

**THE TAKING OF PELHAM
ONE TWO THREE**

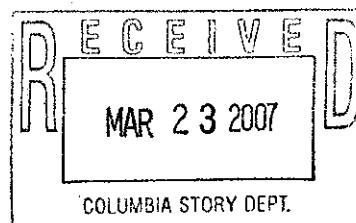
*screenplay by
David Koepp*

*based on the novel by
John Godey*

*and a screenplay by
Peter Stone*

March 22, 2007

THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF SONY PICTURES ENTERTAINMENT INC., OR ITS AFFILIATES (COLLECTIVELY SPE) AND IS INTENDED AND RESTRICTED SOLELY TO SPE PERSONNEL AND INDIVIDUALS UNDER CONTRACT TO, OR IT IS CONTEMPLATED WILL ENTER INTO A CONTRACT, WITH SPE. DISTRIBUTION OR DISCLOSURE OF THE MATERIAL TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS, OR THE SALE, COPYING OR REPRODUCTION OF THIS MATERIAL IN ANY FORM IS PROHIBITED.



A word about how people talk in this movie -

Realfuckinfast.

INT 81ST STREET SUBWAY STATION DAY

A man stares at us. He's olive-skinned, with a ragged beard and dead brown eyes. Baggy Euro-sweats, beanie cap. We'll call him *
MR. BLUE.

Pulling back we see PEOPLE crossing in front of him, white subway tiles behind. He's sitting on a bench, a panda bear mosaic behind him.

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

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

If we're sharp-eyed, we notice a duffle bag tucked neatly *
beneath his seat. *

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

A PUFFY VEST GUY clutching a deli coffee, a PRETTY WOMAN PLAYING SUDOKU, a SLEEPY DOMINICAN DOORMAN on his way home from working the early shift.

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

Mr. Blue stands and walks forward with the rest of the crowd. *
His eyes move from side to side, landing on people at random.

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

CRAZY GRAY HAIR LADY.

YOUNG DOCTORAL STUDENT WITH HIGHLIGHTER. The ROAR is deafening.

Mr. Blue walks forward, reaching up to his beanie cap -- *

-- the train enters the station --

-- Mr. Blue pulls the beanie down over his eyes, revealing that *
it's a mask, with cut-out eye holes, your basic terrorist *
nightmare get-up -- *

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

Commuters SCREAM, train brakes SHRIEK, there is a wet THUD, and all hell breaks loose.

Mr. Blue whirls around, parting the front of the khaki overcoat he's wearing over his sweats, revealing a long-barreled, *
collapsible plastic automatic weapon that was strapped to his
leg. Two quick SNAPS and it's extended to its full length.

He SCREAMS, in an accented voice, the last words anybody there wants to hear:

MR. BLUE

ALLAHU AKHBAR!

He BLASTS a burst of rifle fire into the air, a dozen shots, thundercracks in the underground space. Half the crowd hits the deck, the other half takes off running, and nobody, but *nobody* makes eye contact with Mr. Blue. *

FROM A SECURITY CAMERA IN THE CORNER,

we see the crowd part as they race away from Mr. Blue. *

BACK AT GROUND LEVEL, *

as feet race back and forth in the foreground, we move in on Mr. Blue's duffle bag, left underneath the bench he was sitting on. *

AT THE TURNSTILES, *

-- Mr. Blue bangs through the turnstile, the crowd scattering from him like soap flakes to the edge of a water glass. *

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

With no trigger housing, the gun FIRES randomly all the way down the steps, a deafening hail of automatic weapons fire aimed at nobody in particular.

More SCREAMS from below, and nobody's following Mr. Blue. He whips off his mask, steps out of the subway -- *

EXT 81ST & CENTRAL PARK WEST DAY

-- and onto the sidewalk. His hand dives into his jacket pocket and comes out holding a damp rag. He wipes his face quickly, and we see he's not olive-skinned at all -- Mr. Blue is pale as an Irishman under the makeup.

He drops the rag in the trashcan, RIPS the baggy sweats off, revealing a trim business suit underneath, and walks south across 81st Street, where a crosstown bus is stopped at the corner. *

ON BOARD THE BUS,

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT MTA HEADQUARTERS DAY

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

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

IF YOU SEE SOMETHING, SAY SOMETHING!

We're inside MTA headquarters, high above midtown in a nondescript building in the west 50s. Big view of the city out the plate glass windows. MTA EMPLOYEES move routinely about their business, unaware of what just happened.

ZACH GARBER, fortyish, sick of this shit, walks down the hallway carrying a grease-stained brown paper bag.

An OFFICE WORKER comes down the staircase, meeting Garber at the bottom. She's followed by FOUR CHINESE MEN in business suits.

OFFICE WORKER

Ah, Lieutenant Garber, it's nice of you to leave your duties long enough to show our distinguished guests around the facilities.

Garber looks at her like she's nuts.

GARBER

Who, me? Why?

OFFICE WORKER

Because Delvecchio broke a crown and you are here.

GARBER

I haven't had lunch yet! I just got a sandwich.

OFFICE WORKER

Some men have greatness forced upon them. May I present --

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

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

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

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

GARBER
(holds up the sandwich bag)
Meatball. Two kinds of cheese.

OFFICE WORKER
Fuck you, Garber.

GARBER
Nice language.

OFFICE WORKER
I don't think they speak English.

GARBER
Where's the interpreter?

OFFICE WORKER
Didn't show up. Wing it.
(loudly, to the Chinese Men)
Gentlemen, this is Lieutenant Zachary
Garber of the NYPD Transit Bureau, our
Watch Commander this afternoon. He
will be happy to show you around and
answer any questions you may have.
(to Garber)
When you're through, the Chairman wants
to say goodbye to them personally, so
show them up to thirty-two, will you?

GARBER
I sure will.

And she's gone. Garber looks at the Chinese men, then down at the bag with his sandwich. He sighs.

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

He turns and starts down the corridor, gives the tour he's given a dozen times. Borrr-ring.

GARBER (cont'd)

The New York City Subway System is the largest in the world, with 237 miles of track and seven thousand cars that carry over a billion and a half passengers every year, making it also the busiest railroad in the-

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

GARBER (cont'd)

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

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

GARBER (cont'd)

-- with over a billion and a half passengers every year, making it also the busiest --

CUT TO:

EXT PRECINCT HOUSE DAY

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

2:02 p.m.

EXT 8TH AVENUE DAY

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

EXT ONE POLICE PLAZA DAY

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

INT TARU HEADQUARTERS DAY

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

EXT CENTRAL PARK WEST DAY

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

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

COPS pour out, take up positions.

EXT 34TH STREET HELIPORT DAY

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

EXT ANOTHER HELIPORT DAY

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

EXT AERIAL DAY

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

Another Hercules Squad tears across 81st Street, SQUEALING to a stop on the southwest corner, sealing it off. *

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

There is a massive movement of personnel, vehicles, and weaponry, all headed to the Upper West Side of Manhattan.

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

CUT TO:

EXT 77TH & LEXINGTON DAY

Big white doors WHOOSH open and Mr. Blue steps off the bus.

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

He walks straight to the corner and goes quickly down the steps into the subway station there.

CUT TO:

EXT 103RD & LEXINGTON DAY

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

A businessman hurries down the street, wearing a nice suit under an overcoat, and carrying a small, thin attache case. But MR. GREEN also sports a not-terribly-businesslike disguise -- fake moustache, wire-rimmed glasses and a slouch hat.

He hurries down the stairs and into the station, passing TWO COPS eyeing the PASSENGERS as they stream past. They stop a GUY carrying a large package, but don't give Mr. Green a second glance -- successful businessman with briefcase, big deal. *

INT SUBWAY STATION DAY

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

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

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

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

It's tapping nervously.

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

*Pelham Bay Park
Brooklyn Bridge - City Hall*

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

Pelham

DOWN AT MR. GREEN'S FEET,

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

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

He looks away quickly and climbs on board.

INT FRONT SUBWAY CAR DAY

Mr. Green gets on board and sits down, laying his attache case across his lap.

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

EXT PLATFORM DAY

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

INT CONDUCTOR'S CAB DAY

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

MATSON

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

BUD

I'm checking the passengers getting on and off, front and back -- all clear, I'm shutting the doors --

He pushes a button, pulls his head in, and the train starts with a jerk.

BUD (cont'd)

I remove my switch key, go back out the window --

(he does)

-- for a distance of three car lengths to make sure no one's gettin' dragged --

(returning)

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

(into a mike)

96th Street next stop, next stop is 96th Street.

(turning to Matson)

How'd I do?

MATSON

A born conductor.

BUD

Not me, I'm puttin' in for motorman
after I do my six months.

MATSON

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

BUD

A jumper? Really?

MATSON

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

The look on Bud's face says that he wouldn't.

THROUGH THE CONDUCTOR'S WINDOW,

we see Bud's POV as the train ROARS into the 96th Street
station. We flash by faces and gradually slow until we stop,
and we're looking right into the face of another man wearing a
business suit and overcoat, carrying a thin attache case.

MR. GREY is tall, over-muscular, Eastern-European looking. His
suit's brand new, slightly ill-fitting, and he wears it like it
itches. He looks right at us (conductor's POV) for an instant,
then moves away.

ON THE PLATFORM,

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

ON THE TRAIN CAR,

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

He surveys the car with heavy-lidded eyes. The train pulls out. *

INT FIRST CAR DAY

In the front car, Mr. Green is sitting opposite the closed steel
door of the Motorman's cab. TWO SEVENTH GRADE BOYS are at the
window of the front storm door, goofing around, loud. Skipped
school.

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

CUT TO:

INT CONDUCTOR'S CAB DAY

In the Conductor's cab, Bud leans into the microphone. *

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

The train slows as it pulls into 86th Street.

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

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

The doors open and Matson steps out, colliding with MR. BROWN, another large, pale man dressed in a business suit and overcoat, carrying a briefcase. Also a little muscular for a businessman, but convincing nonetheless.

He barrels past Matson.

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

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

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

MR. BROWN
(to the Guy)
Your ass.

YOUNG GUY
What about it?

MR. BROWN
Move it.

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

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

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

They make brief eye contact, the tiniest of nods.

The train pulls out.

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

CUT TO:

INT 77TH STREET PLATFORM DAY

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

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

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

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

RAPPER
Now's when you look away.

But Mr. Blue doesn't, he just smiles softly as the train ROARS into the station. The Rapper shakes his head. *

RAPPER (cont'd)
That's just rude, man. *

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

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

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

DOYLE
Hey, how am I supposed to see with-

Blue pulls a handgun from his pocket and places it against the side of Doyle's head.

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

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

INT SUBWAY CAR - CONDUCTOR'S CAB DAY

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

Mr. Brown stands in front of him, pointing a handgun at him. His briefcase stands, still unopened, at his feet.

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

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

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

Bud does.

FROM BUD'S P.O.V.,

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

INT PLATFORM - FRONT CAR DAY

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

MR. BLUE
Unlock your cab door.

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

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

Doyle reaches behind him slowly with his left hand and turns the door's lock with an audible CLICK.

INT FRONT SUBWAY CAR DAY

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

He turns, looks at the two Seventh Graders, still goofing around at the front of the train. They make him nervous.

MR. GREEN

Hey. Shouldn't you be in school?

They laugh at him and look away. Mr. Green reaches for the door handle to the Motorman's cab, then, possessed by a thought, turns back to the kids --

-- and SLAPS one of them across the face.

The kid YOWLS in surprise and pain, and both of them turn and bolt off the train.

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

INT CONDUCTOR'S CAB DAY

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

BUD

(terrified)

What's going on?

MR. BROWN

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

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

FROM BUD'S P.O.V.,

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

BUD

There's someone leaning against the lead car.

MR. BROWN (O.S.)

The second he comes aboard shut the doors.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Green has shoved his way into the motorman's cab, bringing his briefcase along with him.

MR. GREEN

(to the Motorman)

Get rid of your seat.

Doyle swats the folding seat up with a clatter.

Mr. Blue is still pointing his gun at Doyle through the window, but now Mr. Green opens his briefcase, revealing molded padding inside. There are a series of metallic pipes cradled in the packing, and what looks like a cast-iron shoe, but what catches our eye is the collapsible plastic automatic weapon.

Mr. Green removes the pieces of the weapon, SNAPS the briefcase shut again, and starts to assemble it.

It's only a few pieces and it shouldn't take long, but Mr. Green is nervous, his hands shaking. He glances up at Mr. Blue, who's staring at him icily.

He SNAPS the last piece in place, points the gun at Doyle --

MR. GREEN (cont'd)

Ready.

-- Mr. Blue turns away from the window --

INT CONDUCTOR'S CAB DAY

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

He reaches down and turns the door key.

INT SUBWAY PLATFORM DAY

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

INT SECOND CAR DAY

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

MR. GREY

You don't wanna sit here.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE

What if I do?

MR. GREY

I'll shoot your dick off.

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

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Green still has the gun on Doyle.

MR. GREEN

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

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

MR. BLUE

All right, Mr. Green?

MR. GREEN

Hundred percent, Mr. Blue.

Mr. Green exchanges weapons with Mr. Green, giving him his handgun and taking the automatic weapon from him. As he does, Blue squints at Mr. Green's face, regarding his false moustache and glasses disapprovingly. Ignores them for the moment.

MR. BLUE

Get it started.

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

He presses down on the controller and nudges it to the left.

INT 77TH STREET PLATFORM DAY

The train starts to move forward.

2:07 p.m.

CUT TO:

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

AT MTA headquarters, Garber's leading the Chinese Men down a long hallway, still carrying his meatball sandwich, toward a secured door at the end. He recites by rote:

GARBER

The NYPD Transit Bureau is responsible for the safety of the entire New York bus and subway system, which is run from the MTA Command Center, one floor up.

(MORE)

GARBER (cont'd)

They handle the commuters, we handle the criminals. High-level stuff, too -- purse snatchers, chain grabbers, flashers...

*

He reaches the door at the end and swipes a key-card.

*

GARBER (cont'd)

This room is the NYPD Transit nerve center, and I'm happy to say things are usually pretty slow around-

Garber pushes the door open. It's bedlam.

GARBER (cont'd)

-- here.

It's a large room, sectioned off with clear dividers, desks with two-way radio/telephone setups, and there are TRANSIT COPS all over the place, SHOUTING into radios, racing in all directions.

The Chinese Men AAAH in appreciation of the activity.

Surprised, Garber grabs a passing uniformed transit cop, RICO PETRONE, mid-thirties, built like a bull.

GARBER (cont'd)

Rico, what the fuck?

PETRONE

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

GARBER

No shit?

PETRONE

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

*

GARBER

Transit's got the ball?

PETRONE

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

GARBER

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

PETRONE

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

GARBER

Usual suspects.
(to the Chinese Men)
You see, this is what we call a "shit
detail." I usually get them around
here. Apparently I "show contempt for
authority," and "lack respect for the
chain of command," so, you know, *that*
ain't gonna get me far. Everybody says
be a team player, but I say what if the
team sucks? Two more years I hit my
twenty, that's a half decent pension,
maybe I'll go into private security
with a buddy of mine.

*

*

PETRONE

(aghast)
Garber, what the fuck are you doing?

*

GARBER

The dummies don't speak English, Rico.
Right, dummies?

The Chinese Men smile opaquely.

PETRONE

One day, Garber, you will learn to shut
up when you talk to people.

*

*

GARBER

There's no reason to think that.
(to the Chinese Men)
C'mon, dummies. Let's go upstairs and
see the MTA command center, if any
trains are still running.
(to Petrone)
East side lines still moving?

*

*

PETRONE

Yeah, everything's fine over there.

CUT TO:

INT CONDUCTOR'S CAB DAY

On the east side, in the moving train, Mr. Brown still has his gun on Bud, the conductor.

MR. BROWN
Announce the n-next station.

Bud presses the transmitter button.

BUD
68th Street, next stop is --

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

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

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

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

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

MR. BLUE
You say when, Mr. Green.

MR. GREEN
Little further.

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

MR. BLUE
Shut up.

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

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

MR. GREEN
It wasn't me!

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

Mr. Green glances quickly at Doyle.

MR. GREEN

What's your name, motorman?

DOYLE

Denny Doyle.

MR. GREEN

You ever been written up?

DOYLE

Yes, sir -- once.

MR. GREEN

What for?

DOYLE

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

GREEN

Twice. One on the Canarsie-

MR. BLUE

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

MR. GREEN

(looking up ahead)

There's the power box.

He knocks off his controller and eases in the brake handle.

INT TUNNEL DAY

The train slows and SCREECHES to a stop.

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY

The PASSENGERS look up, annoyed.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue turns to Doyle.

MR. BLUE

Make the announcement.

MR. GREEN

Fast and bored, you know what I mean.

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

DOYLE

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

INT FIRST CAR DAY

The Passengers go back to their newspapers, reassured.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue smiles. Very good.

MR. GREEN

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

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

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

INT FIRST CAR DAY

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

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

MR. GREEN

Thank you, Mr. Grey.

MR. GREY

Don't mention it, Mr. Green.

Somehow, Mr. Grey managed to say that little nicety with a great deal of menace. Mr. Green, nervous already, gives him a glance as he goes through the door.

EXT PLATFORM BETWEEN CARS DAY

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

MR. GREEN
Give me your panel key.

Bud hesitates --

-- and Mr. Brown breaks his nose.

It happens so fast quick we barely see his hands move -- he just flicks his wrists, whipping the stock of his gun up into the bridge of Bud's nose, which SNAPS like a branch in the wind.

Bud GROANS and puts his hands to his face, blood runs over his knuckles.

MR. BROWN
You got three seconds to live,
fuckhead. One.

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

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue still holds the gun on Doyle.

MR. BLUE
You'll be hearing from Command Center in a minute or two but you'll ignore the call. You will not answer. Is that clear?

DOYLE
Yes, sir. They can call all they want to, I'm deaf. I want to stay alive.

MR. BLUE
Good.

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

MR. BLUE
Shut up.

DOYLE

You got it.

EXT PLATFORM BETWEEN CARS DAY

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

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

DOWN ON THE TRACKS,

the train couplings disengage.

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

The MTA Command Center is a long, open space filled with a sophisticated set of control screens and radio consoles. The room's most prominent feature is a large status board, a highly detailed map lit up with flashing lights and data, stretched all the way across the front wall, showing the entire subway system.

Garber, still carrying his sandwich, comes in the door, trailed by the Chinese.

GARBER

This is the MTA Command Center, which runs every bus and subway in the five boroughs. The status board, over here, shows the movement and exact location of every train on every line.

FRANK CORRELL, an unpleasant dude on the best of days, is bent over the microphone at a console centered right in front of the board. Correll's in a wheelchair, staring at the map, where a red series of dashes is flashing between the 77th and 68th Street stations on the Lexington line.

CORRELL

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

GARBER

(to the Chinese guys)

This is Frank Correll, the desk Trainmaster for the MTA. I don't tell Frank how to run his trains, he doesn't tell me how to fight bad guys.

CORRELL

(ignoring him)

Pelham, if you can receive and not transmit, please use the tunnel phone, over.

Garber sneaks the end of his sandwich out of the brown bag and takes a bite, talking to the Chinese men while he chews:

GARBER

You're probably wondering how we designate our trains. Each train is identified by the name of its terminus and the time of its departure. So an express leaving Woodlawn at 6:30 would be Woodlawn Six Three Oh, and-

CORRELL

WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM, PELHAM ONE TWO THREE?!

Garber swallows and shoves the rest of the sandwich back into the bag, sets it down on a console.

GARBER

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

CORRELL

Pelham One Two Three, you God damn piece of shit, will you pick up the motherfucking radio!?

GARBER

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

Behind Garber, a JANITOR on his way through the room scoops up his sandwich and tosses it in the trash.

CORRELL

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

GARBER

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

CORRELL

Garber, will you please shut the fuck up?

Garber turns and reaches for his sandwich, can't find it. He looks around, deeply saddened.

CORRELL (cont'd)

(throws a switch on the mike)

Grand Central Tower, this is Desk Trainmaster, you got a southbound local laying down between 77th and 68th, who the fuck's in charge down there?

CUT TO:

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

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

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

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

WUKOVITS

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

CORRELL (O.S.)

Why the hell doesn't he answer his radio?

WUKOVITS

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

He notices movement on the board.

WUKOVITS (cont'd)

Aw, for Christ's sake, the dumb bastard is moving *backwards*!

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

TOWERMAN

Look at that! He left the front car behind.

WUKOVITS

Then the God damn cord must be busted.

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY TUNNEL DAY

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

EXT SECOND CAR DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

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

TOWERMAN

He stopped again.

WUKOVITS

Well, stopped is better than backwards.

CUT TO:

EXT SECOND CAR DAY

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

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

CUT TO:

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

The door of the motorman's cab CLICKS open and Mr. Green squeezes back in.

MR. BLUE

Any trouble?

MR. GREEN

Smooth as silk.

He SNEEZES, SNIFFLES.

MR. BLUE

You're sick?

MR. GREEN

Woke up in the middle of the night with
a cold, I couldn't breathe.

(notices Mr. Blue is staring)
What?

MR. BLUE

The glasses and moustache. They're not
what we discussed. *

Green darts an anxious look at the Motorman, lowers his voice.

MR. GREEN

People know me down here.

Mr. Blue stares at him for another long moment, almost as if
deciding whether or not to kill him. It rattles Mr. Green.

MR. BLUE

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

Picking up his weapon and holding it alongside his leg, Mr. Blue
eases himself through the door and shuts it after him. Mr.
Green sighs in relief -- this guy scares the shit out of him.

He replaces the brake handle and eases the controller left.

INT TUNNEL DAY

The single subway car starts to move slowly forward.

CUT TO:

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

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

TOWERMAN

Front car's moving again. Forward this
time.

WUKOVITS

I got eyes.

(into radio)

Desk Trainmaster, this is Grand Central Tower, Pelham's moving again, but he dumped his load.

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

CUT TO:

INT FIRST CAR DAY

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

At the back, Mr. Brown SNAPS open his attache case and quickly starts to assemble another plastic machine gun, identical to the one Mr. Green assembled earlier.

In the front, Mr. Grey opens his briefcase and does the same. Brown and Grey are much faster than Green was.

As one, Mr. Blue, Mr. Gray, and Mr. Brown all take a step forward, raising their guns for the first time.

Mr. Blue CLEARS HIS THROAT.

Over the next ten seconds, the Passengers in the car come out of their subway dead-head and notice the guns. They GASP, they turn pale, they go wide-eyed --

-- *but nobody says a word.*

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

MR. BLUE

(softly)

Are there any questions?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

-- a BLACK TEENAGE GIRL with a hoochiemama hairdo. *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAN IN BLACK

What kind of terrorists are you?

MR. BLUE

We're not.

MAN IN BLACK

Then what do you want?

MR. BLUE

Money.

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

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

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

A lot of money.

The Businessman puts his wallet back.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

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

There is DISTRESSED MURMURING among the passengers.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

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

He pulls a black trash bag from his coat and SNAPS it open.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

You will put all your cell phones and beepers into this bag.

As they comply, the Young Rapper smiles.

RAPPER

I shoulda known you were the man, man.

INT TUNNEL DAY

The train car slows and comes to a stop.

CUT TO:

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

Wukovits is staring up at the status board.

WUKOVITS

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

The other Towermen crowd in over his shoulder.

TOWERMAN

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

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

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

CORRELL

(into microphone)

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

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

Wukovits cuts him off, grabbing the microphone.

WUKOVITS

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

CORRELL (O.S.)

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

WUKOVITS

(into microphone)

On my way.

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

WUKOVITS (cont'd)

I'm gonna go feed this guy his nuts.

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY - FIRST CAR DAY

Mr. Blue, mid-car, turns now to the front section.

MR. BLUE

Everyone in this part of the car, move to the back. Everyone.

(as they hesitate)

RIGHT NOW!

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

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

Get going, Mr. Green.

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

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

Motorman -- come here.

DOYLE

Uh -- yeah?

MR. BLUE

I want you to walk uptrack and collect all the passengers in the nine cars we cut loose, and lead them out through the emergency exit at 74th Street. Is that clear?

DOYLE

Yes, sir.

One of the two College Girls raises her hand.

COLLEGE GIRL 1

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

MR. BLUE

No one else leaves.

COLLEGE GIRL 1

But it was the *next stop*.

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

MR. GREY

How ironic.

The College Girl looks at him, and Mr. Grey just stares at her, dead eyes. Not encouraging. Mr. Grey is not our favorite.

Mr. Brown, across from him, speaks rapidly to Mr. Grey in a Slavic language we do not recognize. Mr. Brown replies, same language.

Mr. Blue notices. Doesn't speak that language, doesn't like it. *

The Jamaican Nanny speaks up.

JAMAICAN NANNY

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

MR. BLUE

Nobody leaves.

MAN IN BLACK

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

MR. BLUE

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

MAN IN BLACK

Ask a stupid question...

The fluorescent lights suddenly go out and the emergency, incandescent bulbs immediately go on, thereby diminishing the brightness in the car by half.

There's a general stirring among the Passengers, as they look around them, freaked out again.

MR. BLUE

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

As Doyle leaves at one end of the train, Green reappears at the other. Mr. Blue turns to him, lowers his voice.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

All right, Mr. Green?

MR. GREEN

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

MR. BLUE

Why do I still see these tunnel lights?

MR. GREEN

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

MR. BLUE

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

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

RADIO (CORRELL)

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

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Correll is practically spitting on the microphone.

CORRELL

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

CUT TO:

EXT 81ST & CENTRAL PARK WEST DAY

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

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

INT 81ST STREET STATION DAY

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

We draw near the bench Mr. Blue sat on earlier, closer to that
duffle bag, still sitting not-so-innocently where he left it. *

We get closer still, close enough to hear a HIGH-PITCHED WHINING
sound coming from inside it and -- *

EXT 81ST & CENTRAL PARK WEST DAY

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

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

EXT 81ST & CENTRAL PARK WEST DAY

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

The aerial view turns into a --

INT NYPD HOT ROOM DAY

-- TELEVISION IMAGE --

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

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

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

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

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

GIONOFRIO

(into the mike)

What in Christ's name was that?!

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

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

ESPOSITO

You got the mayor yet?

BAUMGART

No luck so far.

ESPOSITO

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

BAUMGART

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

ESPOSITO

So what? What kind of massage?

A Uniformed Cop MUTTERS to the guy next to him.

COP

The good kind.

There is some sniggering. Esposito glares.

ESPOSITO

We've got one person dead, the entire
west side shut down, and probably every
man woman and child in Manhattan
shitting themselves. Anybody else feel
like making a jerkoff joke?

(silence)

Thank you.

(to Baumgart)

Send someone to interrupt the Mayor's
trip to the spa. He'll understand.

BAUMGART

Yes, ma'am.

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

ESPOSITO

Who's the Incident Commander?

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

GIONOFRIO

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

ESPOSITO

What's going on down there?

GIONOFRIO

We're snaking periscope cameras and zero luxe lights down through the vents, we'll have eyes in the next ten minutes.

ESPOSITO

Five would be better.

AIDE

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

ESPOSITO

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

They reach the far side of the room, where a TECHNICIAN has isolated a frame from the security camera image we saw earlier -- Mr. Blue's masked face, blown up and grainy, as he holds his weapon over his head in the chaos. * *

ESPOSITO (cont'd)

The son of a bitch really screamed "Allahu akhbar?"

GIONOFRIO

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

ESPOSITO

Are you sure he's still down there?

GIONOFRIO

Conflicting reports. The explosion could have been him, could have been on a timer, or it could have been a second terrorist wearing a suicide vest. We'll know when we take the station. We've bumpered the tunnel front and back and are moving in with extreme caution.

ESPOSITO

Move comms to TAC G, get everything on point-to-point, we don't need the world listening to us handle this.

(looking around)

What are we missing?

GIONOFRIO

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

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

Which is great, except the son of a bitch isn't at 81st and Central Park West. The lone subway car sits by itself in the tunnel, its lights glowing through the windows. A title:

Beneath 73rd & Lexington

INT FIRST CAR DAY

Mr. Blue surveys the first subway car. The rear section is empty. The Sixteen remaining Passengers and Bud are sitting quietly. Mr. Brown and Mr. Grey stand mid-car, muttering to each other in that Slavic language (it's Chechen).

*
*

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

*

MR. BLUE

What time have you got, Mr. Green?

MR. GREEN

(checks)

Two ten.

MR. BLUE

Anything you want to say first?

MR. GREEN

(blowing his nose and referring to his cold)

I feel like I'm gonna die.

MR. BLUE

That's entirely possible.

But he ain't talking about the cold. Mr. Blue steps into the motorman's cab and picks up the radio.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Command Center, this is Pelham One Two
Three, come in, please.

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

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

CORRELL
Pelham, what the hell are you trying to
do, I got enough problems without you
trying to shut down the whole east side
single-handed. I want an explanation,
and it better be good.

RADIO (BLUE)
Your train has been taken.

CORRELL
Huh?

RADIO (BLUE)
Your train has been taken.

Correll wheels around and SHOUTS at the room.

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

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

Garber motions to the radio -- answer him.

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

RADIO (BLUE)
Negative.

Silence all around.

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

CORRELL

Am I speaking to the perpetrator of a terrorist action?

RADIO (BLUE)

Negative.

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

GARBER

Thank Christ.

CORRELL

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

RADIO (BLUE)

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

Correll turns around and looks at Garber.

CORRELL

What do I do?

GARBER

Move your ass outta the way.

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

GARBER (cont'd)

Garber to Petrone, Garber to Petrone, you there, Rico?

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

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

PETRONE

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

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER

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

RADIO (PETRONE)

What's up?

GARBER

A train's been hijacked.

RADIO (PETRONE)

More terrorists?

GARBER

Crooks.

RADIO (PETRONE)

Thank Christ.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

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

CORRELL

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

GARBER

Holy shit, I forgot.
(looking around)
Johnny, would you take these winkies up
to thirty-two?

The First Chinese Man speaks up. In English.

CHINESE MAN 1

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

CHINESE MAN 2

Thank you for a most instructive visit,
Lieutenant.

CHINESE MAN 3

And most exciting, too!

Oh. They *can* speak English. Garber watches them file out of
the room, then turns back to Correll.

GARBER

How long do they have to pay you for
after they fire you?

CUT TO:

EXT 74TH & LEXINGTON DAY

In the sidewalk on 74th & Lexington, a large steel mesh door
flips open and Denny Doyle, the original motorman from Pelham,
pokes his head out. His face is smeared with blood from his
broken nose. *

He climbs onto the sidewalk, throwing the door open all the way.
PASSERS-BY stop and stare as DISGRUNTLED PASSENGERS from the
other nine cars start to climb out onto the street. *

A POLICE CAR pulls over at the curb and Doyle hurries over to
it.

COP 1

What the hell is this?

DOYLE

We got a serious fuckin problem down
there!

CUT TO:

EXT 77TH & LEXINGTON DAY

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

INT 77TH STREET PLATFORM DAY

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

WUKOVITS

When did the power go?

MOTORMAN

Who wants to know?

WUKOVITS

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

MOTORMAN

Oh. Sorry. Couple minutes ago.

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

MOTORMAN (cont'd)

(calling after him)

What happened down there, a man under?

WUKOVITS

(over his shoulder)

Who wants to know?!

ON THE TRACKS,

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

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY - FIRST CAR DAY

Mr. Blue waits at the radio in the Motorman's cab, calmly doing today's crossword puzzle. Mr. Green is waiting in the open doorway, anxious.

MR. GREEN

They're gonna send a fuckin army.

MR. BLUE

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

MR. GREEN

Why don't they call us? What are they doing?

MR. BLUE

They're deciding who's in charge.

Mr. Green SNEEZES.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

Stop that.

MR. GREEN

Sorry.

He takes a long, hard SNUFFLE.

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

RADIO (GARBER)

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

MR. BLUE

(to Mr. Green)

Go back outside. I don't want Mr. Brown and Mr. Grey alone with the passengers.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

Don't you trust them?

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

I trust Mr. Brown. Mr. Grey is another matter.

Green leaves, and Blue picks up the microphone.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

This is Pelham, identify yourself please.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

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

GARBER

(pleasantly, into radio)

Lieutenant Zachary Garber of the NYPD Transit Bureau. Identify yourself, please.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

MR. BLUE

I'm the man who stole your train.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

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

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

GARBER

Yeah, so I gather. May I please have it back?

*
*

MR. BLUE

Are you ready to take down our list of demands?

*

GARBER

(into mike)

Sure, I welcome demands. Demands are good, they mean you're looking to the future, that you hope to survive this. But before we get to that, let's talk about the hostages. Do we have any sick people there? Does anyone require medical attention?

*

MR. BLUE

Negative.

GARBER

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

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

MR. BLUE

Lieutenant, let me tell you what you are *not* going to do. You are not going to stall for time. You are not going to "lower emotional tension." You are not going to engage in "active listening" in order to gain my trust. In short, you are not going to follow any of the procedures you have learned from the Blackwell Handbook of Hostage Mediation.

Garber keys off the microphone.

GARBER

Fuck.

CORRELL

What?

GARBER

He read our book.

He keys the mike again.

GARBER (cont'd)

Okay then, why don't you tell me what we are going to do?

*

*

MR. BLUE

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

*
*

GARBER

She can't release that kind of money.

*

MR. BLUE

In point of fact, she can authorize the release of an amount up to ten million, according to the municipal banking code. She needs to send a signed request to the City Controller, which is counter-signed and faxed to the Chairman of any of the city's three main credit lenders. The money will be released through the Federal Reserve Bank at 33 Liberty Street. Again, this is all in accordance with municipal regulations.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Garber CLICKS off the mike again.

GARBER

Fuck.

CORRELL

What?

GARBER

He read *all* our books.

Mr. Blue goes on.

MR. BLUE

The time is now 2:13. The money must be in our hands no later than 3:13. One hour from now. If it is not, we will kill one hostage for every minute you are late. Furthermore, if anyone attempts to interfere, *anyone*, in *any* way, we will begin killing hostages immediately. The moment you've contacted the Deputy Mayor you may report back for further instructions. Signing off.

He hangs up the microphone.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

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

GARBER

Rico, did you get all that?

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

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

PETRONE

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

RADIO (GARBER)

What about NYPD?

PETRONE

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

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER

Two cars, you sure we can spare that many?

RADIO (PETRONE)

Zachary, there's a fuckin full-on terrorist attack on the Upper West Side, know what I'm sayin'?

GARBER

C'mon, that's gotta be bullshit. Think about it, a terrorist attack and a hostage situation, completely unrelated, opposite sides of town, at the exact same time? *This* is the game, that thing's a diversion!

RADIO (PETRONE)

Well, then it's workin'. I'll get you what I can, but stall the guy for now. Send somebody to talk to him.

Garber turns, struck by a sudden thought.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

GARBER

Frank.

(Correll turns)

Your tower guy. From Grand Central.

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

CORRELL

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

GARBER

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

*

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

Wukovits is moving through the tunnel, MUTTERING angrily under his breath. He sees something ahead of him, the abandoned nine cars left behind by Pelham. All of them empty.

WUKOVITS

What the fuck is this?!

He hurries past them, headed toward the lead car, a dimly visible glow a few blocks in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT 77TH STREET PLATFORM DAY

Tilt down fast from the sign for the 77th Street platform. ARTIS JAMES, a uniformed transit cop, turns toward us and responds to a radio call.

JAMES

Patrolman James, go ahead.

Rico Petrone's voice comes over the radio.

RADIO (PETRONE)

This is Petrone in Operations. Where are you now, James?

JAMES

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

RADIO (PETRONE)

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

JAMES

Holy shit. More terrorists?

RADIO (PETRONE)

Ordinary shitheads. There's a supervisor from Grand Central Tower on his way to your platform to go talk to the motorman, you gotta stop him before-

JAMES

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

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

Petrone POUNDS the desk.

PETRONE

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

INT 77TH STREET PLATFORM DAY

James is already moving.

JAMES

Yes sir.

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

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

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

INT FIRST CAR DAY

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

MR. GREY

Stop right there, asshole!

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

INT TUNNEL DAY

Wukovits keeps coming, SHOUTING back.

WUKOVITS
Who the hell are you?!

MR. GREY
Trust me, you don't-

FURTHER BACK IN THE TUNNEL,

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

MR. GREY (O.S.) (cont'd)
-wanna find out!

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

UP AHEAD,

Wukovits keeps coming, toward the subway car.

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

*

INT FIRST CAR DAY

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

MR. GREY
Last warning.

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

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

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue looks up sharply, opens the door.

INT TUNNEL DAY

Wukovits keeps coming.

WUKOVITS

Get the fuck out of the way --

FURTHER BACK IN THE TUNNEL,

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

JAMES

GET BACK, THEY'VE GOT-

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

WUKOVITS

(to Mr. Grey)

-- I'm coming on board!

INT FIRST CAR DAY

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

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

MR. GREY

Bye bye.

*

-- POP POP POP POP POP POP POP!

The weapon spits bright white muzzle flashes.

INT TUNNEL DAY

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

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

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

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

INT FIRST CAR DAY

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

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

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

MR. GREY

I warned the son of a bitch but he kept coming anyway.

MR. BLUE

Was he alone?

MR. GREY

I didn't see anybody else.

He looks out at the dead body on the tracks, then back to Mr. Blue. *

MR. GREY (cont'd)

I guess I got us on the scoreboard, huh?

INT TUNNEL DAY

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

JAMES

Patrolman James calling Operations --

RADIO (PETRONE)

This is Petrone.

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

RADIO (PETRONE) (cont'd)

What's going on? Did you find that supervisor?

JAMES

(whispering)

He's dead, Lieutenant.

RADIO (PETRONE)

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

JAMES

I *can't*. I'm only about ten yards from the train. They just shot the supervisor.

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

Petrone is at the console.

PETRONE

All right. They know you're there?

RADIO (JAMES)

I don't think so. I'm behind a pillar.

PETRONE

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

RADIO (JAMES)

If you insist.

Petrone CLICKS off and hits another switch on his console.

PETRONE

(into radio)

Zach. They just drew blood. That
supervisor from Grand Central Tower.
He's dead.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber drops his head.

GARBER

Shit.

He turns to Correll, who's shocked, he's already heard it.

CORRELL

Wukovits? *Fuck.*

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY

Mr. Blue turns away from Mr. Grey and moves toward the front of
the car, passing Mr. Green.

MR. GREEN

Thought you said nobody was gonna-

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

MR. BLUE

Take over back there. Move Mr. Grey up
closer to me.

Mr. Brown nods and goes. Mr. Green joins Mr. Blue.

MR. GREEN

I told you about those guys --

MR. BLUE

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

MR. GREEN

-- it's fuckin' roid rage, I *told* you!

*

Mr. Blue ignores him and walks back to the Motorman's cab.

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's radio BLARES.

RADIO (PETRONE)

Zach, it's Rico again, come in.

Garber sits down and hits the button.

GARBER

Go ahead.

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

Petrone is at the console in Transit headquarters.

PETRONE

They released the passengers from the other nine cars, plus the motorman. They came out through the emergency exit on 74th.

GARBER

They studied the emergency exits.

*

PETRONE

Yeah, they know the tunnels. The motorman talked to a cop, he said the perps got their *own* motorman on board.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's intrigued.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

GARBER

That makes sense, if they wanna move
the train they need a motorman.

PETRONE

(checking his notes)

Yeah, and this guy's a talker. He told
our guy he'd been written up twice,
once on the Canarsie line.

*

Garber's eyes light up.

GARBER

Great. Get me a list of every motorman
discharged for cause by the MTA in the
last five years.

PETRONE

(writes it down)

Right. Listen, One P.P. says you're
temporary on this, don't get ambitious,
just status quo the fucker till they
lock down 81st Street.

*
*
*
*
*

GARBER

By the time that happens this'll be
over, Rico, that's the guy's plan.

*
*
*

PETRONE

Not a bad plan.

*
*

GARBER

I'll tell him you like it. Get me that
list. And I want a dozen units in the
tunnel, E.S.U. response at 68th and
77th Street platforms, and-

*
*
*

PETRONE

I'll get what I can, Z.

*

GARBER

Rico, they're killing people, stealing
money, you know, like the old days?
Give me some fuckin' personnel!

*

PETRONE

Stall for time.

*

GARBER

There *is* no time, you dumbass guinea
prick!

*

PETRONE

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

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

GARBER

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

Noticing something on the console, he turns to Correll.

GARBER (cont'd)

Hey, Frank, you're hogging all my circuits.

CORRELL

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

GARBER

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

(into the mike)

Do you read me, Pelham One Two Three?

*

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

*

Mr. Blue picks up the radio.

MR. BLUE

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

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

GARBER

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

MR. BLUE

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

GARBER

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

MR. BLUE

Do you have any news to report?

GARBER

Are you a hothead, Pelham? Is that your problem? Cause you're not gonna survive this that way.

MR. BLUE

Do you have news for me or not?

GARBER

I need more time. Our resources are a little strained right now, as I'm sure you know.

Mr. Blue keys the microphone to respond, then changes his mind and un-keys it. Garber hears the CLICK on and off.

GARBER (cont'd)

That bullshit on the Upper West Side -- that's you too, isn't it, pal? Little distraction to keep the big kids out of our conversation?

MR. BLUE

Lieutenant Garber, I'm quite sure you're capable of doing your job, despite your middling rank. Aren't you?

GARBER

(thinking)

Oh, I get it. You *wanted* the B team, didn't you? Well that shit's just very insulting, Pelham, that hurts my fuckin feelings real bad. I may have to come down there and chastise you.

MR. BLUE

I don't know where you learned hostage negotiation, Lieutenant --

GARBER

From a book, but you read it, so I had to throw it out.

MR. BLUE

-- but antagonizing a gunman is not a recipe for success.

GARBER

What do I know? I'm just the schmuck on duty, right?

MR. BLUE

It's 2:24, Lieutenant. You've got
forty-nine minutes left. Get the
money.

*
*
*

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

GARBER

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

MR. BLUE

Forty-nine minutes.

GARBER

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

MR. BLUE

Forty-nine minutes.

GARBER

Look, pal, I know how to tell time too,
but-

*

MR. BLUE

There is a sixty-five year old Jamaican
nanny in the back of this train. If
you call me "pal" one more time, I am
going to kick her teeth out through the
back of her head.

*
*
*
*
*
*

GARBER

My point, Sir, is we aren't going to
get anywhere if all you do is repeat
forty-nine minutes.

*
*
*

MR. BLUE

Forty-eight minutes.

*

Garber thinks. Sober and subdued.

GARBER

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

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

GARBER (cont'd)

Gesundheit.

Mr. Blue glares at Mr. Green.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber disconnects and sits back in his chair, staring at the ceiling. Correll shakes his head. *

CORRELL *

Seventeen *dead* people on that train. *

Garber just looks at him for a long moment. Correll looks back, sees that he went over the line. *

CORRELL (cont'd) *

That was a dick thing to say, I take it back. *

GARBER *

(shrugs) *

You *are* a dick, Frank. It's gonna show sometimes. *

He swivels back in his chair. *

GARBER (cont'd) *

I need a map of the emergency exits, ten blocks in each direction from where Pelham sits now.

CORRELL

Sure. What else? *

GARBER *

You know the Deputy Mayor? *

CORRELL *

You mean that hot spic broad? *

GARBER *

Yes, Frank, that hot spic broad. You think she's got an open mind? Cause I got a bad idea. *

CORRELL *

What? *

GARBER *

No, I mean a *terrible* idea. *

CUT TO: *

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY *

With a WHOOSH, a detailed set of schematics crinkles out onto a desk in a glassed-in partition on the other side of the MTA Command Center. Garber, a phone cradled to his shoulder, SLAPS the plans down on a stack of other plans, they're spread out all over the desk in front of him. *

He looks like he's been on hold for a while, giving him time to check the maps. Finally, somebody comes back on the line. *

GARBER

Yeah, I'm still here, Deputy Commissioner.

INT ONE POLICE PLAZA - CORRIDOR DAY

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

DANIELS

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

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

GARBER

(sounding disappointed)

Oh.

DANIELS

That a *problem* for you?

GARBER

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

DANIELS

Are you *trying* to start on my bad side?

GARBER

Negative, sir, strike that.

DANIELS

Hang on a second.

(he switches phones)

Costello, what's it look like there?

EXT 77TH & LEXINGTON DAY

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

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

COSTELLO
Quiet up top. Busy downstairs.

As he talks, we see what he describes.

INT TUNNEL DAY

RIOT POLICE scurry into positions in the tunnel.

COSTELLO (V.O.)
I've got a few E.S.U. with night-scopes inside the tunnel and a half-dozen patrolmen, but I need three times that. You gotta send me some warm bodies.

INT ONE POLICE PLAZA - CORRIDOR DAY

Daniels turns a corner, walking faster.

DANIELS
If I had 'em I'd send 'em. We gotta get through this one old school. What's your public profile?

EXT 77TH & LEXINGTON DAY

An UPSTANDING CITIZEN has bought a large tray of Starbucks coffees and is handing them out to the cops on the corner.

COSTELLO
We're being greeted as liberators.

DANIELS (O.S.)
Any civilians know what's going on down below?

*
*

COSTELLO
Not yet. Daniels, tell me something. They're in a tunnel, surrounded on all sides, top and bottom -- how the hell do they expect to get away?

*

INT ONE POLICE PLAZA - CORRIDOR DAY

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

DANIELS

Beats the shit out of me, Phil.

He hangs up and switches back to the other phone.

DANIELS (cont'd)

A'right Garber, I'm almost there. You better make this good.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber sits up straight.

GARBER

Wait a minute, I'm telling her?

DANIELS (O.S.)

Hell yes, you're telling her --

INT NYPD HOT ROOM DAY

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

DANIELS

-- it's your dumbshit idea.

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

CUT TO:

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

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

MR. GREEN

Nothing yet?

(as Blue shakes his head)

They're sure taking their time.

MR. BLUE

Don't worry. They'll pay.

MR. GREEN

What makes you so sure?

MR. BLUE

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

MR. GREEN

Nice theory. What if it's wrong?

MR. BLUE

Then a lot of people are going to die.

MR. GREEN

Including us.

MR. BLUE

Better than being where we were, isn't it?

MR. GREEN

Fuck no, it isn't better than being where we were!

(no answer)

You *do* want to get out of this, right?

Mr. Blue just looks at him, smiles, and goes back to his crossword puzzle.

MR. BLUE

Yes, Mr. Green, I intend to live.

MR. GREEN

I mean, otherwise what's the point of getting out in the first place?

MR. BLUE

Personally? So I could put a bullet in the back of my lawyer's head.

Mr. Green just stares at him.

MR. GREEN

When -- when did you do this?

MR. BLUE

(matter-of-fact)

Tuesday.

Mr. Green is starting to seriously question his own ability to evaluate people.

MR. GREEN

Were you ever gonna tell me this shit?

MR. BLUE

I thought if you knew of the intensity of my commitment you might have backed out.

MR. GREEN

(a mutter)

Good guess.

CUT TO:

INT NYPD HOT ROOM DAY

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

ESPOSITO

(into phone)

Are you out of your fucking mind, Garner?!

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber is still at that desk, on his cell phone, sweating now.

GARBER

It's Garber, ma'am, with a b.

(INTERCUT BETWEEN GARBER AND ESPOSITO.)

ESPOSITO

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

GARBER

They're not actually terrorists, they're crooks.

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

ESPOSITO

Who *is* this ass clown?

DANIELS

Incident Commander, ma'am. Lieutenant Zachary Garber.

ESPOSITO

You were told to *stall*, Garber. That's your idea of stalling? *Paying* them?

*
*

GARBER

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

*

ESPOSITO

And, just for fun, how the fuck would that work?

GARBER

This guy is for real, the only way he leaves that train is dead or with the money. So we *give* it to him. He's in a subway tunnel and the only way out is through the station platforms, right?

*
*
*
*

ESPOSITO

Yeah.

GARBER

Wrong! The emergency exits.

(SLAPS the map in front of him)

While we're watching the tunnel and the platforms, they're gonna slip out onto the sidewalk, here, here, or here.

(she can't see his map, but

he's caught up in the moment)

They're in a confined space, there are no other ways out. All we do is put officers at every emergency exit between 86th and 61st, and when they stick their pasty little heads out of the holes, we blow 'em right off.

(a breath)

Or, we can wait till they start killing hostages and then give the whole mess to FBI and Homeland Security and whatever other federal jackwad agency wants to put their big hands all over our city. Which is what we're supposed to do, it goes by the book. But *fuck* their books, their books give more anti-terror money to Boise Idaho than they do to us.

(MORE)

GARBER (cont'd)

Yeah, according to the rules, paying these guys is the Wrong Thing To Do, no question about it -- but if we do the Right Thing? A bunch of New Yorkers die. As usual.

ESPOSITO

What makes you so sure they'd kill them?

GARBER

They've already started. A transit worker, just coming to check out the broken train.

*
*
*

ESPOSITO

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

GARBER

From who? The rich'll support you because they're *used* to buying their way out of trouble; anybody who works for a living will picture *themselves* on that train and thank Christ you saved their ass; the blacks'll love it 'cause the Mayor's a Jew and you stuck it in his face; and the Dominicans and Puerto Ricans won't give a shit once you throw a little Spanish at 'em, 'cause that's all they care about.

(pause)

No offense.

ESPOSITO

The Mayor will-

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

GARBER

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

ESPOSITO

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

GARBER

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

*

ESPOSITO

Nine point nine.

*

GARBER

I rounded down.

*

ESPOSITO

Let me think about it.

GARBER

We have thirty-nine minutes.

ESPOSITO

I think fast.

(starts to hang up)

Future reference, Garner, just because you say "no offense," it doesn't mean you're not offending anybody.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER - GLASS WALLED OFFICE DAY

GARBER

Yeah, I gotta work on that.

CLICK. She's hung up. He SNAPS shut his cell phone and leans forward, CLICKING onto the radio console.

GARBER (cont'd)

(into radio)

Garber to Petrone, come back Rico.

RADIO (PETRONE)

Go ahead, Zach.

GARBER

You get that list of motormen discharged for cause I asked you to get?

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

Petrone grabs a sheaf of papers off his desktop.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

PETRONE

Seventy-eight names.

GARBER

Seventy-eight?!

PETRONE

Yeah, but it's not that bad. Eight are dead, twenty-two were rehired, eleven are in jail, twenty-six moved away, one's in a mental institution, and another's a member of the New York Police Department.

*

GARBER

That's our man right there.

PETRONE

Nice to see you've kept your sense of humor.

GARBER

How many's that leave?

PETRONE

Nine.

GARBER

Great. Did you get MTA to cross ref that list with incident reports on the Canarsie line?

Pause.

PETRONE

Well, that's just a very good idea.

GARBER

No shit it's a good idea, do it!

His cell phone RINGS. He checks the caller ID.

GARBER (cont'd)

I gotta go, it's the Deputy Mayor.

PETRONE

You mean that spic broad with the big-

*

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER - OFFICE DAY

Garber CLICKS off the radio and flips open his cell phone.

GARBER

Garber.

ESPOSITO (O.S.)

I want you to understand one thing. *

INT NYPD HOT ROOM DAY

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

ESPOSITO

(into phone)

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

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER - GLASS WALLED OFFICE DAY

GARBER

Of course I understand, you're saying it's the principle of the-

ESPOSITO

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

GARBER

I got you.

INT NYPD HOT ROOM DAY

ESPOSITO

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

She hangs up the phone as Stu Baumgart, her aide, rushes over to her in a state of administrative panic.

BAUMGART

(fast)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

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

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

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

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

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY *

Mr. Green opens the door to the Motorman's cab, an urgent look on his face. Mr. Blue looks up. *

MR. GREEN
You'd better come. *

MR. BLUE
What is it? *

MR. GREEN
Mr. Grey.

MR. BLUE
Shit.

Mr. Blue steps out of the cab and Mr. Green leads him to the middle of the car, where Mr. Grey and Mr. Brown are speaking in Chechen, fast and urgent.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
What's the problem?

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

MR. GREEN
Hey, talk English, will ya? None of that Brighton Beach shit.

MR. BLUE
(to Mr. Green)
Shut up.
(to Mr. Grey)
What do you mean?

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

MR. BLUE
Which one?

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

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

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

MR. BLUE
On your feet.

WHITEY
What?

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

MR. BLUE

You heard me. Stand up.

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

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

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

Schoolteacher?

WHITEY

Yeah.

Mr. Grey seems unconvinced.

MR. BLUE

(to Whitey)

Anybody ever tell you you look like a cop?

WHITEY

All the time.

MR. BLUE

You should relax.

WHITEY

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

MR. BLUE

Sit down.

Whitey does. Mr. Blue turns to Mr. Grey, who's unconvinced. They speak in hushed tones.

MR. GREY

He's fuckin lying.

MR. BLUE

He isn't armed, he has no badge, and he has an ID card from Stuyvesant High School.

MR. GREY

If he's a teacher, how come he ain't at work?

MR. BLUE

I don't give a shit. He isn't a cop. Go back to your position.

But Mr. Grey pulls his gun around.

MR. GREY

I'm gonna smoke him anyway.

MR. BLUE

No you're not. Go back to your position.

MR. GREY

We can't take any fuckin chances.

MR. BLUE

If you kill him for no reason we will have panic and chaos. The passengers will be uncontrollable. This is not the plan, *we follow the plan.*

(of his gun)

Lower that.

The nearby Passengers are straining to hear. Especially the schoolteacher.

MR. GREY

Blow it out your ass, Mr. Blue.

From behind them, Mr. Brown speaks up, in Chechen. Mr. Grey replies, also in Chechen.

This makes Mr. Green exceedingly nervous.

MR. GREEN

Hey, English!

But they continue in Chechen.

MR. GREEN (cont'd)

(to Mr. Blue)

What the fuck are they talkin' about?!

The Passengers have noticed, they're starting to panic.

Mr. Blue's eyes are fixed on the barrel of Mr. Grey's gun, which is half-aimed at him. His own gun is at his side, and he's frantically calculating his chances of bringing his own weapon up in time.

Mr. Grey and Mr. Brown continue to talk in Chechen --

-- the Passengers notice and start to panic --

MR. GREEN (cont'd)

ENGLISH, GOD DAMN IT!

-- Mr. Blue starts to raise his own weapon, but suddenly -- *

POP POP POP POP POP! *

Five shots RIP through the air. Mr. Green and Mr. Blue wince in anticipation, both expecting to be shot -- *

-- but the bullets whiz past them and SLAM into Mr. Grey's chest. *

Mr. Grey staggers back, bumps against the door of the subway car, and slithers down to the floor, dead. *

Passengers SCREAM. Mr. Blue and Mr. Green turn and stare at -- *

-- Mr. Brown, standing there with a smoking weapon. He looks down at Mr. Grey's dead body with a detachment bordering on disinterest. *

MR. GREEN (cont'd) *
WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO?! *

Mr. Brown looks up at him calmly. *

MR. BROWN *
I f-f-follow the plan. *

He turns and goes to the back of the train, taking up his position again. *

Mr. Blue bends over, picks up Mr. Grey's weapon, SNAPS off the clip, and pulls the bolt, ejecting the round in the chamber. *

He tosses the empty gun to Mr. Green. *

MR. BLUE *
Throw his body out the back and off the tracks. Toss the gun next to him. *

MR. GREEN *
Me? Why me? *

But Mr. Blue turns and walks away. *

EXT TUNNEL DAY *

From Patrolman James' point of view, we see Mr. Green drag Mr. Grey to the back door and toss his body out. It CRUNCHES to the tracks. *

James watches from his hiding place as Green does as he was told, dragging the body off to the side and tossing the weapon next to him. *

He goes back into the train. *

James raises his radio to his lips, keys it, and WHISPERS. *

JAMES *

Operations, this is James. You ain't
gonna believe this. *

CUT TO: *

INT BANK CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE DAY

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

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

BANK CHAIRMAN

I, uh -- I see.

INT NYPD HOT ROOM DAY *

Linda Esposito is on the phone in the hot room. *

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED) *

ESPOSITO *

Is there any problem making that much
cash available?

BANK CHAIRMAN

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

ESPOSITO *

That's great. So can we- *

BANK CHAIRMAN *

Ms. Esposito, I just want to make one
thing very clear to you before we go
any further. My primary concern as
well as the primary concern of everyone
here at this institution is the safety
and well-being of the passengers on
that train. *Nothing* else matters. *

ESPOSITO *

That's great. So you'll arrange for us
to be given that amount right away? *

BANK CHAIRMAN

Well, here's the -- I'm not precisely
sure I understand what you mean by
"given," Ms. Esposito.

*
*

ESPOSITO

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

*

BANK CHAIRMAN

Lent to whom, Ms. Esposito?

ESPOSITO

To us, God damn it, the sovereign city
of New York.

*

BANK CHAIRMAN

Of course, of course. But there are
certain technicalities involved --
terms, durations, signatures...

*
*
*

ESPOSITO

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

*

BANK CHAIRMAN

Again, please allow me to make clear
that my heart and prayers go out to
every human soul involved in this
terrible-

*
*
*
*
*

ESPOSITO

They don't need your fucking heart and
prayers, they need your fucking MONEY!

*
*
*

BANK CHAIRMAN

(pause)

Why don't you get the Mayor to give me
a call and he and I can-

*
*
*

Esposito's about to jump through the phone and strangle this
fucker.

*

ESPOSITO

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

*

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

BANK CHAIRMAN

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

*

ESPOSITO

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

*

She hangs up, turns to Stu Baumgart, who is staring at her, aghast.

ESPOSITO (cont'd)

Get Garner back on the phone.

CUT TO:

*

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

*

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

*

RADIO (GARBER)

*

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

*

*

*

Mr. Blue calmly answers the radio.

*

MR. BLUE

*

This is Pelham, go ahead.

*

*

RADIO (GARBER)

We agree to pay the ransom. Repeat, we agree to pay.

Blue greets the news calmly.

RADIO (GARBER) (cont'd)

Do you read me, Pelham?

MR. BLUE

I read you.

RADIO (GARBER)

Do I at least get a thank you?

MR. BLUE

Please take down the next set of instructions. As before, they're to be followed to the letter. The money is to be paid in one hundred dollar bills.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's on the radio in the Command Center.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED.)

MR. BLUE

Which will be put in stacks of two hundred bills each, bound with thick rubber bands and loaded into four black duffle bags of the kind on display in the window of Modell's Sporting Goods on 42nd Street.

*
*
*
*

GARBER

(writing)

Uh huh.

MR. BLUE

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

GARBER

What a shocker.

MR. BLUE

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

*

GARBER

Hey Pelham.

*
*

MR. BLUE

What?

*
*

GARBER

I hear you're having a little personnel problem down there.

*
*
*

MR. BLUE

(pause)

What are you talking about?

*
*
*

GARBER

Wasted one of your own guys? Ouch.
Guess you win the shitty boss award.

*
*
*

Mr. Blue pauses, the CLICKS on the microphone again.

*

MR. BLUE

You're trying to provoke me into making a mistake. It isn't going to happen.

*
*
*

GARBER

Why don't you kill your other guys
while you're at it? They're taking too
much of your money.

*
*
*
*

MR. BLUE

It's now two forty-seven. You have
twenty-six minutes.

*

GARBER

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

MR. BLUE

Twenty-six minutes.

GARBER

Get fuckin real. The money has to be
counted, stacked, tied, transported
uptown -- it isn't physically possible.

*
*

MR. BLUE

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

He CLICKS off.

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

GARBER

Twenty-five minutes.

*

CORRELL

Can't be done.

GARBER

Keep it up, Frank, and you're gonna eat
that chair.

(into the microphone)

Operations, Petrone, come in, this is
Garber.

*
*
*

RADIO (PETRONE)

Go ahead, Zach.

GARBER

We just got the green light to pay the
ransom money, and no, I am not fucking
with you, so let's skip past that part.

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED.)_

PETRONE

Paying em?! Garber, who the fuck ever put you in charge of *anything*?

GARBER

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

PETRONE

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

GARBER

Thank you for your support.

*

He SLAMS another switch.

GARBER (cont'd)

Command Center to D.C.I. Daniels, come in Daniels.

EXT ONE POLICE PLAZA DAY

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

DANIELS

This is Daniels, go ahead Garber.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's talking a mile a minute.

GARBER

The city's letting us borrow nine million bucks for an hour, and I think I know the hijackers' exit strategy. You there?

EXT ONE POLICE PLAZA DAY

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

DANIELS

Yeah, I'm here. Can't believe what I'm hearing, but I'm with you.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's on a roll.

GARBER

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

EXT ONE POLICE PLAZA DAY

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

DANIELS

Already on my way.

STAYING WITH THE MOVING CAR,

Daniels keeps talking into the radio.

DANIELS (cont'd)

Who's on delivery?

RADIO (GARBER)

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

DANIELS

How much time did the cocksuckers give us?

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER

The cocksuckers gave us twenty-four minutes, sir. Over and out.

The radio BLARES again.

RADIO (PETRONE)

Operations to Garber, come in, Garber.

GARBER

(punching a button)
Go ahead.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

Petrone is reading from a printout in front of him.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

PETRONE

Harold Longman.

GARBER

Who's Harold Longman?

PETRONE

Your motorman.

Garber sits up quickly, this is great news.

PETRONE (cont'd)

Written up by the MTA twice, once on the Canarsie line. Discharged for cause and arrested in 2001 for running meth up to the Bronx on his train. Did his time at Greenhaven --

GARBER

Makes sense. Guy on the radio said he wants the money for "lost time."

PETRONE

Longman was paroled three weeks ago. Didn't show up for work at Gray's Papaya today. If that ain't a match I don't know what is.

GARBER

I could kiss you, Rico.

PETRONE

Yeah, that's what you say. Which one you think's Longman? The voice?

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber shakes his head.

GARBER

(shakes his head)

The other guy in the cab, the sneezer. The voice is a killer, killers don't work at Gray's Papaya.

RADIO (PETRONE)

Coulda fuckin fooled me.

Garber CLICKS off and turns to Correll, who's heard the exchange with Petrone. *

GARBER *

Watch this, I'm gonna blow Pelham's mind. *

He leans forward to key the radio, then sits back, holding his hand off the key. *

GARBER (cont'd) *

Wait a minute, maybe I'm not. How do I play this? *

CORRELL *

I don't know, why don't you ask a cop? *

GARBER *

Frank, seriously, you gotta go fuck yourself. *

CUT TO:

EXT MODELL'S SPORTING GOODS - 42ND STREET DAY *

A police car SCREECHES to a halt outside the Modell's on 42nd Street. As TWO COPS get out and run into the store, we turn and look at the front window. *

There's a display of sports equipment in the front, and a pyramid of black duffle bags, on sale for \$19.99 each. *

Through the window we see the Cops grab two of the bags each, bringing the rest of the pyramid down in a pile. *

A second later, the Cops come racing out of the store, pursued by the MANAGER, who's bitching and moaning and gesturing while one of the Cops shoves a business card at him, call the number, call the number, we'll pay you back. *

The Cops toss the duffles in the back of the car and take off, SIREN SCREAMING. *

CUT TO: *

EXT FEDERAL RESERVE BANK DAY

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

INT FEDERAL RESERVE - THIRD FLOOR DAY

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

A GATE BUZZES,

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

the Guard SLAMS AND LOCKS it behind him,

a KEY CLICKS into a second gate,

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

A CORRIDOR,

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

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

EXT FEDERAL RESERVE BANK DAY

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

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

The iron gates SLAM shut again.

INT FEDERAL RESERVE - THIRD FLOOR DAY

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

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

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

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

Garber's radio BLARES.

RADIO (PETRONE)

Petrone to Garber, come back.

GARBER

Go ahead, Rico.

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY

Petrone's sweating.

PETRONE

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

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER

Relax your crack, Rico, it takes a
couple minutes to count to nine
million.

RADIO (PETRONE)

Nine point nine. We'll never make it.

GARBER

There's still fifteen minutes. Get off
the air unless you got something to
tell me.

(CLICKS a switch)

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

RADIO (BLUE)

This is Pelham One Two Three.

GARBER

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

RADIO (BLUE)

Sorry. No more time.

GARBER

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

RADIO (BLUE)

Negative.

GARBER

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

RADIO (BLUE)

Negative.

GARBER

You got a disease in your head, you
know that, Pelham? *

CLICK. The line goes dead.

CUT TO:

INT FEDERAL RESERVE - SORTING/COUNTING DAY

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

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

INT FEDERAL RESERVE - SORTING/COUNTING DAY

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

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

The money in the counting machine BLURS past.

CUT TO:

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY *

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

MR. GREEN

Anything wrong?

MR. BLUE

They asked for more time.

MR. GREEN

How much more?

MR. BLUE

Ten minutes.

MR. GREEN

I guess it won't hurt anything.

MR. BLUE

I didn't give it to them.

MR. GREEN

(pause)

Suppose they can't make it?

MR. BLUE

Then we follow the plan. *

MR. GREEN *

Maybe an hour wasn't enough time.

MR. BLUE

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

MR. GREEN

And what if it isn't?

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

MR. BLUE

You're repeating yourself, Mr. Green.

CUT TO:

INT FEDERAL RESERVE - COUNTING DAY

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

The time comes on screen:

3:03 p.m.

TWO CLERKS, their hands moving fast, stuff the bundles into the
four black duffle bags, then push them one by one -- *

THROUGH A RAISED WINDOW,

-- and into the adjoining room, where TWO GUARDS scoop up the
bags, two each, and leave the room. *

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

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

EXT FEDERAL RESERVE - MAIDEN LANE DAY

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

A GUARD opens the gate there and the Two Guards with the money race outside to the waiting police car.

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

The Guards race through the gate, to the front window of the police car, each carrying two of the money sacks. *

They throw the money into the back of the waiting car, and for a split-second it freezes in mid-air, and the time comes back up on screen: *

3:05 p.m.

The image un-freezes, the bags starts to move again, they fly into the back seat and the passenger cop (WENTWORTH) SLAMS the door, runs around and jumps in the car as the driver cop (RICCI) drops the car in gear -- *

-- the motorcycles start to move --

-- the main gate starts to open --

-- Wentworth hits the SIREN --

EXT FEDERAL RESERVE BANK DAY

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

EXT MAIDEN LANE & NASSAU STREET DAY

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

FROM OVERHEAD,

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

EXT PARK ROW DAY

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

INT MONEY CAR DAY

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

RICCI

I always wanted to do this.

WENTWORTH

(checks his watch)

Eight minutes. We're never gonna make it.

RICCI

We're scaring the shit out of everybody!

WENTWORTH

Including me.

EXT MUNICIPAL BUILDING DAY

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

3:06

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's on the radio.

GARBER

Where are they now, Daniels?

RADIO (DANIELS)

Centre Street, just north of Chambers.

EXT 77TH & LEXINGTON DAY

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

DANIELS

(into radio)

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

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

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

GARBER

Pelham One Two Three, this is Garber.

RADIO (BLUE)

This is Pelham One Two Three.

GARBER

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

RADIO (BLUE)

I'm sorry to hear that.

GARBER

What if we get it to the station
entrance by then -- will you change the
deadline from delivery to you to
arrival at 77th Street? Will you do
that at least?

*

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

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

*

MR. BLUE

Negative.

*

*

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED)

*

GARBER

No, I'm saying, the money will be
there!

*

*

*

MR. BLUE

Negative.

*

*

GARBER

Come *on*, man, WE'RE PAYING YOU THE GOD
DAMN MONEY!

*

*

*

MR. BLUE

By 3:13, or a passenger dies.

*

*

Garber, finally, loses control. He grabs the microphone as if it's Blue's throat and practically spits into it:

GARBER

Hey you know what, you sick fuck, I'm tired of talking to you. Put your motorman on the radio, I wanna talk to him instead. Harold? Hello? You there? Mr. Longman?

Mr. Blue looks as if he's been socked in the gut. He doesn't respond.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber hears the silence.

GARBER

Yeah, you know what that just was? That was the B team kicking your *ass*.
(getting warmed up)
Now you listen to me, I am the only game in town for you right now, I have this city doing shit it swore it would *never* do, and I'm probably gonna be hung out to fuckin dry because of it. If you want me to call it a day and let somebody else take over I will, but if my day ends, *your* day ends, and tomorrow you're gonna wake up fuckin dead. So how about you give me some cooperation and move the MOTHERFUCKING deadline to the MOTHERFUCKING entrance, motherFUCKER?!

Pause.

Pause.

Finally:

MR. BLUE (O.S.)

Agreed. Over and out.

He CLICKS off.

Garber sits back and exhales.

Correll is staring at him, aghast.

CORRELL

Garber, do you really think you should you should be talking to him like-

GARBER
I DON'T FUCKING KNOW!

He draws a deep breath, and punches a button on his console.

GARBER (cont'd)
(into radio)
Daniels -- they bought it. If we get
it to the station entrance by 3:13
we'll be okay.

RADIO (DANIELS)
Good job, Garber.

GARBER
Yeah, except for one thing.

RADIO (DANIELS)
What's that?

GARBER
We still won't make it.

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY

The door to the Motorman's cab SLAMS open. Mr. Blue stares out
at Mr. Green, who's standing at the front of the car.

MR. GREEN
Something wrong?

Mr. Blue stares at him for a long moment, livid --
-- and then SLAMS the door shut again.

CUT TO:

EXT CANAL STREET DAY

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

3:09

INT MONEY CAR DAY

Wentworth's on the radio.

WENTWORTH
Proceeding west on Canal over to
Lafayette.

RADIO

Keep moving, you've got four minutes.

WENTWORTH

(into radio)

We'll make it.

(clicks off)

We'll never make it.

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

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

3:10

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

EXT LAFAYETTE STREET DAY

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

INT MONEY CAR DAY

RICCI

(eyes still on the road)

JESUS CHRIST!

Wentworth's looking back, over his shoulder, at the injured Motorcycle Cops out the back window. They're getting to their feet.

WENTWORTH

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

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

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY TUNNEL DAY

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

3:11:34

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

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

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

He opens the cab door.

MR. BLUE

Mr. Green.

MR. GREEN

(appearing at door)
What?

MR. BLUE

Coming up on one minute.

MR. GREEN

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

MR. BLUE

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

MR. GREEN

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

*

Mr. Blue looks at his watch again.

MR. BLUE

Fifty seconds.

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

CUT TO:

EXT THIRD AVENUE & 25TH STREET DAY

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

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

INT MONEY CAR DAY

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

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

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

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

EXT THIRD AVENUE & 34TH STREET DAY

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

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

INT MONEY CAR DAY

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

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

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

Ricci and Wentworth SCREAM, Ricci cuts the wheel, but he cut it too hard and --

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD,

we see everything go upside down, then right side up, then upside down again as the police car rolls.

EXT THIRD AVENUE & 34TH STREET DAY

The police car rolls to a stop and BANGS into the *Fresh Direct* truck, not too hard, but it doesn't matter, it's not gonna roll anymore, its wheels are in the air and spinning, its SIREN still running eerily.

And that fucking superimposed time keeps running:

3:12:38-39-40-41-

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber just got the news.

GARBER

What the hell are you talking about, it
can't crash, we're out of time, God
damn it!

You bet you are, Garber:

3:12:44-45-46-

On the radio, Daniels responds:

RADIO (DANIELS)

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

GARBER

What do you mean, *that's all*?! They're
about to *shoot* some poor son of a
bitch!

RADIO (DANIELS)

What do they expect us to do? If they
know the car wrecked how can they ask
us to-

GARBER

They don't know *anything*, for Christ's
sake! How can they know anything down
where they-
(it hits him)
Holy shit, that's it.

He punches a button on the console as the superimposed time goes
one sick step further, now adding tenths of a second, like an
NBA game in the last minute:

3:12:55(0-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-)

Garber practically SHOUTS into the radio.

GARBER (cont'd)

Pelham One Two Three, the money's
arrived, repeat, THE MONEY HAS ARRIVED!

Silence for a second on the radio, but the clock keeps going:

3:12:57(0-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-)

And finally, Mr. Blue's voice comes over the radio, calm as ever.

RADIO (BLUE)

You made it just in time, didn't you?

The superimposed time freezes --

3:12:58.6

-- and the numbers finally, mercifully, disappear.

Garber falls back in his chair, exhausted.

Correll looks at him.

CORRELL

How are you gonna get away with *that*?

GARBER

Fuck if I know. Stall?

But there's no rest for him, his radio immediately BLARES:

RADIO (BLUE)

Garber.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue is on the radio, and Mr. Green's come into the cab too.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED.)

MR. BLUE

I'm going to give you instructions for the delivery of the money. Two unarmed policemen --

Behind him, Mr. Green SNEEZES.

GARBER

Gesundheit.

Mr. Blue tosses an annoyed look at him, then keys the mike and continues where he left off:

MR. BLUE

Two unarmed policemen-

GARBER

(an idea)

Hey, is that Harold? Put him on!

Now it's Mr. Green who looks shocked.

MR. GREEN

How the fuck does he know my name?

MR. BLUE

Shut up!

GARBER

You did your time in Greenhaven, right Longman? Is that where you guys cooked this up?

MR. GREEN

HOW THE FUCK DOES HE KNOW MY NAME?!

Mr. Blue drops the microphone, grabs Mr. Green by the throat, and shoves him up against the wall of the motorman's cab. In the background, Garber goes on:

GARBER (O.S.)

Yeah, I bet it is. Prison, that's where bad guys go to get better at being bad.

Mr. Blue squeezes harder, nearly SNAPPING Mr. Green's windpipe.

MR. BLUE

(softly)

He wants us to lose our composure. But we're not going to. Are we?

Mr. Green shakes his head no. His face is turning purple, his eyes bulging.

Mr. Blue releases him. Mr. Green sags to the floor.

Mr. Blue picks up the microphone again.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

(calmly)

Two unarmed policemen will walk down the track -- one with the money, the other with a flashlight which he'll flash continuously from side to side. When they reach the car the rear door will open and the one with the money will throw it onto the floor.

(MORE)

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

Then they will both turn and walk back
to the 77th Street station.
Acknowledge.

GARBER

Is that all?

MR. BLUE

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

GARBER

Coulda guessed that part.

MR. BLUE

You have ten minutes to deliver the
money. Over and out.

*

CUT TO:

EXT 77TH & LEXINGTON DAY

A police car, SIREN BLASTING, comes to a stop at the corner of
77th and Lexington. Two Cops jump out and unload the four
duffle bags from the back seat of the car.

*

*

*

A small crowd is starting to form, wondering if something's up
on this side of town too.

*

Daniels and Costello come forward to meet the cops --

*

DANIELS

Good work. Names?

MISKOWSKY

Miskowsky.

O'KEEFE

O'Keefe.

They salute. Daniels gives Miskowsky a flashlight.

DANIELS

All right, take this and shine it back
and forth as you approach. Motorman's
car is by itself about halfway between
here and 68th. Move it, you've only
got six minutes.

*

(another salute)

Never mind the God damn salutes, just
get going!

They throw the duffle bags' shoulder straps over their shoulders *
and take off, running down the steps into the subway. *

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

All that can be seen in the darkened tunnel is the dim glow of a *
flashlight, its beam swinging back and forth, coming toward us. *

Miskowsky and O'Keefe walk along the tracks, between the rails,
looking around nervously, each carrying two of the duffles. *

MISKOWSKY

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

O'Keefe looks to the side and sees the dim figure of a
SHARPSHOOTER stationed behind a pillar.

O'KEEFE

Bet your ass.

They draw closer and pass by him, seeing him only in silhouette.
Helmet, rifle, mask, very high-tech, very intimidating.

MISKOWSKY

Like walking into the fuckin O.K.
Corral. *

O'KEEFE

(looking up ahead)
There it is. I see somebody in the
door.

Up ahead, we see it too -- the lone car, lit from within. And
the silhouette of Mr. Brown at the rear door.

JUST AHEAD OF THEM,

we see Patrolman James, still stationed at that pillar. He's
got a much clearer view of Mr. Brown from here.

It would be an incredibly easy shot.

Slowly, James brings his right hand up and, pointing his index
finger like a gun, pretends to fire.

JAMES

(softly)
Bam.

He smiles softly to himself, then moves his finger so it's aiming at Mr. Grey, who's also visible mid-car, and a fairly easy shot as well.

He raises his finger, closes one eye, and --

-- KA-BLAM!

There is a muzzle flash from somewhere behind James, accompanied by a REAL gunshot, deafeningly loud. The storm door's glass SHATTERS, Mr. Brown falls backwards --

-- James looks at his finger in shock, what the fuck? --

-- then Mr. Brown recovers his balance and starts BLASTING with the submachine gun.

ON THE RAIL BED,

Miskowsky and O'Keefe drop to the tracks, bullets SCREAMING all around them.

MISKOWSKY

For Christ's sake, they're shooting at
us!

They crawl behind the duffle bags for cover, and just as they
press flat behind them --

*
*

-- THUD! THUD! --

-- two slugs SLAM into the front bag and bury themselves in the
cash.

*

INT FIRST CAR DAY

Mr. Blue runs from the motorman's cab to the rear of the car,
passing between the two rows of Passengers, who are SCREAMING,
cowering on the benches and floor.

As abruptly as it started, the shooting stops.

In back, there's glass all over the floor from the shattered
storm door. Mr. Brown sits heavily in the single, isolated seat
near the rear door, a dark red patch growing on his sleeve, just
below his shoulder.

His machine gun's on his lap; he's checking his wound.

*

MR. BROWN

(to Mr. Blue)

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

MR. BLUE

You okay?

MR. BROWN

Yeah. I never feel p-pain too much.

MR. BLUE

How many shots were there?

MR. BROWN

Just one, the rest was me. I didn't see anything, I just got mad.

MR. BLUE

(thinking)
Somebody got nervous. Or bored. We can't let it pass.

Mr. Brown looks up at him. He knows what that means.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

Patrolman James, again with his back to the pillar, has his radio handset up to his face, WHISPERING into it.

JAMES

I don't know *who* did it, Lieutenant -- it came from behind me somewhere. It had to be one of the snipers.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's incensed.

GARBER

Acting on whose orders?!

RADIO (JAMES)

I don't know, maybe nobody's.

GARBER

You mean somebody just took it into his head to fire? On his own? How the fuck does anybody do that?

INT TUNNEL DAY

James looks pissed.

JAMES

Easy. Real easy.

RADIO (GARBER)

Can you see what's going on inside the train?

INT FIRST CAR DAY

We move slowly down the row of passengers, and they look us right in the eye. Nervous.

Mr. Blue is moving to the center of the subway car, counting softly to himself. *

MR. BLUE

One --

He lays eyes on the Jamaican Nanny.

MR. BLUE (cont'd) *

Two --

The Businessman.

MR. BLUE (cont'd) *

Three.

(focusing on someone)

You. Would you stand up, please?

Several of the Passengers turn to see who he's talking to.

The conductor (Bud), looks up at us and touches his chest with a finger.

BUD

Who, me?

MR. BLUE

Would you come along with me, please, Conductor?

BUD

Why?

MR. BLUE

There's something you can help us with.

Bud hesitates.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

Don't worry. This way.

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

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

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

They've reached the rear, where Mr. Blue slides open the door.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

I'll help you down onto the track.

BUD

Why do I have to go?

MR. BLUE

No reason. There's nothing to worry
about.

(firmly)

Now please go.

Bud looks at him, then accepts Mr. Blue's offer of a hand as he
starts to swing down onto the railbed.

INT TUNNEL DAY

O'Keefe and Miskowsky are still face down behind the duffle
bags. Now O'Keefe raises his head. *

O'KEEFE

Somebody's coming. *

Sure enough, they see Bud, now down on the railbed, starting to
walk toward them.

He hesitates, turns back to the subway car behind him, as if he
wants to go back, then continues walking.

In the doorway, Mr. Blue calmly raises his submachine gun --

-- and FIRES A SHORT BURST, the muzzle flashing.

Bud staggers a few steps, hit in the back, and then crumples
forward onto the tracks, one of his outstretched hands coming to
rest near a pillar and a black shoe.

Panning up from the shoe, we see Patrolman James' horrified
face.

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

The word has reached Command Center, and there is complete
silence in the place.

Garber holds his head in his hands.

His radio SQUAWKS.

RADIO (BLUE)

That didn't have to happen, Garber.
One of my people was shot.

Garber raises one shaking hand to the radio console and softly presses a button. When he speaks this time, his voice is quiet.

Enraged.

GARBER

How do you think I end up finding you
when this is over, Pelham?

RADIO (BLUE)

I warned you what the penalty would be.

GARBER

Maybe I run Harold's cellblock
population? Known accomplices? Dig
through his phone records? Ooh, yeah,
phone records, I bet he wasn't careful
at *all* when he called you, what do you
think?

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue has the radio in his hand, and for the first time, we
see that Garber really is getting to him.

MR. BLUE

I think you have three minutes left.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber sits forward, talking softly into the microphone.

GARBER

Or maybe I put an intercept on his
passport, bust him at the airport, and
sweat him for a while. How long you
think he'll hold out? That's about a
half day's work for me, how close you
think it gets me to you, Pelham? I bet
it gets me *real* close, like, name-
address-and-social-security-number
close.

MR. BLUE

Lieutenant Garber, do you want me to
kill another hostage?

GARBER

I want you to remember, next time your
finger's on that trigger, that tomorrow
at this time *I will know who you are.*

RADIO (BLUE)

(pause)

Three minutes.

He CLICKS off. Garber sits for a moment. Then switches
frequencies and hits a key.

GARBER

Garber to Daniels, please ask your men
to resume delivery.

RADIO (DANIELS)

Roger that, Garber.

Garber sits back, drained.

CUT TO:

INT FIRST CAR DAY

At the rear door of the train, Mr. Brown is watching the track.
Now he turns and calls.

MR. BROWN

Mr. Blue -- we got a light!

Mr. Blue returns to the rear and stands watching with Brown.

He opens the rear door as the flashlight's beam sweeps across
the back end of the car.

Miskowsky and O'Keefe appear -- only their faces peering into
the car.

MR. BLUE

Throw the bags up here.

The cops toss the duffle bags into the back of the car, one by
one. They look up at Blue and Brown, who merely stare back, sub-
machine guns at the ready.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

(to Mr. Brown)

Unzip them.

Quickly, Mr. Brown unzips the bags, one by one, revealing the neat stacks of cash inside.

Mr. Blue turns back to the Cops.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
Turn around. Put your hands up.
(they do)
Walk.

The Cops start to walk away.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
(to Mr. Brown)
Keep an eye on them until they're gone.

Mr. Blue turns and checks the open bags of cash. He notices several packets are bullet-torn and charred.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)
(to Mr. Brown)
Pull out the damaged bills and leave them here.

Mr. Blue walks to the front of the car, joining Mr. Green.

Mr. Green is just staring at the bags of money, wide-eyed.

MR. GREEN
I'm never gonna get to spend a dime of it.

Mr. Blue keeps moving, into the motorman's cab.

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's radio PIPES UP.

RADIO (BLUE)
This is Pelham One Two Three, do you read me, Garber?

GARBER
(punching a button)
This is Garber, go ahead.

(INTERCUT AS NEEDED.)

MR. BLUE
We have the money. I'm going to give you three specific instructions.
(MORE)

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

Each one is to be followed *precisely*,
is that clear?

GARBER

(getting a pen)
So far.

MR. BLUE

One -- at the end of this conversation,
you will restore power to the entire
sector.

GARBER

(writing)
Uh huh.

MR. BLUE

Two -- you will clear the local track
all the way from 68th Street to South
Ferry. By clear I mean switches
properly set, all signals green. I
don't even want to see a red light,
Garber, much less get tripped by one.
Finally, you will remove all police
personnel from the tunnel. Let me know
when all my points have been complied
with. Over and out.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber sits back for a moment, thinking. He turns to Correll,
who's turned toward him in his wheelchair.

GARBER

Power restored and the track cleared?
They're gonna move the car, but why?
What've they got in mind?

CORRELL

Fuck if I know. I wouldn't've picked a
tunnel to make my getaway from in the
first place. You want me to turn the
power back on?

GARBER

But they *did* pick it, and everything
else they've done so far has been
organized down to the smallest detail,
so it stands to reason they've got the
rest worked out too.

Energized, he leaps up and goes to the map.

GARBER (cont'd) *

What's the stop right before South *

Ferry? *

CORRELL *

Bowling Green. *

GARBER *

And after? *

CORRELL *

Bowling Green again, the track loops *

around and heads back uptown. *

GARBER *

So they'd have to get off at South *

Ferry. Why there? *

CORRELL *

Beats the shit out of me, do I turn the *

power back on or not? *

GARBER *

Let me think, let me think -- *

Garber's radio BLARES. *

RADIO (PETRONE) *

Petrone to Garber, you there Zack? *

GARBER *

(hits a switch) *

Go ahead. *

INT TRANSIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY *

Petrone's on his radio. *

PETRONE *

I got Chief of Department Gionofrio on *

his way to you from One P.P., E.T.A. *

three minutes. *

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY *

Garber freaks. *

GARBER *

Ah, fuck, not *now*! If he bigfoots me *

on this there's gonna be seventeen *dead* *

people on that train! *

RADIO (PETRONE)

He wants you to read him in en route,
stand by.

(throws a switch)

Go ahead, Chief.

INT POLICE CAR DAY

A police car races uptown from One Police Plaza, siren
SCREAMING. Chief Gionofrio, the 4 star chief we met earlier, is
in the passenger seat, on the radio.

GIONOFRIO

Lieutenant Garber, we are max attentive
to your situation, we believe the
incident at 81st Street was a decoy and
you've got the main event.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber rolls his eyes.

GARBER

You think?

RADIO (GIONOFRIO)

What's your status?

GARBER

The money's been delivered, they've
requested we restore power and release
the train. I think we should comply
with both.

INT POLICE CAR DAY

Gionofrio can't believe what he's hearing.

GIONOFRIO

You paid 'em, and now you wanna let 'em
go? Whose fuckin side are you on?

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER

They're not gonna be on that train,
sir, it makes no sense. The hostages,
maybe, but not them. Bowling Green's a
bottle neck, they'd have to loop back
uptown to South Ferry.

RADIO (GIONOFRIO)

So they're getting off at South Ferry.

GARBER

Why? What do they got, a boat? Too slow, it's stupid.

INT POLICE CAR DAY

The police car's brakes SCREECH and they swerve, narrowly avoiding a crash.

GIONOFRIO

What about a helicopter?

RADIO (GARBER)

That ain't it.

GIONOFRIO

Why the fuck not?

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER

You know why not? Cause *you* thought of it. It's too easy. This guy's better than that, every move so far --

RADIO (GIONOFRIO)

The Pier Six heliport's right on the river!

GARBER

They'd have to come out of the station and walk across South Street in broad daylight. We'd blow their fuckin heads off, he'd know that.

INT POLICE CAR DAY

The police car hits Sixth Avenue and guns it uptown.

GIONOFRIO

He's not Dr. No, for Christ's sake, he's a God damn criminal!

RADIO (GARBER)

What if they're not *on* the train?

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER

This guy likes diversions, what if it's another one? Their motorman sets the throttle and they jump off, come out the emergency exits?

Correll butts into the conversation.

CORRELL

Can't. Dead Man's feature.

GARBER

Huh?

CORRELL

It's built into the controller handle in case the motorman should ever drop dead. It has to have a man's hand pressing down on it at all times in order to work. Otherwise the train stops cold.

GARBER

Then they figured out a way to bypass it.

CORRELL

There *is* no way to bypass it!

GARBER

They found one.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

In the motorman's cab, Mr. Blue grabs the radio angrily.

MR. BLUE

Garber! What's taking so long?!

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber switches frequencies to talk to him.

GARBER

(into mike)

We're on it, give us two more minutes, we had to send a guy to the junction interlay.

He CLICKS off.

CORRELL

The junction what?

GARBER

Fuck if I know, I made it up.
(switches back to Gionofrio)
That's what it is.

(MORE)

GARBER (cont'd)

They're gonna send the train, with the
hostages on it, while they come out the
emergency exits. There's no other way
out of there!

INT POLICE CAR DAY

The police car is weaving in and out of traffic like crazy.

GIONOFRIO

(into radio)
You're positive?

RADIO (GARBER)

Yes. Nearly. Pretty sure. Maybe.

GIONOFRIO

You can't lay this off on me, Garber,
you got us this far and Deputy Mayor
says you're still IC, so it's your
call. I'm on my way to help redeploy,
that's all. What do we do?

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Pause. Sweat. Pause.

RADIO (GIONOFRIO)

Garber?

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

On the train, Mr. Blue's livid.

MR. BLUE

I'm about to pick a hostage, Garber.
Where is the power?

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber looks around. All eyes are on him.

GARBER

(to Correll)
Restore the power. Stall on the
signals, buy us five minutes to get all
the exits covered, then we let the
train go.

(to Gionofrio)
How many men can I have?

RADIO (GIONOFRIO)

Legions. Where do you want 'em?

GARBER

Blanket the fucker. Every emergency
exit between 77th and 42nd on the
Lexington line.

INT POLICE CAR DAY

Gionofrio's car SCREECHES to a halt in front of the MTA building
in midtown. He gets out and bulls through the crowd on the
sidewalk, bringing his radio with him.

GIONOFRIO

Just to clarify -- now that we've paid
the ransom, we are releasing the
perpetrators from the location, do I
have that right?

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER

Yeah, that about sums it up.

He CLICKS off and sits back, sees Correll looking at him.

Garber shrugs.

GIONOFRIO

What the hell, I was already fucked
cause of the Chinamen.

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

The lights in the subway tunnel sweep toward us, coming back on
one at a time, like a wave.

The wave hits the lone subway car and its fluorescents flicker
back to life.

INT FIRST CAR DAY

The Passengers let out sighs of relief and excitement as the
power is restored. Mr. Blue turns to Mr. Green.

MR. BLUE

Get us ready to move. Wait for me.

Mr. Green heads forward.

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

(to the Passengers)
Your attention please.
(MORE)

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

In a moment we're going to start moving again. You will all remain seated and quiet. We expect to release you unharmed in a short while.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Green sets up at the controls in the motorman's cab and checks the track ahead as Mr. Blue enters the cab.

MR. BLUE

Go ahead.

MR. GREEN

This is gonna give 'em a jolt -- moving before they expect it.

MR. BLUE

That's the idea.

Mr. Green edges the controller forward and the car responds. Mr. Blue pulls something from the pocket of his overcoat -- it's a small, battery-operated electric razor.

He starts shaving off his beard as the car starts to move.

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

On the status board in the Grand Central Tower, the red slash representing Pelham One Two Three starts to blink forward.

The Towerman looks up at the board.

TOWERMAN

Holy Christ, she's *moving*!

He whirls around in his chair.

TOWERMAN (cont'd)

What the hell? They said they'd wait until we'd cleared the track all the way down?!

(hits a button on his console)

Grand Central Tower calling Command Center.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

GARBER

Go ahead, Grand Central.

RADIO (TOWERMAN)

She's moving.

GARBER *
Who's moving? *

RADIO (TOWERMAN) *
Pelham One Two Three. *

GARBER *
(to Correll) *
Frank! She's moving! *

Correll turns. *

CORRELL *
Who's moving? *

GARBER *
Who the hell do you think? Pelham! *

CORRELL *
I didn't clear the tracks yet! *

Gionofrio bursts through the main door of the Command Center. *

GIONOFRIO *
Which one of you's Garber?! *

Garber whirls around in his chair. *

GARBER *
She's moving! *

GIONOFRIO *
Who's moving? *

GARBER *
What's the matter with everybody? *
Pelham! Are we set up at the emergency *
exits? *

GIONOFRIO *
(grabbing his radio) *
Not fuckin yet we're not. *

GARBER *
WELL NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME! *

CUT TO: *

EXT UPPER WEST SIDE DAY *

The big guns are redeploying from 81st Street -- two NYPD TARU *
trucks (Technical Assistance Response Unit) ROAR down Central *
Park West like rampaging rhinos. *

EXT PRECINCT HOUSE DAY

Outside a downtown precinct house, garage doors go up and PATROL CARS SCREECH out into the street.

INT TARU HEADQUARTERS DAY

A SWAT TEAM leaps into its gear, moving out, and this sequence is starting to look familiar -- it's the same thing that happened at the beginning of the movie.

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber punches a switch on the radio console.

GARBER

Command Center calling Pelham One Two Three, what are you doing? The track isn't clear to South Ferry yet, how come you're moving?

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

Mr. Blue (almost fully shaved now) remains calm, as always. He picks up the microphone.

MR. BLUE

You took too long.

RADIO (GARBER)

If you keep moving you're gonna run into red signals! I don't want you to blame us for it!

MR. BLUE

You'll get them changed. Or I'll kill another hostage. Thank you, Command Center, and please accept my regards. It would have been nice to meet you.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber sneers.

GARBER

Don't worry, douchebag, I'll see you at the arraignment.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

MR. BLUE

Over and out.

He gives the mike a strong tug and SNAPS the wire.

He hangs up the mike and finishes shaving. He looks completely different without the beard.

Mr. Green is straining his eyes against the darkened tunnel up ahead, searching for something.

MR. GREEN

There it is.

He slows the train.

Mr. Blue uses the butt end of his gun to SMASH out the front window of the train, then clears the broken glass out with a gloved hand.

Mr. Green does the same to the side window.

INT FIRST CAR DAY

CLOSE ON THE EMERGENCY BRAKE HANDLE,

which dangles from a hole in the ceiling in the passenger section of the subway car. Mr. Brown SNIPS the cord with a pair of clippers inserted into the hole.

Then he turns to the Passengers, waving his gun at them.

MR. BROWN

Stay in your seats. Anybody gets up
and I'll blow your f-f-fucking head
off.

He makes his way toward the motorman's cab and slips inside, closing and locking the door behind him.

The Passengers look at each other -- what now?

CUT TO:

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

In the Grand Central Tower, the red light indicating Pelham comes to a stop on the status board.

TOWERMAN

She's shut down again.

He hits his radio key.

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's radio SPEAKS.

RADIO (TOWERMAN)

She's stopped again, Lieutenant. Just
below the 51st Street station.

GARBER

What the fuck?

He turns to Gionofrio.

GARBER (cont'd)

They're comin out 51st Street!

GIONOFRIO

Then they are dead men.

EXT 51ST AND LEXINGTON DAY

They sure are -- at 51st and Lexington, SNIPERS are poised
behind planters and parked cars all around the metal gratings
that mark the emergency exits from the subway.

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY

But on the status board, Pelham's red blip starts moving again,
picking up speed.

TOWERMAN

No, cancel that, she's moving again!
Headed for 42nd Street --

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Garber's rocking in his chair, adrenaline firing like crazy.

GARBER

What the fuck was that? Why the little
move?

Gionofrio's behind him, watching the map, listening. Garber
switches over to another circuit.

GARBER (cont'd)

Command Center to Daniels. You got
anything at the exits?!

EXT 68TH AND LEXINGTON DAY *

Daniels is stationed near the emergency exits on 68th & Lexington, but it's awfully quiet. *

DANIELS
Negative at all locations. *

CUT TO: *

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY *

Garber SLAMS the desktop. *

GARBER
They're not on that train, they can't be! Where are they?! *

GIONOFRIO
I don't know, Garber, maybe headed for their fuckin *helicopter*? *

He gets on his air. *

GIONOFRIO (cont'd)
I want every patrol unit south of 14th Street on the move to South Ferry station, now now *now*! *

CUT TO: *

INT GRAND CENTRAL TOWER DAY *

The red lights of the subway train are moving across the status board, rapidly now. *

TOWERMAN
Passing 14th Street, doing about sixty. *

INT 14TH STREET PLATFORM DAY *

The single car ROARS through the 14th Street station. *

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY *

The subway car is picking up steam, barreling down the track. *

WHITEY
Where the hell are they taking us?! *

OLD MAN IN BLACK
"We are but fortune's fools..." *

JAMAICAN NANNY

It's okay! It's going to be all right!

GORGEOUS WOMAN

What the fuck makes you think it's
going to be all right?!?!

CUT TO:

EXT SOUTH FERRY STATION DAY

FOURTEEN PATROL CARS, all with sirens blaring, approach the South Ferry Station, then swing hard left in that beautiful maneuver they love so much and SQUEAL into a perfect blockade angle-park in front of the station entrance.

COPS pour out, take up positions.

CUT TO:

EXT EAST RIVER DAY

And out over the East River, sure enough, here comes --

-- a fuckin helicopter.

It's a sleek black passenger Sikorsky; it swoops in low over the water, headed for the southern tip of Manhattan.

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY

There is near panic in the subway car.

TEENAGE GIRL

We're gonna die! We're gonna fuckin
die!

BUSINESSMAN

It's fine! As soon as we hit a red
light, the train'll stop automatically!

WHITEY

There's only one problem --
(pointing out at the tunnel)
They're all green!

INT TUNNEL (FROM TRAIN) DAY *

And we rocket through the tunnel, nothing but green lights up ahead. *

CUT TO: *

INT TUNNEL (FROM TRAIN) DAY *

As before, we're on the front of the train, racing through the tunnel, hitting nothing but green lights. *

INT ASTOR PLACE PLATFORM DAY *

CLOSE ON the sign at the Astor Place platform. *

WHIP DOWN to the track as Pelham roars in and, speed undiminished, roars out. *

CUT TO: *

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY *

From the front of the racing subway car, we see a sharp curve up ahead -- *

GORGEOUS WOMAN *

We're going too fast to make it! *

-- the train rushes into the curve and then, as the wheels start to SCREECH, finally -- *

-- a red signal comes into view. *

INT TUNNEL DAY *

Down on the tracks, metal trippers SLAM down from the car's wheels and GRIND into the track. *

Up ahead, the sign for the South Ferry station. *

INT SOUTH FERRY PLATFORM DAY *

SWAT TEAMS pour down the stairs and onto the South Ferry platform. *

INT FIRST CAR DAY *

As the SCREECH of the trippers fills the car, the Passengers are all thrown forward, slamming into one another, thrown off the seats, BANGING into the walls. *

CUT TO: *

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Gionofrio's on the radio, directing everybody everywhere;
Garber's rocking back in his chair, going crazy.

GARBER
Wherearethey wherearethey
wherearethey?!

He's staring straight up at the wall over the big map, at a
large framed photograph of George W. Bush.

GARBER (cont'd)
The fuck are you lookin' at?

President Bush does not reply.

Garber looks away. His eyes fall on Frank Correll, in his
wheelchair at his console, talking into the radio a mile a
minute, greenning up the lights.

Garber's eyes narrow. He turns, looks back at George Bush.

Then turns back, studies Correll's wheelchair again.

And all of a sudden --

GARBER (cont'd)
FUCK! SHIT FUCK FUCK FUCK GOD DAMN IT
SHIT, FRANK!

All heads turn as Garber's out of his chair and across the room.

CUT TO:

EXT PIER SIX HELIPORT DAY

The ominous black helicopter lands at the Pier Six Heliport.

SWAT TEAMS pour out onto the helipad, ducking under the prop
wash, surrounding the chopper with automatic weapons, aiming
them at the pilot.

A COP rips open the pilot's door and half a dozen barrels are
trained on --

-- A TERRIFIED PILOT in a Big Apple Tours jacket. He throws his
arms into the air.

PILOT
WHAT THE HELL, MAN?!, I'M JUST GIVIN' A
TOUR!

CUT TO:

INT SUBWAY CAR DAY

CRUNCH! Massive crow bars crank open the doors of the single
stopped subway car like a huge can of tuna.

COPS POUR in, weapons drawn, and the terrified Passengers SCREAM
once more.

THREE COPS head for the Motorman's cab, weapons at the ready.

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

The cops SLAM open the door of the Motorman's cab --

-- which is completely empty. Nobody there.

EXT PLATFORM DAY

Out on the platform, TWO MORE COPS are bent down outside the
Motorman's window, studying a series of pipes that lead up, from
the train's engine, through the broken window of the train --

INT MOTORMAN'S CAB DAY

-- and into the cab, where the pipes end in a heavy cast-iron
shoe that fits neatly over the train's hand-activated throttle.
We saw these pipes before, briefly, in the attache case Mr.
Green carried.

CUT TO:

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Back in the Command Center, Garber's on his feet, grabbing a
walkie-talkie out of a stand on Correll's console, talking as
fast as he can.

GARBER
That stop! That ten second stop, where
was it?! Forty-ninth, right?!

CORRELL
Yeah, what does-

GARBER
THE GOD DAMN ROOSEVELT RAMP!

This is meaningful to Correll. His eyes pop wide. *

CORRELL *

Holy shit! Go, go, I'll call
Operations for backup! *

He races out of the Command Center. Gionofrio, who overheard,
turns to Correll, but Correll's already spinning around in his
wheelchair, headed someplace. *

GIONOFRIO *

What the hell's going on? *

Correll whips over in his wheelchair to a huge flat drawer
filled with maps and schematics and searches for one in
particular. *

CORRELL *

(fast) *

Roosevelt, Franklin Roosevelt, nobody
was ever supposed to know he was in a
wheelchair, so they built him a private
spur off the I.R.T. line, they call it
the Presidential Siding. *

Correll finds the map he's looking for and he SLAPS it out onto
a table. *

CORRELL (cont'd) *

It branched off at 49th Street and went
straight into a special platform
underneath the Waldorf! *

We move down on the mass of lines until it fills the frame. *

CORRELL (cont'd) *

They could drive his car right off the
train and into the basement of the
hotel underneath the ballroom, we used
it when the Israeli prime minister was
here last month, *that's* how they're
getting out, *that's* why the short move
to 49th Street -- *

Sure enough, there it is on the map, a tiny little spur that
runs off the main line, crossing over toward Park Avenue. *

EXT WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL DAY *

Seen from above, the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. We keep moving
down, toward the hotel, to match the move toward the map. *

CORRELL (V.O.)
-- they're at the Waldorf, *they're*
coming out through the hotel!

CUT TO:

INT TUNNEL DAY

CLOSE ON the painted wall of the subway tunnel, which reads
"47th - 51st Streets," with arrows pointing in each direction.

Mr. Blue, Mr. Green, and Mr. Brown are walking briskly uptrack,
carrying the four black duffle bags with the money inside (Mr.
Brown carries two). They stop in front of an odd-looking,
double-width door, near an almost hidden split in the tracks.

Mr. Blue throws a lever at the top and bottom of the doors and
pushes them open wide, revealing *another tunnel*, with its own
tracks, leading off into the darkness. They go down it.

CUT TO:

EXT PARK AVENUE DAY

Garber's on the street now, running at top speed, approaching
49th Street, SHOUTING into his radio.

GARBER
The entrance, Frank! I need the
entrance!

INT MTA COMMAND CENTER DAY

Back in the Command Center, Correll's got a radio handset and
he's talking to Garber, studying the map intently.

CORRELL
The platform's down a stairway, behind
a brass door marked --

And as he talks, we go to --

EXT 49TH STREET DAY

-- the real thing, which is just as he describes it:

CORRELL (V.O.)
-- 101-121 49th Street, under a sign
that reads "Metro-North Fire Exit!"

Garber comes racing up into frame, draws his gun, and kicks in the doors.

CUT TO:

INT TRAIN GRAVEYARD DAY

Mr. Blue and the others are still underground, in a sort of train graveyard, with an antique-looking car, circa 1930s, on a rotating platform in front of a flight of stone stairs.

They're moving quickly, removing their disguises, tossing them into a black trash bag.

Mr. Blue reaches under the old train and RIPS OUT a package that's duct-taped there, removing four matching white coats that button all the way up to the chin.

If they're trying to blend in with the crowd outside, this doesn't seem like a good idea, but they're certainly going to match each other.

INT STAIRWAY DAY

Light floods into a darkened underground stairway. Garber starts down, fast but careful, swinging his gun back and forth in front of him, waiting for his eyes to adjust.

He comes around a corner, but somebody's on the other side and he's on them too soon, he's nearly blown to kingdom come by --

-- the *FOUR UNIFORMED COPS* with handguns pointed at him.

GARBER

NYPD! NYPD!

INT TRAIN GRAVEYARD DAY

Blue, Green, and Brown are out of their disguises and have changed into the matching white jackets. They move to the base of the stone staircase leading up.

MR. BLUE

Handguns in inside pockets.

They each take their handgun and slide it between the fourth and fifth buttons of their white jackets.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Green set their submachine guns on the ground, but --

MR. BLUE (cont'd)

Mr. Green.

-- Mr. Green turns around to see that Mr. Blue is still holding his, and pointing it straight at him.

MR. GREEN
What the fuck is this?

MR. BLUE
You talk too much.

MR. BROWN
(to Mr. Blue)
Follow the p-p-plan!

MR. BLUE
Keep out of it.

And there isn't much Mr. Brown can do, his submachine gun is on the ground, and his handgun is in his coat.

MR. GREEN
(to Mr. Blue)
So you're gonna fuckin *kill* me?

MR. BLUE
You killed yourself.

BLAM!

Mr. Green winces, thinking he's been shot, but a chunk of cement flies out of the wall behind Mr. Blue --

-- and Mr. Brown stands behind Mr. Green, a smoking bullethole in the middle of his white jacket.

Mr. Blue swings the gun around, to point it at Mr. Brown --

-- and Mr. Brown yanks his hand out, gun in front of him, and starts **BLASTING AWAY**, as --

AROUND THE CORNER,

-- Garber and the Four Cops hear the gunshots and move faster, headed toward them.

IN THE TRAIN GRAVEYARD,

Mr. Blue lets off a burst of rounds from the submachine gun, missing with most, but taking off half of Mr. Brown's ear with one of them.

Mr. Green leaps into the stairwell for cover --

-- Mr. Brown, clutching his ear, claws for his submachine gun --

-- Mr. Blue takes aim on him, he's got him now --

-- but Garber and the others come barreling around the corner,
right into the middle of the gunfight.

Now the shit *really* hits the fan.

Mr. Blue and Mr. Brown, both with submachine guns, open up on
the Cops and each other, who return fire.

For an excruciating ten seconds, there is a horrible, confusing
spasm of violence.

GUNSHOTS fly everywhere, SLAMMING into the cement walls, at
least one body, and SHATTERING the two work lights that cast the
only illumination on the scene.

Garber dives behind an old subway car for cover and just sees
TWO FIGURES IN WHITE COATS take off, up the stairs.

Garber rolls out and FIRES at them, but he's a split-second too
slow, the only thing he sees is the bright white of their
jackets as they race up the staircase.

Everything goes dark now, lit only by muzzle flashes, and when
the shooting finally stops, we can't see a thing.

A flashlight CLICKS on, then another, and the Cops shine the
lights around the dark, smoke-filled space.

COP 1

I got a body!

Garber hurries over, sees Mr. Brown, dead, sprawled across two
of the black duffle bags, his white coat soaked in blood at the
base of the stairs.

From the top of the stairs, a door SLAMS --

-- and Garber gets up, bounding up the stairs in pursuit.

Two of the Cops follow him, the other two keep searching the
area.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS,

Garber BANGS into the door, pulls away, RIPS it open --

INT WALDORF - STORAGE ROOM DAY

-- and comes out into a storage room, only two ways in or out,
one at either end. There's nobody in here, but the doors at the
far end are still swinging, somebody just ran through them.

Garber races across the room --

GARBER

White coats, white coats --

-- he SLAMS through the swinging doors, and comes out --

INT WALDORF - BALLROOM DAY

-- in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf.

He freezes in his tracks, deflated, and finishes his thought:

GARBER

-- white coats.

And as we spiral up and around him, we see the source of his dismay. The ballroom has no guests, but there was a big luncheon that day, dozens of tables are covered with used dishes, glass and silver. There's spotlights on the stage at the front of the room, cheese stations, dessert stations, and it's all being cleaned up --

-- BY ONE HUNDRED WAITERS IN IDENTICAL WHITE COATS.

The only sound in the room is the CLINK and CLANK of dishes, and the SQUEAKING WHEELS of several dozen trolleys, which the Waiters are filling with dirty dishes, tablecloths and napkins.

And as Garber stands there, no clue which Waiter to nab, if any, we land softly in the middle of the room, right in the middle of the one hundred busy Waiters, where, completely anonymous --

-- are Mr. Blue and Mr. Green.

They've slowed to a walk, of course, but are still breathing heavily. They're heading, as calmly as possible, toward the exit on the far side of the room, moving through the crowd of Waiters.

Mr. Green is pushing a laundry trolley, a couple dirty tablecloths on top of it. They aren't carrying the black duffle bags anymore, and we wonder where they are.

MR. GREEN

(low)

you were gonna fuckin kill me!

Mr. Blue ignores him, looking down at the trolley Mr. Green is pushing, and his eyes widen, because --

-- there's something black underneath the laundry.

Mr. Blue reaches down and pulls the laundry over it, covering it completely. *

Mr. Blue looks back, over his shoulder, and sees Garber and the Two Cops scanning the room. *

He watches as Garber grabs a SECURITY GUARD and tells him something, the Guard quickly picks up a radio and says something into it. *

Mr. Blue turns, toward the exit on the far side of the room -- *

-- and TWO MORE SECURITY GUARDS come in to cover the exit. *

Mr. Blue looks around. There is a stream of Waiters moving toward the kitchen, at one side of the room, which has huge double swinging doors. The Waiters stream in with full trays and trolleys, and come back out with empty ones. *

Mr. Blue steers them that way. *

BEHIND THEM, *

Garber and the Two Cops still have their guns out but are holding them at their sides, trying not to cause panic as they move quickly through the room, checking the face of every Waiter in the place as fast as they can. *

Garber sees the movement toward the far side of the room, where the Waiters are headed into the kitchen with empty trays. He motions the Two Cops to the right and left sides of the room, they circle around the outside, headed for the kitchen. *

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, *

Blue and Green join the line of Waiters headed for the kitchen. *

Green pushes the trolley, its wheels SQUEAKING as they turn. *

The swinging double doors are up ahead, and there's a line of Waiters going in the right side, and a line of Waiters coming out the other. *

AT THE EDGE OF THE ROOM, *

Garber moves faster, to get to the double doors before any more Waiters get out through them. His gun's still hanging at his side, hidden behind his leg. *

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, *

Blue and Green are getting closer to the doors. *

They see Garber get there ahead of them. *

Mr. Green stalls, tries to step out of line, but Mr. Blue grabs hold of his arm and quietly pulls him back in. Bolting now would only draw attention. *

They keep moving forward. *

AT THE FRONT OF THE LINE, *

Garber's checking everybody, eyes digging in like X-ray machines, maybe Mr. Blue can withstand his gaze, but Mr. Green'll *never* hold it together for this. *

IN THE LINE, *

Green and Blue are only five or six Waiters away from the front of the line moving through the doors, and Garber's looking at everybody carefully. *

AT THE FRONT OF THE LINE, *

Garber's studying every face as the Waiters move past him, not knowing what he's looking for, but praying to God he'll know it when he sees it. *

Blue and Green are four Waiters away. *

Then three. *

Then two. *

Mr. Blue is cool as ice, but Green is hyperventilating. *

They're next in line. *

Mr. Blue comes face to face with Garber -- *

-- Garber catches his eye -- *

-- Mr. Blue smiles coolly -- *

-- *and he gets past!* *

He pushes through the swinging door and steps into the kitchen, and now Mr. Green is up, he comes face to face with Garber -- *

-- and Garber's eyes drop, to the trolley Mr. Green is pushing, with the money beneath the dirty tablecloths, and it occurs to Garber, you can *see* it occur to him, he should check under the laundry -- *

-- Garber reaches out, to have a look -- *

-- the double door swings back, and behind Garber we see Mr. Blue, sliding his hand inside his jacket, ready to use his gun if he has to --

-- Garber's fingers are almost on the tablecloths --

-- when there's a sudden BANG from the front of the room and Garber turns toward the front of the room --

-- where D.C.I. Daniels and four Patrolmen SLAM through the main entrance, guns drawn, SHOUTING. Couldn't make a noisier entrance if they tried.

DANIELS

GARBER?!

Garber's attention is momentarily drawn the other way, his hand freezes in mid-air, it never quite makes it all the way to Mr. Green's laundry trolley.

And miraculously, Mr. Green holds it together, he keeps moving, pushing the trolley right past Garber, pushes through the swinging door --

-- and makes it into the kitchen!

IN THE KITCHEN,

the big swinging door swings shut behind Mr. Green, who's right behind Mr. Blue, great big smiles on both their faces now, they turn to go, out the back of the kitchen, they're home free --

-- but then --

-- oh God, Mr. Green --

-- *SNEEZES.*

Blue's eyes widen.

The big swinging kitchen door is on its outward swing now, and as it does we get a glance of what's on the other side, just enough of a look to see Garber, who's facing away from us --

-- cock his head ever so slightly.

Then the door swings inward again, Mr. Green looks at Mr. Blue in horror, they're both just frozen there for a second, not sure whether to run or not.

The kitchen door swings inward again, and when it does --

-- Garber is standing there, his gun trained on both of them.

Mr. Blue doesn't hesitate, he pulls his gun, but the door swings closed -- *

-- and on the other side of the door, Garber aims carefully at the closed door -- *

-- and FIRES three shots. *

The door swings open, revealing Mr. Blue, just standing there, gun in hand, strangely not firing. *

The door swings shut, Garber holds his ground, and when the door swings open again -- *

-- there's a red spot growing on Mr. Blue's chest. *

Garber moves quickly through the doorway and into the kitchen as Mr. Blue falls to the ground, dead. *

The door swings shut behind Garber, and this time it stays shut. *

Pandemonium. *

SCREAMS everywhere, Waiters and COOKS run like hell to get out of the kitchen, POLICEMEN YELL from outside the kitchen doors -- *

-- Garber swings his gun over and points it at Mr. Green, who stands frozen, cringing, arms up around his ears, terrified. *

For a second, just a second, Garber and Mr. Green are alone in the kitchen, staring at each other. *

GARBER
Gesundheit, Harold. *

FADE OUT. *