of a police car, SIREN SCREAMING, being driven across the Manhattan Bridge.

GARBER
(into radio)
Yeah, I heard it, but they aren't on it, I'm telling you, they're aren't on it!

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY

The subway car bumps and rattles along, picking up steam.

WHITEY
Where do you think they're taking us now?

OLD MAN IN BLACK
The man said it's almost over, this is good, this is good --

GORGEOUS WOMAN
Wait a minute, can't anybody count?! They all four got off! There's nobody *driving* the fucking train!

EXT ASTOR PLACE PLATFORM DAY

The lone car hurtles through the station.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

Blue, Green, Brown, and Grey have moved to just underneath the dim white light they pointed out earlier from the motorman's cab.

They're in front of an odd-looking, double-width door, near an almost-hidden split in the tracks. Mr. Blue throws a lever at the top and bottom of the doors and pushes them open wide, revealing another tunnel, with its own tracks, leading off into the darkness.

MR. BLUE
You all know the drill. By the numbers.

MR. GREY
Drills, numbers, it's all chickenshit. Why don't we just *do* it?

MR. BLUE
Shut up and do as you're told. Hats, glasses, wigs, and moustaches.

They remove their disguises and throw them into a trash bag Mr. Blue pulls from a coat pocket.

ON THE TRACKS,

the Rapper rolls over on one elbow, wipes some blood off his face.

In the distance, he can hear Mr. Blue's voice softly.

MR. BLUE (O.S.)
Guns down -- remove your coats -- new coats --

NEAR THE EXIT,

we watch as the four men put on matching white coats that button all the way up to the chin. If they're trying to blend in, this doesn't seem like a good idea, but they certainly match each other.

BEHIND THEM,

the Rapper blinks, still in a fog, searching for his gun.

CUT TO:

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

The red lights of the subway train are moving across the status board, rapidly now.

TOWERMAN
Passing Canal Street, doing about fifty.

INT CANAL STREET PLATFORM DAY

The single car ROARS through the Canal Street station.

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY

There is near panic in the subway car. Only the Old Man in Black has remained calm, and is speaking in a reasonable manner.

OLD MAN IN BLACK
My friends, my friends, do not be alarmed -- as soon as we hit a red light, the train will be stopped.

WHITEY
There's only one problem --
(pointing out at the tunnel)
They're all green!

INT TUNNEL (FROM TRAIN) DAY

Sure enough, as we rocket through the tunnel, we see nothing but green lights ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT 51ST AND LEXINGTON DAY

A police car SCREECHES to a halt at 51st and Lexington and Garber leaps out. He races up to Daniels.

GARBER
You Daniels?

DANIELS
Yeah. Garber?
(looks him up and down)
I thought you were -- I don't know what the hell I thought.

GARBER
Anything?

DANIELS
Nothing yet, but there's two gun barrels on every emergency exit within twenty blocks.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

Blue, Green, Brown, and Grey are nearly done.

MR. BLUE
Handguns in inside pockets.

They each take their handgun and slide it between the fourth and fifth buttons of their snug-fitting white jackets, leaving their submachine guns on the ground.

Mr. Grey merely watches the other three, continuing to hold his gun under his arm, a slight smile on his face.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Did you hear me, Mr. Grey? Please put your gun down so we can get out of here.

MR. GREY
It goes out with me.

MR. BLUE
Put it down, Mr. Grey.

MR. GREY
What if something's wrong out there?

MR. BLUE
Nothing's gone wrong. The plan depends on us walking away unnoticed. You can't do that carrying a submachine gun.

MR. GREY
Blow it out your ass, Mr. Bl-

Without any warning, Mr. Blue, who's kept his right hand inside his white jacket --

-- FIRES a shot through the gap between the buttons --

-- that SLAMS into Mr. Grey's chest.

He staggers back, bumps against the tunnel wall, and collapses, landing on his side.

MR. GREEN
Oh my God --

Mr. Brown watches with a detachment bordering on disinterest.

MR. BROWN
What about his money?

MR. BLUE
(to Mr. Green)
Put it on over yours.

MR. GREEN
Why me?

MR. BLUE
You're the thinnest, it'll show less.
Hurry up.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL (FROM TRAIN) DAY

As before, we're on the front of the train, racing through the tunnel, hitting nothing but green lights.

INT SOUTH FERRY PLATFORM DAY

CLOSE ON the sign at the South Ferry platform.

WHIP DOWN to the track as Pelham roars in and, speed undiminished, roars out.

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY

In the front of the car, we see a sharp curve up ahead --

GORGEOUS WOMAN
We're going too fast to make it!

-- the train rushes into the curve and then, as the wheels start to SCREECH, finally --

-- a red signal comes into view.

INT TUNNEL DAY

Down on the tracks, metal trippers SLAM down from the car's wheels and GRIND into the track.

INT FIRST CAR DAY

As the SCREECH of the trippers fills the car, the Passengers are all thrown forward. The car decelerates, fast, comes to a jerking stop --

-- and there's complete silence.

The Old Man smiles and stands up.

OLD MAN IN BLACK
As it is, it was, for that is *how* it is.

They all turn and look at him.

BLACK TEENAGE GIRL
What the fuck does that even *mean?*

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

Back at the tunnel split, Mr. Green has pulled on Mr. Grey's money vest and is buttoning up his coat again.

Mr. Blue and Mr. Brown have dragged Mr. Grey's body off to the side, outside the second tunnel.

Mr. Brown straightens up, turns to Mr. Blue --

MR. BROWN
I never liked the son of a b-b-

BAM!

Mr. Brown staggers and looks down at his own chest in surprise --

-- *as a red bloodstain seeps through his white coat.*

He drops to his knees, the stain continues to grow, it's right over his heart --

-- and he falls face forward, dead.

Mr. Green and Mr. Blue turn sharply, look into the darkness.

BACK IN THE TUNNEL,

the Rapper is lying on the tracks, smoking gun in hand.

He can barely make out Mr. Green and Mr. Blue in the distance.

AT THE TUNNEL SPLIT,

Mr. Blue and Mr. Green instinctively flatten themselves against the walls and peer out into the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT 51ST AND LEXINGTON DAY

A HAND twitches on a handgun in a holster.

Garber has taken up position just outside the grating of a subway emergency exit at 51st and Lexington, staring at the thing, as if willing it to open.

D.C.I. Daniels, who had his back to him, turns to face him, hanging up his radio handset.

GARBER
Anything?

DANIELS
Negative at all locations.

Garber's radio BLARES.

RADIO (CORRELL)
Train's stopped, Garber. All passengers safe.

GARBER
(into radio)
Hijackers?

RADIO (CORRELL)
Negative. Passengers said they got off before it started to move.

GARBER
The fuck are they *doing* down there?

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL SPLIT DAY

Mr. Blue and Mr. Green are still clinging to the tunnel walls, peering into the darkness, in the direction the shot came from.

MR. BLUE
(calmly)
See anything?

Mr. Green, scared as hell, shakes his head no.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Wait here.

He reaches up and SMASHES the light bulb just above him, keeping himself in darkness.

DOWN THE TRACKS,

the Rapper can see him, dimly, in the darkness.

He tries to aim, but can't get enough of a target, as Mr. Blue's staying behind the pillar.

CUT TO:

EXT 51ST AND LEXINGTON DAY

Up top, Garber is near-frantically checking his watch.

DANIELS
Garber --

GARBER
They can't hide down there forever, that can't be the plan --

DANIELS
Garber, I don't think they're down there anymore.

GARBER
Well then what the fuck!?
(into radio)
Frank, what if they blended in with the passengers, did they do a head count?

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Correll seems saddened too, and ready to admit what everybody except Garber has admitted.

CORRELL
(into radio)
Affirmative. The motorman confirmed the number. No hijackers.

EXT 51ST AND LEXINGTON DAY

Garber's beside himself.

RADIO (CORRELL)
I'm sorry, Zach. If I could, I woulda been up there to help you.

GARBER
Yeah, well, it's not your fault you're a helpless-

He stops. Thinking.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

A shot of Correll, wide enough to include his wheelchair.

CORRELL
(into radio)
Missed that last part, what'd you say?

RADIO (GARBER)
FUCK! SHIT FUCK FUCK FUCK GOD DAMN IT SHIT, FRANK!

CORRELL
Zach? You all right?

EXT 51ST AND LEXINGTON DAY

Garber's practically spitting into the radio.

GARBER
That move! That little move! Where'd they stop?! Forty-ninth, right?!

RADIO (CORRELL)
Yeah, what does-

GARBER
THE GOD DAMN ROOSEVELT RAMP!

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

This is meaningful to Correll. His eyes pop wide.

CORRELL
(into radio)
Shit! Go, go, I'll call Operations for backup!

EXT 51ST AND LEXINGTON DAY

Like that, Garber's gone, taking off down the street, running as fast as he can.

Daniels steps up, grabs his own radio, BARKS into it.

DANIELS
Command Center, what the hell is going on?!

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Correll whips over in his wheelchair to a huge flat drawer filled with maps and schematics and searches for one in particular.

While Correll's VOICE comes over the images, we flash forward to the next rapid-fire series of events.

CORRELL (V.O.)
(a mile a minute)
Roosevelt, Franklin Roosevelt, nobody was ever supposed to know he was in a wheelchair, so they built him a private spur off the I.R.T. line, they called it the Presidential Siding!

Correll finds the map he's looking for and he SLAPS it out onto a table. We start to move down on the mass of lines until it fills the frame.

CORRELL (V.O.) (cont'd)
It branched off at 49th Street and went straight into a special platform underneath the Waldorf!

Sure enough, there it is on the map, a tiny little spur that runs off the main line, crossing over toward Park Avenue.

CORRELL (V.O.) (cont'd)
They could drive his car right off the train and into the basement of the hotel underneath the ballroom, *that's* how they're getting out, *that's* why the short move to 49th Street --

EXT WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL DAY

Seen from above, the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. We keep moving down, toward the hotel, to match the move toward the map.

CORRELL (V.O.)
-- they're at the Waldorf, *they're coming out through the hotel!*

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

In the tunnel, Mr. Blue's nearly out of time. He checks his position, checks his watch, then quickly steps out from the behind the pillar, steps back again, and --

-- *BLAM!* He draws a shot from the Rapper.

Sighting on the muzzle flash, Mr. Blue steps out again and squeezes off THREE QUICK SHOTS.

He hears a GROAN from the tunnel up ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT LEXINGTON AVENUE DAY

Garber's running down Lexington at top speed, approaching 49th Street, SHOUTING into his radio.

GARBER
The entrance, Frank! I need the entrance!

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

We're caught back up to real time, and back in the Command Center, Correll's got a radio handset and he's talking to Garber, studying the map intently.

CORRELL
The platform's down a stairway, behind a brass door marked --

And as he talks, we go to --

EXT 49TH STREET DAY

-- the real thing, which is just as he describes it:

CORRELL (V.O.)
-- 101-121 49th Street, under a sign that reads "Metro-North Fire Exit!"

Garber comes racing up into frame, draws his gun --

-- and kicks in the doors.

INT STAIRWAY DAY

Light floods into the darkened stairway.

Garber starts down, fast but careful, swinging his gun back and forth in front of him, waiting for his eyes to adjust.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

On the tracks, two of the three shots have connected with the Rapper, one hitting his arm and sending his pistol flying away, the other into his upper chest, below the right shoulder.

He's lying sprawled out on the railbed, in agony.

Mr. Blue walks slowly down the tracks to him.

BEHIND HIM,

Mr. Green watches from the base of the stairs, but he can't take it anymore.

He turns and takes off, into the blackness of the tunnel. The last thing we see of him is the dim light shining off his bright white jacket.

BACK IN THE TUNNEL,

Mr. Blue reaches the Rapper, he towers over the injured man.

MR. BLUE
You were on the train. Are you a policeman?

Almost imperceptibly, the Rapper nods, just once.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Then the Mayor will go to your funeral.

He lifts his gun to fire and the Rapper manages to turn his head away, he knows the inevitable is coming --

-- but a VOICE calls from behind Mr. Blue.

GARBER (O.S.)
Excuse me, pal, would you mind dropping that gun and turning around, please?

Mr. Blue freezes.

Raises his arms.

And turns around slowly.

Garber walks forward, holding the gun on him.

GARBER (cont'd)
Do drop the gun. 'Cause I'll shoot you in the head if you don't.

Mr. Blue smiles thinly and drops the gun to the tracks.

MR. BLUE
Lieutenant Garber?

GARBER
Yeah. You're the guy on the radio?

MR. BLUE
(nods)
Officer -- I don't suppose you could use half a million dollars, could you?

GARBER
Half a million? Oh, no thanks, my accountant says I've accepted enough bribes for this fiscal quarter.

MR. BLUE
Tell me, do you people still have the death penalty in this state?

GARBER
Death penalty? No, not any more.

MR. BLUE
That's too bad.

And without hesitation, he reaches out with his left foot --

-- and shoves it into the third rail.

A SIZZLING sound rises up, smoke starts to curl from his foot, and then from his upraised hands, and then from the top of his head --

-- and then he drops to the tracks, dead.

GARBER
Christ.

He turns away from the corpse and rushes over to the injured Rapper.

GARBER (cont'd)
You're the cop from the train?

The Rapper nods. Garber whips out his radio.

GARBER (cont'd)
Daniels, I got an injured officer in the tunnel at 49th, one dead perp --
(looking around, seeing Mr. Brown's body)
-- make that two --
(and now Mr. Grey's)
-- shit, no, *three*. One still missing, probably wearing a white coat like the others, don't ask me why, he's in a high-button white coat, I'm in pursuit.

EXT 49TH STREET DAY

Daniels and a HALF DOZEN COPS are at the 49th Street entrance, barreling down the stairs.

DANIELS
Wait for backup, Garber, we're en route, thirty seconds behind you.

INT TUNNEL SPLIT DAY

But Garber's already running, ignoring that, racing down the tunnel in the direction that Mr. Green went at top speed.

He reaches the end of the hall and there's another staircase, he bounds up it, BANGS the door open --

INT WALDORF - STORAGE ROOM DAY

-- and comes out into a storage room, only two ways in or out, one at either end, Garber races through it, to the door at the far end --

GARBER
White coat, white coat, white coat --

-- he BANGS through that door and comes out --

INT WALDORF - BALLROOM DAY

-- in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf. He freezes in his tracks, deflated, and finishes his thought:

GARBER
-- white coat.

And as we spiral up and around him, we see the source of his dismay. The ballroom has no guests, but it's set up for a party that night, with dozens of tables lavishly appointed with glass and silver, spotlights on the stage at the front of the room, cheese stations, dessert stations, and it's all being set up --

-- *BY ONE HUNDRED WAITERS IN IDENTICAL WHITE COATS.*

And as Garber stands there, no clue which Waiter to nab, if any, we land softly on the far side of the room, near one of the dozen doors in and out, where a group of Twenty Waiters is streaming out with empty trays, off to get more to set up, and there, right in the middle of them, completely anonymous --

-- is Mr. Green.

He slips out of the room, daring to toss one last look back over his shoulder.

And then he's gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT WALDORF - BALLROOM DAY

Dissolve slowly to the same room, but now it's empty of waiters and full of COPS, cops everywhere, it's a crime scene. They're swarming, and high level, too -- Chief Gionofrio is there, tons of NYPD, FBI, even Deputy Mayor Esposito.

Garber is noticeably absent.

Rico Petrone is in the middle of the room, scanning the place, holding a manila envelope and a few loose sheets of paper.

He moves to the edges of the room, toward a dark corner, and there he sees Garber, lying low, trying to stay the hell away from everybody.

PETRONE
Garber, what the fuck? Half the force is looking for you.

GARBER
Yeah, but they can't fire me till they find me, right?

PETRONE
So? I thought you hated your job.

GARBER
I do. But I still want to finish it.

On his hip, his cell phone BUZZES. He checks the number, He looks across the room, and sees Deputy Mayor Esposito on *her* cell phone, pacing, looking pissed as hell.

GARBER (cont'd)
Man, she's tenacious.

PETRONE
You did lose her two million dollars, Z.

Garber nods to the papers in Petrone's hand.

GARBER
What'd they get?

PETRONE
Three hits on the prints of the dead men --

He shows one page, a fax with a mug shot of Mr. Brown.

PETRONE (cont'd)
George Steever, professional guy, St. Louis. Three priors, all heavy iron stuff.

Another page -- a mugshot of Mr. Grey.

PETRONE (cont'd)
Giuseppe Benvenuto, a.k.a. "Joe Welcome," former O.C., they threw him out. Too sick for the mob, you gotta love this guy.

Last page, and this time it's Mr. Blue, but not a mugshot, he's in the uniform of a United States Marine.

PETRONE (cont'd)
Third one crossed from U.S. Army ID base, his name's Bernard Breyer. Discharged in '98, he's been a mercenary since.

On Garber's hip, his cell phone BUZZES again. He looks up, across the room, sees it's Esposito again. He admires her for a moment.

GARBER
I don't know, you think a Deputy Mayor and a guy like me --

PETRONE
No.

Garber waves the pages of mugshots.

GARBER
None of these guys know how to drive a train, it means it's the motorman who's missing. Find him and I bet we find the money. You get that list of motormen discharged for cause I asked you to get?

PETRONE
(the manila envelope)
Seventy-eight names.

GARBER
Seventy-eight?

PETRONE
Yeah, but it's not that bad. Eight are dead, twenty-two were rehired, eleven are in jail, twenty-six moved away, one's in a mental institution, and another's a member of the New York Police Department.

GARBER
That's our man right there.

PETRONE
Nice to see you've kept your sense of humor.

GARBER
Why not? I got till the end of the day till I'm busted, bankrupt, or both.

He pulls on his jacket, takes the manila envelope from Petrone.

GARBER (cont'd)
How many's that leave?

PETRONE
Nine.

GARBER
Let's hit it.

CUT TO:

INT CRUMMY APARTMENT LOBBY NIGHT

Nighttime. Garber and Petrone come into the foyer of a crummy apartment building in Queens and head up to the second floor.

GARBER
What's the name of this guy?

PETRONE
Nathaniel Driskin.

GARBER
What'd he get busted for?

PETRONE
Narcotics.

They POUND on a door at the top of the stairs. A VOICE calls from inside.

VOICE (O.S.)
Who's there?

GARBER
NYPD.

The door opens, and DRISKIN stands in front of them.

DRISKIN
What do you want?

Except he's on crutches. Looking down, Garber sees his right leg ends abruptly at the knee.

GARBER
Uh -- nothin', pal, our mistake.

Driskin SLAMS the door.

CUT TO:

INT POLICE CAR - TOLL BOOTH NIGHT

Garber and Petrone, in an unmarked car, pull up to a toll booth at the Midtown Tunnel. Garber shows his badge to the TOLL TAKER.

GARBER
N.Y.P.D., Transit.

TOLL TAKER
You still gotta pay.

GARBER
Your name Latimer?

TOLL TAKER
What about it?

GARBER
Just answer the question, would you please, pal?

TOLL TAKER
Look, I don't work for you guys any more, you don't get shit from me.

GARBER
That's nice. Can you account for your whereabouts today, Mr. Latimer?

TOLL TAKER
Are you trying to connect me to that hijacking?
(laughs)
Forget it! I've been here since two-thirty this afternoon. Ask anybody.

GARBER
Don't worry, we will.

He puts the car in drive.

TOLL TAKER
Hold it!
(holds out his hand)
It's still three fifty.

CUT TO:

INT MR. GREEN'S APARTMENT NIGHT

In a long, narrow studio apartment somewhere in the city, Mr. Green is rolling in dough. Literally.

There's two million dollars in cash on his bed, and Mr. Green, in pajamas and a bathrobe, is rolling luxuriantly from side to side. Double the share he expected, nobody but him left alive to talk about it -- this is has worked out better than he could possibly have hoped.

But there's a KNOCK at the door.

He sits up abruptly.

MR. GREEN
Who's that?

PETRONE (O.S.)
Police Department.

MR. GREEN
Who?!

INT HALLWAY NIGHT

Garber and Petrone are outside.

GARBER
Harold Longman? NYPD Transit Bureau, could you open the door please?

INT MR. GREEN'S APARTMENT NIGHT

This is really just about the worst news ever. Mr. Green leaps to his feet, starts moving the money frantically into the middle of the blanket on top of the bed, rolling up the corners.

MR. GREEN
Just a minute!

He's taking too long. They KNOCK again. He looks around for someplace to stash the money --

MR. GREEN (cont'd)
Hang on, will ya?

-- spots the stove and runs to it.

INT HALLWAY NIGHT

In the hallway, Garber's exhausted, so is Petrone.

GARBER
How many more we got?

PETRONE
Six.

INT MR. GREEN'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Mr. Green is in the open kitchen (the whole apartment's open, bedroom in front, kitchen in back, no walls), down on his knees, shoving the money into the stove.

PETRONE (O.S.)
C'mon, Mr. Longman, we ain't got all night.

He gets the money in, smoothes his hair, ducks quickly into the bathroom, and FLUSHES the toilet.

INT HALLWAY NIGHT

Garber hears it.

GARBER
I hope he washes his hands before he opens the door.

Longman opens the door, but keeps the chain on.

PETRONE
Harold Longman? We'd like to ask you a couple questions.

MR. GREEN
What about?

GARBER
We'll only take a minute of your time.

Mr. Green decides to play it cool, slides the chain off, and lets them in.

INT MR. GREEN'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Garber and Petrone come in.

PETRONE
I'm Lieutenant Petrone, this is Lieutenant Garber.

Mr. Green nods at them.

GARBER
Sorry to bother you like this.
(looking around)
Nice place you got here, Mr. Longman.

MR. GREEN
Thanks.

But he watches them, heart pounding, as they wander around his apartment, eyes wandering, taking in everything.

GARBER
Could you give us an account of your whereabouts this afternoon?

MR. GREEN
Why?

GARBER
Were you at work?

MR. GREEN
No.

GARBER
Why not?

MR. GREEN
I work nights.

GARBER
Oh. Where do you work?

MR. GREEN
Kennedy Airport.

GARBER
(friendly)
Oh! What do you do over there?

MR. GREEN
Fork lift operator.

GARBER
Yeah? I got a brother-in-law does that, over in Jersey.

MR. GREEN
That's nice.

GARBER
It's interesting work.

He wanders over toward the bed.

GARBER (cont'd)
Where were you this afternoon, Mr. Longman?

MR. GREEN
Why?

GARBER
You tell me where, I'll tell you why.

MR. GREEN
I was, uh, right here.

GARBER
Can anyone verify that?

Mr. Green's eyes drop toward Garber's feet and he sees something that makes his heart stop --

-- there's a single packet of hundreds just peeking out from under the foot of the bed.

Garber hasn't seen it. Mr. Green stays cool. Doesn't move.

MR. GREEN
You said you'd tell me why.

GARBER
You were here all afternoon?

MR. GREEN
(nods)
I sleep in the afternoon.

He walks over toward the bed, a completely unmotivated cross, but he manages to make it look natural.

GARBER
All afternoon?

MR. GREEN
Till about an hour ago.

He sits at the foot of the bed, using the heel of his foot to scoot the packet of hundreds all the way underneath it, without looking down.

GARBER
But you heard about the hijacking, huh?

MR. GREEN
What hijacking?

GARBER
Subway train.

MR. GREEN
Subway train? Terrorists?

GARBER
Crooks.

MR. GREEN
(laughs)
You gotta be kidding.

GARBER
Do I look like I'm kidding? I mean, would I be here if I was kidding, Mr. Longman?

MR. GREEN
Look, I'm tired, you got a warrant?

GARBER
No.

MR. GREEN
Supreme Court says you gotta have a warrant unless I'm under arrest.

GARBER
Oh yeah? Well, the way things are going they're gonna be changing that in about ten minutes.

But Mr. Green is right, and Garber nods to Petrone and they head for the door.

GARBER (cont'd)
C'mon Rico, let's go. So long, Mr. Longman, we'll be back later.

MR. GREEN
Yeah?

Now that they're at the door, Mr. Green works up some nerve.

MR. GREEN (cont'd)
Listen, I know I got a gripe with the MTA, I know I got a bum rap, but I wouldn't do anything as stupid as what you just told me. What do you think I am, some kind of idiot?

He sniffs. Still feels sick.

Garber's got the door open now, he and Petrone are headed out.

MR. GREEN (cont'd)
Just do me a big favor, will you, just get the hell out of here, for Christ's sake?

They're in the hallway now.

PETRONE
C'mon, Mr. Longman, we gotta run everything down, it's our job.

MR. GREEN
Yeah, yeah, yeah. I got my rights, you know? This is my *home.* I want a little *peace.*

Fully in the hallway, Garber's still got one hand on the doorknob.

GARBER
Sorry if we bothered you, Mr. Longman.

He starts to pull the door closed.

Two feet to go.

One foot to go.

Six inches to go.

And Mr. Green SNEEZES.

GARBER (cont'd)
(over his shoulder)
Gesundheit.

The door closes.

There's a pause --

-- and then the door CREAKS open again.

Garber leans in slowly, staring at Mr. Green.

He raises an eyebrow.

FADE OUT.