

TRACERS

by

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Previous drafts

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FADE IN:

RUSHING BENEATH US

A patchwork of squares and rectangles. Relentless flat blacks and grays. Concrete, gravel, tar.

ROOFTOPS.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

Skimming over the city, we DIVE DOWN through the canyons of steel and glass into the rush of midday traffic and swerve to find--

A MESSENGER OFFICE

Hidden in a row of storefronts on the busy street. Bicycles stacked out front. MESSENGERS flowing in and out. Twenty-something thrift store hipsters and freaks on battered "fixies", killing time between runs, smoking cigarettes and talking shit.

LONNIE, 30's, harried, anxious dispatcher, exits the office with a run order in his hand.

LONNIE
(looking for someone)
Where's O'Brien?

Messengers perk up, pushing in.

MESSENGER #1
You got a run?

LONNIE
I got a run for O'Brien.

MESSENGER #2
Haven't seen him. Give it to me.

MESSENGER #3
I'll take it.

They crowd against each other, jockeying for attention. Lonnie ignores them, looking around, looking up...

LONNIE
Cam!

LONNIE'S POV:

UP ON THE FIRE ESCAPE, a guy reading a vintage issue of "Car Craft" magazine, featuring a 1967 Pontiac GTO on the cover, lowers it at the sound of his name. Handsome early 20's. Cool and distant. Eyes brimming with street smarts and hard memories. A bad ass loner perched calmly above the scrum of messengers...

CAM.

 LONNIE (CONT'D)
 (holding up the slip)
Express run. Uptown. I need you.

Cam nods, slips the magazine into his messenger bag and--

--SLIDES DOWN the fire escape ladder. Climbs onto his battered bike and pedals over to Lonnie, snatching the slip from his hand as he rides away.

The other messengers watch him go, cockblocked again.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

Cam zips through on his bike, brushing cars and cabs. He's in his element, reading the flow of traffic like a paddler reading whitewater rapids. Deftly squeezing through impossibly tight spaces. Riding the straight edge of disaster through the rushing chaos.

He jams a left, catching the slipstream of a BUS.

INT. METRO BUS - MOVING

PASSENGERS buried in their iPods and PDA's. But a couple live ones lookout the window, watching...

CAM hanging onto the bus with one hand, hitching a free ride. Relaxed, nonchalant, effortlessly spinning along like he's on a 30 mph smoke break.

A HISS of brakes and the bus veers towards the curb.

Cam sees the YELLOW LIGHT up ahead. Lets go and slingshots through the intersection, speeding on.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Quiet up here. A few pigeons strutting, cooing.

WHAM! The birds scatter as a--

A PAIR OF PUMAS

Drop from the sky onto the roof.

A GUY IN A HOODED SWEATSHIRT, hood drawn tight to hide his face, wears the Pumas. HOODIE rolls, absorbing the force of the landing, right back to his feet, never breaking stride, sprinting for the edge of the roof...

Where he JUMPS OFF, disappearing into thin air.

EXT. CROSSWALK - DAY

Thick with crisscrossing PEDESTRIANS. Cam slaloms through at warp speed, so fast no one even notices.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

A MAN reads a newspaper. Ten stories above his head--

Hoodie FLIES ACROSS THE GAP between two buildings, a black shadow flashing across the clouds.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Hoodie lands on the fire escape and speed drops down to the--

ALLEY

Vaulting a dumpster to avoid a GARBAGE TRUCK, and running on towards the street.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Cam's hitched onto a CAR now as--

HOODIE VAULTS right out into traffic.

TIRES squeal. BRAKES smoke. A TAXI swerves--

Cam's got nowhere to go -- He BAILS onto the HOOD.

His bike shoots past, flipping end-over-end, bashing onto the street, and sliding to a rest under a BUS.

Cam looks up, more pissed off than shaken up, to see the Hoodie quickly scrambling to his feet in front of the taxi--

CAM

What the?!--

Hoodie's hood slips off... He's a SHE!

Early 20's, lithe, beautiful, skater girl street vision.
Sexy urban athlete in torn jeans and faded leather.
Pierced and inked in all the right places...

NIKKI.

Cam's forgotten all about the crash now. Entranced, he
slides off the hood of the taxi, locked on Nikki. But
Nikki's distracted, looking for something.

NIKKI

My bag...

Cam spots a small MESSENGER BAG in the gutter. Hands it
to her. She slings it back over her shoulder, her
sweatshirt riding up to give Cam a sneak peek at the
edge of a tattoo crawling up her flat, smooth tummy.

And now she sees Cam for the first time... Her eyes
linger, clicking into his.

They're both clearly taken with each other.

Then something distracts Cam. Nikki looks:

TWO COPS headed their way.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Sorry about your bike.

And with that, she whips her hood up and takes off,
vaulting a stopped car back onto the sidewalk.

COP

Hey! Stop!--

Cam watches Nikki tic-tack (run UP the wall) around
PEDESTRIANS, then vault right into the subway entrance,
disappearing--

The cops blow off the chase -- why bother.

Cam keeps looking after her, intrigued.

BUS DRIVER (O.S.)

Yo!

Cam turns to see an angry BUS DRIVER jabbing a finger.

BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

Get your bike out from under my bus!

EXT. MESSENGER OFFICE - DAY

Cam exits the office, broken bike slung over his shoulder, opening his PAYCHECK. He winces.

JERRY (O.S.)

O'Brien.

Cam looks up to see:

TWO CHINESE GANGSTERS bulling straight for him:

JERRY, 30, dangerously slick, Prada wearing bad boy gangbanger. Bruce Lee on lead guitar.

HU, 30, cage fighter gorilla, shaved head, growth hormone musculature bursting through a "Tap Out" tee-shirt.

JERRY,

Where you been, Irish?

Cam throws his broken bike at them and bolts down an alley. Hu and Jerry chase--

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

Cam runs, only to see TRASH DUMPSTERS blocking his escape. He tries to mimic Nikki's tic-tack move over them. Makes it two feet up the wall before he slips and falls, wiping out in a puddle of dumpster sewage.

Hu grabs Cam by the neck, hauls him to his feet, slams him against the wall.

CAM

I need another week. Maybe two.

Jerry swipes Cam's paycheck, takes a look.

JERRY

What happen? You get a pay cut, or take a vacation?

CAM

All I'm doing is working. Business is off. Can't get the hours.

JERRY

Don't worry. We're giving you an extra month... To get us the balance.

CAM
(disbelieving)
You're calling my loan?

JERRY
Boss's orders. Cutting loose the dead weight. No more loans to white boys from Jersey who won't pick up a gun and make an honest living.

CAM
But we had a deal.

JERRY
File a complaint. Call the 1-800 number on the back of my ass.

CAM
Come on, Jerry, if I knew where to get my hands on ten grand, I would have never come to you guys in the first place.

JERRY
You owe us twelve five... Interest.

Hu hands a pen to Cam with his paycheck.

HU
Give us your Thomas Jefferson.

CAM
It's John Hancock.

Hu squeezes Cam's head.

HU
Sign the fucking check.

Cam endorses his paycheck. Jerry pockets it, smiling.
Hu lets go. Cam rubs his neck.

JERRY
You got one month, Mister Hand Cock.

Jerry and Hu leave Cam standing there.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

Cam sits on the train, his broken bike next to him. Demoralized, he stares out at the passing landscape, spotting some TAGGERS spraying the side of a warehouse.

He's on his way to JERSEY.

EXT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - JERSEY CITY - DAY

Modest urban-suburban, the paint as faded as the Middle Class that used to populate the neighborhood.

JOEY, a 7 year-old kid in a "Nets" jersey, skateboards on a makeshift ramp in the driveway. He pulls a lip trick at the top and wipes out, his board shooting down the driveway towards...

CAM, walking up with his bike. He sticks a foot out, stopping the board before it goes into the street.

CAM

You alright, Joey?

Joey hops up, brushing off, playing it down.

JOEY

Oh, yeah. It's cool...

He notices Cam's broken bike. Stares at it, perplexed.

JOEY (CONT'D)

What happened?

CAM

Pot hole.

Joey nods, more confused than before. Cam kick-flips Joey's board into the air and grabs it, inspecting.

CAM (CONT'D)

Looks like you got bigger problems.

CUT TO: CAM

Opening the garage door, revealing a 1967 PONTIAC GTO, badly in need of some resto-love. Cam leads Joey--

INT. GARAGE - SAME

To a work bench. Clears a path through carburetor guts, lays the skateboard down, opens a tool box, grabs a screwdriver and starts tightening trucks.

Joey picks up a MATCHBOX CAR from the bench. A miniature '67 GTO in perfect condition - the glory of the past and the promise of the future embodied in a toy.

JOEY

Car still broken?

CAM

Haven't had any time to work on it. Might have to sell it.

JOEY

Does that mean you're moving out?

He says it like he doesn't want it to happen. Cam picks up on it, smiles like there's nothing to worry about.

CAM

Gotta get it running first.

Joey nods, grinning. Cam hands the skateboard back.

CAM (CONT'D)

Not good as new, but good to go.

JOEY

(handing the MATCHBOX
GTO back to Cam)

Thanks.

Cam puts the MATCHBOX GTO back in his tool box.

ANGIE (O.S.)

Joey?

JOEY

In here mom.

ANGIE, 30's, Joey's overworked single mom, MILF-y big hair high-school homecoming glory days body, comes to the open garage door.

ANGIE

I told you to give Mister O'Brien his space.

JOEY

His name's Cam, mom. Why do you still call him "Mister?"

He hops on his board and kicks out. She looks at Cam.

ANGIE

Sorry.

CAM

It's okay.

She starts to go, like she's invading his privacy.

CAM (CONT'D)

Angie... I'm going to be a little late on the rent again this month. I'm sorry. I'll get it to you as soon as I can.

She smiles, "no worries" - it's obvious she doesn't like being the landlord.

ANGIE

I know you're good for it.

Cam nods, grateful.

INT. CAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Above the garage. Small, barely furnished.

Cam digs through a stack of books, finds his grease-stained "**CHILTON'S REPAIR MANUAL, PONTIAC GTO 65-68.**"

Something falls out of it. Cam picks it up...

IT'S A PHOTO of 7 year-old CAM and his FATHER, 30's, a handsome, rough-looking guy in a long leather coat, standing next to the sparkling GTO at Coney Island.

Better, happier days.

INT. GARAGE - GTO - LATE NIGHT

The hood's up. Cam leans over the engine, turning a wrench. Sweat drips. He's been working all night.

He gets into car and turns the key. It starts. He looks pleasantly shocked, like he didn't expect it. Jumps out, drops the hood, opens the garage door, hops back behind the wheel, ready to go.

Puts the car in gear. It stalls. He tries to start it again. It's not happening. He slumps back, exhausted. Hopeless. Resigned. Shuts his eyes for a minute.

CUT TO: CAM'S CELL PHONE

Ringling. "**WORK**" on the caller I.D.

CAM

Opens his eyes into the daylight blasting through the open garage door. It's the NEXT MORNING. He spent the night in the car. Awake now, he answers his phone.

CAM

It's Cam.

LONNIE (O.S.)

You coming in today or not?

CAM

I don't know, Lonnie. I gotta look for more work--

LONNIE (O.S.)

What do you want me to do with your new bike then?

Pause.

CAM

New bike?

LONNIE (O.S.)

The one your girlfriend dropped off for you this morning.

Off Cam's surprised look, we CUT TO:

EXT. MESSENGER OFFICE - MANHATTAN - DAY

Cam and a group of MESSENGERS stare in awe at something.

MESSENGER #1

Dude, your girlfriend must be loaded.

REVERSE ANGLE:

A brand new Cinelli fixed gear bicycle, flat black with silver hi-profile rims, sparkle-flecked powder-coated pedals and front brake, leans against the bike rack.

Cam looks down at a note in his hand: "**Ride safe.**"

CAM

I don't have a girlfriend.

MESSENGER #2

Dude. You do now.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

Cam bombs through traffic on his new bike. Shoots a disappearing gap like a downhill skier on meth.

Smiles.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The same one where Cam and Nikki collided yesterday.

Cam eats a sandwich, sitting on the curb next to his bike, watching the crowd, looking around, waiting like he's hoping for Nikki to just suddenly appear.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Cam flies through Central Park, cutting through slower cars. Spots something and locks it up, skidding to a stop to look over at:

HECKSHER PLAYGROUND

Where a couple FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLDS are practicing parkour moves on the big rock. One of them Kong vaults a bench and monkey rolls back to his feet...

Just like Nikki did.

EXT. HECKSHER PLAYGROUND - DAY

Cam rides up to the PARKOUR KIDS.

CAM

Any girls do that?

PARKOUR KID

Some.

CAM

What about a real good looking girl, about my age, tats, metal, long hair--

PARKOUR KID

Try Battery Park. Some of the old guys like you work out there.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - MIDDAY

Cam cruises through the park, past suits on their lunch breaks, looking for Nikki.

No luck.

EXT. ESPLANADE - BATTERY PARK - LATER

Cam rolls through passing joggers, still looking.

Nothing.

SEVERAL LAPS LATER

Cam's walking the bike now, about to give it up when--
There she is!

Up ahead, practicing precisions on park benches.

CAM

Hey...

She looks up, spots him and immediately loses her balance--

Falling off a bench, but recovering in time to roll
backwards and come right up to her feet again.

Cam grins. She bolts, sprinting away.

Cam rides after her, tearing through the grass.

EXT. TREES - BATTERY PARK - DAY

Nikki sprints through trees. Cam closes the gap.

Nikki leaps onto a low-hanging tree trunk -- RUNS UP IT --
jumps from tree onto the second story railing of a nearby
BUILDING as Cam slides to a stop beneath her. She looks
down at him.

NIKKI

What do you want?

CAM

Just wanted to say "thanks." For the bike.

NIKKI

You're welcome. I gotta run.

CAM

You ride?

NIKKI

Me? No way. That bike's a ball and chain.

He studies her for a moment - she's a sexy kitty.

CAM

Anybody can climb a tree.

NIKKI

I'd like to see that.

She's just given him an opening. He takes it.

SECONDS LATER:

Cam is on the tree. But he's not running up the branch like Nikki did... he's on his hands and knees, peering down at the ground. He looks back up to see Nikki leaning on the rail of the fire escape above. She smiles.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Maybe you should stick to the bike.

Cam shoots her a look, then steels himself.

CAM

(under his breath)

Screw it....

He stands up and RUNS the length of the tree, leaping off the end and crashing onto the fire escape. Nothing graceful, cool, or remotely stylish about it. He rolls over and gets up, wincing.

CAM (CONT'D)

I'm Cam.

Nikki jumps up onto the balcony railing, balancing two stories above the street. Then she springs off--

Catching the fire escape of a PARKING GARAGE next door. She tosses an inviting look at Cam, then takes off, climbing the outside of the fire escape, strong, fierce, fluid... like water flowing up.

Cam watches her go. It looks effortless, magical, sexy.

MOMENTS LATER:

Cam lands hard on the fire escape, struggling for a beat to hold on, then getting a firm grip on the railing and steadying himself. He looks up to see--

NIKKI sitting two levels above, legs casually swinging over the wall, smiling.

Cam climbs towards her. All physical strength and sheer will... nothing effortless about it.

EXT/INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Cam hauls himself over the edge of the wall, out of breath, to find Nikki standing in the aisle between rows of parked cars.

She gives him a big smile, then vaults over the hood of a car and takes off running between the rows.

Cam charges after her--

THROUGH THE PARKING STRUCTURE

They race. Cam trying to copy every one of Nikki's moves as she puts distance between them

Cam's not graceful, but he's *really into it*.

He lands a vault and stops, watching Nikki move beautifully away. It's like chasing a gazelle... A gazelle you want to catch and fuck.

She flies into a stairwell--

EXT/INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Waist-high wall, open to the outside.

Cam busts in, stops, leans over, getting his breath, listening for Nikki's footsteps. Nothing. He leans over the rail, looks down. Nada.

WHOOSH. Nikki flies across the gap from overhead--

CAT-JUMPING

--back-and-forth from the stairwell to the wall of the next building, working her way up towards the roof.

Cam watches her, studying the technique. Then he climbs up onto the wall and CATS after her.

NIKKI

All flow and ease. She looks down to see:

CAM

All power and will, a clumsy orangutan muscling his way after her, *but moving twice her speed*.

He looks up at her and makes a huge leap--

SKIPPING AN ENTIRE LEVEL. Grabbing for the opposite roof when--

CAM

Shit!--

HE SLIPS!

--His feet losing traction. His arms extended all the way out, shoulders ready to pop.

NIKKI

Hold on!

Cam looks down:

He's TEN STORIES UP. He pulls hard, but he's tired. Out of gas. Fingers turning white as he struggles to hold on. Kicking the wall with his feet. Dangling.

Then suddenly--

HANDS GRAB HIS ARMS from above. And he's pulled straight up the wall and dumped onto the roof.

He spits some gravel and rolls over to see a cocky, wiry, athletic guy, early-20's, staring down at him...

DYLAN.

Flanking Dylan: a tough, brooding, yoked linebacker, TATE; and a younger, baby-faced, shorter kid in a pork pie hat, JAX.

DYLAN

You almost caught her, man.

Cam squints up into the sunlight as NIKKI flies across the gap, landing on the roof, glaring at Dylan.

NIKKI

What the hell are you doing here, Dylan?

TATE

Just keeping an eye on you, Nicks.

NIKKI

You been spying on me the whole time?

JAX

Who's this guy?

NIKKI

He's nobody.

Cam shoots her a look. Dylan offers Cam a hand.

DYLAN

Dylan.

Cam takes it. Dylan pulls him to his feet.

CAM

Cam.

DYLAN

This is Tate and Jax. Looks like you already met my sister. Haven't seen you around before. You new in town?

CAM

Just to this.

Dylan and the other guys look completely floored.

DYLAN

Whoa, serious? You're a newbie?

TATE

Bullshit.

JAX

You got about as much finesse as a fat chick on ice skates, but I wouldn't have pegged you for a total virgin.

DYLAN

(to Nikki)

Where'd you find this guy?

NIKKI

He found me.

CAM

I saw her in the park, asked her to show me some moves.

TATE

Nikki's got the moves alright.

Nikki's had enough.

NIKKI

Lesson's over.

(to Dylan)

Let's get out of here.

She starts to go.

DYLAN

(to Cam)

You should come work out with us.

Nikki stops, staring daggers at Dylan.

NIKKI

Don't you think that's a little dangerous?

DYLAN

For who?

Dylan just stares her down. She doesn't respond. Cam notices the tension between them. Dylan turns to him.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Meet us tomorrow morning.

CAM

I gotta work tomorrow.

Dylan, Tate and Jax all share a smile.

DYLAN

(to Cam; like it's
obvious)

So do we.

Off Cam's look:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - 5AM

A skeleton of girders and partially finished floors reaching into the dark early morning sky, lit up like a launch pad with high intensity SECURITY FLOOD LIGHTS.

Cam stares up at it from the ground.

DYLAN (O.S.)

Told you he'd show...

Cam turns to see Dylan, Tate and Jax walking up behind him, lets his eyes rest on Nikki trailing behind, looking surprised to see him.

TATE

(ribbing Nikki)

He got a taste... Now he wants more.

Nikki breezes past Cam without even looking.

And pulls one of the coolest moves ever --

She runs up the side of a SHIPPING CONTAINER, grabbing the top edge, pulling herself up onto the roof, pivoting and vaulting over the chain link CONSTRUCTION FENCE, dropping down into the site.

In. Your. Face.

Cam shakes his head - "you gotta be kidding me." Dylan answers by walking up to the fence and peeling back some loose chain link. He looks at Cam and smiles.

They slip through and enter the site...

EXT./INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - 5AM

...Filing into one of the lower floors -- a parkour fun house of newly framed, partially dry-walled sections, exposed girders, open floor gaps, window and doorways.

They come to a stop in the middle of the floor.

CAM

So what do I do?

DYLAN

Go from A to B as fast as you can, no matter what's in your way.

NIKKI

Just watch and try to keep up.

Dylan takes off at a sprint. Dash jumps a wall, throwing a round-off back handspring through a window frame, then a full twisting back flip that lands him balanced--

ON A RAILING. Dylan does a back-flip off the railing to the floor. Nikki, Tate, Jax go next, following Dylan's moves, adding their own subtle twists and styles, fast and fluid. Dylan looks at Cam.

DYLAN

You're up.

Cam looks at them all standing there, watching him, expressionless. It's intimidating. He exhales and goes for the dash jump... Barely clearing the wall.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Do it again.

Cam shoots him a look.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry about the moves right now. It's all about the path, the choices you make.

CAM

Goes again. Faster this time. Plants his hands for the vault and--

CRASHES RIGHT THROUGH THE DRYWALL.

Landing in a pile of broken fiber. He looks up at Nikki, coughing white plaster dust.

NIKKI

That's one choice.

CUT TO:

DYLAN and NIKKI leading CAM through A SERIES OF MOVES:

BASIC VAULTS, JUMPS, CLIMBS. KONG-HOPPING, PRECISION JUMPING, CAT LEAPING, VAULTING, TIC-TACKING.

Racing through the unfinished lower floors:

Dylan leading the way -- vaulting, jumping, climbing, sidling, dropping, twisting -- *flowing* over walls, through gaps, around exposed pipes and girders.

CAM

Moves like a dog among feral cats. Charging through the moves. Frequently WIPING OUT... but bouncing back up every time. Rocky Balboa.

ACROSS A BIG GAP

--In the floor, several stories of air beneath it.

EXT./INT. EDGE OF THE FLOOR - LATER

Everybody catches their breath, resting, stretching. Dylan looks out over the panorama of rooftops as the first light of dawn starts to creep over the city...

TATE

It's gonna be light soon.

JAX

You sure he's coming?

DYLAN

Said he'd be here.

Nikki looks surprised.

NIKKI

He's coming here?

CAM

Who?

DYLAN

(pointing)

Here he comes...

Cam looks:

A MAN runs fast and silent across the rooftops, just a dark shadow against the creeping dawn.

The man vaults a railing... leaps a gap to the next roof... runs and jumps, grabbing the top of a wall... hauling himself up... sprinting on like a wraith... smooth and effortless, mad skills.

He's pulling all the same parkour moves the others have been practicing, but he's on a different level... polished... fluid... mesmerizing...

Like he invented it.

CAM

He's good.

DYLAN

No. He's the best.

The man disappears. Cam strains to find him--

THEN, THERE HE IS.

Flying out of the darkness, landing on the open floor of the construction site in a smooth silent monkey roll.

A ruggedly, strikingly handsome guy in his 30's. Motorcycle jacket and combat boots. Built like a professional athlete. Radiating confidence and charisma without a hint of arrogance. A man who knows he's got control of everything and everyone around him.

He's not even out of breath.

This is MILLER.

Miller goes right up to Cam.

MILLER

This the guy?

Dylan nods.

DYLAN

Cam, meet Miller.

Cam extends a hand. Miller ignores it.

MILLER

Dylan told me you pulled off some heavy moves yesterday. Said you'd never done any parkour before.

CAM

Beginner's luck, I guess.

Miller calmly looks at him, calculating.

MILLER

Let's see.

INT. CONSTRUCTION ELEVATOR - MOVING UP - DAY

Brooklyn, Queens, Manhattan spreading out below.

REVERSE TO SEE:

Cam, nervous, flanked by Dylan, Nikki, Tate and Jax, riding up inside the cage. Miller staring at Cam, the kind of stare that goes through you, sizing him up.

INT. ROOF TOP - CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAWN

High above the ground. Nothing but sky and harbor visible beyond the edges of the building. Wind whipping.

The exposure is *dizzying*.

Miller walks out alone to the edge of the roof, looks over, then turns and nods at Dylan. Dylan, Nikki, Tate and Jax take off, running for the edge--

They JUMP OFF THE ROOF.

Disappearing into thin air.

Cam walks up to the edge and looks over.

HIS POV: THE DROP

Is a good FIFTY STORIES to the street. But two stories down and across a big gap is the next roof where Dylan, Nikki, Tate and Jax stand, waiting for Cam.

Miller walks up to him.

MILLER

Parkour teaches you that the moment is the only thing that's real. That's where life lives. Once you find your way into that place, you gotta stay there. Soon as you hesitate, soon as you start to *think* about where you are or what you're doing, you're dead.

Cam looks across the gap as Miller turns and walks back an easy 20 paces, pulling a bandanna out of his jacket--

MILLER (CONT'D)

(pointing down to the ground)

You can regret the past...

(nodding across to the other roof top)

You can worry about the future...

Miller BLINDFOLDS himself with the bandanna.

NIKKI

Or you can just be here now.

Miller takes off for the edge in big powerful strides--

JUMPING at precisely the right moment, flying across the gap, gracefully landing on--

THE ADJACENT ROOF

Miller peels off the blindfold and looks back across at Cam, still standing on the edge of the roof above them.

MILLER

Thought you said he had the goods.

NIKKI

He does.

Miller and Dylan both look at her, then back up at--

CAM

Backing up to where Miller started his run. He takes another look across that gap. Backs up some more. Takes a deep breath. Closes his eyes. And runs--

At the last minute, he OPENS his eyes and JUMPS--

AND WE GO WITH HIM ACROSS THE GAP:

Arms and legs "running" as he flies through the air--

WHAM! Sticking the landing and rolling right back up to his feet. Flawless.

He turns, looking surprised and thrilled to see he's still alive. Miller, Nikki, Tate and Jax are all staring at his feet. He looks down to see that he's--

SURPASSED MILLER'S JUMP by a good ten feet.

Cam looks back up at them. They're frozen, staring in disbelief, not saying a word...

All watching Miller now.

Miller just looks at Cam, straight on, impassive. Then he raises his hands and slowly starts...

CLAPPING, applauding Cam's jump.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Back on the ground, OUTSIDE the fence. Streets awake now. Traffic moving. WORKERS arriving, oblivious to what just happened on their job site.

Dylan, Nikki, Jax and Tate walk together, watching Miller and Cam up ahead.

JAX

That was epic.

TATE

Never seen anybody fly that far before.

NIKKI

Neither has Miller.

Dylan shoots her a look.

ON MILLER AND CAM

Walking ahead of the others.

MILLER

You play any sports in high-school?

CAM

Some basketball... Boxed a little.

They come to Cam's bike, chained to a telephone poll.

MILLER

Once an athlete, always an athlete. That's what's great about parkour... It's all new school. You make it up as you go.

(pause)

There's no right or wrong.

Miller notices Cam's bike as the others walk up.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Nice bike.

Nikki shoots Cam a furtive glance.

CAM

It was a gift.

Miller stands there a moment. Then just turns and walks. Tate and Jax throw Cam some fist bumps.

TATE

Smooth, bro.

JAX

You got the gift, dude.

They walk away, following Miller towards the street.

DYLAN

We gotta get to work.

CAM

You guys all work together?

DYLAN

Yeah.

CAM

What do you do?

Dylan just smiles like Cam never asked the question.

DYLAN

We'll be in the park tomorrow around noon. Come by if you want to work out.

Dylan goes. But Nikki lingers a moment...

NIKKI

You live in the city?

CAM

Jersey. Grew up there.

NIKKI

You still live at home?

CAM

No. My dad's dead. Not really sure what happened to my mom.

He says it like it's just another fact of life. But Nikki's face softens - it obviously touched a cord. She's about to say something when--

DYLAN (O.S.)

Nikki!

She glances at Dylan, motioning her to hurry up. She turns back to Cam, tortured, like she's holding back.

NIKKI

See you at the park tomorrow?

Off Cam's grin--

EXT. BETHESDA TERRACE - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Cam practices vaults and wall tricks around the fountain with Dylan, Nikki, Tate and Jax.

Cam sticks a landing. Nikki smiles at him.

EXT. MESSENGER OFFICE - DAY

MESSENGERS watch Cam practicing precisions on the "street furniture" -- mail boxes, bus stop benches, railings.

Cam vaults a line of bicycles parked in the rack. He tries a back hand spring, but stumbles back, tripping into the row of bikes--

BIKES FALL LIKE DOMINOS, one-after-the-other, until the entire line is laying tangled on the ground.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Dylan leads the others on a PLAYFUL CHASE, vaulting cars, speed dropping down the stairwells. Cam passes Nikki, Tate and Jax, keeping up, matching Dylan.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - FINANCIAL DISTRICT

Cam wears his bike helmet. Bike and bag propped against the building. He's practicing vaults back and forth across a retaining wall. PASSERSBY slow to watch.

EXT. ROOF TOPS - (PLAYFUL CHASE) - DAY

Dylan clears a gap onto a roof top. Cam lands quickly, right on his heels, closing the distance--

Nikki, Tate and Jax follow, flowing over the roof, each seeking their own route.

EXT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Cam practices WALL TRICKS on the side of the garage. Joey watches, awed and curious, skateboard in hand.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - OFFICE - DAY

Cam, working, signs for a pick-up, takes an envelope from a RECEPTIONIST, then casually Kong vaults over a railing in the waiting room on his way out the door.

EXT. NARROW GAP - (PLAYFUL CHASE) - DAY

Cam cats down between two buildings, jumping from one wall to the opposite, working his way to the ground where Nikki suddenly darts out in front of him. She laughs, splitting off from Dylan. Cam goes after her--

EXT. MESSENGER OFFICE - DAY

Cam's the only messenger outside. He's nailing the precisions now -- moving back and forth at will. He tries that back hand spring again... Sticks it!

EXT. BROOKLYN NAVY YARD - (PLAYFUL CHASE) - DAY

Cam turns a corner to find Nikki trapped in a dead-end. She grins and starts pulling a series of moves on a graffiti-tagged PANEL TRUCK.

Tic-tacking up the sides, vaulting in and out of the open windows and windshield, using the abandoned truck like a jungle gym.

Cam jumps onto the truck in pursuit, matching her moves in a "call and response" kind of dance, until--

They crash into each other in the front seat, bodies tangled, faces close, breath coming fast and heavy.

Cam looks at her, caught in her electric glow.

NIKKI

You've been practicing, haven't you?

Cam's ready to make his move when--

DYLAN (O.S.)

Need some help?

They both look to see Dylan peering in at them from over the hood. It breaks the spell and they quickly unwrap, climbing out of the truck.

Dylan shoots Nikki a look as Tate and Jax come up.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

We gotta get to work.

Cam nods. Nikki avoids his eyes as she hustles off with the others. But Cam watches them go...

CAM'S POV: SLOW MOTION

Dylan, Nikki, Tate and Jax walking away together through the tall stacks of shipping containers, a tight group leaving him behind on the sidelines...

Nikki turns to look back. Holding his gaze until a FORK LIFT wipes his POV...

And then they're gone. Like ghosts.

EXT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Cam rides up the driveway and freezes...

A TOW TRUCK is backed up to the GTO.

CAM

Hey!--

Cam races up the driveway to find--

JERRY AND HU

Hooking the GTO to the tow truck.

JERRY

Didn't tell us you had such a sweet ride?

Cam sees Angie storming up to him, red-eyed with rage.

KA-BAMN! Angie PUNCHES Cam in the face, smashing his lip. He looks at her completely stunned.

ANGIE

Your "friends" gave Joey a ride home from school today.

Fuck... Cam can't believe it. Jerry and Hu chuckle.

JERRY

(to Angie)

Cute kid. But if my mom had looked like you, I'd have never left the house.

Cam explodes, rushing Jerry, throwing haymakers. Hu steps in front and delivers a swift HIGH-KICK to Cam's solar plexus, sending him to straight to the deck.

JERRY (CONT'D)

We're knocking five grand off your tab for the car. Get the rest to us in two weeks so we don't have to help tuck little Joey and his MILF into bed next time.

Cam watches Jerry and Hu climb into the tow truck and HAUL the GTO away. Angie glares down at Cam.

ANGIE

I don't want to see you anywhere near my house ever again.

She heaves a pile of his clothing and belongings out of the garage, then hits a button and the garage door drops.

CAM'S POV:

The garage door closing as Joey stands next to Angie, holding her hand. The last thing Cam sees is Joey's face, looking out at Cam, crying.

The door closes and Cam just stands there on the driveway... All alone in his shame.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Dylan, Nikki, Tate and Jax in the middle of a workout.

Nikki stops, sees:

Cam walking up to them. Dylan notices.

DYLAN

Thought you weren't gonna show--

HE GETS CLOSER, and now they can see how utterly exhausted and spent he looks, like a man who hasn't slept in a couple days.

NIKKI

Everything okay?

Cam doesn't answer her. He looks right at Dylan.

CAM

I need to talk to you.

CUT TO: CAM AND DYLAN

Off to the side, away from the others.

CAM (CONT'D)

I want in.

DYLAN

You are in. We don't let just anybody work out with us--

CAM

I'm talking about work. Whatever you guys got going on. I know it's something good. I want in on it.

Pause.

DYLAN

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

CAM

(impatient)

What do you think, I'm a fucking narc?

A longer pause.

DYLAN

I thought you had a job.

CAM

I don't need a job. I need some money.

INT. DINER - LATE NIGHT

Just one other table full of some CLUB KIDS soaking up their drunk. Cam sits at a booth across from Dylan, tapping his foot, anxious. He looks up to see:

MILLER

Entering the diner, hurrying and distracted, like he needs to be somewhere else. He slides into the booth next to Dylan, looks straight at Cam.

MILLER

Dylan says you're looking for work.

Cam nods.

MILLER (CONT'D)

I run a private courier service. Very discrete. Select clientele. Cone of silence.

CAM

What do you deliver?

Miller looks mildly annoyed, impatient.

MILLER

You're a bicycle messenger, right?

Cam nods.

MILLER (CONT'D)

What do you deliver?

CAM

Mostly business documents, contracts, legal papers, stuff like that--

MILLER

At least that's what they tell you.

CAM

Well, yeah--

MILLER

But you never see what's inside the envelope, the folder, the package.

CAM

That's client property--

MILLER

You just show up somewhere, they hand you something, tell you where it needs to go, and you get it there, right?

CAM

Right.

MILLER

You don't look in the envelope, the folder,
the package, do you?

CAM

No.

MILLER

Never?

CAM

Never.

Miller puts a stare through him like a death ray.

MILLER

Where'd you do your time?

Cam's quiet for a beat, girding himself to access old,
bad memories. He looks down at his coffee cup.

CAM

Monmouth. Ocean. Six months at
Harborfields when I was seventeen.

MILLER

But nothing since juvie?

Cam looks at Miller.

CAM

My old man died behind bars. I decided
that wasn't the way I wanted to go.

Miller studies Cam's face, that stare burning into him.

MILLER

You carry a bag. I worry about what's
inside. You get paid. Cash. I need an
answer right now. If you have to think it
over, it's not for you.

CAM

I'm in.

Miller nods, then turns to Dylan.

MILLER

He screws up, it's your ass.

Miller leaves. Dylan looks at Cam, all business.

DYLAN

You only get one shot at this.

CAM
So when do I start?

EXT. LOADING DOCK - HELL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Someone in a HOODIE pulled tight over their face KNOCKS on a back door.

VOICE (O.S.)
(over an intercom)
Show me your face.

CAM opens his hood. There's a BUZZ and the door opens.

A BALD CROATIAN MAN IN A TRACK SUIT steps out. Cam notices the blinking ANKLE BRACELET on his leg--

BALD MAN
You the new guy?

CAM
I'm here for a pick up.

The Bald Man hands him a thick ENVELOPE. Cam takes it, stuffs it into a small messenger bag slung underneath his hoodie, then pulls the sweatshirt down over it.

BALD MAN
Fifty-seven, twenty-two, forty fifth.
Queens. Say it back to me.

CAM
Fifty-seven, twenty-two, forty fifth.

The Bald Man smiles tobacco stained teeth.

BALD MAN
Godspeed, kid.

SLAM. The door shuts.

Cam takes a nervous breath. Hops off the loading dock, climbs onto his bike and pedals away.

EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY - DAY

Cam wheels in, cutting off the street.

A DELIVERY TRUCK turns into the opposite end of the alley, blocking his way. He locks it up, turns around.

Hits the BRAKES:

TWO GUYS IN HOODIES and SKI MASKS

Are coming down the alley right for him.

Holy shit. He looks back at the delivery truck, still blocking the other exit. He turns around just in time to see the MASKED HOODIES charge him--

Cam dumps the bike and leaps for a FIRE ESCAPE, hauling himself up, speed climbing for the roof. He looks down the see the Masked Hoodies coming after him.

EXT. ROOF TOPS - DAY

TRACKING WITH CAM as he runs across roof-tops, jumping gaps from building to building, vaulting obstacles -- air conditioners, fire-escapes, stairwells. (See the David Belle "BBC Rush Hour" promo.)

The Masked Hoodies hustle after him.

EXT. ROOF TOP - DAY

Cam finds an open door, takes it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cam bursts out of a FLOWER SHOP, sprints towards a narrow staircase that drops fifty steps to a lower road--

ON THE STAIRCASE

Cam takes four at a time, spilling out onto the street below, the masked hoodies following. Cam sprints through traffic towards a SUBWAY STATION.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Cam barges in. Runs. Hoodies closing distance.

AT THE TURNSTILE

Cam vaults it. A TRANSIT COP sees him.

TRANSIT COP

Hey! Stop!

He chases.

AT THE ESCALATORS/STAIRS

Side by side portals to the trains three stories below, jammed with COMMUTERS going up and down.

Cam blasts towards the barely moving mass of people. Leaps the balustrade between the up/down escalators -- the smooth metal divider.

THE TRANSIT COP takes the stairs, his overweight frame already working too hard as--

WHOOSH. The Hoodies slide right past him down the balustrade, like fighter jets hot on Cam's six.

The Transit Cop loses his footing and falls on his ass.

DOWN THE BALUSTRADE

Cam hits the "safety bumps" which send him SPINNING.

Out of control, pinballing towards--

THE PLATFORM

Cam sails off the balustrade, slamming into a pillar. Hits the ground, dazed. COMMUTERS jump back, startled. Cam shakes it off, spots the hoodies closing in--

SQUEAL! Cam turns to see THE SUBWAY TRAIN coming into the station.

He gets up, feeling for the messenger bag under his shirt, and pushes into the thick crowd as

THE DOORS OPEN on the train.

Cam spots the HOODIES parting the crowd behind him.

Tic-tacks across a pillar, jumping to the front of the push of PASSENGERS and onto the train.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

Cam slinks down the length of the car--

Glimpses a hoodie stepping on. Then another. Masks off, their hoods tight up around their heads, sunglasses on, hiding their faces.

Cam keeps walking through the car.

The WHISTLE BLOWS and the DOORS start to close.

Cam grabs a pole and palm swings over a PASSENGER--

Slipping right out the door just before it shuts.

BACK ON THE PLATFORM

Cam sprints to the far end, up the stairs two at a time, squeezing over the top bars of the AUTOMATIC TURNSTILE just as the sweating panting Transit Cop appears.

TRANSIT COP

You!--

Cam turns to see ONE HOODIE on his tail, coming fast over the turnstile. Cam bolts up the stairs--

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cam splits traffic, sprinting right down the middle of the street. He vaults a taxi--

Checks to see that last hoodie gaining.

Then spies something ahead...

A DOUBLE DECKER OPEN AIR TOUR BUS

Loaded up with TOURISTS. With a HISS, the bus starts to pull away from the curb. Cam pours it on, sprinting up behind the bus--

A CAR swerves out in front of him. Cam leaps onto the truck of the car, runs onto the roof--

Cat jumps onto the back of the double decker bus. Shimmies up the back and swings over the rail, landing right in an empty seat on the open top deck of the bus.

Looks back to see...

The chasing hoodie stopping dead in the middle of the street, HORNS blaring, watching the bus quickly leave him behind--

Cam breathes, relieved. Then turns to see...

CAM'S POV - THE ENTIRE UPPER DECK

Staring at him, mouths open, eyes wide. A TOURIST raises a camera and snaps a picture.

CAM

Welcome to New York City.

EXT. QUEENS WATERFRONT - DAY

A neighborhood on the bubble, teetering between good and bad. Cam runs up the sidewalk to a BROWNSTONE. Windows barred. Door barricaded. Paint peeling.

Cam rings "Apt 5." BUZZ-- He opens the door and enters.

INT. STAIRWELL - BROWNSTONE - SAME

Cam comes up the stairs, knocks on "Apt 5."

The door swings open and--

THE MASKED HOODIES yank him inside--

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The hoodies toss Cam to the floor, closing around like they're going to kick the shit out of him.

CAM

What the fuck?

One of them pulls off his mask--

It's DYLAN. He grins like a prankster.

DYLAN

Good work, dude!

TATE and JAX pull off their masks, laughing.

TATE

We heard about the bus.

JAX

You pulled some sick moves out there--

Dylan pulls Cam's bike out from behind the couch.

DYLAN

Leave this thing home next time, okay?

Cam scrambles to his feet and shoves Dylan to the wall.

CAM

What is this!

Tate and Jax pull Cam off. Cam jerks out of their grasp.

TATE

Cool it, bro!

MILLER (O.S.)

Everybody gets a test run their first time.

Cam turns to see Miller entering the room. Nikki trailing in behind him, hanging back.

MILLER (CONT'D)

You never know what might come up. Gotta see how you handle it... You handled it.

Cam looks at Miller, burning mad.

CAM

You told me I already had the job.

MILLER

Signing bonus is in the envelope.

No shit. Cam lifts his sweatshirt, peels off the belt and takes out the envelope. Starts to open it--

MILLER (CONT'D)

Listen to me--

Cam stops, looks at Miller.

MILLER (CONT'D)

You open that envelope, you sign a contract with me. With all of us. The rules are simple: Number one, never get caught...

DYLAN

...No ID or cell phone on a run...

TATE

...Stay out of Chinatown even if it's the shortest route between A and B...

JAX

...And don't tell anybody what you're doing. None of this exists. It's Fight Club...

MILLER

Got it?

CAM

I got it.

Cam opens the envelope, looks inside, then looks back up at Miller in disbelief. And in return, Miller does something we've yet to see him do... he SMILES.

MILLER

Drinks on the New Guy.

INT. DIVE BAR - WASHINGTON HEIGHTS - DUSK

Hipsters mingle with business suits, wet drunks and drug dealers. Miller, Dylan, Tate and Jax play pool. Everybody's drinking beer, whiskey or both.

AGAINST THE BAR

Cam stands with Nikki, drinking.

CAM

What's with the Chinatown thing?

Nikki shrugs.

NIKKI

Doesn't want us in Tong or Triad territory. Gangland rules or something.

CAM

How long you been working for Miller?

Nikki's guarded, watching the pool table while she talks.

NIKKI

Almost four years now...

Cam doesn't want to pry. But Nikki wants to talk.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Dylan and I grew up in Florida. Foster homes mostly. Wards of the state. We left and made our way here. Found parkour while we were living on the streets.

She smiles at good memories.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Got hooked right away. It was like we got to be kids for the first time.

She pauses, coming out of her reverie.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Then we crossed paths with Miller.

She looks at him. He's right there with her.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

And now here you are.

He quietly touches his pint glass to hers.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

They all exit the bar.

MILLER

Walk safe my children.

Miller gets on his Triumph Bonneville and cranks it up. As the others start to walk away, Cam reaches out and touches Nikki's arm, stopping her.

CAM

Want to grab something to eat? Just you and me? I'm buying.

She looks at him.

NIKKI

I can't...

Miller pulls up alongside on his bike...

And holds out a helmet to Nikki.

MILLER

Ready to go, Nicks?

Bam. Nikki's with Miller. Cam's rocked. He tries to smile, but the disappointment is impossible to hide. Nikki can see it. She returns a sad smile of her own.

NIKKI

Thanks for the beer. Next one's on me.

She puts on the helmet and climbs onto the bike behind Miller. Cam watches her arms wrap around Miller's waist. Miller looks right at Cam.

MILLER

Keep your head clear now, Cam. We got a busy week ahead of us.

Miller hits the throttle and takes off. Cam watches them ride away into traffic as a random SIREN wails somewhere in the city--

EXT. ROOF TOP - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - THE MATCHBOX GTO

On a milk crate-turned-nightstand. Propped behind it, that PHOTO of young Cam and his dad with the real car.

WIDER TO REVEAL: Cam's new "home." 360 degree, multimillion dollar views of the city. Cam's got his bike and gear up here. His tool box. An old fouton under a well built make-shift shelter. A neat, Spartan existence against the midtown Manhattan skyline...

Like a jail cell in heaven.

CAM

Lays in his sleeping bag up against the edge of the roof. He's wide awake, staring up at the hazy night sky as traffic noises rise from the streets.

EXT. JOBS SEQUENCE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS:

ROOFTOPS

Cam, Dylan, Nikki, Tate, Jax fly across a roof gap, hoodies up, messenger bags slung underneath.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION

Dylan enters the crowded station, walking along.

Slips an envelope out of his hoodie just in time to pass it to Cam, walking by in the opposite direction.

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE

An unmarked DETECTIVE'S CAR sits across the street, two DETECTIVES inside watching the brownstone entrance.

What they don't see is--

CAM

Cat jumping from the top floor, scrambling away.

EXT. HARLEM FIRE ESCAPE

Cam speed drops down the side, sprints down an alley and VAULTS a fence, disappearing into the crowded street.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

Cam picking up envelopes and packages from--

A BARTENDER in an after-hours club. Cam leaves through a window--

A HEDGE FUND MANAGER in the back of a limo, on the TOP FLOOR of a PARKING STRUCTURE. Cam leaves over the roof--

A BEAUTIFUL MADAME in a high-end BROTHEL. Cam exits off a BALCONY--

OVERHEAD POV: CAM'S FREE RUN

High above the streets as Cam free runs, building-to-building, as fast and smooth now as if he were riding his bike. We SWOOP OUT, getting WIDER and HIGHER until Cam's nothing more than a small black shape running across the vast enormity of the Manhattan skyline.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Cam, Dylan, Tate and Jax wait as Miller rides up on his Triumph. He hands them each an ENVELOPE. Cam cracks his enough to see CASH inside -- it's "Pay Day."

MILLER

You're doing great, Cam. Keep it up.

Cam nods his thanks. Miller rides away.

EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

Cam, Dylan, Tate and Jax blowing off steam.

Jax sits backwards on the handlebars of Cam's fixie, pedaling. He wobbles, losing his balance, accidentally bumping a DOUCHEBAG in a suit, carrying a lap top bag.

DOUCHEBAG

Watch where you're going, shorty.

Jax glares daggers at this guy as he walks on. Dylan nudges Cam with a smile - "watch this." Jax hops back on the bike and rolls up on Douchebag, snatching the lap top--

DOUCHEBAG (CONT'D)

Hey!

Jax slips the laptop over his shoulder and rides away. Douchebag chases, bowling a path through pedestrians, who shove back, yelling and cursing, angry.

Jax stops the bike in a "track stand," holding out the bag, teasing. Douchebag gets close and Jax takes off again, leading him down the sidewalk.

Cam, Dylan and Tate laugh.

EXT. LOFT - WASHINGTON HEIGHTS - DAY

A three story brick building. Probably a crack house in the 90's. Cam and Dylan approach. Cam starts to lock his bike to a light post.

DYLAN

Bring it on inside.

INT. LOFT - SAME

Inside it's a moneyed street kid's dream crib. Exposed brick and pipes. Rock show posters stolen from the street plastering the walls. Giant couches, big screen TV, thick Persian rugs, a sound system that takes up half a wall. Stairs leading to a sleeping loft.

Cam leans his bike against the wall as Dylan goes over to the long open kitchen.

CAM

This is just like my place.

DYLAN

Nikki and I scored it a year ago. It's our Bat Cave.

Cam steels up as Nikki comes into the room, looking hotter than hell in tight jeans and tighter tee. She's caught off guard by his presence.

NIKKI

Hey...

Cam nods hello. It's an awkward silence.

DYLAN

We're out of beer. Be right back--

Dylan jogs out, leaving Cam and Nikki alone. Cam just looks at her. She averts her gaze, like it's dangerous for them to be near each other.

CAM

Nice place.

NIKKI

It's the first real home we could ever
call our own.

Heavy pause. The air's charged between them.

CAM

Why didn't you tell me about Miller?

NIKKI

Because it's not what it looks like.

CAM

Then what is it?

Nikki hesitates, like she's about to tell a secret.

NIKKI

Dylan got into some trouble, back in
Florida. That's why we left. It followed
us here. That was part of our deal with
Miller: if we went to work for him, he'd
make the trouble go away.

CAM

So your brother pimped you out to the
boss?

SLAP! She pops him across the face, seething.

NIKKI

Miller doesn't own me.

CAM

Sounds like that's exactly what he does.

NIKKI

You've never been in a situation you
couldn't get out of before?

CAM

I never quit trying when I have.

A NOISE makes them turn--

It's Dylan hurrying back into the loft, paper bag under
his arm. He pulls out a six pack, stops when he sees
them, realizing he interrupted something.

DYLAN

Everything alright?

Nikki forces a smile.

NIKKI

I'll take one of those beers.

Dylan hands her a beer. Holds one out to Cam.

CAM

No thanks. I got some errands to run.
I'll catch you guys later.

Cam grabs his bike and leaves. Dylan watches him go, a little confused, then turns to Nikki, concerned.

DYLAN

What's going on?

It's more warning than question. Nikki resents it.

NIKKI

Nothing.

She leaves the room.

INT. SKATEBOARD SHOP - DAY

A Brooklyn hole in the wall. Music cranking. Skater punks hanging out, pulling tricks on the sidewalk. Boards, clothes, shoes fill the tiny shop.

Cam hands the SKATER KID behind the register some cash and points to a brand new SKATEBOARD on the wall.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Angie busses a table, picking up meager tips. Stops, alarmed, as she suddenly spots:

CAM coming towards her, skateboard under his arm.

CAM

Angie--

She stiffens, walks away to the waitress station

ANGIE

What do you want?

He holds out a thick wad of cash.

CAM

I owe you rent.

ANGIE

Get away from me, Cam.

He puts it into her hand, gentle but firm.

CAM

Please take it.

Angie desists, looking at the cash.

ANGIE

This is too much.

CAM

It'll hold you over until you find someone else to move in.

She relents, looking at him.

ANGIE

What did you do to those men?

Cam sighs.

CAM

I crashed on a run two years ago. Broke my collarbone. The job doesn't pay health insurance. I needed money to cover my emergency room bills. Didn't have anyone else to go to... I made a bad choice.

She nods - she gets it. He shows her the skateboard.

CAM (CONT'D)

This is for Joey. You don't have to tell him it's from me.

Angie looks conflicted with gratitude and worry.

CAM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about what happened. I won't bother you again.

ANGIE

He misses you. I--

She just lets it trail off, then looks at him like a concerned mother.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You've got a good heart, Cam. I hope everything turns out ok for you.

She gets back to work, leaving him standing there...

Just taking that in. Off Cam's look, we CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cam comes out of the restaurant and goes to unlock his bike when a BURBLING EXHAUST NOTE gets his attention--

THE GTO

Pulls up. It looks reborn, hot and cherry. New paint and polished wheels glinting in the bright sunshine --

It's a muscle car dream.

Cam's heart sinks with envy as Jerry and Hu get out.

JERRY

Whattya you think, man?

It's hard to tamp down his admiration.

CAM

That the original Signet Gold?

JERRY

Good eye.

CAM

The Cragers are a nice touch.

JERRY

Brand new old stock.

Cam nods, choking back heartbreak as he looks inside.

CAM

Hood-mounted tach. Hurst pistol grip.
You put an eight track in.

JERRY

I'm Born in the USA, vato.

Cam leans back, taking it all in.

CAM

Looks great, Jerry. But you know what
they say... all show, no go.

Jerry lifts the hood. Cam's jaw hits the ground.

CAM (CONT'D)

(awed)

Oh my God. Four-barrel High Output option
with Ram Air.

JERRY
Bumped her to 360 horses and...

CAM
...438 torque at 3800 RPM's.

HU
This sheep really hauls now.
Cam looks at Hu like he just cut a fart in church.

CAM
Goat.

HU
What?

CAM
It's a G.T.O. "Goat," not "Sheep."
Hu looks at Jerry. Jerry nods. Hu PUNCHES Cam straight in the face. Cam reels back, holding his nose. Hu grabs him and slams his head against the engine bay.

JERRY
You got something for us?

CAM
Pull Godzilla off me.
Jerry nods at Hu. Hu lets Cam up. Cam pulls an envelope from his messenger bag and hands it to Jerry.

JERRY
Did my little leprechaun get a raise?
Cam holds his nose, stemming blood flow.

CAM
Got a new gig.
Jerry gives it a quick count. Looks at Cam, confused.

JERRY
There's only a grand here.

CAM
I can give you a grand a week 'til I'm paid off.

JERRY
That's past the deadline.

CAM

Think of it as a gesture of good faith.

Jerry gives Hu an incredulous look. Hu grabs Cam by his bloody nose and squeezes. Jerry bitch slaps Cam.

JERRY

Do you see me standing outside Macy's in a little white suit, ringing a bell, holding a can with a picture of some African kid with half a face on it?

Hu cranks harder. Cam eyes water with pain.

JERRY (CONT'D)

We're not running a charity. We're running a bank. And we're only accepting deposits.

CAM

Raise the vig if you want. But a grand a week is all I can do right now.

Jerry looks at Hu. They speak to each other in Mandarin, all while Hu keeps the clamp on Cam. Finally:

JERRY

You want to play gangster, fine. Ten grand. One of these envelopes same time every week until you hit zero. You miss a single delivery, it's gonna hurt real real bad, Cameron. And we like you.

Hu lets Cam go. Jerry tosses him a rag.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Get your blood off my car.

Cam wipes the blood off the engine bay, barely getting out of the way before Jerry slams the hood. Jerry and Hu climb back in and PEEL OUT.

CAM

Those after market pipes sound like shit.

EXT. CAM'S ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Cam sits in a ratty lawn chair, holding a bag of frozen peas to his nose. His CELL rings.

CAM

Yeah.

DYLAN (O.S.)

It's Dylan.

CAM

What up?

DYLAN

You free tonight?

CAM

Sure, where's the pick up?

DYLAN (O.S.)

No work. Tonight we play.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - NIGHT

A parkour jungle gym with a "pucker factor" of 11.

Massive STONE PIERS supporting TWO DECKS OF ROADWAY and PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY twelve stories above. Spider's web maze of suspension cables and metal girders intertwined with catwalks, construction nets and safety fencing.

About a HUNDRED PEOPLE hang out - PARKOUR ATHLETES and GROUPIES - a secret social gathering with a skater punk, speed metal, Burning Man vibe. Lighters flickering. Smoke drifting. Bottles being passed in brown bags...

Hard core clandestine street party.

CAM

Stands alone on the deck of the bridge in the winds high above the East River, taking in the scene.

A MAINTENANCE DOOR OPENS and Miller, Dylan, Nikki, Tate and Jax emerge. Miller's calm and focused. Dylan, Tate and Jax are buzzing with nervous adrenaline.

MILLER

This is the bridge run. Started a few months back. Across the suspension to Manhattan. Speed and style rule.

CAM

Looks like it'll be fun.

DYLAN

You can't get in on the run yet, Cam.

CAM

You kidding me, right?

DYLAN

Best view's from the footpath. You can watch from there with Nikki.

CAM

No way. I can do this.

Miller puts a hand on Cam's shoulder.

MILLER

Sometimes it's not about how good you are, it's about how long you've been doing it. There's a pecking order here. You're the new guy. You need to remember that.

He's talking about Nikki. Cam knows it. He lets it go with a nod. Miller smiles, then looks around at the other guys, bouncing with nerves.

MILLER (CONT'D)

It's time.

And they're off...

MILLER, DYLAN, TATE and JAX monkey climb up the thick main cable that leads to the bridge tower.

Cam watches them go. Then turns to Nikki.

CAM

How come you're not up there with them?

NIKKI

I know my limits.

She holds his gaze for a moment. Then she turns and moves away down the foot path, following the progress of the tracers above as they scramble up the bridge.

Cam takes a look up, then follows Nikki.

EXT. ABOVE THE UPPER ROADWAY - NIGHT

A series of temporary aluminum catwalks strung like a cat's cradle for the bridge painters.

Dylan, Tate, Jax, and Miller are flipping, vaulting, tic-tacking from level-to-level like acrobats.

They split apart, seeking their own paths to the top.

EXT. THE PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY - NIGHT

Cam watches Miller climb. He's on a whole other level. Some of the other climbers stop mid-ascent to watch.

He seems to glide up the bridge, effortlessly.

Cam scans for Dylan. Has to squint now to track the climbers as they continue towards the peak, 350 feet in the air, dissolving into indistinguishable black silhouettes against the dark night sky. Then--

A YELL from above grabs everyone's attention.

SOMEONE'S FALLING!

He bounces off a catwalk, plowing through scaffolding, coming to a stop dangling in the middle of no-man's land, his foot caught in a rotted net.

It's JAX. He moans in pain as--

The NET STARTS TO TEAR.

DYLAN

Seems to freeze right along with the other climbers, not knowing what to do, or how to get to Jax.

MILLER

Is far away, on the other side of the bridge now.

JAX is hanging directly across the roadway from Cam.

Nikki's looking up at Dylan, the closest one to Jax.

Dylan's frozen, hesitating...

NIKKI

What's he waiting for?

Without thinking, Cam starts for the bridge.

Nikki spots him from down the path.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Cam!

CAM vaults the safety fence onto the--

UPPER ROADWAY

Runs straight through the slow traffic, VAULTING CARS, SCALING the safety fence on the opposite side.

MILLER

Is on the move now, too, leaping, down-climbing, scrambling towards Jax.

EXT. NO MAN'S LAND - QUEENSBORO BRIDGE - DAY

CAM AND MILLER converge near Jax at about the same time, each on a small platform, neither able to reach him.

Miller glances up to see Dylan, slowly working his way down from above, tentative, hugging the beams like an amateur. Miller looks back down at--

JAX dangling, injured, a hundred feet above the traffic, one foot caught in the old safety net.

The net is RIPPING. Time is running out.

MILLER

Looks for a safe way to get next to Cam, who is about ten feet from him, with a straight drop between them.

MILLER

I'll go down. Find a way over.

CAM

No! I'll come to you.

A beat, then Cam cat jumps across the abyss--

NIKKI

Has made her way closer now on the footpath where the party is quickly gathering to watch the spectacle.

A GASP from the group as Cam lands next to Miller.

CAM (CONT'D)

This is your bridge. Got any ideas?

Jax is hanging upside down, disoriented and bleeding. He moves a bit and the net tears a few inches more.

CAM (CONT'D)

If I hung out there to reach him, could you anchor me?

Miller looks at Cam, then nods. Miller pulls off his shirt and wraps it around the pillar, holding it with one hand, while holding the back of Cam's pants and belt with the other.

Cam pauses, nervously putting his life in Miller's hands.

CAM (CONT'D)

You and me... we're good, right?

A beat between them.

MILLER

We're good.

Cam turns and leans out into space, arms out like a crucifix, defying gravity, traffic flowing ten stories below. He reaches out for Jax as Miller stretches, flexing, holding Cam's weight.

EXT. THE PEDESTRIAN PATH - NIGHT

The crowd's gone eerily quiet. Every eye and camera phone pointed upward.

EXT. NO MAN'S LAND

Dylan hangs on the girders, too far away to help, looking down and watching the show.

CAM

Flattens himself out horizontally, muscles burning.

JAX

Looks up at him as the net RIPS some more.

CAM

Take my hand!

A truck HORN below and the whole structure vibrates.

CAM (CONT'D)

Do it!

JAX

Looks at Cam, confused, his bell totally rung.

MILLER

Feels the strain, holding onto Cam, his anchor arm starting to shake now.

MILLER

Come on, Cam!

CAM

Reaches both hands out to Jax.

CAM

Take my fucking hand, Jax!

The net suddenly rips away! At the last moment--

Jax reaches out into space and--

CAM GRABS HIS HAND--

Miller takes the joint-ripping pressure as CAM AND JAX NOW DANGLE above traffic.

Nikki watches from the crowd. Now the sounds of SIRENS. Cops are on their way.

Miller tries to haul them both up, pulling, straining, muscling. Impossible.

MILLER

I can't get you back!

Cam was afraid of this, straining to hold onto Jax, he blinks through the sweat pouring over his eyes, spots--

A CATWALK about ten feet from them.

CAM

Swing us to the catwalk?

Miller understands. Takes a breath, then begins trapeze-swinging Cam and Jax. Their momentum starts a pendulum. The weight and pressure on Miller is incredible.

CAM AND JAX

Pendulum high above the deck, swinging out almost to the catwalk.

CAM'S GRIP SLIPS

The force of the swing is pulling them apart. Cam spots a newer safety net far below that looks strong.

CAM (CONT'D)

On three! One...

Cam's shoulder is ready to rip from the socket.

CAM (CONT'D)

Two...

The crowd watches from below.

CAM (CONT'D)

Three...

Cam swings Jax, letting him go. Jax crashes down onto the catwalk, which wobbles, sways... HOLDS! Cam swings back once more... Miller's shoulder is about to pop out of his body as his anchor hand SLIPS.

MILLER

I can't hold you!

CAM

Let me go now!

Miller lets go of Cam's belt.

CAM

Flings himself off the bridge in a freefall, SCREAMS from the crowd as--

CAM FALLS INTO THE NEWER SAFETY NETTING

Twisting, landing on his back, the net's pic-points tearing, but holding. He's safe.

He hangs there for a moment, until the swinging stops.

Deep breath. He stares up at the catwalk to see--

NIKKI

Leaning over the edge, looking down at him with tears of relief on her face that he's okay.

CAM

Smiles back up at her through the netting, swings over the ropes that hold the net, makes his way back down as--

MILLER

Helps Jax down to the pedestrian path as Dylan drops from the girders above.

MILLER

What happened?

DYLAN

I was too far away. You guys got to him first.

Miller stares into Dylan's eyes. Dylan can't hide the fear and shame of his choke. But something catches his vision long enough to distract Miller, who turns to see:

NIKKI HELPING CAM

Climb back onto the roadway at the other end of the bridge into the crowd.

SOUNDS OF HELICOPTER and SIRENS getting closer.

CAM looks up from the middle of the crowd...

A POLICE CHOPPER'S SEARCHLIGHT plays its way towards them along the river.

A VOICE (O.S.)

Roaches!

The crowd SCATTERS. Taking off in all directions.

Through the mad scramble, Cam sees Miller and Dylan at the other end of the bridge. There's no way they can get to them before the cops arrive--

Cam grabs Nikki's hand and pulls her with him in the opposite direction, mixing into the rushing crowd.

EXT. MAIN ROADWAY - NIGHT

COP COPS screech onto the bridge to find it...

Completely empty. The searchlight scans the empty roadway in both directions. Nothing.

Everybody's scattered, gone, like rats in the night.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Cam and Nikki run onto the train. The car is empty except for a couple people near the front.

The doors close with a hiss. The train moves.

They both look at each other, their breath coming fast from the adrenaline and effort of their escape, faces glistening with sweat, the heat rising off them in waves, bodies shaking with pent up desire...

Cam leans in and kisses her.

Stops. She looks at him, the shock of it registering.

Then she pulls him back to her, kissing him deeply.

It's on now...

They keep going. Neither one coming up for air. Neither one able to get enough. Hands all over each other. Feeling, searching, irresistible.

A full-on make out session. Sexy. Intense. The few other passengers oblivious to it as the train races on. And then... Nikki suddenly breaks it off. Stares into Cam's eyes, terrified.

NIKKI

If he finds out...

He just looks back into her eyes, calm and cool. She sits down and leans her head against his shoulder. He holds her silently as the train rattles on.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MANHATTAN - DAY

Elbow-to-elbow in the morning pedestrian logjam.

Cam and Nikki walk quickly along, anonymous in the crowd.

NIKKI

Never saw a town bigger than two thousand people before I left Florida.

CAM

Least you got to travel. I've been stuck here my whole life.

NIKKI

You got a car?

CAM

Not anymore. My dad left me his old ride. I tried to fix it up, but I could never get the funds together.

(MORE)

CAM (CONT'D)

I had this whole plan... I was gonna take the old Route 66, drive all the way to California, get as far away from this place as I could without a passport.

NIKKI

What happened to the car?

A beat.

CAM

The bank took it.

They come to a red light, stop and wait to cross.

NIKKI

I've never driven a car.

CAM

What?

NIKKI

I don't know how. Never learned.

CAM

I'll teach you.

NIKKI

But you don't have a car.

Cam just stares at her for a beat.

CAM

Why don't you remind me again later.

EXT. LOFT - WASHINGTON HEIGHTS - DAY

Nikki unlocks the door, leads Cam inside--

INT. LOFT - DAY

--To find Dylan and Tate already waiting.

DYLAN

Where have you been?

CAM

We laid low for a while. Didn't want to bring the cops back here.

Dylan looks at Nikki, skeptical.

DYLAN
I've been trying to call you.
Nikki holds up her phone.

NIKKI
Battery's dead.

CAM
How's Jax?

MILLER (O.S.)
He's good--

Boom. Cam and Nikki both turn to see--

MILLER

Coming into the room.

MILLER (CONT'D)
He tweaked his knee, but there's nothing
broken. Fed him a couple Vicodin and tucked
him into bed.

He pauses, fixing on Nikki.

MILLER (CONT'D)
You look surprised, Nicks.

NIKKI
I'm just glad everybody's okay.

Miller puts an arm around her, gives her a small kiss
on the head, then turns and looks right at Cam.

MILLER
I won't forget what you did last night.

Cam's quiet, nervous - is Miller talking about Nikki?

MILLER (CONT'D)
You stepped way up, Cam. You showed what
you had inside. You were right there. In
the moment. No thought. No hesitation.
Just pure decisive action. It was a lesson
for all of us. We owe you one.

CAM
You would have done the same for me.

Miller just smiles. He leaves Nikki's and goes to Cam.

MILLER

But we have a problem now. And we need to talk to you about it.

Cam stiffens. Nikki shoots him a tense look.

DYLAN

We got an out of town run scheduled for tomorrow. Jax won't be able to make it.

MILLER

We need you to take his place.

Cam's confused.

CAM

Out of town run?

MILLER

We started a little side venture couple months ago. So far so good. It's dangerous work, but the rewards are commensurate with the risk.

Cam steals a quick glance at Nikki, who looks scared.

CAM

I don't know...

Cam's hesitation turns on Miller's death ray. Miller steps in front of Cam, eclipsing his view of Nikki.

MILLER

You signed a contract, Cam. Remember? The only thing you need to know is that you work for me and this is your next gig.

Miller puts a strong hand on Cam's shoulder. Nothing "brotherly" about it. All alpha dog.

MILLER (CONT'D)

You're family now, Cam. No secrets. Time for you to look in the bag.

Off Cam's look, we CUT:

AERIAL POV: RUSHING OVER WATER

Pulling up to reveal the CHARLES RIVER and the waterfront of BOSTON, MASS.

Skimming over the Financial District, across Old Town, coming up on Copley Square where we pick up...

THREE HOODIES running across the rooftops. Cam, Dylan and Tate. They cat jump across a gap, haul themselves onto a building and run to a--

STAIRWELL DOOR.

Dylan and Tate take up positions on either side of the door. Dylan nods at Cam.

DYLAN

Do it.

Cam steps up, cinches his hoodie tight over his head and BUZZES the box on the door.

As he does, Dylan and Tate...

PUT ON SKI MASKS and draw GUNS from under their shirts.

Shit just got too real. Cam stares at Dylan.

CAM

What's going on?

DYLAN

Just do your job, Cam.

SHUNK. Cam startles as a slot opens in the door, revealing nothing but a tight mesh screen.

VOICE (BEHIND SLOT)

What's the password?

Beat. Cam glances at Dylan. Dylan nods - "do it."
Cam clears his throat.

CAM

Gaga.

BUZZ. The door unlocks and a SKINNY ARYAN PUNK, arms full of tats, runny nose opens it--

Dylan and Tate rush the door, sticking their guns in the Punk's face.

CLOSE ON CAM

Watching it go down, eyes full of shock and awe.

And now all the SOUND drops out except for the whoosh-whoosh of blood pumping, and the heavy machine rhythm of shallow nervous breath as we BECOME CAM...

ROBBERY SEQUENCE: CAM'S POV

Through a narrow tunnel of adrenaline we watch the robbery go down. Catch random frenetic details...Dylan whispering threats as he holds THAT GUN to the Punk's back, pushing him down the stairs in front of them to a STEEL DOOR....Tate PUNCHING the Punk in the face... BLOOD running out of his nose. The Punk pressing a button that brings a loud BUZZ, like the sound of the electric chair, cutting through the heart beat...That steel door SLIDING OPEN now as Dylan and Tate storm into a big--

LIVING ROOM

Where a giant ENFORCER sits, tree trunks for arms sleeved in Aryan Brotherhood tats sprouting from his wife beater...the SHOTGUN on his lap as he starts to get up...Dylan yanking the Punk around in front of him like a shield...pressing the GUN TO HIS HEAD... Tate grabbing the shotgun away...CLUBBING the Enforcer to the floor, dazed... Dylan yelling, his words like muffled gunshots underwater...moving fast and frantic into--

THE MONEY ROOM

A single narrow LOUVERED window on the far wall. Dylan PULLS a door closed, LOCKING THEM INSIDE and turning to the LOOSE PILES OF CASH on a table, everything from ones to hundreds...Tate and Dylan raking cash into their messenger bags...Yelling at Cam to join in...Cam's HANDS reaching out into his POV now, stuffing money into his messenger bag.

TIGHT ON CAM'S FACE:

Watching Dylan and Tate, giddy, LAUGHING, as they stuff the last of the money into their bags, then Tate pointing the shotgun at the window and firing--

BOOM! NORMAL SOUND SLAMS back in as Tate shoots out the window and Dylan turn to Cam--

DYLAN

Come on!

EXT. LEDGE - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Cam climbs out the window onto the ledge.

DOWN BELOW, the street is TEN STORIES away.

He watches Dylan and Tate running away down the ledge. He follows them. LEAPING across the gap behind them onto the neighboring roof.

They sprint away over the rooftops--

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Cam, Dylan and Tate cat jump down a narrow alley, dropping to the ground where a BATTERED CONSTRUCTION VAN is parked. They pile into the van. It's moving before the door shuts.

INT. VAN - MOVING

Miller drives. Cam, Dylan, Tate rip off their masks, catching their breath. Dylan and Tate are buzzing, riding a high, like athletes after winning a big game.

Cam's unnerved and exhausted, keeping quiet.

MILLER

How'd it go?

DYLAN

Good for us.

Tate slides up into the shotgun seat as Dylan digs into the messenger bags, making a quick count of their haul.

TATE

Wish I could have seen the looks on their faces when they realized we were going out the window.

MILLER

How much we get?

DYLAN

Looks like about 70, 75.

TATE

Fuck yeah.

MILLER

That's a nice day's work.

Miller looks at Cam in the rear view.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Don't you think, Cam?

Cam doesn't even look up.

CAM

Thought I wasn't supposed to think.

Dylan looks at Cam... uh-oh.

MILLER

How's that?

Cam meets Miller's eyes in the mirror - steady and calm.

CAM

Soon as you hesitate, soon as you even
start to think about where you are or
what you're doing, you're dead... Isn't
that what you told me?

Cam just stuck a shiv in their buzz. Miller doesn't
answer. Dylan and Tate exchange a glance. Cam leans
back against the side of the van and closes his eyes.

EXT. GARAGE - WASHINGTON HEIGHTS - NIGHT

Somewhere in the 180's. The George Washington Bridge
visible in the background.

Cam watches Miller backs the van into an empty garage.
He gets out, pulls the garage door shut, secures it
with a big padlock. Dylan's eyes are glued to Cam.

They all start to split up.

MILLER

Talk later.

CAM

Wait-- what about my cut?

Miller stops. So do Dylan and Tate.

MILLER

You're an employee. You get a flat fee.

CAM

How much?

MILLER

Five K. Doubles next run.

CAM

Great. I'll take it.

Miller smiles.

MILLER

I'll pay you out next gig, Cam.

CAM

Nobody told me that.

Miller climbs onto his Triumph, indifferent.

MILLER

Go home.

Cam puts a hand on Miller's arm--

CAM

But I need that money.

WHAM! Miller bends Cam's hand back and drives him straight to the ground. It's a skilled, practiced move revealing a whole new depth of lethality to Miller.

MILLER

Is there a problem?

CAM

This wasn't what I expected.

MILLER

The money?

CAM

The gig.

DYLAN

You wanted in, you're all the way in.

CAM

It caught me off guard, that's all.

MILLER

Is there anything you need to tell us?

CAM

I just did.

That cold deadly stare. And then Miller lets go, stands off. Cam scrambles to his feet.

MILLER

It's always a shock when you push through a barrier into something new. The reference points change. The mind has to adjust. You're living in a new place now, Cam. It's ok. We're here for you.

CAM

I didn't sign up for taking down scores.

Miller nods like he understands.

MILLER

Parkour can take you places you never
dreamed of. I know you can handle it.
But if you want out, just say the word.

It's an icy threat. They all just look at him. Waiting.
Silent. Tension thick and heavy as fog.

CAM

When's the next run?

MILLER

Monday. Philly. Ten grand in your hands
soon as we're done.

Cam trades a look with Dylan.

CAM

Okay. See you then.

He walks away. Miller climbs back on his bike.

DYLAN

What if he talks?

MILLER

To who? He's all alone. He's got no
one.

DYLAN

I don't like it.

MILLER

Get out of your head. I'm not worried
about Cam. You're the one who can't afford
another mistake.

Miller starts his bike and goes. Dylan watches him ride
away, insecure. Tate taps his shoulder and they leave.

CUT TO:

BAM!! A FIST ROCKING CAM'S FACE

JERRY (O.S.)

Time's up.

EXT. DUMBO (DOWN UNDER MANHATTAN BRIDGE OVERPASS) - DAY

Jerry and Hu have been POUNDING THE SHIT out of Cam
behind the GTO. Bloody nose and mouth.

Scratched and dirty clothing. He looks like a worn out Jiu-Jitsu sparring dummy. The hurt is on.

JERRY

We're taking a ride to Jersey.

CAM

I can pay you Monday.

POP! Jerry puts a high-kick right into his solar plexus. Cam falls to the sidewalk, heaving for breath.

Jerry opens the trunk of the GTO.

HU

Get in the fucking car.

Cam spits blood, squints up at Hu.

CAM

Eat me, Sumo breath.

Hu grabs Cam by the hair and DRAGS him towards the trunk. Cam grabs onto his bike to slow his trip. Jerry stomps Cam's hand. He lets go. Hu lifts him up and throws him--

INTO THE TRUNK OF THE GTO.

Jerry reaches up to close the lid.

CAM (CONT'D)

I can get you all of it by Monday. Ten grand. Maybe more. Swear to God.

Jerry pauses, staring at Cam. Hu argues in Mandarin.

CAM (CONT'D)

Why would I show my face today if I wasn't good for it? Huh? Why didn't I run?

Jerry thinks.

JERRY

Because the pain of living one more day as a total fucking loser is too much to bear?

CAM

You're a businessman. Think. You'd rather go back to your boss with nothing than wait a few more days for ten grand?

Jerry shakes his head like he wishes Cam was wrong.

CAM (CONT'D)

Monday night. Ten grand. At least. Paid in full and you never have to see me again.

Jerry shakes his head, PUNCHES Cam in the gut, knocking the wind out of him. Cam heaves and gasps for breath.

JERRY

I don't like cock teases. You flash your tits, you better be able to show me the rest of it, you fucking degenerate Mick.

BEHIND THE GTO - ONE MOMENT LATER

Cam's laying in the street. Burbling exhaust blasting his face as the GTO peels out, makes a U-turn, drives up onto the sidewalk and--

RUNS OVER CAM'S BIKE

--before it disappears down the street.

EXT. CAM'S ALLEY - DUSK

Cam limps around the corner, broken bike over one shoulder, twenty pound BAG OF ICE over the other--

Looks up and stops dead in his tracks...

NIKKI

Leans under the fire escape, waiting for him.

CAM

What are you doing here?

NIKKI

We need to talk.

Cam looks around, wary.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

I'm all alone. I made sure.

He moves closer to her, silent. Now she sees what a mess he is. She looks alarmed.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Oh my God, what happened?

He shrugs, lifting up his bike.

CAM

Speed bump.

EXT. CAM'S ROOF TOP - MAGIC HOUR

Cam sits on the ledge, drinking a beer, ice packs all over his body. Nikki stands nearby, looking at THE PHOTO of 7-year-old Cam, his dad, and the GTO.

NIKKI

This your dad?

Cam nods.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

What was he like?

CAM

Don't really remember. He was never around much. Then he was gone for good.

Cam takes the photo out of her hands.

CAM (CONT'D)

What did you come here to talk about?

NIKKI

Miller's pushing the edge with this side business thing. Dylan's totally caught up in it. But you can still walk.

CAM

Too late.

NIKKI

Miller doesn't have anything on you. You can get out before something goes wrong.

CAM

I owe people money. Soon as I pay them off, I'm out. I'm leaving the city.

NIKKI

California?

CAM

Come with me.

NIKKI

I can't. Dylan's not ready to quit. He's afraid of what Miller might do.

CAM

I'm not talking about Dylan. I'm talking about you.

NIKKI

Dylan's my brother, Cam. He's blood. We look out for each other. I can't leave him behind. He's the only family I've ever known.

Cam slides off the ledge, sore as hell but agitated.

CAM

I was thirteen when the Feds busted my dad. He could have cut a deal. Gotten out of the life. Moved us all away and started over... He wouldn't do it. I remember asking him why he wanted to go to prison. He said you don't turn your back on your family. He wasn't even a made man. He was the Mick from down the block who drove their trucks. All those "Uncles" and "Cousins" that used to come by the house in their Cadillacs, bringing me presents... Not one of those guys lifted a finger for me and my mom after my dad went inside. That's what I know about family.

Silence. Nikki's checking out the MATCHBOX GT0.

NIKKI

You think this'll get you all the way to Cali?

Cam smiles. Takes it from her. Looks at it.

CAM

You keep it. When you learn to drive you can come find me.

He puts the MATCHBOX GT0 into her jacket pocket, giving it to her. She smiles, bittersweet. They kiss.

NIKKI

Does that hurt?

CAM

Not anymore.

They kiss again. And this time there's no stopping. Her hands slide under his shirt. His arms wrap around her waist.

Entwined, they slip down beneath the lip of the roof as the lights of the city blaze around them.

CUT TO:

A PENNSYLVANIA LICENSE PLATE

On the back of a fast-moving vehicle.

Pull back to reveal the CONSTRUCTION VAN rolling down--

EXT. INTERSTATE-95 - PHILADELPHIA - DAY

The van exits at the South Philly Sports Complex.

EXT. SOUTH PHILLY - DAY

Old row houses. Liquor stores and markets with bars on the windows. A car on a jack. Border line tenement here. We're near Seventh, south of Synder Street. "Little Phnom Penh."

The van turns a corner and rolls down the street.

INT. VAN - MOVING - DAY

Miller driving, Dylan riding shotgun. Cam, Tate, Jax in the back. Cam watches Tate and Jax loading guns.

MILLER

There it is.

Cam looks out at AN OLD BANK BUILDING passing by.

CAM

We're robbing a bank?

MILLER

Old bank. New money. The BTK bought it.

CAM

BTK?

DYLAN

Vietnamese bangers.

MILLER

This is their laundromat. They keep a big stack on hand. Couple hundred K.

CAM

How do you know all this?

Miller gives him a look.

MILLER

It's my job.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The van pulls over and stops down the block.

INSIDE THE VAN

CAM

How do we get in?

DYLAN

Through the front door.

Miller checks his watch and looks up the street:

A Vietnamese Banger, 20's, in SKINNY JEANS and a shiny pleather jacket, walks up to the van. Miller rolls down the window.

SKINNY JEANS

Tell your boy to make this look good.

Miller nods. Skinny Jeans walks on.

MILLER

Let's do this.

Tate racks the slide on a SAWED OFF SHOTGUN.

TATE

Always wanted to rob a bank.

EXT. VAN - DAY

Dylan, Cam, Tate and Jax pile out of the van, hoodies drawn tight, and trail Skinny Jeans down an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Dylan, Cam, Tate and Jax turn the corner.

DYLAN

Masks.

They pull their ski masks on. Skinny motions for them to stay against the wall as he pushes a BUZZER on the door.

He stands back to look up into a SECURITY CAMERA.

The door opens and...

DYLAN RUSHES SKINNY JEANS, pressing a gun to his head, bulling him inside the bank as Tate, Jax and Cam follow--

INT. OLD BANK - DAY

They burst in, Dylan keeping his gun to Skinny's Head.

TWO BANGERS (BIG and SLIM) are sitting on a ratty couch playing "Halo".

They jump up, going for guns...

WHACK! Tate slams Slim in the ribs with the butt of his shotty. Slim falls, Glock spinning loose across the slick linoleum floor. Jax snatches it up as Tate whirls on Big, shoving double barrels in his grill.

Big calmly puts up his hands like it's all a big joke, revealing a GUN sticking out of his pants.

TATE

(to Cam)

Get his gun.

Big, all of eighteen, but with the yoked body of a Folsom lifer, sneers at Cam as he takes the gun.

BIG BANGER

Oh, yeah, right there, that feels good.

CAM

Get on the floor.

Big Banger doesn't move, daring Cam with dead eyes.

Dylan's watching Cam now to see how he handles it.

WHAM! Cam cracks him in the jaw with the gun. Big Banger hits the floor, stunned.

CAM (CONT'D)

I said get on the floor.

Tate grins, proud. But Cam's not enjoying himself. All that frustration at his situation is turning to rage...

He's ready to get this over with. He looks at the:

TELLER'S CAGE. Thick bulletproof glass encases it to a 30-foot height. A single door is PADLOCKED. Through the glass, the VAULT is visible. It's wide open.

CAM (CONT'D)

Who's got the keys to the cage?

No answers. CRACK! Tate pops Big with the butt of his shotgun. Big responds by spitting at him. Dylan runs Skinny face-first into the wall.

DYLAN

Who's got the goddamn keys?

Cam looks around, nervous, sweating -- they're spending too much time in here. He takes a look over at the cage again and then--

HE TAKES CONTROL.

Grabs Jax and walks him to the cage, positioning him.

CAM

You're the pic. Here.

Dylan and Tate just watch as Jax plants himself. Cam takes a couple steps back, then runs and...

SPRINGBOARDS off Jax up to the top of the glass, then pulls himself up and through the narrow gap between glass and ceiling, dropping down into the cage.

THE VAULT.

Cam rushes in, looks around, spots nothing but a small trash bag and a few empty beer cans. He opens the bag.

THE CAGE.

Cam steps out of the vault, holds the bag upside down for the others to see... It's empty.

DYLAN

(to Skinny)

Where's the money?

SKINNY JEANS

I don't know, man, I don't know--!

Big Banger starts to laugh, fearless. They all look...

BIG BANGER

They picked it up early.

(MORE)

BIG BANGER (CONT'D)
(looking at Skinny
Jeans)

But he wouldn't have known that.

Skinny Jeans realizes he's been made.

SKINNY
Let's get out of here.

INSIDE THE CAGE

Cam is tearing into drawers, yanking safe deposit boxes, ripping open cabinets in a furious search for cash.

IN THE LOBBY

Jax starts for the door, noticing something on the SECURITY MONITOR near the couch. It stops him dead.

CAM
Oh shit...

ON THE SECURITY MONITOR

TWO SUV'S ARE STOPPING outside in the alley. TEN BTK THUGS get out, rocking for the door. One of them BUZZES.

Jax turns to the others, two wide eyes of terror beaming out of his ski mask.

JAX
Is there another way out?

INSIDE THE CAGE

Cam spots an access ladder inside a utility closet.

CAM
In here!

POUNDING starts coming from the door. Dylan, Tate and Jax exchange a look and then a bunch of stuff happens at once:

--Dylan, Tate and Jax sprint to the teller's cage--

--Slim Banger sprints to the front door--

--Jax helps Dylan and Tate spring up to the top of the glass. Tate slips through while Dylan holds onto the top and reaches down as Jax jumps up, grabs his arm and uses it to lever himself through the gap--

--Big Banger gets up and fast-limps over to the ratty couch, flipping over a cushion and coming up with an AK-47 in his hands--

--Slim Banger hits the buzzer, unlocking the door--

--Skinny tires to run for the cage and--

Big Banger OPENS UP with the AK, cutting Skinny down.

CAM

Watches, horrified, as Skinny slides down the glass like a dead fish, leaving a scrim of blood. He looks back up in time to see--

THE DOOR OPEN

And *holy fucking shit* the rest of those THUGS flooding into the bank. Suddenly TWENTY GUNS are pointing at the teller's cage--

THEY ALL FIRE AT THE SAME TIME.

It's like the first volley at Gettysburg. A sheet of bullets smacks the bulletproof glass.

CAM, DYLAN, TATE and JAX

scramble up the access ladder as the bulletproof glass catches pounds of lead behind them--

EXT. OLD BANK ROOF - DAY

CLOSE ON a roof access door SLAMMING OPEN.

Cam, Dylan, Tate and Jax fly out, sprinting to the next roof as GUNSHOTS ring out and rounds BUZZ in--

Cam looks back to see:

THUGS pouring onto the roof in pursuit. Angry hornets.

EXT. ROOF TOPS - SOUTH PHILLY - DAY

Cam leads Dylan, Tate, and Jax over the two story row houses that line both sides of the street.

FIVE THUGS follow them -- it's not technical enough to lose them. One thug makes a bad take off -- misses the next roof and FALLS TO THE STREET.

EXT. CENTER CITY - PHILLY - DAY

WHOOSH-- Cam cat jumps onto a taller building. The others follow him across the roof and stop.

There's no building next to them -- the lot is UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

DYLAN

Wrong turn.

BUT CAM sees a way out:

CAM

There.

A CONSTRUCTION CRANE

The boom, no more than four feet wide, rising steadily up towards the next building - forming a make-shift, impossibly narrow, totally last resort, you're a crazy fucking moron with a death wish if you cross it BRIDGE.

JAX

No.

DYLAN

Yes.

ZIP-ZING -- More ROUNDS zap in, kicking up mortar.

JAX

Fine.

Cam JUMPS off the roof--

LANDING ON THE CRANE BOOM.

Checks his balance, runs up the boom, a couple hundred feet in the air. Dylan, Tate and Jax come next, stick the landing and follow to the next building--

BEHIND THEM ON THE ROOF

Three Thugs reach the edge, watching the guys sprinting up the boom of the construction crane.

ONE THUG

Fuck that.

Another one nods. But the Third Thug... he's one brave warrior. He tucks his gun in his pants, steps back, takes a breath and goes for it...

Jumping off the roof and--

COMPLETELY MISSES THE BOOM. All net, no rim.

-- Sailing right past on his way to the ground -- CRASH!
breaking through the roof of a construction trailer and
disappearing from sight.

EXT. NEW BUILDING - DAY

Cam, Dylan and Tate jump from the boom to the roof of
this new building, TEN STORIES TALL.

Jax lands hard--

JAX

Ow!

He's slow to get up, his KNEE hurt. Cam grabs him,
lifts him up and throws him after Dylan and Tate--

BASHING through a stairwell door into--

INT. HOTEL - DAY

CONCIERGE LEVEL. Quiet, well appointed. Wine and cheese
being served. Here come our FOUR HOODIES, running for
their lives, barreling down the hallway.

They skid into--

AN ELEVATOR.

Through the CLOSING DOORS they watch TWO THUGS fly out
of the stairwell door down the hall and chase.

The doors close. They stand still, quiet, scared,
catching their breath to the calm sounds of SMOOTH JAZZ
elevator Musak as they ride down.

BING! The doors open on the FIFTH FLOOR.

Our guys RACE past a maid and her cart, bowling down
the hallway, right out a window--

ONTO THE FIRE ESCAPE.

SIRENS blare as COP CARS screech into the alley below
on the heels of one of the THUG SUV'S.

Philly COPS empty from the car, shouts of "Drop it!
Freeze!" as our CAM LEAPS ACROSS THE GAP, sticking a--

WINDOW LEDGE on the next building. Cam speed climbs up the side of the building, scaling window ledges, overhangs, gutters. Dylan, Tate and Jax follow to--

THE ROOF

Sprinting the roof. Cam, Dylan, Tate LEAPING to the next building -- TWENTY STORIES ABOVE THE GROUND, up and over. Cam looks back to see Jax making his run -- LEAPING. FLYING....

WHAM! He hits SHORT, missing the roof. Grabs the edge with one hand-- FLAILING!

CAM

Jax!

Cam races back to grab on when--

JAX'S HAND SLIPS FROM THE ROOF!

A HORRIFIC NOISE erupts from below as Cam reaches the edge, looking over to see:

JAX lying in the crumpled roof of a parked car down on the street. Eyes wide open. Dead.

CAM (CONT'D)

Jax!

SCREAMS down below. PEOPLE all over the street. Some looking up. Cam looks back to see:

DYLAN AND TATE disappearing across a distant roof.

BASH! A stairwell door opens and COPS pour out the roof, all guns on Cam.

COPS

Get down! Freeze! Right there!

Cam kneels and puts his hands in the air. COPS swarm him, kicking him to the ground. He lays still, bereft. RADIO SQUAWK and HELICOPTER BLADES as--

HANDCUFFS clamp around his wrists.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PHILLY - DAY

Cop cars double parked. BTK THUGS being led in from a paddy wagon. It's been a busy morning in Philly...

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Cam looks exhausted, hollow, emotionally and physically spent. TWO DETECTIVES stare him down across a table.

BALD DETECTIVE

How about your dead buddy? Does he have a name? Might be nice to let his family know where to pick up his remains.

CAM

He doesn't have any family.

TOUGH DETECTIVE

What the hell did you do to get half the BTK to chase your lily white asses into Center Fuckin' City?

CAM

If you had something real to charge me with, you wouldn't be asking.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Bald Detective gets up, opens it, exchanges conversation with someone outside then leans in and looks at Cam.

BALD DETECTIVE

Feds want to talk to you.

One Detective looks surprised. Cam looks nervous.

INT - HALLWAY, POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

The Detective escorts Cam down a hallway to an OFFICE.

CAM

I want my lawyer.

BALD DETECTIVE

Tell that to the Feds.

The detective opens the door for Cam. Cam enters--

INT. OFFICE - POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Cam steps inside to find a man with his back turned.

DETECTIVE

He's all yours...

The Detective leaves, shutting the door.

The man turns around. God damn if it isn't--

MILLER!

MILLER

No sudden moves, okay?

Cam turns white. Like he's seeing a ghost.

CAM

Miller?...

Miller tosses his BADGE and ID to Cam.

MILLER

Simmons. DEA.

CAM'S POV: THE BADGE AND ID

"Agent Douglas Simmons. Drug Enforcement Agency." A shot of Miller in suit coat and tie, smiling like a dutiful, paper-pushing, career Federal employee.

Cam looks up from the badge in shock and awe.

MILLER (CONT'D)

And you thought going across a twenty foot gap fifty stories up was a rush.

Cam looks like he's going to be sick. He drops the badge and ID on the table and starts to back away.

CAM

What the fuck is going on?

Miller puts a hand on his gun, stepping between Cam and the door.

MILLER

Breathe, Cam. I need you to stay in the moment. We don't have a lot of time...

Cam doesn't sit, he just stares at Miller.

CAM

Where's Dylan... Tate...

MILLER

They're driving home in the van. Should be hitting the tunnel any minute.

CAM

Do they know?

MILLER

Everybody knows.

Cam reels, shock blurring into anger.

MILLER (CONT'D)

How do you think I run this circus?
Miller's the man on the ground, shipping
and receiving, human resources,
transportation; Simmons is the suit in
the back office, due diligence, new
business, client relations. The two of
us work well together. It's win-win.

CAM

Not for Jax.

Miller pauses, stung, like he's genuinely affected.

MILLER

Oh, Cam... I feel awful. I do. My heart
is heavy. I got bad information on this
one. It cost us dearly.

CAM

It cost Jax the most.

MILLER

Jax was a sweet kid. I'm going to miss
him. But that's the past. Nothing we can
do to change it. And the future is always
uncertain. All we have is right now.

Miller stares at Cam. Ice cold again.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Philly PD thinks you're one of my CI's.
You're going to walk out of here with me,
free and clear.

CAM

So they can find my body in a dumpster
tomorrow morning? Put me back in jail.

MILLER

Trust me, if I put you down, they'd never
find the body. But I'm not here to hurt
you. I need you as much as you need me.

CAM

How's that?

MILLER

My snitch gave me bad intel. That means
someone inside his crew smelled a rat.
The cops are rousting the whole gang.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

Someone's going to have to talk themselves out of trouble. One thing will lead to the next. The clock's ticking. Time to cash out.

CAM

Is this where you give me the "one last score" speech?

MILLER

I've been saving it up. Part of my exit plan. But I can't do it without you.

CAM

Bullshit. I want my money. Ten grand. Today. Right now. Then we'll talk.

MILLER

Can't do that.

CAM

Then I'm not helping you. I'm out.

A beat. Miller's ice.

MILLER

Thing is, it's not just about you anymore, Cam. You're part of a family now, remember? There are other people involved here...

Miller put something down on the table and flicks it--

THE MATCHBOX GTO

--rolls across the table. Miller *knows*.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Rule number one, remember? Never get caught. You got caught. Now you gotta help the rest of us get out of trouble.

Cam looks at him, shaking mad.

CAM

You son of a bitch.

MILLER

Patience. This isn't over yet. You may have a change of heart before all's said and done.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - PHILLY - DAY

Detectives escort Miller and Cam through the lobby of the police station. Cam's not even wearing cuffs.

He looks over at Miller...

CAM'S POV:

Cops pass by, smiling. Miller's DEA badge hanging around his neck, swinging. *Surreal.*

EXT. 30TH STREET STATION - PHILLY - DAY

Miller and Cam get out of an unmarked Crown Vic, and head into the train station.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Rushing along. Cam sits by the window, staring out. Miller sits next to him, casually reading a magazine. Cam's phone BUZZES. He looks to see a TEXT MESSAGE.

"You missed your deadline, dead man."

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - MANHATTAN - DUSK

Miller and Cam exit the station.

MILLER

Stay out of trouble. I'll be in touch.

Miller disappears into the river of commuters. Cam waits until Miller is gone, then bolts out.

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angie's folding a basket full of clothes. Joey's watching TV, his new skateboard next to him.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Angie answers--

Cam charges past her, into the house.

CAM

You guys need to get out of the house.

ANGIE

What?

Cam looks at her, panicked. Joey sees him, beams.

JOEY

Cam!

He runs to Cam and gives him a hug. Angie pulls him off.

ANGIE

Get out of my house!

CAM

Pack a bag. It's time to go.

ANGIE

What the hell are--

Cam cuts her off, angry.

CAM

Please! Trust me! You have to leave,
Angie! Right now!

She sees how serious it is.

OUTSIDE: TEN MINUTES LATER

Angie rushes to get into her car with Joey, carrying clothes stuffed into paper bags. Cam helps her load up her tiny Kia as she buckles Joey into the back seat.

JOEY

Where are we going?

ANGIE

Vacation.

JOEY

Is Cam coming?

Angie shuts the door so Joey can't hear anymore. She turns to Cam, seething, tears in her eyes.

ANGIE

Fix this.

She gets into her car and drives away.

EXT. BATTERY PARK - DAWN

Cam runs up to find Nikki waiting for him on the tree.

CAM

Did you play me from the start?

NIKKI

I told you to get out. Remember?

CAM

After you brought me in.

NIKKI

You went to Dylan. You're the one who wanted to be a part of it. The parkour wasn't enough for you.

CAM

Why didn't you tell me Miller was a Fed!

NIKKI

Like that would have made a difference!

Cam's mad.

NIKK

I wanted out, too, Cam. Soon as they started talking heists, scores-- I told them I didn't want any part of it.

CAM

So you recruited me to take your place?

NIKKI

I didn't ask you to come find me.

CAM

You sure about that?

She's silent.

CAM (CONT'D)

What happened in Florida?

She looks down, on the edge of tears -- it's obviously something way too heavy to talk about.

NIKKI

Dylan and I had to run. The cops were on us for years. Miller made it all go away. Dylan's always been afraid if we left before Miller was ready, he'd put it all right back on us.

She looks up at Cam.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

I'm tired of feeling trapped.

CAM

Where's this next score going down?

NIKKI

Here.

Cam looks surprised.

CAM

In the city?

She nods.

NIKKI

Miller's going to hit the Russians.

(off Cam's look)

He used to work for them. Exclusively.
During the big gang wars with the Tongs
and Triads. That's why he doesn't let us
run through Chinatown.

Cam moves away from her, looking out towards the harbor,
wheels turning, alone in his thoughts. Nikki notices.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

What?

He turns back to her, focused and deliberate.

CAM

If I can get us a clean exit tomorrow,
will you come with me?

NIKKI

Miller's not going to let you walk away.

Cam takes her by the arms, serious.

CAM

Do you want to break out of your trap or
not?

She just looks at him. And we CUT:

EXT. CAM'S ROOF TOP - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Cam stands alone on his roof top, looking at THE PHOTO
of himself, his dad and the GTO.

He flicks a lighter and touches it to the photo.

The pictures catches, burning. Cam lets it drop over the edge of the building, watches it float away on the windy updrafts until it flames out and disappears.

INT. NIKKI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nikki lays in bed, wide awake in despair and worry.

Miller gets out of the bed from next to her. She doesn't move, pretending to be asleep, as he pulls on his pants and shirt. He stands there a minute, just staring down at her. She can sense it. She holds her breath, fearful.

Finally, without a word, Miller leaves the room.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAWN

Cam waits on a street corner, hands in pockets.

A BLACK VAN pulls up. The rear door slides open. Cam gets in and the van pulls away.

INT. BLACK VAN - MOVING - DAY

Tate drives. Nikki's shotgun. Miller and Dylan sit in the back. Dylan glares at Cam. Heavy tension. Cam notices the BACKPACKS and DUFFELS stuffed in the van.

CAM

Where are we going?

Miller doesn't even look at him.

MILLER

Dylan, Nikki, Tate and I got a plane to catch after we're finished here.

Cam trades a look with Nikki. She's scared.

MILLER (CONT'D)

We'll drop you somewhere on the way to the airport.

EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - MANHATTAN - DAY

The van stops near an older brick APARTMENT BUILDING.

Miller grabs a messenger bag and gets up.

CAM

(surprised)

You're coming?

MILLER

We're a man down, Cam. God rest his soul.
Tate's gonna keep an eye on Nikki while
you, me and Dylan make the pick up.

Miller opens the door. Cam looks once more at Nikki
then climbs out of the van with Dylan and Miller. Miller
slides the door shut and signals Tate to drive.

Cam watches Nikki look back at him in the side view
mirror as the van speeds away.

EXT. BUILDING - MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - DAY

Dylan climbs first. Cam's in the middle. Miller brings
up the rear. Heading for the roof.

EXT. ROOF TOP - DAY

Cam, Dylan and Miller at the edge of the roof. Miller
scans the ADJACENT ROOF TOP with BINOCULARS.

CAM

What's inside?

MILLER

Safe house. Where the Russians put up
their VIP's when they visit. They stash
other stuff there too. Goodies.

CAM

Just like Philly?

MILLER

This information's solid, Cam.
(smiles)
Agent Simmons vetted it himself.

CAM

What do you need me for? We can all make
that jump.

MILLER

It's not the jump I need you for, it's
the landing.

Miller hands Cam the binocs. He takes a look at--

THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT rises another story above the
adjacent roof, a narrow strip about 10 feet wide, with
a single SKYLIGHT in the middle of it. It's a good four
stories below across a daunting gap.

Totally off the pucker factor scale.

CAM
We can't both stick that roof.

MILLER
We're not sticking the roof, we're going
through the skylight.

CAM
Are you out of your mind?

Miller's look says "fuck yeah." He leans close to Cam,
rushing with adrenaline.

MILLER
We'll do it for Nikki. It'll be epic.

INT. BLACK VAN - MOVING - DAY

Nikki watches Cam in the side view. The van turns a
corner and Cam's gone. Nikki looks at Tate.

NIKKI
Stop the van and let me out.

TATE
Shut up, Nikki.

NIKKI
Miller's going to kill Cam.

TATE
Not my problem.

Tate drops the hammer, SPEEDING along.

EXT. ADJACENT ROOF - DAY

Miller hands Cam a gun.

CAM
I don't know how to use this.

MILLER
Don't worry. It's not loaded.

CAM
You want me to drop into a safe house
full of Russians unarmed? No way.

He slings the gun down. Dylan yells at him, angry.

DYLAN

You don't have a choice, Cam.

Cam yells right back at him.

CAM

What are you doing? Screw Miller. We can walk from this. You and me. Right now.

Miller looks at Dylan. Dylan sticks his gun in Cam's face, finger curling through the trigger guard.

DYLAN

I swear I'll do it.

Cam sees Dylan's amped on fear, capable of anything.

CAM

Then you jump first.

MILLER

No. Dylan's lookout. He stays here.

Miller hands Cam's empty gun back to him.

MILLER (CONT'D)

You're my battering ram. I'm coming right behind you. If you're still conscious after you punch through, don't worry about having to defend yourself. These guys party like it's Keith Richard's birthday...
(pulls on a ski mask)
They're probably still sleeping it off.

CUT TO:

A RUSSIAN DUDE

Hitting a BIG RAIL OF COCAINE as MUSIC BLASTS.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

A plush shag pad, heavy on the 80's decor. TWO RUSSIAN GANGSTERS lounge with two YOUNG BLACK GIRLS, drinking Alize and Hoovering chunky lines of blow off a Patrick Nagel print laid down on the coffee table. Gakked up and wide awake.

ON A BIG PLASMA SCREEN TV:

Porn plays under a "picture-in-picture" insert of a SECURITY CAMERA FEED, alternating through shots of the entrance, the hallways, and the roof of the penthouse

building. There are other RUSSIAN GANGSTERS in each shot, big body guards covering every angle...

Except the roof.

INT. BLACK VAN - MOVING

Tate drives. Nikki grabs the wheel, wrenches it. The van swerves wildly. Nikki stomps her foot onto Tate's planting the accelerator. The van speeds up to 65 mph. Tate fights for control, punching at her. She punches him back as the van careens down the parkway...

CRASHING into a PARKED CAR. AIR BAGS burst.

Tate takes one right in the face.

Stunned, Nikki leaps from the van and runs.

Tate gets out the driver's door, dazed and bleeding.

EXT. NEXT ROOF - DAY

Cam steps back into the frame, concentrating. Looks out over the edge of the city. Takes a deep breath.

Then he CLOSES HIS EYES and sprints for the edge--

LEAPS off the roof, carrying massive speed, legs and arms pumping, as he sails in SLOW MOTION across the gap, dropping... dropping... forever through empty space--

CRASH!

--Dead center through that skylight.

INT. RUSSIAN PENTHOUSE - DAY

BASHHHHH! Cam comes through the skylight in a SHOWER of glass, monkey rolling right into the PLASMA SCREEN, knocking out one of the Russians. The girls start SCREAMING as the Other Russian goes for a gun--

MILLER

Drops through the skylight, monkey rolls, and gets to his feet, drawing his gun on the other Russian.

MILLER

Gun!

The Russian hands it to Miller.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Get on the ground.
(to the girl)
Stop screaming.

She does, immediately. The three of them get on the ground. Miller grins, nodding at Cam.

MILLER (CONT'D)

We did it, Cam. Now watch them.

Cam sweats, pulls his empty gun, and points it at the Russian. Hurrying, Miller goes to a bookshelf, pulls it away from the wall to reveal a COMBINATION SAFE.

Cam watches Miller crouch down, turn the dial and open the safe. He stuffs bundles of cash into his bag then pulls out a small VELVET POUCH.

Cam watches him open it, look inside and smile.

Then Cam notices something over Miller's shoulder--

CAM

Miller!

ANOTHER RUSSIAN barrels around the corner - a huge angry muscled bear of a man in boxer shorts who looks like he just got out of bed sleeping off a binge.

Miller swings his gun around, but the Russian Bear is on him, grabbing his arm and deflecting the gun. Miller loses the velvet pouch as the Russian jams his trigger finger, forcing him to FIRE his gun--

SHOTS RING OUT as the magazine empties wildly around the room... One of the girls is HIT. She falls to the ground, SCREAMING again. BANG BANG BANG. ROUNDS chew up the couch. The First Russian tries to get up...

CATCHING A BULLET WITH HIS HEAD, flopping onto the screaming girl, his dead body pinning her to the floor, twitching like a coke-addled fish.

Miller loses his gun. The Russian Bear tries to bite Miller's face. In their struggle, someone's foot kicks the pouch across the floor.

Cam snatches it up, takes a look inside:

IT'S FULL OF DIAMONDS.

THE RUSSIAN BEAR

Lifts Miller off the ground by his neck--

MILLER

Grabs the coke dusted Nagel print off the coffee table--

And drives the sharp metal corner of the frame into the bridge of the Russian's nose. Blood sprays. The Russian falters, eyes spouting tears. MILLER BEATS THE RUSSIAN in an orgy of violence until the frame comes apart in his hands and the big man collapses in a heap.

Cam watches Miller standing there, out of breath, looking at the carnage until--

KNOCKING

Comes from a door at the bottom of the stairs.

INT. OTHER SIDE OF THAT DOOR - SAME

FIVE RUSSIANS pound on the door, YELLING.

BACK IN THE ROOM:

Miller sees his gun on the floor, grabs it. Looks up... And points the gun...

MILLER

Give them to me.

REVERSE ANGLE:

Cam's holding his own gun... and the pouch of diamonds.

CAM

What's the plan? Shoot me, leave me here to take the blame?

MILLER

Something like that.

Miller points his gun at Cam and pulls the trigger.

Click. Click. Click.... Nothing.

Miller looks at the gun, disbelievingly.

Cam switched guns on Miller - he got the empty.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Nikki climbs the fire escape.

INT. OTHER SIDE OF THAT DOOR - DAY

One of the Russians has retrieved a FIRE AX. He swings it into the door, knocking a huge chunk out.

INT. PENTHOUSE - SAME

Cam tic-tacks up the wall, right over Miller, and--

DIVES OUT THROUGH THE BROKEN SKYLIGHT, as--

CRACK! The door breaks down and RUSSIANS sprint up--

Miller snatches one of the dead Russian's guns off the floor and a SHOOT-OUT erupts inside the single room. MILLER and RUSSIANS exchanging close quarters gunfire, shooting at each other from five and six feet away.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Cam runs across the roof, stops when he sees...

Nikki coming over the edge of the fire escape.

DYLAN (O.S.)

Nikki!

They both look across to see Dylan on the--

ADJACENT ROOF, watching them.

CAM

We have to get out of here.

DYLAN JUMPS across the gap. Lands on the roof, and rolls up to his feet, pulling his gun, hands shaking.

DYLAN

Get away from her, Cam.

CAM

Don't do it. Come with us.

MILLER (O.S.)

Stop him!

MILLER'S

Climbing out of the skylight, bloodied, but obviously victorious. He starts reloading the GUN in his hands.

MILLER (CONT'D)

He's got the diamonds!

Dylan looks back at Nikki. Holds her eyes. And all that fear and desperation seems to leave his face.

DYLAN

I think my gun's jammed.

Cam looks at him.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Get her out of here.

Dylan's letting them go. Cam and Nikki take off, running.

Dylan aims high and FIRES to slide lock.

ACROSS THE ROOF

Cam and Nikki SKID to a stop at the edge--

NOTHING BUT A CONSTRUCTION PIT BENEATH THEM.

The next building in the midst of DEMOLITION.

Cam looks back to see...

MILLER coming for them, raising his gun.

MILLER

Get out of the way, Nikki!

CAM looks out at the--

WRECKING BALL

--Hanging from crane parked at the edge of the pit.

A 30 foot jump would put them at the cable holding the big wrecking ball. Nikki sees it too. Gets it. Knows it's their only escape.

NIKKI

I've never made a jump like that--

Cam tucks the pouch and gun away, getting ready to jump.

CAM

You can make it with me.

MILLER'S

Almost on them now, gun leading the way.

MILLER

Nikki, move away from him!

Nikki glances back. Miller's twenty yards away.

CAM

One... two...

NIKKI

Three...

They leap together, out into space--

Miller opens fire--

Cam and Nikki fly through the air... grabbing the cable at the same time... which makes it SWING... taking them crashing into the unfinished SCAFFOLDING climbing up the wall of this newest riverfront condo high-rise, sending--

TEN STORIES WORTH OF SCAFFOLDING

Tumbling into the pit.

BACK ON THE ROOF

Miller's at the edge looking down. Dylan runs up.

DYLAN

Nikki!!!

Then they see them... CAM AND NIKKI crawling out of the wreckage, halfway up the unfinished building site--

WHAM! Miller punches Dylan in the face, sending him to the ground. He points his gun at him. It's empty. He throws the gun and sprints away, leaving him.

EXT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - DAY

SIRENS LOUDER NOW. Cam and Nikki spot COP CARS pulling down the street in front of the apartment.

CAM

Come on!

They use the girders that didn't fall to swing inside.

INT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - DAY

Cam and Nikki run at breakneck speed down the unfinished corridor past sheets of plastic.

The far side of the building is wide open. They go for it, full speed.

WE LEAP WITH THEM... Out into the air... Hang there for a moment... Then drop.... SMACK!

They hit the flat roof of one of the older buildings along the street. They roll, come up and keep running.

A leap takes them to a--

RAIN GUTTER

--Which they use to climb up to the next roof.

EXT. CONDO LOBBY - DAY

Miller races out of the condo into a phalanx of COPS.

Holds up his badge.

MILLER

DEA! I got suspects holed up on eight.

COPS race inside. Miller looks way down the block--

CATCHES SITE OF CAM AND NIKKI

Leaping across a roof gap.

Miller takes off running. Cops don't even notice.

CAM AND NIKKI

Leap onto and OLD ROOF. Sloped copper. They hit it at a crouch, "SURFING" it down, both of them pushing off at the last minute, springing across an IMPOSSIBLE GAP to land--

ON ANOTHER ROOF

--With an open doorway leading down.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Miller starts to run for the copper roof, when he spots a PICK UP TRUCK parked and running at the curb, flashers blinking, two men unloading dry wall from the bed.

Miller gets into the truck and DRIVES IT AWAY, spilling the rest of the drywall across the street as he races towards the COPPER ROOF--

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Cam spots a MOTORCYCLE COURIER pulling on gloves about to reboard his MOTO GUZZI.

CAM

Get on.

Nikki climbs on behind Cam. Cam starts it.

MOTORCYCLE MESSENGER

Hey.

He makes a leap for his bike. Cam hits the gas.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cam and Nikki pass--

TWO COP CARS speeding in the opposite direction.

Cam carves a corner--

SCREECH!

--THE PICK UP TRUCK flies out of an alley, bearing down.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - MOVING

Miller floors it.

CAM rides onto the sidewalk. MILLER chases.

THE PICK UP TRUCK

Blows through trash cans, parking meters, spins a parked car out into the street, flattens a moped.

NIKKI looks back, terrified.

CAM slings the motorcycle into a turn, cutting back across the street into--

HEAVY TRAFFIC

--Riding straight between lanes of SPEEDING CARS. Nikki holds on, clinging to the bike. Cam feathers the throttle, finds open space, speeds up, as...

THE PICKUP TRUCK

Smashes after them.

EXT. TRAFFIC - SAME

Cam slingshots out from behind the moving van--

INTO THE PATH OF A PORSCHE. Has no choice but to DUMP the motorcycle, spilling himself and Nikki onto the concrete.

THE PICK UP TRUCK

Screeches to a halt, stuck back in traffic.

MILLER

Gets out. Pulls his gun--

CAM

Grabs Nikki.

CAM

You okay?

They scramble to their feet as a COP CAR SCREECHES UP.

COPS jump out, guns drawn.

COPS

Stop where you are! Hands in the air.

Cam complies, raising his hands to show they're empty.

CAM

We're unarmed.

Cam looks at Nikki... and they both run RIGHT UP ONTO THE COP CAR. Over it and down the back. VAULTING to the sidewalk. SPRINTING away down the street--

MILLER

Chases after them, running hard. Watches them VAULT onto an awning and--

SCRAMBLE UP THE SIDE OF A BUILDING

--Free climbing sills, drain pipes, ledges. Both of them flowing up to the roof like spider monkeys.

Miller watches, impressed. Takes a FIRE ESCAPE.

EXT. ROOF TOP - DAY

Miller gains the roof. Runs to the edge. Sees Cam and Nikki two buildings ahead, running straight into--

CHINATOWN.

EXT. THE ROOF TOPS OF CHINATOWN - DAY

Like a mosaic of color. Rushing over them we pick up Cam and Nikki free running.

BEHIND THEM, closing the gap... Miller.

All three tracers at the top of their game. Powerful... Fast... Flawless... Fluid... *Beautiful*.

EXT. CHINATOWN - SAME

Cam and Nikki running past, through, over--

VENDORS CARTS and TABLES.

Miller sprinting after them, making havoc.

HIS BOOTS

Pounding the table tops, scattering bootleg DVD's, windup toys, cooking pots as VENDORS yell and curse.

CAM

Veers for the ornate doors of a DIM SUM RESTAURANT. A couple is just coming out. Cam and Nikki blast past and through the open door before it closes--

INT. DIM SUM RESTAURANT - CHINATOWN - SAME

A crowded two story food palace.

Cam and Nikki enter and pause, seeking their route, until Cam spots Miller entering behind them.

Cam swings up into the balcony. Nikki takes the stairs, palming the rail and swinging around to avoid WAITERS coming and going with huge trays.

Miller goes straight up the middle, scattering WAITERS, who drop giant trays, knocking a Dim Sum cart down the stairs, sprinting right after Cam and Nikki to the--

SECOND FLOOR

Cam spots an impossibly small window, points.

Nikki vaults, makes it through. Cam follows.

EXT. ROOF - CHINATOWN - DAY

Cam races across to the edge, spots a STEEL CABLE strung fifty feet across the street to the next building, CHINESE LANTERNS hanging from it.

Cam jumps and "Tarzans" his way across. Nikki's right behind him. They move right over TRAFFIC, to a light post, SLIDE down to the street.

Cam looks up to see...

MILLER

Just reaching the opposite roof. Nikki sees him.

Cam slows, looking around, checking his bearings...

CAM

This way.

He pulls her and they speed off towards a--

CONSTRUCTION SITE

Cam and Nikki scramble over hills of broken up concrete and brick, dirt and mortar. Cam grabs Nikki's hand, leading her into--

INT. BURNED OUT BUILDING - DAY

Dark, dank, old abandoned restaurant.

Cam and Nikki pick their way through the treacherous condemned site. Seems they've lost Miller.

And then it happens... Cam trips... stumbles... FALLS. Wipes out into a pile of old lumber. Turns to see--

MILLER GRABBING NIKKI. Putting his gun to her head.

MILLER

It's over, Cam.

JERRY (O.S.)

You got that right.

Miller flinches, looks to see JERRY, HU and about SIX OTHER CHINESE GANGSTERS stepping out of the dark edges of the condemned restaurant. Half a dozen gun barrels pointing right at Miller.

Nikki slips out of his hands and runs to Cam's side.

Miller pulls out his BADGE.

MILLER

I'm DEA.

BOSS (O.S.)

We have no business with the DEA.

Out of the shadows steps an older CHINESE MAN in an immaculate suit and tie. Miller turns white as a ghost.

MILLER

Mr. Chen...

BOSS

I thought we told you to leave New York a long time ago.

Miller's visibly scared. A shell of himself. Powerless.

MILLER

I've kept my business away from yours.
This is between him and me. Let me have him and you'll never see me again.

The Boss smiles.

BOSS

At least you and I both agree on something.

Miller locks eyes with Cam. Desperate. Cam knows he's looking at a dead man.

CAM

Stay in the moment, Miller.

GANGSTERS surround Miller and escort him away.

Jerry goes to Cam.

JERRY

You got something for us?

Cam hands Jerry the pouch of diamonds. Jerry shows it to the Boss. The Boss smiles. Takes out a diamond and flicks it into the air towards Cam. Cam catches it.

BOSS

Don't ever come back to Chinatown.

The Boss walks out with the others. Cam looks at Jerry.

CAM

We had deal.

Jerry nods.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREETS - DAY

Jerry and Hu lead Cam and Nikki to the--

GTO, parked at the curb.

JERRY

This car was never really "me" anyway.

He tosses Cam the keys. Cam looks at Nikki.

CUT TO: THE GTO

Speeding down a DESERT HIGHWAY, windows down, miles and miles of open road under eons of blue sky.

NIKKI driving. Hair blowing in the wind, a tan bare shoulder draped out the open window. CAM riding shotgun, cool and relaxed. DYLAN stretched across the back seat, trucker hat pulled down, snoozing.

EXT. FIRST STREET BRIDGE - LOS ANGELES, CA - DAY

The GTO pulls up and stops.

Cam, Nikki and Dylan look out at the LA SKYLINE.

A brand new playground...

EXT. LOS ANGELES DOWNTOWN SKYLINE - DUSK

THREE FIGURES, black silhouettes against the setting sun, RUNNING, VAULTING, LEAPING across the horizon.

FADE OUT:

THE END.