FADE IN: (BEFORE TITLES)

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - BLOOMINGDALE'S - DAY

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

"1:52"

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

"SUBWAY."

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

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

"IRT. LEX. AVE. LOCAL. DOWNTOWN.."

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

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

SUBWAY TUNNEL - GREEN'S POV
as the four lights -- amber and white markers over white sealed-beam headlights -- come into view and the train roars and clatters into the station. CAMERA PANS with the head car as it stops, its breaks sighing, and a pair of doors in EXTREME FOREGROUND, rattles open. CAMERA now MOVES forward, into the car, then TURNS and through the still-open door, focuses on the T.A. Cop, still standing on the platform, regarding Green (CAMERA).

2.

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

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

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

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

FIRST --
(pushes a button)
-- then the front section --

(PUSHES ANOTHER)
-- and -- the doors are closed.
He pulls his head in and checks a row of lights on a panel.

BUD
Now I'm checking the indicator box to make sure that the doors are all locked -- okay.
The train starts with a jerk.

BUD
I go back out the window --

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

(RETURNING)
-- I remove my door key -- and then the skate key -- and then I hit the transmitter button.
(into a mike)
Fifty-first Street; next stop -- the next stop is Fifty-first Street.
(turning to Matson)
How'd I do?
CONTINUED

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

BUD
What do you mean, Mr. Matson?

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

BUD
(QUIETLY)
Jesus.

MATSON
You take my advice, kid -- serve your six months an' then put in for Motorman. Watch it, we're cumin'. Bud looks quickly off, sees the approaching station and hits his transmitter button.

BUD
(ANNOUNCING)
FIFTY-NINTH STREET

MATSON
No it ain't

BUD
(CORRECTING)
Fifty-first Street, sorry
the station is Fifty-first Street.

**MATSON**

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

---

4.

**CONTINUED - 2**

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

**51ST ST. STATION - BUD'S POV**

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

**PLATFORM - GREY**

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

**INT. FOURTH CAR**

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

**INT. FIRST CAR**

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

INT. FIFTH CAR - CONDUCTOR'S CAB

Bud is removing his key and activating his mike.

BUD

(ANNOUNCING)
Grand Central Station, next stop -- the next stop is Grand Central.

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

5.

CONTINUED

BUD
To tell you the truth, Mr. Matson, I have been. Want to hear something?

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

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

Honest to God.

BUD

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

MATSON

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

(LOOKING OUT)

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

BUD

(GRINNING)

Long as I don't have 'to drive --

MATSON

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

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

BUD

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

CONTINUED - 2

IN

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

**MATSON**
What's your hurry, chief? We won't leave without you.
Brown says nothing to Matson, does not look at him, does not even seem aware of their contact. Matson goes off into the crowd on the platform and Brown heads for the front of the car.

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

**BUD'S VOICE**

**(AMPLIFIED)**
Thirty-third Street -- next stop is Thirty-third Street.
Suddenly Green's hand, clutches at his shirt collar, unbuttoning the top button and loosening his tie. He breathes a sigh of relief, ' then notices that his left leg is vibrating. He quickly stills it by placing a hand on his knee.

**INT. FOURTH CAR - GREY**
Leaning back against the storm door. Now he picks up his valise, turns and looks through the door, across the platform between the cars, into the fifth car, and catches sight of Brown who nods, almost imperceptively. Grey makes no sign of recognition at all. He turns and starts forward through the car, heading for the third car. At the far end a MAN is standing in front of the door, leaning down to talk to a seated GIRL. Grey stops and waits a moment. Finally:

**GREY**
Your ass.
The man looks around and surveys Grey.
CONTINUED

NSFN
What about it?

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

TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET PLATFORM

CLOSE SHOT - STATION DESIGNATION
The tile mosaics spelling out "28TH STREET." CAMERA now
DOLLIES to a TIGHT CLOSE SHOT of still another man with a
white bushy mustache, white hair, dark glasses, slouch hat,
gloves and raincoat -- BLUE. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:
"2a 01. "

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

PIMP
What's wrong, dude -- ain't you
.never seen a sunset.before?
Blue-smiles softly and looks uptrack.

INT. FIRST CAR - GREEN

BUD'S VOICE

(AMPLIFIED)
Twenty-eighth Street -- next stop
is Twenty-eighth Street.
Green glances at his watch, then turns to look at the
storm door at the far end of the car.
8.

GREY - GREEN'S POV
The far storm door -- with Grey's face seen through the glass.

TIGHT CLOSE SHOT - GREEN
as he nods to Grey.

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

TWENTY-EIGHTH ST. PLATFORM - LOCAL TRACK
as the train roars in, brakes,' and grinds to a stop. CAMERA ZOOMS IN on a sign on the side of the first car: "PELHAM BAY PARK" until only "PELHAM" fills the SCREEN.

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

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

DOYLE
(TERRIFIED)
For God's sake --.what do you want?
BLUE
I'm taking your train.

FREEZE FRAME.

(MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE BEGINS)

9.

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

TRAIN & PLATFORM - BUD'S POV
Blue's Lack, by the head car, blocking any sight of the Motorman.

CLOSE SHOT - BUD
Confused for a moment -- then:

BROWN'S VOICE
Turn around -- I've got something to show you.
Bud turns back, inside the car, then looks down.

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

(MAIN TITLE CONTINUES)

MED. CLOSE SHOT - BLUE & DOYLE
Blue's .45 still against Doyle's cheek. Blue speaks calmly and quietly.

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

BLUE
Pay attention to me. Open your cab door or I '.11 kill you.
FREDDIE FRAME.

(MAIN TITLE CONTINUES)

IT'S THE CAR - CONDUCTOR'S CAB

MED. SHOT - BROWN & BUD

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

CLOSE SHOT - DOYLE'S HAND
.as it gropes blindly for the latch, finds it and turns it with a click. The door opens and CAMERA TILTS UP to discover Green standing outside. FREDDIE FRAME.

(MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE ENDS)

INT. FIFTH CAR - CONDUCTOR'S CAB

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

BROWN
Go back out the window and tell me what you see. Bud nods, licks his. dry lips and leans out, looking to the left, downtrack.

FRONT CARS - BUD ' S POV
Blue is still leaning against the head car, his back to us.

BUD'S VOICE
There's someone leaning against the head car.

BROWN ' S VOICE
The second he comes aboard shut the doors. Now Blue turns, picks up his valpae and trombone, enters the train and the doors close.
INT. FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN ' S CAB

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

GREEN
Get rid of your seat.
Doyle springs to his feet and swats up the folding seat with a clatter.

DOYLE
Yes, sir!

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

12.

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

BLUE
All right, Mr. Green?

GREEN
A hundred percent.

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

TWENTY-EIGHTH ST. PLATFORM
as the train starts to move forward -- slowly.
INT. FIFTH CAR - CONDUCTOR'S CAB

Brown still holding his gun on Bud.

BROWN
Okay -- announce the next station.
Bud presses the transmitter button.

I

BUD

(ANNOUNCING)
Twenty-third Street -- next

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

BUD

(ANNOUNCING)
Next stop is Twenty-third Street.

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

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

as the train crawls slowly through the darkened tunnel.

13.

INT. FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

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

GREEN
You say when, Mr. Blue.

BLUE
Keep going --

**DOYLE**

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

**GREEN**

We're in no hurry.

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

**BLUE**

What happened?

**GREEN**

She must've bucked.

**BLUE**

You said you could drive this thing.

**GREEN**

It wasn't me.

**DOYLE**

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

Green glances quickly at Doyle and grins.

**GREEN**

What's your name, motorman?

**DOYLE**

Denny Doyle, sir.

**GREEN**

You ever been written up?

**DOYLE**

Yes, sir -- once.
14.

CONTINUED

GREEN
What for?

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

GREEN
Twice. -- once on the Canarsie --

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

F
Green stops and looks at Blue.

BLUE
(LOOKING OUT)
There's the emergency power box. Green knocks off his controller and eases the brake handle to the right.

INT. TUNNEZ

as the train slows and screeches to a stop.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

GREEN
Yeah -- I'm taking the brake handle and the reverse key, Denny -- and I want your cutting key, too. He pulls the reverse key out of its receptacle and holds out his hand. Doyle fishes into his overalls, pulls out the large key and gives it to Green who puts the brake handle and the two bulky keys into his two raincoat pockets, then squeezes by Blue and the packages and goes out.

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

15.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

Blue and Doyle.

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

DOYLE
Yes, sir.

(A PAUSE)
They can call all they want to -- I'm deaf..

(ANOTHER PAUSE)
Yes, sir. I want to stay alive..

BLUE
Keep still!

INT. FIRST CAR

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

GREEN
Thanks, Mr. Grey.

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

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

**GREEN**

**(TO BUD)**

Give me your cab key.

**BROWN**

(as Bud hesitates)  
You got three seconds to live, conductor -- one -- two --  
Bud whips the key from his pocket and hands it to Green, who unlocks the cab door they're standing next to and enters, closing the door after him.

**BUD**

What's he going to do?

---

**16.**

**CONTINUED**

**BROWN**

You wouldn't want me to spoil the surprise.

**INT. SECOND CAR - CAB**

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

**INT. FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB**

Blue and Doyle, waiting, neither saying anything. Sud-
DENLY :

RADIO (CORRELL)
Command Center calling Pelham One Two Three -- come in, please --
Doyle's foot moves toward the mike pedal and Blue kicks him hard in the ankle.

DOYLE
Owl I'm sorry -- Z couldn't help it -- it's automatic --

RADIO (CORRELL)
Pelham One Two Three, do you read me? Come in, Pelham One Two Three --
Doyle looks imploringly but Blue shakes his head. Finally:

RADIO (CORRELL)
Pelham One Two Three! Where the fuck are emu?!

INT. GRAND CENTRAL SHUTTLE STATION

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

17.

CONTINUED
"2:07."

PLUMBER
What's the goddam hurry?

CAZ
I told you -- one of my towermen dropped his wedding ring-down the john.
PLUMBER
Yeah, but what're we runnin' for?

CAZ
(RUNNING)
Who's runnin'? They pass the Nedick's stand and Caz pushes through a gate marked: "TO SUPER'S OFFICE".

PLUMBER
How come that gate ain't locked?

CAZ
Who's gonna steal a subway train?

INT. TUNNEL RAMP
as Caz and the Plumber hurry along. —

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

CAZ
To the Tower.

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

CAZ
That's it up ahead -- those windows.

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

G

18.

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

MARINO
Jesus Christ, Cazâ€™s, you picked a helluva day to be late --

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

MARINO

(POINTING)
Who else? Mrs. Jenkins.

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

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

MRS. JENKINS
(indignant). My hand wasn't in the john, Mr. Dolowicz -- it was over the john.

CAZ
What's the difference? (to the Plumber) Go fish it out, will ya? As the Plumber heads off, Caz turns to Marino.

CAZ
The classification's been open to women for only a month and already we're in the goddam toilet! (glancing at the
What the hell's that?

CONTINUED

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

CAZ
What the hell for?

MARINO
Dunno yet.

CAZ
How long?

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

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

MARINO
It's been too long, Caz --

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

TOWERMAN
Hey -- it's moving!
Everyone wheels around to stare up at the Board.

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

20.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

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

INT. SECOND CAR - CAB

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

INT. TOWER ROOM

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

MARINO
He's stopped again!

CAZ.
Stopped is better than backwards.

INT. SECOND CAR - CAB

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

I
INT. SECOND CAR

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

GREEN
What's wrong with you?

BUD
I didn't know these things'd c o o backwards!

BROWN

 (IMPATIENTLY)
Let's go, Mr. Green.
He opens the storm door and holds it as Green goes through first.

INT. TUNP'EL

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

21.

INT. FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

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

RADIO (CORRELL)
Come in, Pelham One Two Three for Chrissake come in -- I Blue opens the package, removing a second, identical automatic weapon. As he checks it out, a rapping sounds at the metal door and Blue opens it. Green squeezes in.
BLUE
Any trouble, Mr.'Green?

GREEN
Smooth as silk, Mr. Blue.

BLUE
I unpacked your weapon. Get this thing moving -- we're running almost two minutes behind.
Picking up his submachine gun, and holding it vertically along his pants leg, Blue eases himself through the door and shuts it after him.

RADIO (CORRELL)

(WEARY)
Pelham One Two Three -- can you hear me, Pelham Ond Two Three -- ?
Green quickly replaces the brake handle and eases the controller to the left.

INT. TUNNEL
as the single subway car starts to move slowly forward.

INT. TOWER ROOM

CLOSE SHOT - MODEL BOARD
as a set of red slashes begin to flicker.

REVERSE SHOT
All eyes staring up at the Board (CAMERA).

MARINO
She's moving again -- forward this time!

22.

CONTINUED

CAZ
I got eyes, haven't I?

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

INT. FIRST CAR

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

MED. SHOT - BROWN,
He undoes his flower box and removes another submachine gun.

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

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

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

    THEM:
-- The black, modishly-dressed Pimp, in his 30's, seen earlier on the station platform.
-- A plump. MOTHER, forty-ish, high-strung, the parent of the t':o Boys seen earlier play:.ng motorman.
-- A Puerto Rican DELIVERY BOY, 20,-with acne, wearing a lumberman's wool jacket, a small hat, and carrying a large manila envelope.
-- A black SECRETARY, 25, attractive, with a natural, and well-dressed, who's been reading a book.
**CONTINUED 23.**

-- A HIPPIE type, 24, with shoulder-length blond Jesus Christ hair and a beard to match, wearing a Navajo-patterned woolen poncho, a headband, leather sandals and a zonked-out expression.

-- A black MAID, 50's, overweight, tired, wearing a wig and an old fur-collared coat, end carrying two Bloomingdale's shopping bags.

-- A HOOKER, 32, white, flashy, dark-haired, wearing a short skirt, no bra and an Anzac-type hat.

A W.A.S.P. type, 40's, short-hair, wearing a brown tweed jacket and a narrow tie.

-- A black SALESMAN, 35, with a, sample case and an order book, wearing glasses.

-- A woman WINO, a derelict of indeterminate age, with rolled down stockings, layered in ratty coats and sweaters, wearing wool gloves with the fingers out, missing most of her teeth, her hair stringy, her eyes red-rimmed, her complexion sallow, carrying a pint bottle in a paper bag, passed out, dead to the world.

-- An OLD MAN, 70's, tiny and alert, dressed in an expensive but old-fashioned cashmere overcoat.

-- TWO CO-EDS, 18 and 19, scrubbed, pretty, serious (Hunter College, 68th St. Station), carrying briefcases.

-- A black FAG, 25, his hair straightened and pompadoured, his eyebrows plucked and redrawn, his figure trim, his clothes calculated to attract other men, his mouth constantly pouting, carrying a shoulder bag and listening to a transistor radio.

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

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

**BLUE**

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

**PASSENGERS**

Oh my God
What'd he say?
What's going on?
I don't believe it.
(Etc.)
BLUE
And. you will remain silent! There will be no further warning -- anyone who moves or speaks without permission is going to be killed. There is immediate silence as he looks around.

BLUE
This weapon fires 450 rounds of .45 calibre ammunition per minute. In other words, if all of you decided to rush me simultaneously, not a single one of you would get any closer than you are right now. Is that understood? This news is met in stony, awe-struck, terrified silence. Except for the Pimp who smiles, seemingly relaxed.

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

INT. TUNNEL
as the slowly moving car comes to a stop.

INT. TOWER ROOM

CLOSE SHOT - CAZ
He is staring up at the Board.

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

WIDER ANGLE
Including Marino, Mrs. Jenkins and the other Towermen.

MARINO
What's he doing now? He's halfway between stations.
CAZ
A pure mental case. I'm gonna
nail his pecker to the goddam
wall for this!

25.
CONTINUED
MARINO
(indicating Mrs.
JENKINS)
Hey, Caz, take it easy, will you?

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

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

CAZ
It's me, Frank -- CazDolowicz.
We're watching it on the Board.

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

CAZ
On my way, Frank.

(AN AFTERTHOUGHT)
Oh, and Frank -- please don't say
"fuck" anymore on the radio -- we
get some ladies down here now --
and you know how it is with ladies,
Frank--- the cunts don't like it.
He flips off the key and walks out the door.

INT. SUBC47AY -. FIRST CAR

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

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

26.

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

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

BLUE
Motorman -- come here.

DOYLE
Yes, sir?

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

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

BLUE
Just do as you're told:
The Hooker raises her hand.

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

BLUE
No. No one else can leave.

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

BLUE
Nobody leaves!

OLD MAN
(raising his hand)
Excuse me, mister -- don't you think we should be let in on what's happening?

27.

CONTINUED - 2

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

OLD MAN
(SMILING)
I suppose. if you ask a foolish
QUESTION
The fluorescent lights suddenly go out and the emergency, incandescent bulbs immediately go on, thereby diminishing the brightness in the car by half. There's a general stirring among the Passengers as they look around them, their alarm peaking again.

BLUE
Please be quiet -- nothing's going to happen if you do as you're told. Get going, Motorman. As Doyle leaves at one end of the train, Green reappears at the other.

BLUE
All right, Mr. Green?

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

BLUE
I still see some tunnel lights.

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

BLUE
(a pause).
Stay here -- and leave the cab door open so you can hear the radio. Blue returns to the center of the car but CAMERA stays on Green as he opens the cab door.

RADIO (CORRELL)
Coirmand Center to Pelham one two
Three -- did you cut the power down there? -- without calling Power

(MORE)
CONTINUED - 3
RADIO (CORRELL) (Contd)
Central to explain? All right, Pelham One Two Three -- cut this shit right now and answer me! You're fucking up the whole god-dam New York Subway System!

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

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

"TRANSIT AUTHORITY

370 JAY ST.

BROOKLYN"

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

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

"2:09."

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

SECRETARY

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

NAKABASHI

The small-framed Orientals bow in turn.

SECRETARY

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

29.

CONTINUED

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

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

PRESCOTT
THEY SP
eak English, don't they?

SECRETARY
We're not sure.

PRESCOTT
You're not.

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

PRESCOTT
You have.
The elevator door opens and-she steps in, smiling sweetly.

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

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

30.

CONTINUED - 2

PRESCOTT
Yes. Well—Grand Central is
the busiest station passenger-wise
— train-wise, it's West 4th St.
on the I.N.D. line. Now, if you'll
step this way, gentlemen —
They step no way at all. Prescott gestures broadly.

PRES COTT
This way —
He hurries ahead of them to open the door and hold it for
them as they finally follow.

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

INT. OPERATIONS - DAY

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

**PRESCOTT'S VOICE**
The Status Board pinpoints the disposition of every Transit Authority policeman presently in the field. Things are usually jumping pretty good in here.
CAMERA begins to ZOOM BACK, revealing the scene: a large room, cut up by glass dividers into a maze of squares and rectangles manned by uniformed T.A. POLICEMEN, sitting at desks with telephone consoles. The place is absolutely dead -- some reading, some eating, some sleeping.

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

---

**31.**

**CONTINUED**
CAP4ERA has finished its ZOOM and now PANS to include Prescott and his four Japanese.

**PRESCOTT**
I'm sure you have your own share of crime on the Tokyo subway, right? They merely stare at Prescott and smile.

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

**PRESCOTT**
Uh -- follow me, gentlemen,
PLEASE --
He starts off through the room, the Japanese following.

PRESCOTT
These are the assignment desks, one for each of the three lines -- the I.R.T., the B.M.T. and the I.N.D. -- and over here, the Operations Lieutenant, Sol Garber.
Prescott has stopped beside a desk. GARBER, 40, stocky, dour, with a dark stubble that requires shaving twice a day, is absorbed reading the Village Voice.

F

PRESCOTT
Uh -- Sol -- I'd like you to meet some friends of the Chairman.
Garber looks up over his paper for a moment.

GARBER
HI YAA

PRESCOTT
Good friends of the Chairman.

GARBER
Hi ya.

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

32.

CONTINUED.-- 2

GABBER
(F LATLY)
You don't say.
PRESCOTT
I do say. I -- uh -- told them things are usually jumping. like crazy in here.

GARBER
Jumping. Right.

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

GARBER
Yeah, well -- we had a bomb scare in the Bronx yesterday -- but it turned out to be a cantaloupe. He and Prescott look at the Japanese. Nothing.

PRESCOTT
How about another one, Sol?

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

(PAUSE)
-- one critical?
The Japanese smile.

GARBER
I'm busy, Clive, okay? He goes back to his newspaper as Prescott leads his four charges away.

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

(A PAUSE)
You know, flashing?
CONTINUED - 3

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

PREScott

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

(REturns It)

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

(A Thought)

in fact -- you're all four under arrest right now. You get me?. I'm tossing you all in the pokey and throwing away the key. He smiles and they smile back. He feels much better.

PREScott

(Gayly)

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

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

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

DRIVER

Hey! These are subway tokens:

CAZ

(Calling Back)

Sounder than the U.S. Dollar! He disappears down the steps.

28TH ST. PLATFORM - TRAVELLING

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

CAZ
When did the power go?

34.

CONTINUED

PMIOTORMAN
Who wants to know?

CAZ
The Supervisor of the Grand Central Tower wants to know!

MOTORMAN
Oh -- sure -- it went a 'couple of minutes ago.
He starts off.

MOTORMAN
What happened down there -- a man under?

CAZ
Who wants to know?

INT. TUNNEL

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

CAZ
What now, for Chripsake?

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

BLUE
What time've you got, Mr. Green?

GREEN
(CHECKING)
Two-ten.

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

CONTINUED
GREEN
(A PAUSE)
I'm going to die today,

BLUE
(ANOTHER PAUSE)
Could be. He turns and enters the Motorman's cab.

RADIO (CORRELL)
Pelham One Two Three -- do you read me now -- ?

INT. T.A. BLDG. - THIRD FLOOR COMMAND CENTER - DAY

CLOSE SHOT - FROM ABOVE
SHOOTING DOT1N at the enormous, block-long, high-ceilinged area in which the three Divisional units (IRT, BAIT and IND) are scattered widely, using so little of the space that
the arrangement looks provisional. Over this, one VOICE can be heard, Correll's, continuing from the previous scene.

CORRELL'S VOICE
-- Come in, Pelham One Two Three
-- if you can receive and not transmit please use a phone --
CA14FRA now ZOOMS IN on Correll, the desk trainmaster, seated at a steel desk, talking over a two-way radio/telephone console.

R

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

RADIO
Not yet, Command Center. Still working.

CORRELL
(PUNCHING ANOTHER BUTTON)
Grand Central Tourer -- any movement on Pelham One Two Three?

RADIO--(MRS. JENRINS)
Still lying dead, Command Center.

I

36.

CONTINUED

CORRELL
(PUNCHING ANOTHER
Maintenance -- how about a report, for Chrissake?

I

RADIO
I On what, Command Center?

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

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

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

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

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

PRESCOTT
Don't worry -- they don't understand a word.

(to the Japanese)
Come on, you dummies -- get the lead out 1

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

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

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

CORRELL
Don't bug me, Prescott -- I've got trouble here. â€¢

PRESCOTT
What's the matter, Frank?

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

PRESCOTT
No idea what's wrong?

CORRELL
I told you -- his goddam radio's NOT --

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

CORRELL
There he is -- !
(punching a button)
.I read you, you sonuvabitch -- where the hell have you been? What are you trying, to do, screw up this entire railroad single-handedly? -- Come in, you bastard, and start explaining -- and you'd better make it good!
Pelham One Two Three-to Command
Center -- your train has been taken
-- repeat, your train has been

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

38.

**CONTINUED - 2**

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

**REACTION SHOTS**
as EVERYONE in the room turns to look at Correll.

**MED. SHOT - CORRELL**
Into the radio:

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

**CORRELL**
Then who the hell are you? No one's authorized to be in that cab except the goddam motorman!
Identify yourself!
Listen to me, Trainmaster -- your train has been hijacked by a group of heavily-armed men --

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

CORRELL
You're out of your fucking mind!
Be that as it may, are you ready to
take down our list of demands?

CORRELL

(FLUSTERED)
No -- wait a minute -- stand by --

(MORE)

39.

CONTINUED

CORRELL (CONTD)

(DISCONNECTING; THEN
to Prescott)
Why would anybody want to hijack
a goddam subway train for?

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

CORRELL

(NOTICING)
What the hell are all those Chinamen
doing in here?.

PRESCOTT
Holy Christ, I forgot!

(LOOKING AROUND)
Somebody take these monkeys up to
Thirteen, will you -- ?
FIRST JAPANESE
It is all right, Lieut. Prescott
-- I'm sure we can find it by ourselves.

SECOND JAPANESE

(BOWING)
Thank you for a most instructive visit, Lieutenant.

THIRD JAPANESE
And. most exciting, too.
They all bow low and file out. Prescott watches them in a near state of shock.

PRESCOTT
- Since this is my last day on the job, I might as well make it a good one.
He leans over Correll and, pushing a button, speaks into the mike.

PRESCOTT
Prescott to Garber --

RADIO (GARBER)
This is Garber --

J

CONTINUED - 2

PRESCOTT
Sol -- plug everything you've got into the I.R.T. Trainmaster's circuit, will you? -- an all-unit stand-by, on the d-)uble. And call in the city cops -- put it on a 9-11 so their computer gets it.
RADIO (GARBER)
What's up, Clive?

PRES COTT
You won't believe it.

RADIO (GARBER)
You know me -- I'll believe any-thing.

PREScott
A train's been hijacked.

RADIO (GARBER)
(A PAUSE)
I don't believe it.

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

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

BLUE
What do you want, Mr. Green?

GREEN
How's it going?

BLUE
All right.

GREEN
Did you tell them?

BLUE
Part of it.

GREEN
What are they doing now?

BLUE
Recovering. They sounded a little upsat.
CONTINUED

GREEN
(SMILING)
Yeah -- I guess they would.

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

GREEN
Don't you trust them?

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

GREEN
Where'd you find him, anyway?

BLUE
He was recommended.

RADIO (CORRELL)
Pelham One Two Three, this is Command Center -- come in, Pelham One Two Three --

BLUE
Go on -- (as Green goes; into the mike) This is Pelham One Two Three, Trainmaster -- are you ready to take down the list of our demands?

RADIO (CORRELL)
I'm listening, you shitheel -- what do you want?

BLUE
Do you have a pencil?
RADIO (CORRELL)
Go on, goddammitii

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

42.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

MED. SHOT - TRAINMASTER'S DESK
Prescott and OTHERS grouped around Correll at his desk, everyone straining to hear.
I -- Pelham One Two Three is completely in our control. Two -- we are armed with fully automatic weapons. Three -- we have no scruples whatsoever about killing. Do you read me so far?

CORRELL
I read you, you goddam lunatic -- you'll never get away with this, you know -- Please inform-the Mayor that we demand one million dollars in cash for the release of the car and all of the hostages --

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

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

PLEASE --

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

43.

CONTINUED

(A PAUSE)
All right -- patch me into the Transit Police.

CORRELL
Hold on -- I've got one here now.
He disconnects and turns to Prescott.

CORRELL
He's all yours, the sonuvabitch
(as Prescott reaches for the mike)
Not here, for Ch'riissake -- Take it over there!
He points to another, empty desk. Prescott goes to it and sits, then punches in a line on the console and speaks into the mike.

PRES COTT
Pelham One Two Three -- can you hear me?

RADIO MUE)
This is Pelham. Identify yourself, please.

PRES COTT
Lieut. Prescott of. the Transit
Police. Identify yourself.
I'm the man who stole your train.

PRESCOTT
There's no way you can get away with it -- you're underground, in a tunnel.
Why do you concern yourself with that, Lieutenant? At precisely 3:13 we will begin executing the passengers. Don't you think you'd better contact the Mayor without wasting any more time? The moment you've done it report back to me for further instructions. Signing off.

44.

CONTINUED - 2
There is a click as the line goes dead. Prescott pushes another button.

PRESCOTT
Sol -- did you get all that?

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

PRESCOTT
What about the city cops?

RADIO (GARBER)
They've got two cars from the 14th precinct on the way now.

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

INT. OPERATIONS - DAY
Garber at his desk as he swivels to regard the Status Board.

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

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

GARBER
Will do, Clive.
He disconnects, turns and shouts.

GARBER
Sargent -- get me our guy at Lex 281

INT. 28TH ST. PLATFORM

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

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

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

MAN
Anybody hurt?

2ND MAN
How many killed?
JAMES
Look -- everybody just calm down
(his radio BEEPS)
Hold on --
He turns away and lifts the radio to his face.

JAMES
Patrolman James --

RADIO (GARBER)
This is Lieut. Garber in Operations. Where are you now?

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

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

JAMES
Holy shit.

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

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

46.

CONTINUED - 2

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

INT. TUNNEL

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

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

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

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

PASSENGER
(as he passes)
Bullshit.

CAZ
Butt out!

(TO DOYLE)
All right -- tell Command Center I'm on my way to investigate.

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

CAZ
I know you wouldn't. He leaves Doyle and starts down the track. A few Passengers in the line call to him.

2ND PASSENGER
You work for the :;ubway? Tell 'em I'm gonna sue this time -- I really mean it -- I'm gonna sue!

M E D. SHOT - JAMES
He is trotting, following Caz, passing the line of Passengers headed the other way.
CONTINUED

3RD PASSENGER

(TO 6TH)
I'll tell you whose goddam fault it is -- it's the Mayor's goddam fault.

4TH' PASSENGER

Why's it his fault?

3RD PASSENGER

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

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

INT. FIRST CAR - GREY

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

GREY

Stop right there, cowboy -- !

REACTIONS SHOTS - GREEN AND BROWN

as they look around, surprised.

INT. TUNNEL - CAZ

CAZ

(SHOUTING BACK)
Who the hell are you? The voices echo and distort in the tunnel.
GREY
You'll find out if you take another
step -- !

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

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

48.

CONTINUED

GREY'S VOICE
That's just too fucking bad!

INT. TUNNEL - CAZ

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

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

CAZ
Stand back -- I'm coming on board -- !
He starts forward.

GREY Â€¢
I warned you, stupid -- I

MED. SHOT - GREY

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

CLOSE SHOT - CAZ (SLOW MOTION & SILENT)

P

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

CLOSE SHOT - JAMES (SLOW MOTION & SILENT)

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

MED. SHOT - GREY (SLOW MOTION & SILENT)
as he continues firing.

FLASH CUTS - GREEN, BROWN, PASSE` SERS (SLOW MOTION & SILENT)

Astonished; unfeeling; horror-struck.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - CAZ (SLOW MOTION & SILENT)
as his dead body hits the ground, bounces, and rolls over, face up, eyes still-open.

49.

INT. FIRST CAR - BLUE (TRAVELLING)

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

GREY

I warned the bastard but he kept on coming anyway.

BLUE

Was he alone?

GREY
I didn't see anybody else.

(A PAUSE)
I guess I got us on the scoreboard, huh?
Without a word, Blue moves to Brown at mid-car.

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

BROWN
He's a little trigger-happy.

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

BROWN
He loved every minute of it.

INT. TUNNEL - JAMES

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

JAMES
Patrolman James calling Operations

RADIO (GARBER) -
This is Garber --
It comes in too loud and James frantically lowers the volume.

CONTINUED

RADIO (GARBER)
-- what's going on? Did you find that Supervisor?
JAMES
He's dead, Lieutenant.

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

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

RADIO (GARBER)
Shot who?

JAMES
The Supervisor -- with a motherfuckin' machine gun!

RADIO (GARBER)
Is he dead?

JAMES
Wouldn't you be?

RADIO (GARBER)
But you're not sure.

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

INT. OPERATIONS - DAY

Garber at his console.

GARBER
All right -- stay put and keep an eye on things.
(punches a button)
Clive -- they just drew first blood. That Tower Supervisor from Grand Central -- we don't know his name -- they just killed him.

INT. COMMAND CENTER,- DAY

Prescott at his console.
CONT IMED

PRESCOTT
Oh, God --

4 (TURNING)
Frank -- do you knew who went down to 28th Street from Grand Central?

CORRELL
Yeah -- Caz Dolowitz. It7hy?

PRESCOTT
Jesus -- I knew him --

CORRELL
What do you mean knew him?

PRESCOTT
They just shot him.

CORRELL
(Unbelieving)
Caz? Fat Caz?
(slams his fist down)
Christ!!

RADIO (COSTELLO)
Lieutenant. Prescott -- are you there, Clive -- ?

PRESCOTT
(pushing a button)
Who's this?

RADIO (COSTELLO)
Costello.

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

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

52.

CONTINUED - 2

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

PRESCOTT
Plainclothes?

RADIO (COSTELLO)
That's right.

PRESCOTT
Man or woman?

RADIO (COSTELLO.)

(A PAUSE)
You know something? I never thought to ask.

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

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

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

PRESCOTT
What for?

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

53.

CONTINUED - 3

PRESCOTT
What do you know.

EXT. GRACIE MANSION - DAY

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

"GRACIE MANS ION.

THE MAYOR 'S RESIDENCE."
Then, the time is SUPERIMPOSED: "2:21".

INT. MAYOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

MICRO-CLOSE SHOT - THERMOMETER
Being held between a NURSE's fingers, slowly turning so the mercury catches the light.

MAYOR'S VOICE
What does it say?

NURSE'S VOICE
103-point-4.

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

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

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

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

(MORE)

54.
CONTINUED

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

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

MAYOR
Orally? ,
(but she's gone)
Boy -- boy oh boy --
He picks up the remote-control clicker and raises the sound
of his TV set.

EMCEE'S VOICE
Couple number two, Arthur and
Eleanor -- you have twenty points
-- answer the bonus question
correctly and you'll move into
first place --
The phone rings and he clicks the sound off with one hand
and lifts the receiver with the other.

MAYOR
Yeah.

WARREN'S VOICE

(PHONE FILTER)
Hello, Nate, it's Warren -- I'm
coming upstairs.

MAYOR
No!

WARREN ' S VOICE
Sorry, Nate, it can't be helped.

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

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

55.

CONTINUED

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

WARREN'S VOICE
I'm coming up.

MAYOR
Can't you handle it, Warren?

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

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

YOU WILL

WARREN'S VOICE
This one you've got to handle yourself, Nate.

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

STRIKE --

WARREN'S VOICE
A gang of men has hijacked a subway

TRAIN --

MAYOR
What?!!
WARREN'S VOICE
-- they want a million dollars for it.

MAYOR

(A PAUSE)
Come on up.

(HANGS UP)
Shit. Shit, piss, fuck.
He clicks the TV back on.

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

MAYOR
I missed it.

56.

CONTINUED - 3
He clicks off the TV as WARREN LASALLE enters, a tall, lean, no-nonsense executive with long, blond hair, sideburns and a large blond mustache.

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

WARREN
No, tell me.

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

WARREN
How about the seventeen hostages -- will we miss them?
MAYOR
Oh. Dammit, Warren, the city hasn't got a million dollars!

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

MAYOR
Don't we even get to think about it?

WARREN
There's no time! In -- (checking the time)
-- exactly forty-nine minutes they're gonna start shooting those hostages. How would that look in the Daily News? -- "1NEW YORKERS DIE WHILE MAYOR THINKS!"

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

CONTROLLER --

WARREN
They're on their way over now.

(MORE)

57.

CONTINUED - 4

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

I

MAYOR

(A PAUSE)
Shit. Shit, piss, fuck.

INT. T . A . COMMAND CENTER – DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PRESCOTT
Oh, you're beautiful.
(into the mike)
Do you read me, Pelham One Two Three -- ?
CONTINUED

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

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

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

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

CORRELL
Goddam woman cops -- what the hell good are they? She probably can't find her gun in her goddam purse! This is Pelham One Two Three -- do you have any news to report?

INTERCUT - PRESCOTT & BLUE

PRESCOTT
Nothing yet.

BLUE
What were you' calling about?

PRESCOTT
We need more time.

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

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

**BLUE**
49 minutes.

59.

**CONTINUED**

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

**BLUE**
49 minutes.

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

**BLUE**
48 minutes.

**MED. SHOT - PRESCOTT**
Sobered and subdued.

**PRE-SCOTT**
Yeah. All right, we'll get back as soon as we can. He disconnects and sits back in his chair, staring at the ceiling.

**CORRELL**
Christ -- to hear you pleading with that chickenshit -- it makes me ashamed to be an American.
PRESCOTT
Go away, Frank -- go play with your trains.

INT. FIRST CAR

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

BLUE
Everything quiet out here, Mr. Green?

GREEN
Yeah -- except I think we've got our-selves a cop.

BLUE
what do you mean?

60.

CONTINUED

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

BLUE
Which one?

GREEN

(POINTING)
On the right --

PANNING SHOT - HOSTAGES
On the right side of the car, from face to face.

GREEN'S VOICE
-- the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh -- that's him, next to the freak --
It's the W.A.S.P. type, who is staring off into space,
I sitting next to the Hippie who seems hypnotized by his own wiggling toes.

GREEN'S VOICE
You ever see anybody look more like a cop?

MED. SHOT – BLUE & GREEN

BLUE
I'd better frisk him. Cover me.
He walks slowly down the aisle and stops. in front of the W.A.S.P.

BLUE
On your feet.

W.A.S.P.
What?

BLUE
You heard me -- stand up!
Nervously, the man stands. Blue frisks him, quickly and expertly. When he fails to find a weapon, he takes the man's wallet.

BLUE
Okay -- you can sit down.

I

61.

CONTINUED
As the man sits, Blue looks through the wallet.

BLUE
School teacher.

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

BLUE
You ever been told you look like a policeman,?

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

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

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

VARIOUS REACTION SHOTS
The Passengers -- some groaning -- some frightened -- the Puerto Rican crossing himself -- the Hippie smiling softly -- etc.
MED. SHOT - BLUE r

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

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

BLUE

(A PAUSE)
We expect to get it.

EXT. EAST RIVER DRIVE - DAY
The Brooklyn Bridge and the myriad ramps leading onto the Drive. An official city limousine curves around a ramp and heads uptown, its siren wailing.
The time is SUPERIMPOSED: "2:27".
INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

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

F

COMMISSIONER
f This is the Police Commissioner --
get me the Borough Commander.
(to the DRIVER)
Turn off that goddam music, will you, George?

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

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

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

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

PHONE (COMMISSIONER)
Your barriers up?

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

PHIL --

PHONE (COMMISSIONER)
Do we ever? How about traffic?

BOROUGH COMMANDER
I stuck a patrolman at every intersection from 14th to 34th, and crosstown from 2nd to 5th.
PHONE (COMMISSIONER)

Who's your Number Two?

BOROUGH COMMANDER
Deputy Chief Inspector Daniels --

(MORE)

63.

CONTINUED

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

PHONE (COMMISSIONER)
How are you deployed?

BOROUGH COMMANDER
I've got about fifty men inside the

TUNNEL --

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - VARIOUS SHOTS

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

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

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

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

INT. COMMISSIONER'S CAR

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

EXT. 28th STREET - BOROUGH COMMANDER
Again, if feasible, we can see what he describes.

CONTINUED

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

PHONE (COMMISSIONER)
Any direct communications with the hijackers?

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

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

71 PHONE (BOROUGH COMMANDER)
Beats the shit out of me, Phil.

EXT. GRACIE MANSION - DAY

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

INT. MAYOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

JESSIE
Nate, for God's sake.
She baskets it, then turns to Warren LaSalle.

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

65.

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

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

JESSIE
Yes, it's nice to see you again.

COMMISSIONER
Mrs. Mayor --

CONTROLLER
Hi, Jess --

CHAIRMAN
Good afternoon.--

JESSIE
Coffee for everybody -- and some cake?

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

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

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

COMMISSIONER
We don't want another Attica on our hands, do we?
CONTINUED - 2

WARREN
So your vote is -- ?

COMMISSIONER
I abstain.

WARREN
Shit. Barny?

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

WARREN
Your vote?

CHAIRMAN
Pay the two dollars.

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

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

CONTROLLER
I'm not through discussing it yet.

WARREN
Yes you are. Now vote.

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

WARREN
So that's a no. All right, Nate -- you've heard from the Three Wise Men -- what do you say?
Everyone turns to the Mayor. He sneezes into a Kleenex and tosses it onto the floor.

MAYOR
What're they gonna say, Warren?

CONTINUED

WARREN
They who?

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

JESSIE
He means the voters.

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

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

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

MAYOR

(A PAUSE)
What do you say, Jess?

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

MAYOR
What?

JESSIE
Seventeen sure votes.

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CONTINUED - 4

MAYOR

(SMILING)
Go ahead, Warren -- arrange for the
pay-off.

WARREN
Halleluja!
(as everyone rises)
You heard it, fellas. Phil --
pass the word to the bad guys
that we're coughing up.

COMMISSIONER

(GOING)
Will do.

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

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

WARREN
I'll call -- you're liable to spend an hour trying to knock down the interest rate. Come on -- everyone downstairs -- let's move it!
The Mayor and Jessie are left alone. She picks up the crumpled Kleenex.

MAYOR
I thought I handled it all right.

JESSIE
A regular Fiorello LaGuardia.

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

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

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

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

69.

CONTINUED

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

**BLUE**

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

**GREEN**

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

**BLUE**

Then a lot of people are going to die.

**GREEN**

Including us.

**BLUE**

Either you live or you die.

**GREEN**

Living's better.

**BLUE**

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

**GREEN**

Did you do that?

**BLUE**

I tried.

**GREEN**

I thought you were in the army.

**BLUE**

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

**GREEN**

In the army? Sure' -- on three-fifty a month.
CONTINUED - 2

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

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

BLUE
The market dried up.

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

BLUE
What'd they nail you for?

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

BLUE
Beakies?

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

BLUE
You were innocent?

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

INT. GRACIE MANSION - LASALLE' S OFFICE - DAY
Warren sits on the edge of his desk, on the phone.

71.

CONTINUED

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

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

PHONE (SECRETARY)
The Chairman is on an overseas call at the moment --

WARREN
I don't care if he's talking to the moon -- get your ass inside that office and put him on the line! He lights a cigarette while he waits.

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

WARREN
A subway train's been hijacked. Unless we can deliver a million dollars within -- (checks his watch) -- twenty-eight minutes, seventeen people will be assassinated.

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

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

**INTERCUT – WARREN & BANK CHAIRMAN**

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

**BANK CHAIRMAN**
None whatsoever. We're members of the Federal Reserve.

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

72.

**CONTINUED**

**BANK CHAIRMAN**
Given? I'm not sure I urde-rstand what you mean by "given," Mr. LaSalle.

**WARREN**

(VOICE RISING)
Lent, of course -- I didn't expect it as a gift --

**BANK CHAIRMAN**
Lent to whom, Mr. LaSalle?

**WARREN**
To us, goddammit -- the sovereign city of New York --
BANK CHAIRMAN
Yes, well, there are certain technicalities involved in such a transaction, Mr. LaSalle -- terms, duration, signatures --

WARREN
There isn't time for all that -- I

BANK CHAIRMAN

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

WARREN
Listen to me, you stupid goddam piece of shit! if you don't come through in five seconds flat I will sona Illy find a violation in every inch of plumbing and wiring in every branch you've got in this whole fucking city!
The Chairman looks as though he's been struck between the eyes. After a pause, he speaks quietly:

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

EXT. EAST RIVER DRIVE - UN BUILDING - DAY
as the Police Commissioner's limousine is now heading downtown

CONTINUED
on the F.D.R. Drive, passing the Sutton Place apartment houses and approaching the United Nations, siren screaming.
INT. COMMISSIONER'S LIMOUSINE - DRY

He is in back, on the phone.

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

EXT. PARK AVENUE & 28TH STREET - DAY

The Borough Commander, on the phone.

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

PHONE (COMMISSIONER)
Not you asshole! -- we're paying the ransom money! Pass the word along to the hijackers.

BOROUGH COMMANDER
(DISGRUNTLED)
Roger.
(clicks a phone button)
Borough Commander-to 28th Street Platform -- Daniels -- do you read me --?

114T. 28th STREET SUBWAY PLATFORM
FEATURING the motorman's cab of the stalled train. DANIELS, a beefy cop wearing riot gear and helmet, now hears the voice coming over his walky-talky.

RADIO (BOROUGH COMMANDER)
-- come in D.C.I. Daniels -- this is the Borough Commander -- I

DANIELS.

(INTO WALKY-TALKY)
This is Daniels --

RADIO (BOROUGH COMMANDER)
Pass the word along: the Mayor's agreed to pay. Let the hijackers know right away, will you?
Roger.
He sets the hand radio aside and activates the subway transmitter.

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

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

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

PRESCOTT
This is Command Center --

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

PRESCOTT
Will do.
(punching another button)
Command Center calling Pelham One
Two Three -- come in, Pelham One
Two Three --
This is Pelham --go ahead, Prescott --

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

INT. SUBWAY FIRST CAR-- MOTORMAN'S CAB

CLOSE SHOT - BLUE
as he greets this news calmly.

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

75.

INTERCUT - PRESCOTT & BLUE

PRESCOTT

(WRITING)
Five hundred thousand in fifties, five hundred thousand in hundreds --

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

PRESCOTT
(writing).
Ten thousand fifties, five thousand hundreds, in packs of two hundred, bound fore and aft with rubber

BANDS --

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

PRESCOTT
(WRITING)
Old bills and no serial number
sequences --

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

PRESCOTT
About your getaway?

BLUE
I'm signing off now.

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

IT --

BLUE

(A PAUSE)
Yes -- it would interest me.

76.

CONTINUED

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

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

PRESCOTT
What? Don't be stupid -- we've agreed to pay the money. Now turn off the clock.
BLUE
Twenty-six minutes, Prescott.

MED. SHOT - PRESCOTT

PRESCOTT
Look -- your instructions are complicated! The money has to be counted, stacked, tied, transported all the way uptown -- it just isn't physically possible! You'd be surprised what's physically possible. The clock's running, Prescott.

PRESCOTT

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

PRESCOTT
But he may still be alive
He's dead.

PRESCOTT
But you can't be sure --
Very well -- we'll put another half

(MORE )

CONTINUED
dozens rounds into him so everyone can be sure. Over and out.
Prescott turns and sees that the others, at nearby desks, have been watching and listening. He stares back at them for a moment., then checks his watch.

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

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

SHOOTING down the length of the car. Most of the Passengers excepting the Wino Lady and the Hippie. Both are enjoying their own reveries.

BLUE'S VOICE
Your attention please --
At the far end, Brown guards the rear door. At mid-car, Grey stands with his legs astride.

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

BLUE
The city has agreed to pay for your release.
No one quite knows how to greet this news -- except the Pimp who slowly, mockingly, claps his hands together.

PIMP
(DRAWLING)
Far out, man --
Blue starts forward, walking slowly, looking at passengers on both sides of the aisle as he goes.

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

BLUE
No -- but soon afterwards.

78.

CONTINUED

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

BLUE
What difference does it make?

OLD MAN
A person likes to know his worth.

BLUE
A million dollars.

OLD MAN
Each?

BLUE
Altogether.

OLD MAN
(DISAPPOINTED)
That's not so terrific..
Blue, still walking toward mid-car, stops at the Hippie's extended legs and taps the soles of his sandals with the muzzle of his submachine gun.

BLUE
Pull in your feet -- someone's liable to get hurt.
The. Hippie looks up at him, smiles, and slides his feet back. Blue continues until he comes to Grey. He speaks quietly to him.

BLUE
Stop fooling around with that girl, Mr. Grey.

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

BLUE
I said leave her alone.

GREY
Don't worry -- I could do this job and hump that broad at the same time -- without missing a stroke.
CONTINUED – 2

BLUE

(A PAUSE)

I

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

GREY

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

BLUE

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

EXT. LIBERTY STREET – FEDERAL RESERVE BANK – DAY

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

IS SUPERIMPOSED:
"FEDERAL RESERVE BANK of N.Y."

AND THEN:
"2: 51"

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE – PRESIDENT’S OFFICE – DAY

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

PRESIDENT

Yes -- ?

INTERCOM (SECRETARY)

The Chairman of the City National
Trust on five-seven -- he said it's important. The President pushes a button putting the call on the speaker-phone and he returns to his golf.

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

SPEAKERPHONE (B .CHAIR . )
I need a million, Henry.

PRESIDENT
A million what?

80.

CONTINUED

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

PRESIDENT
(stops golfing, surprised)
A million ones?

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. PARK AVENUE. & 28TH STREET - DAY

T.V. INTERVIEWS
A series of head-on television interviews with various individuals in the large crowd gathered at the scene. They all speak directly to CAMERA with the VOICE of a well-known Six O'Clock News PERSONALITY O.S.

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

81.

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

ROGER'S VOICE
You're looking now at members of the T.P.F. -- the Tactical Police Force -- as they attempt to deal with this enormous crowd which is con-
tinuing to grow every minute.
Officer -- officer -- this is
Eyewitness News --
An OFFICER turns to CAMERA.

**ROGER'S VOICE**
Officer, how would you estimate the size of this very large crowd?

**OFFICER**
Very large.

**ROGER'S VOICE**
Would you describe it as unruly?

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

2. **A WOMAN**
Middle-aged, overweight, dyed blond hair.

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

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

**ROGER'S VOICE**
Some people feel that our subways have becomes jungles. Any comment on that?

**WOMAN**
In my opinion, Roger, our subways have become jungles.
3. TEEN-AGE GIRL
Wearing glasses and braces.

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

TEEN-AGE GIRL

(THINKS)
Twenty-four hours minimum.

4. BLACK DELIVERY BOY

DELIVERY BOY
Dogs -- all they gotta do is loose

I
a pack of Doberman Pinchers an' sic 'em onto that train --

5. FASHION MODEL

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

6. CONSTRUCTION WORKER

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

7. HOUSEWIFE

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

8. HOTDOG VENDOR
Under his yellow and red umbrella, doing a land-office
ROGER'S VOICE
Excuse me, sir -- from the looks of things, you could use another pair of hands. Is this your regular corner?

83.

CONTINUED

VENDOR

(ACCENT)
For seventeen years.

ROGER'S VOICE
What do you think of all this?

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

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

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

MED. SHOT - TX. MONITORS (SILENT)
A bank showing various areas of the building on closed circuit. CAMERA ZOOMS IN on one monitor: the President is seen walking down the corridor.

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR (SILENT)

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

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

JAMES
Patrolman James calling operations -- come in, operations --

RADIO (GARBER)
This is Garber -- what's going on?

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

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

84.

CONTINUED

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

RADIO (GARBER)
I wouldn't be surprised.

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

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE - SORTING/COUNTING - DAY (SILENT)
Several COMITERS, mostly men, are breaking open the seals on dirty grey canvas money bags, and spilling out the contents -- currency tied into packets -- and start counting the packets.

INT. GRACIE MANSION - MAYOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

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

WARREN
Nobody asked you!

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

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

CONTINUED

MAYOR
You know what'll happen -- what always happens -- I'll get booed. The Doctor starts taking the Mayor's pulse.

DOCTOR
This is a very sick man.
WARREN
(slapping his hand)
Let go of that! You're off the case! Look, Nate, all you have to do is say a few words to the hijackers over a bullhorn -- make a dignified plea for mercy

MAYOR
Do you think it will help?

WARREN
Of course it'll help!

MAYOR
(HOPEFULLY)
The hostages?

WARREN
No, You.

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

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

MAYOR
(SMILING)
You mean they're from out-of-town?

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE - COUNTING/SORTING - DAY (SILENT)
The SORTERS, mostly women, occupy a large office of the bull-pen variety. Each is sorting bills by denomination from a batch in her hand, separating them almost faster than the eye can see into the slots of a counting machine, deviating only to throw old, overused bills away into a basket.
INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

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

CORRELL
-- Shut up and listen to me! All Lexington Avenue trains departing from Dyer Avenue and 180th Street in the Bronx, are diverted to the West Side tracks at 149th Street and the Grand Concourse --!
CAMERA PANS to Prescott, who is sitting at his desk, watching Correll and shaking his head.

RADIO (GARBER)

CLIVE --

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

RADIO (GARBER)
It's Sol -- what're we waiting for, Clive?

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

RADIO (GARBER)
We'll never make it. The passengers are dead ducks.

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

RADIO (DANIELS)
This is Daniels -- came in, Command CENTER --

PRESCOTT
Has the money left yet?

RADIO (DANIELS)
Not yet.

87.

CONTINUED

PRESCOTT
Well for God's sake, give then a goose, will you? We're running out of time!
(pushing, another button)
Command Center calling Pelham One Two Three -- come in, Pelham --
This is Pelham One To Three --

PRESCOTT
This is Prescott. Listen -- we're moving too slowly at this end. We need some more time.
Sorry -- no more time.
Prescott's face hardens, his jaw. muscles tense.

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

PRESCOTT
(COVERING MIKE)
Hold it down, will you, Frank -- ?

CORRELL?
-- and all locals"sent around the loop at South Ferry and shot up the West Side from Bowling Green --
PRESCOTT
I said knock it off! I'm trying to buy some more time!
A silence in the room as everyone turns to watch Prescott as he speaks into the mike.

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

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

88.

CONTINUED - 2

Negative.

PRESCOTT
(QUIETLY)
You son of a bitch.

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE - COUNTING - DAY (SILENT)

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

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

Blue, as Green enters the cab.

GREEN
I heard you on the radio -- anything wrong, Mr. Blue?
BLUE
They've requested more time.

GREEN
How much more?

BLUE
Ten minutes.

GREEN
I guess it won't hurt anything.

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

GREEN

(A PAUSE)
Suppose they can't make it?

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

GREEN
Maybe an hour wasn't enough time

CONTINUED

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

GREEN
And what if it isn't?

(NO ANSWER)
Do you think we'll actually have
to do it?

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

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE - COUNTING - DAY (SILENT)

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

INT. ADJOINING ROOM - TRAVELLING (SILENT)

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

R

EXT. FEDERAL RESERVE - MAIDEN LANE SIDE - DAY

A police panel truck, its motor running, parked at the sidewalk in front of the loading bays. In front of the truck, eight police MOTORCYCLISTS, astride their bikes, the engines also running, and occasionally racing them with a flick of the accelerator. The time is SUPERIMPOSED: "3:03".

INT. POLICE TRUCK - DAY

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

RICCI
it sure is taking them a helluva long time --
CONTINUED

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

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

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

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

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

RADIO (BOROUGH COMMANDER)
This is the Borough Commander -- come in, Car Fourteen-David --

RICCI
(grabbing the mike)
This is Fourteen-David ---

RADIO (BORC.UGH COMMANDER)
Jesus Christi Aren't you guys moving yet? What the hell's going on down there -- do you know what the goddam time is?

RICCI
(rolling his eyes
AT WENTWORTH)
Yes, sir -- we're still waiting for the money to come out, sir --

91.

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

Be's on the radio.

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

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

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

INT. POLICE TRUCK

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

EXT. LOADING BAY - DAY

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

SUPERIMPOSED:
"S:05".
They throw it into the front seat on Ricci's side and slam the door. The motorcycles are already starting to move, shoving off, their sirens wailing and the truck starts after them.

EXT. MAI,)EN LANE & NASSAU STREET - DAY

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

92.

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

M

EXT. PARR: ROW - DAY

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

INT. POLICE TRUCK

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

INT. POLICE TRUCK - [WENTWORTH & RICCI

Wentworth is grinning, really enjoying himself. Ricci, holding the sack of money on his lap, is scowling.
WENT WORTH
Beautiful -- really beautiful!
I've always wanted to do this --
we're scaring the shit out of
everybody.

RICCI R
Including me.

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

RICCI

(CHECKING WATCH)
Eight minutes. We're never gonna
make it.

EXT. 14UNICIPAL BUILDING - DAY

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

"3:06"
CAMERA PANS with the truck as it passes Chambers Street
and heads up Centre.

93.

EXT. CENTRE STREET - DAY

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

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

MED. SHOT - PRESCOTT
He's on the radio.
PRESCOTT
Where are they now, Daniels -- ?

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

PRESCOTT
What've we got -- ?

(CHECKS CLOCK)
-- seven minutes. Christ, it's just not enough.

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

PRESCOTT
No way.
(punches a button)
Pelham One Two Three -- this is

PRESCOTT --
This is Pelham One Two Three --

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

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

(NO ANSWER)
Pelham One Tuv Three -- do you read -- ?
CONTINUED

I'm here, Prescott.

(ANOTHER PAUSE)

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

PRESCOTT

Clear, clear.

(punches a button)

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

RADIO (DANIELS)

Good job, Prescott.

PRESCOTT

Except for one thing --

RADIO (DANIELS)

What's that?

PRESCOTT

We still won't make it.

71, EXT. CANAL STREET - DAY

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

"3:09".

INT. POLICE TRUCK - DAY

Wentworth and Ricci, the latter on the radio.

RICCI

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

RADIO

Keep it coming --â€¢ you've got five minutes.

RICCI

We'll make it.

(hangs up mike)
We'll never make it.

95.

CONTINUED

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

RICCI
Jesus! Look out -- I

EXT. CANAL & LAFAYETTE - DAY

as the cyclists turn right onto Lafayette, against the on-
coming traffic (Lafayette is one-way downtown at this
point) the two lead bikes sideswipe each other and, going
out of"control, topple over, sending their drivers
sprawling.

The truck slams on its brakes,.screeching to a stop just
short of the pile-up.

EXT. PARK AVENUE & 28TH STREET - DAY

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

SERGEANT
Sir -- there's been an accident --

BOROUGH COMMANDER
Jesus Christ, I don't believe it!
He starts for the radio in one of the vehicles. The time

IS SUPERIMPOSED:

"3:10 'F.
He grabs the mike.

BOROUGH COMMANDER
This is the Borough Commander --
what the hell happened?
RADIO (RICCI)
Two cycles went down -- both riders got banged up-pretty bad. They'll need an ambulance.

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

96.

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET - DAY
as the truck, led by only four cyclists now, continues speeding north. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:
"3:11".

INT. POLICE TRUCK

RICCI

(ON RADIO)
Fourteen-David heading north on Lafayette, approaching Vannrnare.

RADIO
Get the lead out, for Chrissakel

RICCI
(hanging up mike)
Why don't they face it -- it just can't be done!

WNETWORTH
You know something, Albert -- you're absolutely right. Next corner we're turning right, crossing the bridge to Brooklyn and you and me, we got ourselves a fast million bucks, free and clear.
RICCI
Are ou crazy? !
(3.0o cs at him)
You're kidding around again.

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

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL – FIRST CAR

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

"3:11.34--"
as now the seconds are shown, running -- '135-36-37-38--"
and will continue to do so throughout the following scenes.

INT. MOTORMAN’S CAB

as the SUPERIMPOSED time continues running -- "3:3.1.39-40-41-42--" and Blue regards his watch. Then he opens the cab door.

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CONTINUED

BLUE

Mr. Green --

GREEN
(appearing at. door)
What?

BLUE

Coming up on one minute.

GREEN

(A PAUSE)

Have you decided which one it's gonna be?
BLUE

(SHRUGGING)
Does it make any difference?

GREEN
I guess not.

(A PAUSE)
Who's gonna do it?

BLUE
Mr. Brown.

GREEN
Does he know?

BLUE
He won't mind.

GREEN
Neither would Mr. Grey.

BLUE
Mr. Brown's better. With hint it's just a job -- not kicks.
He looks at his watch as the SUPERIMPOSED time continues to run: "3:12.07-08-09--to

BLUE
Fifty seconds -- then we erase one.

EXT. LAFAYETTE & HOUSTON - DAY

as the four motorcycles and the truck, sirens all going, whip through the intersection against the light, a COP holding traffic. The SUPERIMPOSED time continues running:

"3:12.10-11-12-13--"

98.

INT. POLICE TRUCK
RICCI

(ON RADIO)
Fourteen-David crossing Houston, heading for Cooper square --

RADIO
You've still got twenty-eight blocks -- floor the sonovabitch! ! Wentworth is bent over the wheel, all determination now.

WENTWORTH
Tell him I'm doing over sixty now!

RICCI
Holy Christ: -- the street's blocked!

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

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

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

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

CLOSE SHOT - PRESCOTT
On the radio -- the time still SUPERIMPOSED and running:
"2:12.42-43-44-45--"
PRESCOTT
Daniels -- for God's sake answer me!
Where's that goddam money -- ?!

CONTINUED

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

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

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

PRESCOTT
What do you mean, that's all?! They're just about to shoot some poor sonuvabitch -- 1!

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

PRESCOTT
They don't know anything, for Chrissake! How can they know anything down where they --
Holy shit, that's it!!
He punches a button on the console as the SUPERIMPOSED numbers now reflect the time down to the tenth of a second:

"3:12.55 (0-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9) -56 (0-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9) -57, (0-1-2---) --f1
PRE-SCOTT

(shouting into radio)
Pelham One Two. Three -- ! The money's arrived -- repeat, the money's arrived!!

(SHORT PAUSE)
You made it just in time, Prescott.
The SUPERIMPOSED 'time freezes: 113:59.58.6." Prescott exhales sharply and sits back in his chair, exhausted. The SUPERIMPOSED numbers disappear.
You still there, Prescott?

100.

CONTINUED - 2

PRESCOTT
Yeah. I'm still here. Tell me something -- if we were a couple of seconds late -- you'd have knocked off an innocent person? Affirmative. Now if you're ready, I'll give you instructions for the delivery of the money. Again, I'll have to insist you follow them to the letter.

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

PRESCOTT
I've got it. Is that all? For now. But keep it in mind that the same ground rules apply -- any wrong move by anyone and we'll kill a hostage.

**PRESCOTT**
I could've guessed that part. You have ten minutes to deliver the money. If it isn't here by then --

**PRESCOTT**
Yeah, I know -- it's getting monotonous. I don't suppose you'll give us longer than ten minutes --
Ten's more than enough, Prescott

**(MORE)**

1 01.

**CONTINUED - 3**

unless you weren't telling the truth about the money having

**ARRIVED --**

**PRESCOTT**

**(QUICKLY)**
It's all right, ten minutes is fine. No further discussions then. When we have the money in hand I'll call you with the final set of instructions.

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

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

**PRE-SCOTT**

Over. Over, you bastard.

**EXT. PARK AVENUE & 28TH STREET - DAY**

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

**BOROUGH COMMANDER**

Well, it's about fucking time!

**(TURNING)**

You two --

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

**BOROUGH COMMANDER**

Which one has the flashlight?

**MISKOWSKY**

I do, sir --

He shows it hanging from his belt.

102.

**CONTINUED**

**BOROUGH COMMANDER**

All right -- then you

**(O'KEEFE)**

carry the money. Now move it -- you've only got about eight and a half minutes.

(as they salute)
Never mind the goddam salutes
just get going!
They take the sack from the cyclists, hike it up onto
O'Keefe's shoulder and hurry off, running down the steps
into the subway.
Now a chorus of booing is heard.

BOROUGH COMMANDER
Christ, it's the goddam Mayor!

SERGEANT

(CRANING)
I don't see him --

BOROUGH COMMANDER
No, but I can sure hear him --

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

BOROUGH COMMANDER
And to think that I voted for the
bastard.
The Mayor and entourage join him.

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

BOROUGH COMMANDER
I'm afraid not.

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

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

BOROUGH COMMANDER

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

WARREN

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

MAYOR

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

WARREN

Nate -- I'm warning you --

MAYOR

I feel shitty, Warren -- I'm going back to bed.
The Mayor turns and starts back through the crowd, Warren chasing after him.

WARREN

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

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL r

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

"3:18".

ANOTHER ANGLE (TRAVELLING)

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

MISKOWSKY

My name's Miskowsky. What's yours?

O'KEEFE

O'Keefe.
CONTINUED

MISKOWSKY
Pleased t' meet ya. Tactical Force?

O'KEEFE
That's right.

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

O'KEEFE
What do you mean?

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

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

MED. SHOT - SHARPSHOOTER

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

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

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

O ' KEEFE
Look -- there it is -- I can see
it. There's somebody standin' in
the rear door.
LONG SHOT - FIRST CAR - O'KEEFE’S POV
The lone car, lit from within -- and the silhouette of Brown at the rear storm door.

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

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

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

JAMES
P'choo, p'choo, p'choo --
He blows imaginary smoke from the end of his finger, pleased with himself.

JAMES
Shiiiiiiit.

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

MISKOWSKY
For Chrissake, they're shooting at us!,
O'Keefe pushes the sack of money in front of them and they press flat behind it.

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

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

BLUE
Return to your position, Mr. Grey.

GREY
Maybe they're not through --

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

I
Reluctantly, Grey goes back to mid-car.

BROWN
It's not too bad -- I think it went right through.
Blue spots something, bends and picks up a lump of metal which he tosses to Brown who watches it in his bloodied left hand, glances at it, then throws it away.

BLUE
How does it feel?

BROWN.
Okay -- I never feel pain too much.

BLUE
How many shots were there?

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

BLUE

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

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

CONTINUED - 2

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

INT. TUNNEL - JAMES

His back to the pillar, 'he has his radio up to his face, whispering into it.
JAMES
-- I don't know who did it, Lieutenant -- it came from behind me somewhere -- in the dark. It hadda be one of them snipers they got down here --

RADIO (GARBER)
Acting on whose orders?

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

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

JAMES

(THINKING)
Easy -- real easy.

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

JAMES
Not too good.

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

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

INT. FIRST CAR - PASSENGERS - BLUE'S POV

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

BLUE

(CALMLY)
You. Stand up, please.

REACTION SHOTS - PASSENGERS
as they turn to look at whomever Blue has indicated.

CLOSE SHOT - BUD
The conductor as he looks up and touches his chest with a finger.

BUD
You mean me -- ?

WIDER ANGLE

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

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

BLUE
There's something you can help us with.
Bud still hesitates.

BLUE
Don't worry, conductor -- come

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

BLUE
All you have to do is walk uptrack about a hundred feet and wait for the men delivering the money.
They have reached the rear where Bud manages to avoid looking at Brown while Blue slides open the door.

BLUE
I'll help you down onto the track.
BUD
Why do I have to go -- ?

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CONTINUED
BLUE
(LEVEL GAZE)
I told you -- there's nothing to worry about.

(FIRMLY)
Now please go.
Bud looks at him, then accepts Blue's offer of help as he starts to swing down onto the roadbed.

INT. TUNNEL - MISKOWSKY & O'REEFE
Still face down behind the canvas sack. Now O'Keefe raises his head.

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

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

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

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

INT. COMMAND CENTER – DAY

Prescott on the radio.

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

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

CONTINUED

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

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

PRESCOTT
Who the hell fired at them?

RADIO (GARBER)
Nobody knows. My bet is we never will.

PRE-SCOTT
How far did the money get?

RADIO (GARBER)
Our guys says about fifteen yards back of him. It stopped when the shooting started. What do we do now, Clive?
PRESCOTT
I better find out. Christ, what a fucking mess!
(punching another button)
Pelham One Two Three -- come in,
Pelham, this is Prescott --
This is Pelham -- go ahead, Prescott --

PRESCOTT
Did you have to do it, you bastard?

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

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

RADIO (PRESCOTT)
I'm going to get you, you know -- me personally.

BLUE
In the meantime, where's the money?

(CHECKING WATCH)
You only have three minutes left.

INT. TUNNEL - MISKOV7SKY & O'KEEFE

Still lying behind the sack of money.

O'KEEFE
What do we do now?

MISKOWSKY
Pray that a million bucks is bullet-proof.

JAIES' VOICE
Hey, you guys --

MISKOWSKY
(draws his gun)
Jesus, who's thgt -- ?

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

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

**JAMES' VOICE**
Get going -- the orders are make it snappy.
Miskowsky and O'Keefe regard one another, then get slowly to their feet and brush themselves off.

**MISKOT`JSKY**
I'll never get this crap off. One of these days they oughta clean up this subway.
He switches on his flashlight.

**INT. FIRST CAR**
Brown at the rear door, watching the track. Now he turns and calls. -

**BROWN**
Mr. Blue -- there's the light.
Blue returns to the rear and stands watching with Brown.

**INT. TUNNEL - MISKOWSKY & O'KEEFE**
as they proceed, Miskowsky sweeping the light from side to side, and O'Keefe carrying the sack. Now Miskowsky's light

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**CONTINUED**
picks out Bud's dead body on the track -- and then Caz Dolowitz.
MISKOWSKY
It looks like Vietnam down here.
They continue toward the first car.

INT. FIRST CAR

Blue now opens the rear door as the flashlight's beam sweeps across the back end of the car. Now Miskowsky and O'Keefe appear -- only their faces peering into the car. O'Keefe tosses the sack off his shoulder onto the car's floor and it lands with a thud. Miskowsky and O'I :eefe look up at Blue and Brown who merely stare back. No one speaks. Then the two policemen turn and go. Blue now busies himself with opening the neck of the sack, then lifting the other end so that the 75 bricks of money spill out onto the floor in a heap.

REACTION SHOTS -
In rapid succession: Blue, Brown, Grey and Green, their eyes glued on the money -- and then Various Passengers: the Pimp, the Hooker, the Old Dian, the Drama Critic, the Hippie, the Puerto Rican, the Fag.

MED. SHOT - REAR OF CAR

BLUE
Mr. Grey --
He gestures for Grey to join them which he does, his eyes on the money all the time.

GREY
Well -- will you look at that,

NOW --

BLUE
Get your things off -- both of you -- and start loading up.
Blue watches while both Grey and :Brown remove their raincoats, jackets and finally their shirts. Brown has a blood-stained kerchief tied around his right upper arm. Both wear what can only be called money vests: canvas, sleeveless, fitting over the head like a Mae West, with ties on the sides, and containing pockets, 20 in all, front and back.
CONTINUED

BLUE
Jr. Grey, you do Mr. Brown, then he'll do you -- nineteen packets each.
Blue continues to observe for a moment as Grey starts inserting packets of pills, one to a pocket, into Brown's vest, as Brown stands stiffly, his hands at his sides. Then Blue walks to the front end of the car, joining Green.

GREEN
All that money -- I can't believe

IT --

BLUE
When they're finished it'll be your turn. Mr. Grey will load you up. But don't go down there until Mr. Brown has come here to take your place. I'll load up as soon as I talk to Prescott.

GREEN
I just wish it was all over already.

BLUE
Pretty soon now.
He goes into the motorman's cab and shuts the door.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Prescott at his desk, waiting. Then:
This is Pelham One Two Three -- do you read me, Prescott -- ?

PRESCOTT
(punching a button)
This is Prescott --

INTERCUT - BLUE & PRESCOTT

BLUE
I'm going to give you five specific instructions. Each one is to be followed precisely -- is that
clear?

PRESCOTT

So far.

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CONTINUED

BLUE
One: at the end of this conversation you will restore power to the entire sector.

PRESCOTT

(WRITING)
Restore power --

BLUE
Twos you will clear the local track all the way from 28th Street to South Ferry. By clear I mean switches properly set and all signals green. I emphasize green, Prescott -- if eve so much as see a red light, let alone get tripped by one, we will shoot a hostage.

PRESCOTT

(WRITING)
Local track cleared to South Ferry and all signals green --

BLUE
Three.: all southbound trains behind us, local and express, are to remain lying dead. Likewise all northbound between South Ferry and here.

PRESCOTT
(WRITING)

Got it --

BLUE

Four: you will con-act me as soon as the track is clear and all signals are green.

PRESCOTT

(WRITING)

Go ahead --

BLUE

Five: you will remove all police personnel from the tunnel. If we see a single cop between here and South Ferry we will shoot a hostage. In fact, any deviation from these instructions and we will shoot a hostage.

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PIED. SHOT - PRESCOTT

PRE, SCOTT

Are you aware that you're insane?
(after a pause)
Let me know when all five points have been complied with. Over and out.
Prescott sits back for a moment, thinking. Then he punches a button.

PRESCOTT

Sol -- you there -- ?

RADIO (GARBER)

I'm here, Clive, what's up?

PRESCOTT

Hold on while I cut in the city
COPS --
(punches a button)
Daniels -- ? This is Prescott --

RADIO (DANIELS)
Come in, Prescott, this is Daniels --

PRESCOTT
Daniels, I've got Lieutenant Garber of the Transit Police on the line with us. I have the latest instructions from the hijackers. They want power restored, the tracks cleared, all signals green as far as South Ferry, and no cops anywhere. Okay, so we go along -- we have to -- but then what? What do you think they've got in mind?

(A SILENCE)
Don't all talk at once.

I

INTERCUT â€“ PRESCOTT, GARBER & DANIELS

GARBER
Beats hell out of me, Clive. I wouldn't've picked a tunnel to make my getaway from in the first place.

PRESCOTT
But they did pick it'-- and since everything they've done so far has

(MORE)

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CONTINUED

PRESCOTT (CONTD)
been organized down to tha
smallest detail, it stands to reason they've got the rest worked out, too.

**GARBER.**
Power restored and the track cleared -- so they're gonna move their car, obviously. But why South Ferry?

**DANIELS**
If I remember right it comes after Bowling Green -- what comes after South Ferry?

**GARBER**
Bowling Green again -- the track loops around and heads back uptown.

**PRESCOTT**
All they'll do is bottle themselves up. That's no good.

**DANIELS**
So that means they want South Ferry. Why?

**PRESCOTT**
Do you think it's the water, Sol? Maybe they've got a boat waiting in the harbor -- or a seaplane --

**GARBER**
Who knows? We'd better play it a step at a time. Clive, you see about restoring power and clearing the track. Daniels and I'll start pulling our units out of the tunnel. We can follow them just as well up above, on the street.

**DANIELS**
How'll we know where they are?

**PRESCOTT**
Grand Central Tower has 'em on their model board -- we can see every move they make. If they stop anywhere before South Ferry we'll know about it.
CONTINUED - 2

DANIELS
We'd better put some men on all of the emergency exits just in case. I'll check back in when I've found a squad car I can use.

GARBER
Wait a minute! I think I just figured out how they're gonna get away!

PRESCOTT
I'm listening --

GARBER
They're gonna fly the train to Cuba!

MED. SHOT - PRESCOTT

PRE-SCOTT

(SMILING)
You're a sick man, Sol. He disconnects, then rises and crosses to Frank Correll who's still frantically leafing through teletype dispatches and shouting into a phone.

CORRELL
What do you want me to do, for Chrissake? -- the goddam power's still off! You'll have to move them by bus -- what do you mean you don't have any buses?! -- go hijack some! He slams the receiver down, then notices Prescott looking down 'at him.

CORRELL
What's going on, Prescott -- do I get my trains back now or
don't I?

PRESCO'I T
You don't -- not yet.

CORRELL
Jesus! Do you realize that in less than an hour the goddam rush hour starts?

118.

CONTINUED

PRESCOTT
Will you shut up and listen? I've got a new set of instructions.

CORRELL

(TURNING AWAY;)
I don't give a rat's ass for your fucking instructions! I'm not doing anything to help the killers of Caz Dolowitz!
Prescott reaches into his pocket, removes his service revolver and, grabbing Correll by the chin, pushes his head back and places the muzzle of the gun into his eye.

PRESCOTT
If you don't do what I tell you, Frank, you'll be having dinner tonight with Caz Dolowitz.

INT. SUBPAY TUNNEL - FIRST CAR

It stands, as before, in the semi-darkness. Then, suddenly, the lights in the tunnel and inside the car flash on -- the power has been restored. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

Â°3:28.

INT. FIRST CAR
All lights are on and the Passengers react to the sudden brightness. Brown, fully dressed again but looking even bulkier with the addition of the money, stands at the front end of the car now. Grey is at mid-car, also dressed again. Blue and Green are at the rear end, the latter having just finished filling the former's money vest and now helps him on with his jacket and raincoat. Blue moves to the center of the car.

**BLUE**

Your attention, please -- in a moment we're going to start moving again. You will all remain seated and quiet. We expect to release you unharmed in a short while, but until then you must continue doing exactly as you're told. Come along, Mr. Green.

He heads for the motorman's cab, Green right behind him. The Pimp looks at Grey for a moment.

119.

**CONTINUED**

**PIMP**

Hey, dude.-- long as you goin' downtown anyway, you mind droppin' me off at Fulton Street?

**GREY**

Smart-assed nigger --

**PIMP**

You pretty, smart too, baby -- long as you holdin' that piece.

**FAG**

Will you please?!

**INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB**

Blue stands to one side as Green sets up at the controls and checks the track ahead.
GREEN .
Green all the way down.

BLUE
Go ahead then.

GREEN
This is gonna hand 'em a jolt, you know -- moving before they expect it.

BLUE
Go ahead, Mr. Green. Green edges the controller forward and the car responds.

INT. TUNNEL
As the car starts to move.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TOWER

CLOSE SHOT - MODEL BOARD
as the red slashes representing Pelham One Two Three are moving.

WIDER ANGLE
Featuring Marino who is staring up at the Board.

MARINO
Holy Christ, she's moving!

(MORE)

120.

CONTINUED

MARINO (CONTD)

(TURNING)
What the hell's goin' on? They said they'd wait until we'd cleared
the track all the way down!
Jenkins -- get the Command Center.

MRS. JENKINS

(INTO MIKE)
Grand Central Tower calling Command CENTER --

INT. COMMAND CENTER - PRESCOTT - DAY

PRESCOTT
Come in, Grand Central Tower

RADIO (MRS. JENKINS)
She's moving.

PRESCOTT
Who's moving?

RADIO (MRS. JENKINS)
Pelham One Two Three

PRESCOTT
Mat?! Since when?

RADIO (MRS. JENKINS)
She just started.

R

PRESCOTT
Hold on --
(Punches a button)
Sol -- she's moving!

RADIO (GERBER)-
Who's moving?

PRESCOTT
Who the hell do you think?! Pelham!
What's she doing now, Grand Central?

RADIO (MRS. JENKINS)
Still moving -- pretty slow, but no sign of stopping.

RADIO (GERBER)
It's too goddam soon! We're not set up yet!
CONTINUED

PRESCOTT
Which is probably why they did it. You heard from Daniels yet?

I RADIO (GARBER)
Yeah. He's in a squad car on Park Avenue South. Try him on seven-

FIVE --

PRESCOTT
(punching another button)
Daniels -- ? It's Prescott --

RADIO (DANIELS)
I read you, Prescott -- what's up?

PRESCOTT
She's moving.

RADIO (DANIELS)
Who's moving?

PRESCOTT
What's the matter with everybody?! How many hijacked trains we got around here?!

RADIO (DANIELS)
You mean Pelham? But they're not supposed to do that yet -- how far have they gone?

PRESCOTT
Grand Central -- ?
RADIO (NiRS. JENKINS)
They're coming up on the 23rd Street Station.
RADIO (DANIELS)
Oh shit, I'd better clear the cops off that platform. Signing off.

PRE-SCOTT
All right, everybody -- listen to me! They jumped the gun on us but we're gonna stick right with 'em. That means every single person in every department's gonna shake his ass, do you get that?

RADIO (MRS. JEN INS )
Don't worry, Lieutenant -- it's shakin',

122.

INT. SUBWAY. TUNNEL
as Pelham One Two Three rolls slowly along.

INT. FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

Blue and Green.

GREEN
We're coming in to 23rd Street.

BLUE
Keep it steady.

GREEN
I'm still in switching -- can I push it up a notch?

BLUE
No -- steady as she goes.

GREEN'S POV
SHOOTING through the windshield. Ahead, the 23rd Street Platform is drawing nearer -- and there is a CROWD waiting, many leaning over to look uptrack at the approaching train.

GREEN'S VOICE
Jesus -- look at 'em hanging over the edge. When I was a motorman I had nightmares about them falling off in front of me.

E

INT. 28TH STREET PLATFORM

as the lone car passes slowly through. The long-stranded would-be RIDERS start to shout, whistle and bang on the windows and side of the slowly passing car.

INT. FIRST. CAR

The terrified Passengers and the uncertain Brown and Grey as the car runs the gauntlet of the irate crowd outside; they all shy from the pounding fists.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TOWER - MODEL BOARD

The red lights moving past 23rd Street. CAMERA WHIP PANS to Mrs. Jenkins on the radio.

MRS. JENKINS

Pelham One Two Three passing 23rd Street Station --

123.

EXT. PARK AVENUE SOUTH & 23RD STREET - DAY

A police squad car inches along, crossing 23rd Street, heading downtown.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Daniels and a uniformed police DRIVER.

DANIELS

(INTO MIKE)

Speed?
Continuing slow, at around five miles per hour -- what they call the switching position.

DANIELS
Prescott -- ?

RADIO (PRESCOTT)
Go ahead, Daniels.--

DANIELS
I just had a terrible thought: what if they're not on the train? What if they set the throttle and jumped off? While we're chasing the train they're sneaking out an emergency exit somewhere behind us.

RADIO (PRESCOTT)
Ingenious -- except for one thing: it's impossible.

DANIELS
Why?

RADIO. (PRESCOTT)
A little gizmo called the-dead man's feature. It was built into the controller handle in case a motorman should ever drop dead. It has to have a man's hand pressing down on it at all times in order to work. Otherwise the train stops cold.

DANIELS
Yeah?

RADIO (PRESCOTT)
Nice try, though. But in case

(MORE)
CONTINUED
RADIO (PRESCOTi) (Contd)
you're still worried, I was just about to call them. I'll let you know if I get their answering service.

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

CLOSE SHOT - CONTROLLER HANDLE
Green's hand pressed down on it.

RADIO (PRESCOTT)
Command Center calling Pelham
One Two Three --
CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Green and Blue.

BLUE

(INTO MIKE)
This is Pelham.

RADIO (PRESCOTT)
What's going on? The track isn't clear to South Ferry yet -- how come you're moving?

BLUE
Slight change of plan. We decided to put some distance between us and all those cops you had hidden in the tunnel back there.

RADIO "(PRESCOTT)
If you keep moving you're gonna start running into red signals. I don't want you to blame us for it.

BLUE
We'll be stopping soon. Just get back when you've cleared the rest of the track. Signing off. '

GREEN
Do you think he's figured anything out? All those questions --
BLUE
Perfectly natural under the circumstances. They're thinking just the way we want them to.

125.

INT. 18TH STREET PLATFORM

Closed down for some years, the station platform is no more brightly lit than the rest of the tunnel, giving it an eerie look. The first car of Pelham One Two Three rolls slowly through.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

BLUE
Look sharp now -- it's coming

UP --
Blue and Green are straining their eyes against the darkened tunnel ahead.

BLUE
Do you see it?

GREEN
It's that white light about a hundred feet ahead.

BLUE
All right -- this is close enough. Green starts to apply the brake.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TOWER - MODEL BOARD

The red lights representing Pelham One Two Three stop. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Marino, Mrs. Jenkins and some of the Towermen, all watching the board.

MARINO
She's shut down again. Pass it
along.

MRS. JENKINS

(INTO MIKE)
Grand Central Tower calling Command Center -- come in, Command Center --

INT. COMMAND CENTER - PRESCOTT - DAY

at his console. He punches a button and speaks into the mike.

PRESCOTT
This is Command Center --

RF DIO (MRS. JENKINS)
She's stopped again, Lieutenant -- just below the 18th Street Station.

126.

CONTINUED

PRESCOTT
Gotcha, thanks.
(pushing a button)
Daniels? Come in, Daniels this is Prescott --

RADIO (DANIELS )
This is Daniels.

PRESCOTT
They've stopped again. Where are you?

RADIO (DANIELS)
Just crossing 17th Street.

PRESCOTT
Pull over -- you're right above them.
RADIO (DANIEL S)

And then what?

PRESCOTT

It's up to them. I'll get back to you.
(punches a button)
Pelham One Two Three -- this is

PRESCOTT --

(NO ANSWER)

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

11

INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB

Blue is hanging the mike back on its hook before lending Green a hand with the bulky valpac that originally came onto the train with Blue.

RADIO. (PRESCOTT)

Come in, Pelham. One Two Three
this is Prescott calling -- can you hear me, Pelham One Two
Three -- ?

BLUE

Ignore him -- he'll get tired and quit after a while. Let's get this stuff unpacked -- there isn't much time. They are unbuckling the straps and unfolding the canvas bag, then attacking the zipp`rs.

127.

CONTINUED

RADIO (PRESCOTT)

Come in, Pelham One Two Three --
INT. CITY AND CENTER - PRE - SCOTT - DAY

PREScott

(onto Mike)
Goddard, Pelham One Two Three, what the hell's wrong with you -- ?!
Still no answer. He sits back and thinks for a moment. Then he turns to Correll.

PRES CoTT
Frank -- how long before you're clear all the way to South Ferry?

CORrell
You mean before this railroad is so totally fucked up that it'll take a goddam computer to put it back together?

PRES CoTT
Right, Frank, that's what I meant.

CORrell
Five or six minutes. I've got a snag at Brooklyn Bridge.

PRES CoTT
(pushes a button)

SOL ---

RADIO (GARBER)
Yeah, Clive --

PRES CoTT
Something's going on down there -- I haven't the faintest idea what but I'm gonna go over and join Daniels at 17th Street. Come on up here and take over on the radio -- but don't tell 'em the track's clear until I check in with you. I don't want them starting up again before I get there.
INT. SUBWAY - FIRST CAR - HIOTORF, IAN'S CAB

CLOSE SHOT -- GLZ11CK
as it is pulled from the valpac -- a cast-iron, shoe-like
form with a molded, hollowed-out area on one side. It is clearly heavy enough to require both of Green's hands to heft it. CAitIE A PULLS BACK to reveal him, grunting, setting it over the controller handle which it fits perfectly. Blue stands by, watching.

**GREEN**
Perfect fit.
Blue now hands him a length of pipe, some six inches in length. Green takes it, fits one end into a socket on top of the gimmick, facing toward the windshield, and screws it in. Then Blue hands him his submachine gun. Green looks at him for reassurance.

**BLUE**
Go ahead.
Green attacks the windshield with tine stock of the gun, opening a great splintered hole.

**INT. SUBWAY CAR**
as the Passengers react to the sounds of breaking glass coming from within the i iotorman's cab.

**INT. 14OTMM'M'S CAB**
The front window is almost completely out -- only a few pieces of glass cling to the frame.

**BLUE**
Get it all -- it's got to look right.
Green uses the gun's barrel to scrape around the edges, clearing away the last traces of glass. Blue now hands Green another length of pipe -- this one about three feet long. Green fits one end over the protruding end of the attached short pipe -- not screwing it, merely fitting it. The other end extends straight out the glassless windshield.

**BLUE**
Try it once -- make sure it comes away clean.
Green yanks at the long pipe and it separates from the shorter one.

GREEN

Perfect.
He reattaches it.

129.

CONTINUED

BLUE
Okay. Now j um_ down --- I'll hand
the other piece through.
Green leaves the cab.

FRONT STORM DOOR
Brown standing guard as Green comes out of the cab. The
two men exchange glances but no words as Green opens the
storm door, stepping out.

INT. TUNNEL

As Green jumps onto the roadbed and comes around in front
of the car, his shoes crunching the broken glass. %Lbove,
from the cab, Blue hands Green down still a third pipe,
this one the same length (three feet) as the second. Green
now screws one end of the third to the protruding end of
the second, but at such an angle that the construction now
turns sharply left, extending toward the tunnel wall,
beyond the side line of the train.

BLUE
Make sure its tight.

GREEN
I did.

BLUE
Come on back in.
Green returns to the storm door c There Brown extends his
left hand and pulls Green back up into the car.

INT. MZOTORIIAN' S C,` B
Blue is inspecting the placement of the gimmick over the controller as Green enters.

GREEN
It's all set to go. I only wish we were.

BLUE
Don't worry -- ten minutes from now we'll be free and clear.

EXT. PARK AVENUE SOUTH & 16TH STREET - DAY

Union Square Park. A police squad car sits at the curb. The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

:'3,41,':

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Daniels on the radio.
RADIO (BOROUGH COMMANDER)
This is the Borough Commander, Daniels -- what the hell's going on?

DANIELS
Not very much at the moment, sir --- they're sitting down there and we're sitting up here.

RADIO (BOROUGH COMMANDER)
That's swell. What are you trying to do, starve them out?

DANIELS
No, sir -- but it's their move. They're just waiting for them to make it.

RADIO (BOROUGH COMMANDER)
All right --- keep me posted.
As Daniels hangs up the mike the rear door opens and Prescott sticks his head inside.

**PRE-SCOTT**

Daniels?

**D-MIELS**

Who the hell are you?

**R**

**PRESCOTT**

Prescott.

**DANIELS**

Prescott? I thought -- I don't know what I thought. Get in. Prescott climbs into the back and closes the door.

**PRESCOTT**

Anything happening?

**DANIELS**

No. They're still down there. If the street collapsed we'd probably land right on top of them.

i31.

**CONTINUED**

**PRESCOTT**

(grabbing the mike)
Prescott to Command Center
Garber?

**RADIO (GARBER)**

Yeah, Clive -- the tracks been clear for a couple of minutes. Can I call the hijackers?

**PRESCOTT**

Let 'em know. And let us know
when they start moving.
(hangs up mike)

**DANIELS**

What do we do -- wait or get started? If they ever get up to speed we're gonna have trouble staying with them.

**PRESCOTT**

**(THINKING)**

Let's go -- for once we'll be a step ahead of them.

**EXT. SQUAD CAR**

as it pulls away from the curb.

**INT. SUBWAY FIRST CAR - MOTORMAN'S CAB**

Blue and Green.

**RADIO (GABBER)**

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

**GREEN**

That's not Prescott --

**BLUE**

**(INTO MIKE)**

This is Pelham -- what happened to Prescott?

**RADIO (GARBER)**

Even stars have to pee. Just letting you know the track's clear -- all the way to South Ferry.
CONTINUED

BLUE
Thanks, Command Center. Give Prescott our regards.

RADIO (GARBER)
You can do it youraelf -- at the arraignment.

BLUE
Over and out.
He gives the mike a strong tug and-snaps the wire.

BLUE
I want this train moving in thirty seconds. Tell Mr. Brown and Mr. Grey they can cut the emergency brake cords.
Green leaves the cab. Blue examines the gimmick one last time, then follows Green out.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

CLOSE SHOT - EMERGENCY BRAKE CORD
as the rope with the red wooden handle, which dangles some six inches from a hole in the ceiling of the car, is cut by a pair of clippers inserted into the hole.
CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Brown, standing on a seat behind the Motorman's cab.

WIDER ANGLE
Including Grey who is cutting the brake cord at the other end of the car. Now, submachine gun in hand, Brown opens the front storm door, crouches and drops out of sight.
Then Grey starts for the rear door, hesitates, returns to the Hooker and bends to whisper something in her ear.

HOOKER
You and what army?
Snickering, he returns to the rear door, opens it and disappears. At the front of the car, Green backs out of the door, closing it after him, and is helped down to the roadbed by Brown from below. Only Blue is left. He holds his submachine gun easily cradled in one arm as he moves through the car.

BLUE
You will remain in your seats.
Don't try to get up.
CONTINUED

MAID
You mean ever?

BLUE
I mean remain seated.
He has reached the rear, walking backwards, and now gropes behind him for the door handle.

OLD MAN
Aren't you going to tell us what a great bunch of hostages we've been?
Blue doesn't answer as he opens the door and backs out onto the metal landing. Then he closes the door and drops down to the track. The Passengers, left alone, look at one another uncertainly.

INT. TUNNEL

The four hijackers are deployed along the side of the car -- Green in front with Brown, Blue in back with Grey.

BLUE
All right, Mr. Green --
Green, a hand on the protruding pipe connected to the controller handle inside the Motorman's cab, now grabs it with both hands and pushes inward, toward the train.

INT. MOTORMAN'S CAB

CLOSE SHOT - CONTROLLER HANDLE
as it is moved clockwise, through switching, into the series position.

INT. TUNNEL

The train starts to move. As it does, Green tugs sharply
back on the pipe and the two longer sections, angled together, disengage and come loose in his hand. He starts to lose his balance but Brawn grabs him and pulls him back to the tunnel wall. The train is picking up speed rapidly as it slides by them.

INT. FIRST CAR

as it accelerates. The Passengers continue looking around, not sure what's happening. Suddenly, without warning, the Hippie jumps to his feet and, running in a crouch toward the rear of the car, draws a revolver.

CONTINUED

MOTHER
They said to remain seated -- I

HIPPIE
I'm a police officer -- !
He slides open the rear door of the now-rapidly-moving car and dives out, leaving the Passengers even more confused.

INT. TUNNEL - HIPPIE

as the car rattles away and he lands hard, rolling over (perhaps hitting a pillar), dropping his gun and sustaining arm and head lacerations. He lies, face upwards, semi-conscious, fairly bloody.

MED. SHOT - BLUE, GREEN, BROWN & GREY
as they group.

BLUE
Let's move along, gentlemen -- there's no time to waste. You all remember the drill. What's wrong, Mr. Brown?
BROWN

(LOOKING DOWNTRACK)
I thought I saw something fall out the back of the train.

BLUE
What did it look like?

BROWN
I don't know -- a shadow -- could've been a person -- I'm not a hundred percent sure I saw it.

GREY
(hefting his gun)
Want me to go check?

' BLUE
(peering aid thinking)
Forget it -- there's no time.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TOWER - MODEL BOARD

The red blips are moving.

I

135.

CONTINUED
Mrs. JENKINS' VOICE
Grand Central Toner to Cozna.nd Center -- Pelham One Two Three in motion --

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Prescott still in the back seat, Daniels up front with the Driver.

RADIO (JENKINS )
-- passing 14th St. station and
running. Speed approaching 35 miles per hour.

DANIELS
We're right on top of her.

PRESCOTT
It doesn't make any sense -- they know we're monitoring their position -- that we've got to be following

THIN --

DANIELS
So?

PRESCOTT
So it's dumb.

DANIELS.
Whoever said crooks were smart?

PRESCOTT
But these have been -- up to now, that is. They haven't made a single mistake. I tell you we're over-

LOOKING SOMETHINGS

INT. TUNNEL - EMERGENCY EXIT

Blue, Green, Brown and Grey have moved to the door leading to the exit chamber (under a grating in the street above), beneath the bare white bulb.

BLUE
All right, we do it exactly as we did in the drill -- by the numbers.

I

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CONTINUED

GREY
Drills, numbers -- it's all chicken-shit. Why don't we just do it?

BLUE
Shut up and do what you're told.

SUBMACHINE GUNS
They set them down on the roadbed.

BLUE
Hats, glasses, wigs and mustaches --
They remove their disguises anal we see their faces for
the first time.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

as it bumps and rattles along. The Passengers have
remained seated.

MOTHER
Can you imagine? That beatnik
being a policeman?

OLD MAN
Hippie -- they don't call them
beatniks any more.

CO-ED
They don't call them hippies any
more, either.

MOTHER
How can they let policemen dress
like that?

OLD NAN I
That's his job -- he's in cognito.

W.A.S.P.
He's also dead, most likely. We
were moving pretty fast by the
time he jumped o,t.

SALESMAN
They're trained to do that.

PIMP
Jump headfirst off a subway? Shiiit.
CONTINUED

MOTHER
Where do you think they're taking us now?

OLD LIAD
Don't worry -- they'll let us go pretty soon.
The Hooker has been looking around with growing anxiety and now, she stands up.

HOOKER
You dumb bastards -- can't anybody count?! They all four got off.-- there's nobody driving the fucking train!
There's a moment's silence as everyone digests this news. Then the Mother screams.

111T. ASTOR PLACE PLATFORM
as the lone car hurtles through the station.

INT. TUNNEL - HIPPIE
He raises himself on one elbow and shakes his head. He wipes some blood off his face and looks at his fingers.

BLUE'S VOICE
Remove your coats -- turn inside-out -- and put back on.
He looks off.

EMERGENCY EXIT - HIPPIE'S POV
as Blue, Green, Brown and Grey take off their coats and begin turning them inside out -- illuminated by the overhead bulb.

CLOSE SHOT - HIPPIE
He blink, still in a foa. He looks at his empty hand for. a
moment, trying to remember what should still be in it but isn't. Then he begins groping around on the ground, and whispering to himself, barely audibly.

HIPPIE
Gun -- gotta find my gun --

138

NED. SHOT - BLUE, GREEN, BROWN & GREY
as they are putting their coats on again. Grey's is now a light beige poplin; Brown's a medium grey with fur collar; Green's a tan herringbone; Blue's a salt and pepper Donegal.

BLUE
HATS --
They remove new hats from their coat pockets -- Grey's a powder blue low-crowned golfing hat; Brown's a grey with short upturned brim; Green's a grey Russian astrakhan; Blue's a brown cap with short visor.

BLUE
Remove gloves --

I
EXT. ASTOR PLACE - DAY
as the squad car goes through, siren screaming.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

RADIO (JEN'_CINS)
Pelham One Two Three reported halfway, between Astor Place and Bleeker, speed increasing --

DANIELS
Christ, they're gaining on us!

PRESCOTT
it has something to do with that short move they surprised us with -- from 28th to 17th St. --

DANIELS

What does?

PRESCOTT

Their scheme -- it's tied up somehow with that move -- it has to bet But why'd they do it?

DANIELS

I give up.

PRESCOTT

To get away from the cops in the tunnel, that's what they said -- all right, why not? Suppose they were doing something they didn't want anybody to see?

139

CONTINUED

DANIELS

Like what?

CLOSE SHOT - PRESCOTT

PRESCOTT

(softly and evenly)
Like getting off the train. Daniels --- turn around, we're going back.

WIDER ANGLE

Including Daniels.

DANIELS

Like hell we are.

PRESCOTT
They're not on the train -- I'm sure of it!

DANIELS
Look, Prescott -- I'm the one who suggested that in the first place -- but you shot me down -- something about a 'dead man's feature" --

PRESCOTT
They figured out how to beat it -- that's their aanl, -- that's what they started with!
Daniels considers for an instant, then turns to the Driver.

DANIELS
Turn it around -and burn rubber!

EXT. SQUAD CAR

as it pulls a U-turn in the middle of the block (Broadway), tires squealing, barely avoiding a bus. The time is

SUPERIMPOSED:
"3:48."

INTO TUNNEL
Blue, Green, Brown and Grey.

BLUE
Check handguns in coat pocket --

140

CONTINUED
They each remove a snub-nosed pistol, check it, then return it.

BLUE
Remove magazines from submachine guns.
All of them pick up their submachine guns but only three
Grey merely watches the other three, continuing to hold his gun under his arm, a slight smile on his face.

BLUE
Did you hear me, Mr. Grey? Disarm your gun and put it down so we can I get out of here.

GREY
I'm not leaving it -- it goes out with me.

BLUE
Put it down, Mr. Grey --

GREY
What if something's gone wrong? What if they're waiting for us up there? I want more'n just a dinky pea-shooter!

BLUE
Nothing's gone wrong. The plan depends on our walking away un-noticed. You can't do that carrying a submachine gun.

GREY
I won't just carry it -- I'll hold it under my coat --

GREEN
This is crazy! Do what he says so we can get going!

BLUE
You're leaving your gun here, Mr.

GREY --

GREY
(SMILES INSOLENTLY)
In a pig's ass, Mr. Blue --
Without any warning, Blue, whose Wright hand has been in his pocket, fires his pistol through his coat, catching Grey full in the chest. He staggers back, bumps against the tunnel wall and collapses, landing on his side. Blue bends, pries the submachine gun 'Loose from Grey's death grip, removes the magazine, pockets it, and tosses the gun away. Green has watched all this in near panic.

GREEN
Oh my God -- Brown watches with a detachment bordering on disinterest.

BROWN
I What about his money vest?

BLUE
Mr. Green will put it on over his own.

GREEN
Me? Why me?

BLUE
You're the thinnest one -- it'll show less. Hurry up and undress. Mr. Brown -- help me with Mr. Grey. They start to work on the dead body as Green starts undressing.

TNT. GRAND CENTRAL TOWER - MODEL BOARD
The red lights progressing. CA14ERA PULLS BACK.

MRS. JENKINS
She's passing Canal St., doing around fifty miles per.

MARINO
That's a pretty good clip -- I hope they know what they're doing.

MRS . JENKINS
Only four more stations to South Ferry.

INT. CANAL ST. PLATFORM
as the single car roars through the station, the darkened front window divulges nothing.

INT. FIRST CAR

Some of the Passengers have gone to the front of the car. The W.A.S.P. is trying to open the door to the Motorman's cab, but there's no outside handle so all he can do is pound impotently against it. The Mother remains in her seat holding her two boys pressed against her. Now the Old Man starts pushing his way up front.

OLD MAN
My friends -- please -- the situation isn't as lousy as it looks --

FAG
Just a little lousy's good enough for me.

W.A.S.P.
I never knew these things went so fast.

MOTHER
We're going to be killed!

OLD MAN
No -- no we won't! I admit that right now we're on a run-away train, but it's only temporary --

The car careens into a curve and sways wildly as the metal wheels scrape and screech. There's a good deal of screaming and shouting from the Passengers as several fall down. The Old Man starts to topple but the Pimp steadies him.

OLD MAN
Thank you, brother.

W.A.S.P.
Ahelluva lot you know --

OLD MAN
But I do know -- I've been riding the subways for over sixty years -- I'm an expert!

HOOKER
Why don't we cut all this crap and beat down that goddam door, for

CHRISSAKEL

OLD MAN
It isn't necessary! They got something called stoppers or trippers or stickers or something

(MORE)

I

CONTINUED

OLD MAN (Contd)
like that -- so whenever a train goes through a red light these things automatically stop it.

PIMP
(looking cut the

FRONT WINDOW)
There's jest one thing, baby --

OLD MAN
(TURNING)
What's that?

I PIMP
They all green.
THE TUNNEL (UNDERCRANKED)
SHOOTING straight ahead from the front of the train.
Nothing but green lights ahead as the train races along.

INT. TUNNEL - HIPPIE

Propped up now against a pillar, straining to look at something, off.

HIJACKERS - HIPPIE'S POV
Blue and Brown are tying the second money vest on Green, then help him on with his shirt and coat.

MED. SHOT - HIPPIE
He returns his attention to the business of locating his gun. He scrapes the heel of an extended leg (to his extreme discomfort) along the ground hoping to discover it -- and does. Seeing it, he now goes through the painful exercise of reaching for it -- finally managing this, too. Now, lifting one knee as a gun mount, he holds the revolver in both hands and starts to take aim.

HIJACKERS - HIPPIE'S POV
with the gun in the foreground, its sight being shifted as the three men are preparing to leave through the emergency exit. Now the Hippie's vision (FOCUS) blurs for a moment, and when it clears, Green has already disappeared through the door and Brown is right behind him. The gunsight centers on Brown's broad back -- and the gun fires. Brown convulses and topples backwards.

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EXT. BROADWAY - DAY
The Squad Car, racing uptown now.

INT. SQUAD CAR

DANIELS
You'd better be right about this,

PRESCOTT --
Even if I am, we're probably gonna be too late.

INT. TUNNEL

Blue stands behind a pillar, his gun in hand, peering into the darkness, trying to locate the marksman. Green is in the well of the emergency exit, beside the metal ladder that leads up through a grate and out onto the street. Between them, before the open doorway to the well, Brown's body lies face up on the ground. Green now gestures for Blue to come across the open area separating them.

GREEN
Come on -- I

BLUE
I'd never make it -- I

(POINTING DOWNTRACK)
It came from down there someplace -- I've got to. get him. Go on

UP -- I
Green hesitates, looks up the ladder, looks back at Blue.

GREEN
I -- I'll wait for you -- I
Blue looks at him fora moment, then checks his pistol and, slowly, steps out from behind the pillar. A shot rings out immediately and the ricochet off the pillar zings loudly. Blue calmly fires twice at the muzzle flash.

MED. SHOT - HIPPIE
Both shots have connected, one hitting his arm and sending the pistol flying away, the other into his upper chest, below the right shoulder. He topples over, sprawling across one rail, onto the roadbed.

ICED, SHOT - BLUE
He has stepped back behind his pillar again to listen. Silence.
CONTINUED

GREEN
Did you hit, him -- ?!

BLUE
Quiet!
He listens again, then leaves his pillar, and hurries
downtrack to the next where he again waits and listens,

MED. SHOT - HIPPIE
Inadvertently, he groans.

MED. SHOT - BLUE
He has heard. Now he steps out from behind the pillar and
starts forward to the next, a-little more secure.

INT. WALL ST. PLATFORM
as the single car flashes through the station.

THE TUNNEL (UNDERCRANKED)
As before, SHOOTING straight ahead from the front of the
train. Still nothing but green lights.

INT. FIRST CAR
Most of the passengers are now packed at the front of
the car, staring out at the track-ahead.

W.A.S.P.
Where are the goddam red lights?!

SALESMAN
There aren't any!

MOTHER
We're not stopping -- we're going
to be killed!
OLD MAN
There's gonna be a red light --
there has to be!

HOOKER
And what if there isn't -- ?!

OLD MAN
(LESS SURE)
There has to be --

'34.6

INT. TUNNEL - BLUE

Now he can see the Hippie lying across the track ahead. He slowly starts toward him, calm, his pistol at his side.

BLUE
Mr. Green -- ! It's all right! Go on up -- I'll be right with you -- !

MED. SHOT - GREEN
as he climbs up the ladder and starts pushing up the grating above his head.'

MED. SHOT - HIPPIE
Barely conscious, unable to move, he watches Blue approach.

MED. SHOT - BLUE
as he continues walking, unhurried, toward the Hippie. Finally he arrives, stops, looks down at the injured man.

BLUE
You were on the train. Are you a cop? Almost imperceptibly, the Hippie nods -- just once.

BLUE
Then the Mayor will come to your funeral. X He lifts his gun to aim and fire and the Hippie manages to turn his head away. Then there's a shot -- and Blue crumples to the ground, dead.

ANOTHER ANGLE

I
as Prescott comes up and stands looking down at Blue's body. Then he turns his attention to the Hippie, bending beside him. All he can see is the long blond hair.
PREScott

I'll have an ambulance here in no time at all, Miss -- everything's going to be all right.

INT. SOUTH FERRY PLATFORM

CLOSE SHOT - SIGN
Identifying the stop -- "SOUTH FERRY". CAMERA T17HIP PANS to the track as the lone car of Pelham One Two Three roars in and, speed undiminished, roars out.

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INT. FIRST CAR

The old man is sitting now, his head in his hands. The W.A.S.P., the Hooker, the Pimp and one or two others, are still jammed up against the window. ' 

HOOKEp
My God -- look -- I!

THE TUNNEL - HOOKER' S POV (UNDERCRANKED)
A sharp curve ahead.

W.A.S.P.' S VOICE
We're going too fast to make it -- I
The train rushes into the curve and then, as the wheels start to screech, a red signal comes into view -- and CAMERA ZOOMS IN on it.

HOOKER'S VOICE I
Look -- I It's red!!

INSERT - SUBWAY CAR WHEELS
If possible, showing the trippers working on the car to stop it.

INT. FIRST CAR

I
With a hissing sound, and as everyone is thrown forward, the car decelerates quickly and finally stops -- and there is complete silence.

VARIOUS REACTION SHOTS -- PASSENGERS
-- The Puerto Rican crossing himself.
-- The Mother hugging her two sons to her, weeping.
-- The Pimp, sitting, his head back, staring at the ceiling.
-- The W.A.S.P. lightin_g.a,cigarette with trembling. hand.
-- Etc.

MED. SHOT - OLD MAN & HOOKER
He slowly looks up, then around, finally at the Hooker and he smiles.

OLD MAN
I told you it would stop, didn't I?

HOOKED
You win, pop.

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CLOSE SHOT - WINO LADY
She opens her rheumy eyes for the first time.

WINO LADY
Forty-secon' stree' aw'ready -- ?

EXT. PARK AVE. SO. & 16TH ST. - DUSK

TRAVELLING with Prescott as he walks and surveys the scene: Several squad cars standing at the curb, their red lights flashing and revolving; and now an ambulance, siren wailing, pulling up. A couple of COPS help the ATTENDANTS with their wheeled stretcher and hurry off with it. Prescott heads for one of the squad cars and the time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"4:06 I IT
He arrives at the car and leans in to talk to Daniels.

PRESCOTT
What about the train?
DANIELS
Stopped itself just past South Ferry. Everybody's okay.

PREScott
That's a break. So what's the score?

DANIELS
On our side -- two dead and a long-haired cop on the critical list. Their side?

PREScott
Three dead.

DANIELS
And don't forget, him
He indicates the back seat with his thumb. CAMERA PANS to pick up Green, sitting sadly, staring at nothing in particular.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CORRELL - NIGHT
At his desk, operating furiously on the phone, the radio, with dispatches, his sweat-soaked shirt clinging to him.

CORRELL
-- Maintenance -- you got those trippers reset yet? -- well, it's

(MORE)

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CONTINUED

CORRELL (CONTD)
about fucking time! -- Nevins St. Tower -- the South Ferry loop's open again, repeat, South Ferry loop open -- Opera ons, this is my last warning -- if all your cops aren't out of the tunnel at
16th St. in thirty seconds I'm gonna run 'em down -- what? -- well, why the hell didn't you say so?! -- to all Motormen, to all Motormen -- resume normal routes and schedules, effective immediately!

He shuts off all his lines and sits back, looking around. His RELIEF MAN is standing by.

**CORRELL**
Okay, Augie -- I'm givin' you back your railroad -- full service restored -- try and keep it that way, will you?

711. He rises wearily, takes his coat off the back of his chair, and catches as the Relief Man slips into the seat.

**RELIEF MAN**
Great job, Frank -- great job. Correll nods and starts out. Y

**TRAINMASTER**
It's gonna be pretty dull around here tomorrow, Frank -- what're you gonna do for an encore?

**CORRELL**
Bring charges against that nigger cop.

He waves and starts off, across the large room. The others watch him go.

**TRAINMASTER**
With that mouth he eats?

The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"ÀČŽA

:21."

150.
INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

HIPPIE'S POV - BLURRED
Then coming into FOCUS -- a group of men (the Mayor, the Commissioner, Warren LaSalle and a DOCTOR) are standing looking down at the Hippie (CAMERA) lying in bed.

DOCTOR
I believe he's awake now --

ANOTHER ANGLE
including the Hippie in bed and a NEWS CAMERMAN standing by. The Mayor is wrapped in a heavy overcoat, a woolen muffler and a fur hat with ear-muffs.

MAYOR
Congratulations, Patrolman --

UH --

COMMISSIONER
Berry -- Robert G.

MAYOR
-- Patrolman Berry -- all right if I call you Bob? You performed an act of extraordinary valor, Bob -- the people of the city of New York are in your debt.

(HE SNEEZES)

WARREN
Shake his hand, Nate --
The Mayor reaches out to shake hands, but the Hippie is too weak to lift his -- so the Mayor picks it up from atop the covers and pumps it. A flashbulb pops from the Photographer's camera. Then the Mayor sneezes again.

COMMISSIONER
Splendid work, Berry -- the Department's very proud of you. I've already put you in for promotion.

HIPPIE

(WEAKLY)
Thank you, sir -- I only did what any other man on the force would've --
MAYOR
So long now, Bob -- hurry up and get well, will you, fella? And congratulations again.

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CONTINUED

HIPPIE
Thank you, sir -- I only did what any other man on the force
But they're already moving toward the door.

MAYOR
He looks better than I do -- probably feels better, too.
The Hippie's eyes slowly close as he goes back to sleep.
The time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"9:03."

EXT. TRANSIT AUTHORITY BLDG. - J AY ST. - NIGHT

as Prescott comes down the front steps, alone, wearing a raincoat against the night's chill. He starts off down the street.

EXT. FULTON ST. - NIGHT

Most of the stores closed, their iron grills drawn, as Prescott walks along. He stops at a corner newsstand that's just being boarded up by an OLD WOMAN. He spots the Daily News headline -- "I.R.T. TRAIN HIJACKED!" -- and buys one.

OLD WOMAN
Know what's gonna go next? The Empire State Building.

PRESCOTT

(SMILING)
I wouldn't be surprised.
He starts off down the street again, having folded back the
front page and. now reading the third page. Suddenly he crumples the paper into a ball between his two hands, fakes dribbling it along the sidewalk, makes a good move, fakes one man, spins away from another and, hooking a high arching shot at a wire mesh trash basket, watches it hit the rim and bounce away, onto the pavement.

PRES CO"T

(SOFTLY)

Shit.
He keeps on walking as the time is SUPERIMPOSED:

"10:14."

FADE OUT.

THE END